

## Native Deen

### "Ta'la Al Badru"

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His eyes slowly rising  
Sunrise warms the horizon  
Sand dunes form in the distant  
He's up and out in an instant

The crowd there, all were waiting  
Watching and, anticipating  
A man appears from afar  
Could it be the one sent by Allah

He shouts "Here comes the prophet!"  
His face is a light that drives out the darkness  
Words are alive – his message is living  
Joy everywhere, our voices are singing

Chorus  
Tala'al-Badru 'alayna,  
Min thaniyyatil-Wada'  
Wajaba al-shukru 'alayna,  
Ma da'a lillahi da'  
Ayyuha al-mab'uthu fina  
Ji'ta bi-al-amri al-muta'  
Ji'ta sharrafta al-Madinah  
Marhaban ya khayra da'

He steps and reaches to touch  
This man who suffered so much  
His own troubles could not compare  
To the Prophet scorned everywhere

He was shunned away by his own kin  
Ridiculed and stoned by the townsmen

His blood was shed for the truth  
But never was he vengeful or rude.

Then the Prophet turns and he smiles  
Radiance that spreads out for miles  
Embraces his hand with kindness and care  
His heart sings out for all those to hear!

Chorus

Wakes up, alarm clock is ringing  
Moonlight, sun hasn't risen  
Faint sound of cars on the street  
But inside his heart he feels peace

He starts recalling the dream  
The Prophets face he has seen  
Remembers well the tradition  
In a dream it truly will be him

Allah, oh what a feeling  
So many years he followed his teachings  
And this is greatest time in his life  
He prays to Allah and sings through the night

Chorus

Welcome, best caller to Gods way  
With a word to be obeyed  
Like a bright moon in the valley of darkness we lay  
2x

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