

Muhammed

He is our messenger
The last of the prophets
And now we celebrate
Muhammed

Born to a tragedy
Oh with his family
For he was an orphan
Muhammed

Your father did not see
What you turned out to be
Greatest of prophecy
Muhammed

Mother did not see you
To see how much you grew
Whose name would be revered
Muhammed

Started in a city
And it spread quickly
Islams now globally
Muhammed

How many against you
All that you had to do
And all that you went through
Muhammed

Through all the flying rocks
And all the jeers and mocks
The pain you did endure
Muhammed

And them you tried to lead
And though they made you bleed
From their shackles you freed
Muhammed

And they declared their wars
Trying to stop your cause
Justifying their brawls
Muhammed

But Gods word you did spread
And the nation you led
For you were Islams head
Muahmmed

For they tried to mislead
But oh you did succeed

In removing their greed
Muhammed

In our hearts you remain
Through good times and through pain
We'll cry out with your name
Muhammed

The poet Saeed Alhakeem asks for your dua