

Quad City Symphony Orchestra
PROGRAM NOTES AND LIBRETTO
Masterworks IV: Omar's Journey

MICHAEL ABELS (b. 1962) and
RHIANNON GIDDENS (b. 1977)

Omar's Journey

Characters: Omar (Tenor), Julie (Soprano), Senegalese Villager/Slave on Slave Ship Victim/Katie Ellen/Slave on Owen's Plantation (Soprano), Fatima (Omar's Mother)/Senegalese Villager/Slave on Owen's Plantation (Mezzo Soprano), Johnson/Owen/Auctioneer (Baritone), Abdul (Omar's brother)/Senegalese Villager/Suleiman (Slave Ship Victim)/Slave on Owen's Plantation (Baritone)

Instrumentation: Flute/Piccolo/Alto Flute, Clarinet, Percussion, Piano, and Strings.

Premiere and Performance History: The original full opera version, titled *Omar*, premiered May 27, 2022 at the Spoleto Festival, conducted by John Kennedy. *Omar's Journey* premiered at Ojai Festival in California, June 10, 2023; this weekend's QCSO performances are the second in the work's history.



Rhiannon Giddens writes:

Omar is at once a story of one man and of many. He is himself, trying to understand the shape his life has taken; he is the enslaved Muslim (of which there were so many more than we will ever know) seeking his community in any way he can; he is the eternal outsider. The fractured yet steadfast nature of the culture that formed around the members of the African diaspora struggling for survival in the Americas wraps around his journey, as I have envisioned it; the anonymous voices of the countless Black musical creators from my musical lineage are shot through a score that is nevertheless firmly situated at a crossroads of the folk and western classical traditions. Who was Omar? We will never really know.

This Omar is merely one of a thousand different possible interpretations of his writings and what we know of his life. Nevertheless, I heard an echo of his voice reaching out to me over the centuries—I felt the spirits rise in me with every word written and every note composed. I felt the connection to a time that I cannot easily imagine; a time that tested the ancestors, gave no quarter, and took an unfathomable strength of spirit to survive. I hope this is merely the beginning of the artistic renderings of this remarkable man—let this be not the last operatic word on Omar, but merely the first. And I am honored it is so.

Michael Abels writes:

Omar is the story of one man's physical and spiritual journey, as told from veiled references in his own autobiography and interpreted

through Rhiannon Giddens's moving libretto. Musically, the piece shows as many influences as the many cultures it flows through, from the music of Senegal and the broader Muslim diaspora to the earliest melody transcribed from enslaved people in North America, to spirituals, bluegrass, Protestant hymns, Gershwin, and even a touch of Wagner. The chorus plays a prominent, active role in the work, as a way to center it in a Black community that is multi-faceted and real. These diverse elements are unified via the use of a traditional orchestral palette and immensely singable vocal lines.



OVERTURE

Overture based on Koromanti, an African tune transcribed in the Caribbean in 1707.

ACT 1, SCENE 1

Futa Toro, Senegal

Omar ibn Said was born in a place called Futa Toro in Senegal, West Africa, in a place between two rivers. He spent 25 years studying the Qu'ran, mathematics, astronomy, business, and other topics with

prominent Muslim scholars. He was surrounded by his community and secure in his faith. He is 37 years old when our story, and his journey, begins.

Omar (reciting Surah Al-Fatihah):

Bismillaahir rahmaanir raheem,
Alhamdu lillaahi Rabbil 'aalameen,
Ar rahmaanir raheem,
Maaliki Yawmi deen,
Iyyaaka na'budu wa iyyaaka nasta'een,
Indinas siraatal mustaqeem,
Siraatal lazeena an'aamta'allaeheem,
Ghayril maghdoob'alahim wa laddaalleen.

Senegalese Villagers:

In the name of Allah,
The Infinitely Compassionate and Merciful,
Praise be to Allah,
Lord of all the worlds.
Every breath we breathe is for You,
Every note we sing is for You,
See the work of our hands,
See the green of our lands,
Our abundance is your abundance,
The feeling of it ever wondrous.

Fatima:

From You, it comes, and back to You, Allah,
it goes,
It begins and ends with You, Allah, and always shall it grow.
As You cast your Divine warmth around us,
May we always be grateful that You found us.

Fatima and Villagers:

You sustain us,
that we may praise you.
You maintain us,
that we may obey You,
See the words we paint for You,
See the stars we trace for You,

The Infinitely Compassionate and Merciful,
Sovereign of the Day of Recompense,
It is You we worship, and You we ask for
help.
Guide us on the straight path!

Fatima:
It's only You we worship,
It's only You we ask for help.
Not those who have invokes Your furious
anger,
nor those who have wandered into danger!

Fatima and Villagers:
We are Your people,
Your children,
We gladly do what you have bidden,
You are the very air we breathe.

Omar:
Here we have our place, Mother,
our time, our faith.
Here we feel His grace, Mother,
aligned each day.
I see the path for me,
I see what is to be.
How can I doubt His powers?
I thank Him every hour.

Fatima:
Be careful of your surety,
Omar my son.
Only in Allah is such purity.
Only the One can see the crook in the
bend,
It's a turn to us,
but it's straight to Him.

Omar:
I see the path for me,

Fatima:
It's a turn to us,

Omar:

I see what is to be.
Fatima:
but it's straight to Him.
Omar:
I see the path for me,

Fatima:
It's a turn to us,
Omar:
I see what is to be.
Fatima:
but it's straight to Him.

ABDUL enters running.

Abdul:
Run!
Run, all of you!
They are coming!

Fatima:
But what is happening?

Omar:
They are coming.
We have to run!

Slavers overrun the village and begin taking people prisoner. Chaos ensues. Omar, his brother and his mother are separated.

Slavers attempt to restrain Omar's Mother. She resists.

Omar's Mother is murdered by the Slavers which Omar witnesses as he is forcibly taken away.

Mother's body is dragged off.

The slave ship set is revealed and all the villagers in chains within.

In the words of Omar: "Then there came to our country, a big army, and it killed many people. It took me to the big ship in the big sea."

ACT 1, SCENE 2
Middle Passage

Omar is center stage, shackled to 3 black chorus members, "The Shackled Men."

Other black chorus soloists (Man #1 & #2, Woman #1 & #2) are also shackled, but not part of this quartet. The Shackled Men and all other choral soloists should also sing the tutti choral parts with rest of the chorus whenever possible. Slavers #1 & #2 are white chorus members who do not sing with the rest of the chorus.

Chorus:
Ah

Suleiman:
I am...
I cannot see, I cannot see.
I cannot hear, I cannot hear
I cannot feel, I cannot feel,
I cannot see!
The smell, the smell!
I cannot stand the smell!
Who am I, who was I? Who am I, who was I?
Who am I, who was... I can't remember!
I had a mother, once...

Chorus:
Ah

Woman #1:
I was three when my mother threw me overboard.

Woman #2:
I got sick and I never woke up.
Man #1:
I tried to lead a revolt and failed.
Man #2:
They whipped me 'til the blood ran.

Chorus:
The long despair, the wailing dead,
A trail of tears, no hope ahead.
Our journey ended here,
In squalor and in fear.
Held by fathers, held by sons,
Held by mothers, held by strangers...
Down a river of sorrows, an ocean of tears,
With stolen tomorrows, and desperate prayers,
Yemoya, carry us,
Yemoya, see us through,
Yemoya, ferry us to the other side,

Man #3:
I just refused to eat.

Woman #3:
I jumped when I couldn't take the shame.

Man #4:
I took one of them with me!

Woman #4:
I leaped into your arms, Yemoya,
and you took me home.

Chorus:
Yemoya, carry us,
Yemoya, see us through,
Yemoya, ferry us to the other side,
To the unknown infinite,
where we shall live in never-ending splendor!

Omar and Male Chorus:
To the unknown mysteries of a land we've never seen.

Chorus:
Yemoya, carry us,
Yemoya, see us through,

Yemoya, ferry us to the other side,
sounds of distress – moans, wailing

Omar:

O Most Merciful!
Be my light in the darkness!

In the words of Omar: "We sailed in the big sea for a month and half until we came to a place called Charleston."

ACT 1, SCENE 3
Charleston Slave Market

Transition to Charleston Slave Market. Lights up on Townspeople and Enslaved people, awaiting the auction. Omar may already be among the Enslaved, or may be brought onstage after a beat.

Slaver ties Julie up and exits. If not already onstage, Omar is led on by other slavers.

Julie notices Omar.

Julie:

Where they get you from?
Ain't you gonna say nothin'?

Omar:

Suka, mi faamani.
(Child, I don't understand.)

Julie:

Oh, you from Africky, poor devil!
You ain't got no clue, has you, what gonna happen to you?

Omar:

Sawti.
(Enough.)

Julie:

Well it ain't gonna be pretty, not down here in this devil city!

I had a pretty good master up a ways,
Yes I did, yes I did.

I'm not tryna say it was easy, or that the wind was always breezy,

But there's good masters, and bad masters!

You'll find out, you'll find out.

You ever escape, you come up to us, you hear?

Fayetteville, Master James Owen.

Omar:

Fahyedvee?

In the words of Omar: "And in a Christian language they sold me."

Auctioneer:

Come one come all!

Now let's open up the proceedings with a real likely fellow.

Referring to an enslaved male chorus member.

See, he's a fine boy,

He's about twenty years old, his color the finest yellow.

I promise you he has his teeth, he is strong, and he will give you service all the years long.

Step right up and feel his muscles, you'll see that he's the finest specimen of young manhood!

Who will give me one hundred dollars?

You there, my good man.

One hundred?

Good, good!

Now who'll give me One Twenty Five?

One Twenty Five, are you there in the back?

With the spotted cravat? I see you are eager!
Do I hear One Fifty? One Fifty? Can you give me One Fifty?
Come, be a leader!
And sold for the princely sum of one hundred and fifty dollars.

Referring to Omar.

And here is one who has seen a few years, but he's good for some work yet.

Auctioneer takes Omar's hat off and flings it away. Julie ends up with it and unobtrusively puts it in her pocket.

Take that hat off, boy,
none of your airs here,
or you know what you'll get!

Omar:

Allah! Allah, Most Glorious,
why did I not hear? Why did I not hear?
Allah! Allah, Most Glorious,
why did I not listen? Why did I not listen?
Why did I not listen?
The fire is all around me,
I thought I knew my mission,
my life, and yet, I burn,
I burn with fear, with anger, with confusion...
The whirlwind has me, I didn't see it that morning,
The whirlwind has me, I didn't heed the warning,
I see the world,
In shades of You,
Not everyone,
Feels like I do...
This I know, now I know,
When knowing is too late,
This I hear, now I hear,

The drumming of my fate!
The whirlwind has me, I didn't see it that morning,
The whirlwind has me, I didn't heed the warning!

In the words of Omar: A weak, small, evil man called Johnson, an infidel who did not fear Allah at all, bought me.

ACT 1, SCENE 4

Johnson Plantation

Johnson:

I saw you up there and I knew I had to have you,
I knew I had to break you!

Omar's point of view: We hear Johnson's words as Omar would

Aykat inden raykit nownuh, nute
(Take that pride and break it down to nothin',)
nok at bahbo entu
(Knock that back bone in two,)
Aiyul pu chu ina fees das wuhtail duawl
(I'll put you in the fields that's what I'll do,)
puchu ina fees eyuwoan hahtam ta, eenkyu wonhah ta!
(I'll put you in the fields, you won't have time to think, you won't have time...)

Omar:

Allah is the light of the heavens and the earth.

Johnson:

Wazau, boy?
(What's that, boy?)

Omar:

The example of His light

Johnson:

Lare hiju tahkeen tahmi?
(Are you actually talking to me?)

Omar:

is like a niche within which is a lamp, which
is within a glass

Johnson:

Ooh gunha vallah detaning
(You're gonna have all the time)

Omar:

Which is like a brilliant star

Johnson:

Ooh nitta tawkow tinnah fee,
(you need to talk out in the fields,)

Omar:

fueled by the blessed tree.

Johnson:

Peen mah cotton
(Pickin' my cotton,)
Dohn waddah seh!
(Doin' what I say!)

Omar:

An olive tree,

Johnson:

Nah pidat uh,
(Now pick that up,)

Omar:

neither eastern nor western,
whose oil would almost glow,
Even if untouched by fire,
even if untouched by fire,
Light upon light, light upon li...

Johnson forces Omar to look at him.

Johnson:

NOW. PICK. THAT. UP!

stumbling, hesitantly

Omar:

Yes... sir.

Johnson:

Massa!

Omar:

Massa

*Johnson exits and Omar sinks to the
ground, completely overwhelmed, the basket
in his hands.*

ACT 1, SCENE 5

Mother's Aria | Omar's Escape

*Omar's mother was killed when the army
came. Her spirit has now returned to comfort
him and to warn him.*

Fatima:

My son, my son, Omar,
Omar, my son!
No matter what they say,
I am with you.
No matter where you go,
I am with you.
No matter what they do,
I am with you!
A part of you, a heart of you, my son.
Allah will not burden you with more than
you can bear,
He found you lost and guided you, you
must not despair.
Never forget, remember it all.
Never forget, remember the fall,
you're not done yet!
The light in the distance is a candle or a
sun.
It doesn't matter what it is, both are the
One.
Only the One can see the crook in the
bend,
it's a turn to us, but it's straight to Him.

Johnson:

Boy, boy, where you at?

Chorus:

He's coming for ya, Omar,

He's coming for ya, right now!

if you don't wake up... you'll never wake up!

He's in a rage!

If you don't wake up... you'll never wake up!

He's in a rage!

Fatima:

Omar! This isn't the end,

Follow the bend in the road where she told you to go:

Fayetteville!

Omar, Fayetteville!

Johnson:

Boy! Boy! Boy!

I thought I told you!

Don't you dare...

Fatima:

Run!

Johnson:

Damn it to hell!

Fetch the dogs!

Enslaved:

Oh!

Owen approaches Omar

Owen:

Where'd you come from, boy?

Omar:

Charleston, sir.

Owen:

And who'd you run from?

Surely you didn't just wander off the ship!

Omar:

In a Christian language they sold me, sir,
To a Christian man to hold me, sir.

I'll say no more of that, but that he was a
weak man, and small.

Not a God-fearing man at all, sir.

Owen:

And what is all this?

My daughter says it is the Word of God!

Omar:

It is, sir.

Owen:

Well there is always room on my plantation
for a man who knows God,
Even if it's the wrong one.

I'm sure you'll see the light given time,
Our faith here is a strong one!

As Jesus said unto His disciples,

"Because of your unbelief: For verily, I say
unto you,

If ye have faith as a grain of mustard seed,
Ye shall say unto this mountain,
'Remove, hence, to yonder place, and it
shall remove!

And nothing shall be impossible unto
you.'"

Omar:

Consider sir:

If all the water that you have were to sink
down into the earth,

ACT 2: SCENE 1

Fayetteville County Jail

Omar flees from Johnson and walks all the way to North Carolina, to Fayetteville. He is put in prison, becomes a local wonder when it is found that he has written all over his jail cell with soot with what looks to be Qu'Ranic verses in Arabic. James Owen recognizes that he is a educated man and takes him into his household. Owen sees an opportunity to show his generosity to this literate man as a chance to show that not all slavery is bad.

Who would give you running water in its place?
For did not the True Master of the Universe provide the water,
the earth, the planets in their celestial orbit?

Owen:

Those who have believing masters should not show them disrespect because they are fellow believers. Instead they should serve them even better,
Because their masters are dear to them as fellow believers,
And are devoted to the welfare of their slaves.

Omar:

I lift up my eyes to You, to You whose throne is in heaven,
As the eyes of a slave looks to the hand of his master,
As the eyes of a maid look to the hand of her mistress,
So our eyes look to the Lord, Allah,
'Til He shows us His mercy.

Owen and Omar:

Have mercy on us,
Lord, have mercy on us,
For we have endured no end of contempt.
We have endured no end of ridicule from the arrogant
And contempt from the proud.
Hallelujah.

Owen:

Well, I can see you know some things.
Come on, now, we'll take you to your new home.

Owen motions to a jailer, who comes over and begins to unlock Omar's cell.

ACT 2, SCENE 2 Owen's Plantation

Katie Ellen:

I still can't believe you came back!
Girl, you shoulda kept on goin'!

Julie:

what, just me on my own?
It's a miracle I got back here at all,
and undisturbed, you know what I mean.
Runnin' at night,
livin' with fright,
ready to fight,
but stayin' out of sight!
I was a mess when I got back and tole Master what his "friend" had done.

Katie Ellen:

Well I he's got another one,
This time visitin' from the north.
Always sniffin' around us,
Wantin' to "know things" about us.
I ask you, what's there to know?
We work, we sleep, we work some mo', we die.

Julie:

I tell you, if God hisself was to come down here on a shower of gold,
And He gave you a cake on a plate,
You'd be sayin' it was the wrong flavor!
We got a good life here, you know.
Frollic's a-comin'...

Katie Ellen:

Don't I know it!

James Owen:

Here now, here now!
Head off all that fuss!
Gather 'round me, all y'all,
And meet the newest member of our little family!
This here's Omar.

Enslaved:

Welcome brother, welcome, here in our
home,
You'll be happy with us here in our home!

*Seeing that all is well, Owen and Taylor
exit.*

Welcome brother, welcome, here in our
home,
You'll be happy with us here in our home!

*The moment Owen is gone, the mood
changes.*

Our home is home, so near so far,
No more to roam, a different star.
Hold your tongue, what your look!
The rope is thin, the rope is thick,
Just one slip, you'll get shook!
Once you fall, it happens quick!
The mouth is wide the song is deep,
Our souls are ours to keep,

Omar:

Home is home...
so near, so far.
No more to roam, a diff'ren star.
A diff'rent star looks down on me.
What does it see?
What do you see, O Most Compassionate?
Your servant, at least.
I know this was no accident.
I am here by Your hand,
This is also Your land!
But can You tell me, O Lord, why here?
You delivered me,
O Most Powerful, why here?
You sent me a sign: the girl.
Send me another as this unfurls.

Julie:

Well look who made it!

Omar:

I did.
And I am in your debt.

Julie:

And speakin' proper words, too!

Omar:

Earned at a high price.

Julie:

Well ain't everything that we know in this
world?

In our world, anyway.

Don't know what you've left behind,
but you landed all right, here.

*Julie makes as if to leave, Omar lifts a hand
and she stops.*

Omar:

But, I must know, why me?

Julie:

My daddy wore a cap, like yours...

*Julie reveals the cap here, and hands it to
Omar.*

He got down on his knees and he faced the
rising sun

And he did it again when the day was
done.

And he wouldn't eat this, and he wouldn't
eat that,

No matter the lean, no matter the fat.

He drove my mama crazy,

But she loved him anyway.

The found each other in the darkness,

The way they looked at the world wasn't
the same,

But they look at each other,

There was the flame.

They sold my daddy down when I was ten,

I've never grown as fast as I did then.

The last look in his eyes was for me and her

I'll never forget the fam'ly we were.

No matter what they say, our hearts beat red,
Just like theirs,
No matter what they say, our tears get shed
just like theirs...
Some men they came a courtin' after that,
But they ate all the lean they at all the fat.
They drove my mama crazy, and she sent them all away.
We find each other in the darkness,
The way we look at the world isn't the same,
But the way our hearts can see each other,
There is the flame,
There is the light,
Ain't no shame to hold on tight to memories,
To histories, to feelings.
It's healing.
So, remember it all!
I do. What else do we have?

ACT 2, SCENE 3

Owen's Study

Julie has found and restored Omar's cap to him, a symbol of his Muslim faith. Owen has an Arabic Bible for Omar and the expectation of just what spiritual price he will expect him to pay for his safety.

Owen notices Omar waiting.

Omar enters wearing his cap. Julie lingers at the door.

Owen:
Come in, boy!
Well now, it suits you.

Omar:
Thank you, sir.
Owen:
You seem to know a little bit about the Lord, our Savior.
I would have you know a little more.

Owen gets his Arabic bible.

I picked this up on my journeys.
It seems to be meant for you.
The true word written in a way that only you can read.
All of you, just like children, living only for today,
Christ's unfortunate pilgrims, you need to be shown the way.
It is my Christian duty to show as many as I can the Saviors' blessed beauty to you wretched sons of Ham,
I took you in, destitute,
friendless in this land,
Your need was absolute,
But you must understand what I say,
what I pray ev'ry Sunday.
Here, come to the light.
I would love to see you write.
you may sit in our pew, I would love to see what you can do,
Would you write "The Lord is my shepherd"?

Lighting change. Omar is "alone." He writes a word in Arabic. And another, and another, defiantly

Omar:
I want to go home!

Light switches back to Owen's study. Omar points to each word and "translates."

"The Lord is my Master."

Owen:

"Shepherd", yes!
That's a good start.

ACT 2, SCENE 4
Psalm 23

Transition to later that day, Owen's plantation. Omar is sitting alone under a tree, reading the Arabic bible.

Omar:

"The Lord is my shepherd,
I shall not want, I shall not want.
He maketh me to lie down in green pastures.
He leadeth me beside the still waters."
Still waters, deep waters...
Across the waters, I came here against my will, terrified.
Caught in the crook in the path,
In that unseen crook in the path,
If you could see me you would laugh,
Mother.
Well, first, you'd cry.
My tongue has gone silent, no ears will have heard,
Instead I speak with another's words.
This earth I had held within my hands,
The ground turned red in a distant land.
The time passes, and the me I had known,
The me I had owned,
Gives way to the me that I am now,
In a perpetual bow.
And yet did I not already bow to You, oh Lord?
How much lower should I go?
"He restoreth my soul,
He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness
for His name's sake."

And what is in a name?

This Christian power, this Three in One,
From God to Son?

Son, a mighty prophet indeed, just not mine.

I already have what I need in the divine.

I miss your voice, Mother, your eyes.

How wise you were, Mother,

you knew the choice was never mine.

"Thy rod and thy staff,

They comfort me.

Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death,

I will fear no evil:

for you are with me.

Chorus begins coming onstage gradually.

Thy rod and thy staff,

They comfort me.

Thou preparest a table before me,
in the presences of mine enemies.

Thou anointest my head with oil.

My cup runneth over.

Surely, goodness and mercy shall follow me
all the days of my life,

And I will dwell in the house of the Lord!

Forever."

Julie, Fatima, Abdul, and Owen enter the stage.

Julie, Fatima, Abdul, Omar:

Amen.

Omar:

Astaghfirullah rabbi

(I ask forgiveness of my sins)

min kuli zambiyoon

(from Allah who is my Lord)

wa atoob' ilyaeeh

(and I turn towards Him.)

Ameen.

(Amen.)

ACT 2, SCENE 5
Finale

Julie:

Tell your story, Omar, you must.
Or they will never know,
And we will fade into dust.

Fatima:

Tell your story, Omar, my son,
Or they will never know how your battle
was won.

If you tell them they will see that faith,

Julie:

That only faith,

Fatima and Julie:

and only faith will lead you to the place
where you are free.

Julie:

He never gives you more than you can
take,

Fatima:

You must remember the strength that
makes.

Chorus:

He is Mighty,
He is forgiving,
He created all that is living,
From the earth in all its wonderment,
to the stars within their firmament.
And He has placed you within,

Julie and Fatima and Male chorus:

But it all goes back to Him,
it all goes back to Him.

Fatima:

You are on the path, my son.
What do you see?
Who are you to be?

Omar:

O people of North Carolina;
A good word is like a good tree,
Its roots are firm, its branches high,
Reaching far up to the sky,
As far as you can see.

O people of South Carolina,
Take care of the root of your tree,
And its far flung branches will bear everlast-
ing fruit!

This is the greatest truth.

I love to read,

I love to read the book,

The Great Qu'ran!

I am Omar!

I have a good master, I do.

I have a great and holy master,
He allowed me to write to you.

You! People of America,

Allah sees you,

You! People of America,

Allah knows you,

Inside and out,
without any doubt.

He knows you,

He holds you.

Can you not give thanks for the light that
surrounds you?

Can you not feel the goodness that
grounds you?

For the earth and the sea?

For the hearth and the tree?

Chorus and Fatima:

For the earth and the sea?

For the hearth and the tree?

Fatima:

For the earth and the sea.

Julie:

You! People of America!

Omar:

Listen, for otherwise the darkness awaits,
The dark follows fire,
The fire follows hate!

Chorus and Fatima:

The dark follows fire,
The fire follows hate.

Julie and Chorus:

You! people of America!

Omar:

But He is there,
as He flows through my pen.
He was there in the beginning,
He'll be there in the end.

Fatima:

The First, the Only,
Without beginning,
The Last, the Eternal, without end.

Julie, Omar, and Chorus:

The First, the Only,
without beginning,
The Last, the Eternal, without end.

Omar (reciting Surah Al-Fatihah; spoken):

In the name of Allah, the Beneficent, the
Merciful,
Praise be to Allah, Lord of the Worlds,
The Beneficent, the Merciful,
Owner of the Day of Judgement.
Thee alone we worship;
Thee alone we ask for help.
Show us the straight path,
The path of those whom Thou hast fa-
vored,
Not the path of those who earn Thine an-
ger,
nor of those who are astray...