آه يا زين العابدين

O Zeen (the handsome one) of Abdin
O flower in bloom, inside of the garden

Pick from the jasmine and jasmine
Give me one of your flowers & give it to the sweet ones
Sweeter than jasmine

O Zeen of Abdin gladden the sleep of the lovers
with jasmine
O my what a bouquet
a sweet one that pleases the eye

O Zeen of Abdin ...

To your garden they come and go
whose flowers we all desire
Even in the beautiful flower which makes the sick one happy
O your sweetness as it bends
O my what a flower, a bouquet that pleases the eye

We’ve gladdened the eye and we’ve been made glad
Here we’ve gained finally what we hoped for
We’ve taken a bouquet of flowers
All of them happinesses and light
How lucky you are, O daughter nymphs
O my what flowers, and their owner too
Zeen of Abdin

آه يا زين العابدين ...