

## **Too Late for Tears**

Turn to Allah before  
your return to Allah.

With The Name of Allah  
The Intensely Merciful, The Eternally Merciful

### **Too Late for Tears**

Death knocked on a bedroom door.

“Who is there?” the sleeping one cried.

“I’m Izrael, let me inside.”

At once, the man began to shiver as one sweating in deadly fever.

“Please, go away, O Angel of Death

I’m not ready yet.

My family, on me depend,

Give me a chance, to go back and mend.”

The Angel knocked again.

“It’s your soul that I require,  
I come not with my own desire.”

Bewildered, the man began to cry.

**“O Angel, I’m so afraid to die,  
I’ll give you gold and be your slave,  
Don’t send me to the unlit grave.”**

“Let me in,” the Angel said.

“Open the door, get up from your bed,  
if you do not allow me in,  
in a second I can be within.”

The man here in his right hand,  
ready to Angel’s stand.

“I’ll point my gun towards your head  
You dare come in I’ll shoot you dead.”

By now The Angel was in the room,  
Saying, “O man – prepare for your doom.”

“Why are you afraid – Tell me O man –  
to die according to Allah’s plan?

**“O Angel, I bow my head in shame,  
I had no time to remember Allah’s Name.**

Allah’s commands I never obeyed,  
Nor five times a day I ever prayed.

A Ramadan came and a Ramadan went,  
But no time had to repent.

The Hajj was already obligatory upon me,  
But I would not part with my money.

All charities I did ignore,  
taking usury more and more.

O Angel I appeal to you,  
Spare my life for a year or two.

The laws of The Qur’an, I will obey,  
I’ll begin Salat-this very day.

My Fast and Hajj I will complete,  
and keep away from self-conceit.

I will refrain from usury  
and give all my wealth to charity.

And unlawful women, I will detest,  
Allah’s Oneness I will attest.”

“We Angels do what Allah demands,  
we cannot go against His commands.

Death is ordained for everyone –  
Father, mother, daughter, and son.

I'm afraid, this moment is your last,  
now be reminded of your past.

I do understand your fears  
But it is now too late for tears.

Your parents you did not obey,  
Hungry beggars, you turned away.

Your two ill-gotten, female offspring,  
in nightclubs, for livelihood they sing.  
Instead of making more Muslims,  
you made your children non-Muslims.

**You ignored the Adhan (call to prayer)  
nor did you recite The Noble Qur'an.**

Breaking promises all your life,  
Backbiting friends and causing strife.

From hoarded goods, great profits you made,  
and your poor workers – you underpaid.

Horses and cards were your leisure,  
moneymaking was your pleasure.

You ate and ate and grew more fat,  
with the very sick, you never sat.

A pint and, you never gave  
that little baby save.

Done enough wrong,  
Properties for a song,  
when the farmers appealed to you,  
you did not have mercy, this is true.

There is no time for you to repent,  
I'll take your soul for which I am sent."

Adapted by Y Mansoor Marican  
from text by G. H. E. Vanker