Joseph announced: ‘This is what I intend to do:
I will send my father this robe of mine.
That should finally bring some gladness to his grief,
especially if you all ask his forgiveness.’

For reasons of his own Joseph did not send a ring,
let alone write a letter to his father.
And he did not do anything else you might have expected,
but just told the brothers to take him a robe!

This was because when Joseph was all naked in the well,
Allah, Who is All-Capable, told Gabriel
to take this robe from Paradise straight down to earth
and give it Joseph, so he had some clothes on.

So Joseph put it on and was free of his nakedness.
So this robe was a gift to him from Heaven,
and had preserved him from dying from cold in the well,
which was why he sent it to Jacob.

NOTE: The reader’s attention is drawn to the fact that verses 1137-1140, although correctly located according to their sequence on the original manuscript, appear to be an interpolation and contradict the rest of the chapter.
Joseph’s mother had died when he was still quite tiny,
so Jacob had acquired a slave girl,
intending she should act as wet-nurse for Joseph, and selling off
her small son, so she could do what was needed.

But the slave girl ceaselessly cried, and constantly lamented her lot.
Tears irrupted from her eyes ten times seven times.
‘Allah, my Lord’, she cried: ‘You see your servant’s situation:
This man has taken my son, and sold him.’

Then He, that is All-Powerful in Heaven and Earth,
proclaimed: ‘Because of that
I will cut him off from the one he loves most.
In his own heart I will set the fires of separation going:
he shall weep ten times seven years!

For a start I will see you get your own son back, and only
after that will Jacob and Joseph re-unite.
I have the power, and I shall do as I have promised;
and my promises always come true.’

But now here is a story I like to tell, and you will like listening to!
Joseph had bought a slave called Bashir.
He had turned out to be a pleasant and always kind character
who did his best, whatever his instructions.

And it was to this slave that Joseph handed over his robe
(and he also handed him a written message).
So Bashir took this garment and went off on his way
from Joseph in Egypt to Jacob in Canaan.

The Morning Breeze itself asked Allah if it could assist,
and the Almighty gave His permission.
That wind reached the nostrils of Jacob ten days before Bashir,
and he recognized the scent of his beloved Joseph.

Jacob recognized that scent, and praised Allah the All-Powerful.
Away went his grief, and joy replaced it.
‘My Joseph’s scent has come to me’, he cried out:
‘It arrived on the breeze of the morning.

Morning breeze, keep blowing steadily, do not hurry away.
I am sure you bring me my Joseph’s scent.
Oh act as a medicine to the pain that is in my heart!
As long as you blow, my heart rejoices!