The English Noha Collection about Islam, Ahl Al-Bayt (as), and Imam Husain (as)

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سلام عليك يا أبا صالح المهدى إدمك
سمع الله نعم حتى إلى جانبي
اللهم حفظك ولدك الحكمة في الكهف
صلواتك عليه وعلى آله
قيد هذه الساعة أسماك ساحة
وقد حافظنا ونادينا وأصموا وذيلنا وعينا
حتى تحملك أرضها طولا وتنمديها طولا
برحمتك يا أمريك الرحمن.
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Poetry Section

• What's this?
The English Noha Collection has been started to provide a home for quality English poetry about Islam, Ahl Al-Bayt (as), and Imam Husain (as) -- in particular, poetry that can be recited as English nohas or English latmiyyah.

• Who wrote all of these poems?
Many of the authors of the poems are not known, so may Allah reward them for their efforts.

Some of the poetry on this webpage has been edited for rhyme, meter, grammatical correctness, and so forth.
Du'a Al-Iftitah

Allahumma inna aftatihu-l-thana'a bi hamdik, wa anta musaddidun li-s-sawaabi bi-
mannik. Wa ayyantu annaka anta arhamu-r-rahimeen fi mawdi'i-l-`afwi wa-r-
rahmah, wa ashaddu-l-mu'aqibeen fi mawdi'i-n-nakaali wa-n-naqimah, wa a'zam-ul-
mutajabbireena fi mawdi'i-l-kibriya'i wa-l-`azamah.

O Allah, I begin glorifying You by praising You. You lead us to the truth because of
Your kind essence. I am certain that You are the most Merciful of the Merciful,
especially because of Your forgiveness towards us. However, I am also certain that
You punish the wrongdoers severely, and that You have absolute power over
everything.

Allahumma adhinta li fi du'a'ika wa mas'alatik, fa-asma' yaa same'e'u mid-hati, wa ajib
yaa raheemu da'wati, wa-aqil yaa ghafouru 'athrati.

O Allah, You have permitted me to pray to you, so -- O You Who hears all -- listen
to my praise. O Most Merciful, answer my prayers O Most Forgiving, end my
difficulties.

Fa-kam yaa ilaahi min kurbatin qad farrajtahaa, wa humoumin qad kashaftahaa, wa
'athratin qad aqaltahaa, wa rahmatin qad nashartahaa, wa halqatai balaa'in qad
fakaktahaa.

For You have saved me from so many disasters. You have taken away so many of
my sorrows, and you have eased my misery so many times. You have treated me with
so much compassion and freed me from my difficulties.

Al-hamdu lillahi alladhiy lam yattakhidh saahibatan wa laa waladaa, wa lam yakun lahu
shareekun fi-l-mulk, wa laa munaazi'a lahu wa kabbirhu takbeeraa.

All praise be to Allah who has neither wife nor children and no partner in His rule
and Who needs no one to protect Him. Praise Him with "Allahu akbar!"

Al-hamdu lillahi bi-jamee'i mahaamidihi kullihaa 'alaa jamee'i ni'amih kullihaa. Al-
hamdu lillahi alladhiy laa mudhaadda lahu fi mulkhi, wa laa munaazi'a lahu fi amrihi.
Al-hamdu lillahi alladhiy laa shareeka lahu fi khalqihi, wa laa shabeeha lahu fi
azamathi.
All praise be to Allah in thanks for all of His blessings. All praise be to Allah Whom no one opposes and Whose will no one challenges. All praise be to Allah Who created the universe by Himself. Nothing can match His greatness.

Al-hamdu lillah il-faashi fi-l-khalqi amru hu wa hamduhu al-zaahiri bil-karami majduhu al-baasiti bil-joudi yadahu, alladhiy laa tanqusu khazaa'inuhu wa laa tazeeduhu kathratu-l-'taa'i illa joudan wa karaman, innahu huwa-l-'azeezu-l-wahhaab

All praise be to Allah Whose will is carried out throughout Creation. His glory shows through His love and kindness. He gives freely and never runs short of anything to give; instead, the many gifts that He gives only makes Him more generous and noble. Indeed, He is mighty and giving.

Allahumma inna as'alu qaleelan min katheerin ma'a haajatin bi ilayhi 'azeemah, wa ghinaaka 'anhu qadeem, wa huwa 'indi katheer, wa huwa 'alayka sahlun yaseer.

O Allah, I am only asking your for a few of the many things I need from you. You do not need them, but I do, and it is easy for You to give them to me.

Allahumma inna 'afwaka 'an dhanbi, wa tajaawuzaka 'an khatee'ai, wa safhaka 'an zulmi, wa sitraka 'alaa qabeel-i-'amali, wa-hilmika 'an katheer-i-jurmi, 'indamaa kaana min khata'i wa 'amdi atma'an fii an as'alaka maa laa astawjibhu minka alladhiy razaqtani min rahmatikwa araytani min qudratik, wa 'arraftani min ijaabatik

O Allah, when You forgive my sins, tolerate my errors, pardon my wrongs, conceal my ugly acts, and overlook my offenses -- both the accidental and the intentional ones -- I begin to think I can ask You for things that I do not deserve, especially since You have sustained me through Your mercy and watched over me with Your power and accustomed me to Your quick response.

Fa-sirtu ad'ouka aaminaa, wa as'aluka musta'nisaa, laa khaa'ifan wa laa wajilaa, mudillan 'alayka feemaa qasadtu feehi ilayk

So I continue to call upon You and trust in You. I speak to You like someone who is close to me, and I feel neither intimidated nor shy when I speak to You. Instead, I feel confident that what I have said about You is true.
Fa-in abta' 'anni 'athtub bi-jahlī 'alāyk, wa la'alla alladhi abta' 'anni huwa khayrun li lī'ilmika bi'aqībat-il-umour

And if I do not get what I want right away, I am brought low by my ignorance of You, because it may be that You know that it is better for me in the long run not to get what I want right away.

Fa-lam ara mawlan kāreeman asbara 'alāa 'abdīn la-eemin minka 'alāyya yaa rabb. Innaka tād'ounī fa-'uwalli 'ank, wa tatāhabbābu ilāyya fa-tātabaghghadhu īlayk, wa tātawaddādu ilāyya fa-lāa aqbalū mink kā-anna liya-t-tātawwula 'alāyka

So I have never seen a kinder master who is more patient with His difficult servants than You, O Lord. You invite me towards Yourself, and I turn away. You show love towards me, and I ignore You. You show affection towards me, but I do not accept it from You, as if I think I am better than You.

Thumma lam yamnā'ka dhaalika min-r-rahmati li wal-ihsaani ilāyya wa-t-taafadhdhuli ilāyya bi joudika wa karamik

But that has not stopped You from being kind and compassionate towards me, nor has that stopped You from giving me all of Your bounties due to Your generosity and honor.

Fa-irhaam 'abdaka-l-jaahil, wa jud 'alayhi bi-fadhli ihsaanika innaka jawaadun kāreem.

So have mercy upon Your ignorant slave, and be kind to him by Your excellence and goodness. Truly, You are generous and gracious.

Al-hamdu lillahi maalik-il-mulk, mujri-l-fulk, musakhkhir-ir-riyaah, faaliq-il-isbaah, dayyan-id-deen, rabb-il-'aalameen.

All praise be to Allah Who rules Creation, moves the Heavens, controls the winds, brings the dawn, administers authority, and Who is the Lord of all the worlds.

Al-hamdu lillahi 'alaa hilmihi ba'da 'ilmihī, wal-hamdu lillahi 'alaa 'afwihi ba'da qudratihi, wal-hamdu lillahi 'alaa toul-i anaatihi fi ghadabihi wa huwa-l-qaadiru 'alaa maa yureed.
All praise be to Allah for His lenience despite His knowledge. All praise be to Allah for His forgiveness despite His power. And All praise be to Allah for His patience despite His anger since He is able to do whatever He wills.

Al-hamdu lillahi khaaliq-il-khalq, baasit-ir-rizq, faaliq-il-isbaah, dhil-jalaali wal-ikraam wal-fadhli wal-in'aam, alladhiy ba'uda falaa yuraa, wa qaruba fashahida-n-najwaa, tabaaraka wa ta'aalaa.

All praise be to Allah Who created Creation, grants sustenance, brings the dawn, Who holds glory and might and grace and blessings; Who is so far that He cannot be seen yet is so close that He sees everything that is kept secret. Blessed be He, and most high.

Al-hamdu lillahi alladhiy laysa lahu munaazi'un yu'aadiluhu, wa laa shabeehun yushaakiluhu, wa laa zaheerun yu'aadhiduhu. Qahara bi'izzatihi-l-a'izaa', wa tawaadha'a li-'azamatihi-l-'uzamaa', fa-balagha bi-qudratihi maa yashaa'.

All praise be to Allah, Who has no one to challenge Him, no one similar to Him, and no one to help Him. He has tamed the powerful through His might and disgraced the Highty through His greatness. He accomplishes whatever he wills through His power.

Al-hamdu lillahi alladhiy yujeebuni heena un aadihi, wa yasturu 'alaaya kulla 'awratin wa anna a'seeh, wa yu'azzimu-n-ni'mata 'alayya fa-laa ujaazeeh.

All praise is due to Allah Who responds to me whenever I call upon Him, covers my shortcomings even though I disobey Him, and gives me even more of His blessings even though they are never enough for me.

Fa-kam min mawhibatin hanee'atin qad a'taani, wa 'azeematin makhoufatin qad kafaani, wa bahjatin mouniqatin qad araani. Fa-uthni 'alayhi haamidan, wa-adhkuruhu musabbihan.

For how many excellent gifts has He given me, how many terrible dangers has He saved me from, and how many wonderful joys has he granted me. So I sing His praise and glorify Him.

Al-hamdu lillahi alladhi laa yuhtaku hijaabuhu, wa laa yughlaqu babbuhu, wa laa yuraddu saa'iluhu, wa laa yukhayyabu aamiluhu.
All praise be to Allah. No one can reveal what He has hidden, and no one can lock the door to Him. No one who seeks Him is turned away, and no one Who has hope in Him is disappointed.

Al-hamdu lillahi alladhiy yu'minu-l-khaa'ifeen, wa yunajji-s-saaliheen, wa yarfa'u-l-mustadhafeen, wa yadha'u-l-mustakhbireen, wa yuhliku muloukan wa yastakhlifu aakhireen.

All praise be to Allah Who protects the frightened, saves the righteous, raises the oppressed, humiliates the arrogant, brings down rulers and replaces them.

Wal-hamdu lillahi qaasim-il-jabbaareen, mubeer-iz-zaalimeen, mudrik-il-haaribeen, nakaal-az-zaalimeen, sareekh-il-mustasrikheen, mawdhi'i haajaat-it-taalibeen, mu'tamad-il-mu'mineen.

And all praise be to Allah Who shatters tyrants, destroys the oppressors, protects the fleeing, punishes the oppressors, assists those who are crying out for help, aids those in need, and stands up for the believers.

Al-hamdu lillahi alladhiy min khashiyati hi tar'adu-s-samaa'u wa sukkaanuhaa, wa tarjufu-l-ardhu wa 'ummaaruhaa, wa tamouju-l-bihaaru wa man yasbahu fi ghamaraatihaa.

All praise be to Allah. The heavens and their dwellers as well as the earth and its inhabitants tremble out of fear of Him, as do the oceans and the things swimming in its depths.

Al-hamdu lillahi alladhiy hadaani lihaadhaa wa maa kunna li-nahtadiya law laa an hadaanaa Allah.

All praise be to Allah Who has guided us to this, and we would not have been guided had He not guided us.

Al-hamdu lillahi alladhiy yakhuqu wa lam yukhlaq, wa yarzuqu wa laa yurzaq, wa yut'im aw laa yut'am, wa yumeetu-l-ahyqq'a wa yuhyi-l-mawttaa, wa huwa hayyun laa yamout, bi-yadihi-l-khayr wa huwa 'alaa kulli shay'in qadeer.

All praise is due to Allah Who creates and has not been created, Who sustains and is not sustained, Who feeds and is not fed, Who brings death and life and raises the
dead. He lives eternally and will never die. In His hand is all good, and He holds power over all things.

Allahumma salli 'alaa Muhammadin 'abdika wa rasoulika wa ameenika wa safiyyik wa habeebika wa khiratika min khalqik wa haafizi sirrik wa muballighi risaalatik adhala wa ahsana wa ajmala wa akmala wa azkaa wa anmaa wa atyaba wa akthara wa asnaa wa akthara maa sallayta wa baarakta wa tarahhamta wa tahannanta wa sallamta 'alaa ahadin min 'ibaadika wa anbiyaa'ika wa rusulik wa sifwatiqa wa ahl-il-karaamati 'alayka min khalqik.

O Allah, send Your blessings upon Muhammad, Your servant and messenger, Your trustworthy and close one, and Your beloved and the best of Your creation. Send Your blessings upon Muhammad who held Your secret and spread Your message -- more beautifully and more thoroughly and more purely and more and better than You have blessed or graced or had mercy on or been kind to or sent peace upon any of Your servants or prophets or messengers or friends or those whom You honored in Your Creation.

Allahumma wa salli 'alaa 'Aliyyin amir al-mu'mineen wa wasiyyi rasouli rabbi-l-aalameen 'abdika wa walliyik wa akhi rasouli wa hujjatika 'alaa khalqiqa wa ayyatiqa-l-kubraa wan-nabaa'-il-azeem,

O Allah, and send Your blessings upon 'Ali, the Commander of the Faithful, and the successor to the Messenger of the Lord of the Worlds. Send Your blessings upon 'Ali who is Your slave, Your friend, the brother of Your messenger, Your decisive argument over mankind, Your great sign, and the great news.

Wa salli 'alaa-s-siddiqah it-taahirah Faatimah-al-Zahraa'i sayyidat-in-nisaa'-il-aalameen, wa salli 'alaa sibtay-ir-rahmati wa imamay-il-hudaa al-Hasani wal-Husayni sayyiday shabaabib ahil-ill-jannah,

And send your blessings upon the truthful, pure Fatimah al-Zahraa, the leader of the women of the world, and upon the two grandsons of the source of mercy, the leaders to guidance, Hasan and Husain, the chiefs of the youth of Paradise,

Wa salli 'alaa a'immat-il-muslimeen 'Ali ibn al-Husayn wa Muhammad ibni 'Ali wa Ja'far ibni Muhammad wa Musaa ibni Ja'farin wa 'Ali ibn Musaa wa Muhammad ibn

And send Your blessings on the leaders of the Muslims 'Ali ibn al-Husain, Muhammad ibn 'Ali, Ja'far ibn Muhammad, Musa ibn Ja'far, 'Ali ibn Musa, Muhammad ibn 'Ali, 'Ali ibn Muhammad, Hasan ibn 'Ali, and the last one, the rightly guided Mahdi -- all who are Your decisive arguments over Your servants, and Your trusted ones in Your lands -- with many eternal prayers and blessings.

Allahumma wa salli 'alaa walliyi amrika-l-qaa'im-il-mu'ammal wal-'adl-il-muntazar, wa huffahu bi-mala'ikatika-l-muqarrabeen, wa-ayyidhu bi-rouh-il-qudusi yaa rabbil-'aalam-een.

O Allah, send Your blessings on the leader of Your command, the awaited one who will rise up, and the just one who is expected. Assist Him with Your angels that are near to You, and help Him with the Holy Spirit, O Lord of the Worlds.

Allahumma i'jalhu-d-daa'iya ilaa kitaabika wa-l-qaa'ima bi-deenik, istakhlifhu fil-ardhi kamaa istakhlafta alladhiyyna min qablihi, makkin lahu deenahu alladhiy irtadhaytahu lahu, abdilhu min ba'adi khawsfihi amnan ya'buduka laa yushriku bika shay'an.

O Allah, let him call to Your book and rise up for Your religion. Establish him in the earth just as You have established others before him. Put in place for him the creed which You have made him happy with. Replace the danger he is in with safety as he worships You and does not associate anything with You.

Allahumma a'izzahu wa-a'ziz bih, wa-insur-hu wa-intasir bih, wa-insurhu nasran 'azeezan, wa-iftah lahu fathan yaseeran, wa-ij'al lahu min ladunka sultaanan naseeraa. Allahumma azhir bihi deenaka wa sunnata na biyyika, hatta laa yastakhfiiya bi-shay'in min al-haqqi makhaafata ahadin min al-khalq.

O Allah, strengthen him, and strengthen others by him; help him and help others by him; help him with great assistance, and bring him decisive victory. Grant him authority from You. O Allah, make your religion and the way of Your prophet known through Him until none of the truth is hidden from any of Your creatures.

Allahumma inna narghabu ilayka fi dawlat in kareematin tu'izzu bihaa-l-islaama wa ahlahu, wa tudhillum bihaa-n-nifaaqa wa ahluhu, wa taj'alunaa fihaa min ad-du'aati ilaa
O Allah, We seek a just state in which Islam and its adherents are honored, and hypocrisy and its followers are humiliated. Make us callers to Your way and followers on Your path, and grant us the most excellent things of this world and the next.

Allahumma maa 'arraftanaa min al-haqqi fa-hammilnaahu, ma maa qasurnaa 'anhu fa-ballighnaahu.

O Allah, let us act according to whatever part of the truth You have made us aware of, and bring us to whatever we have fallen short of.

Allahumma almum bihi sha'thanaa, wa-ash'ab bihi sad'anaa, wa-artuq bihi fatqanaa, wa katthir bihi qillatanaa, wa-'a'ziz bihi dhillatanaa, wa-aghni bihi 'aa'ilanaa, wa-aqdhi bihi 'an mughramina, wa-ajbur bihi faqranaa, wa sudda bihi khallatanaa, wa yassir bihi 'usranaa,

O Allah, through him, fix our disorder, unite our flock, end our separation, increase our numbers, bring us out of degradation, free us from misery, take away our debts, end our poverty, and make the difficult easy for us.

Wa bayyidh bihi wujouanaa, wa fukka bihi asranaa, wanjah bihi talibatanaa, wanjiz bihi mawa'a'eedanaa, wastajib bihi da'vatanaa, wa-a'tinaa bihi su'lanaa, wa ballighnaa bihi min-ad-dunyaa wal-aakhirati aamaalanaa, wa-a'tinaa bihi fawqa raghbatinaa.

Through him, bring us happiness, and free us from imprisonment. Let us achieve what we are aiming for and fulfill our promises. Through him, answer our prayers, and grant our requests. Through him, give us what we hope for in this world and in the next, and grant us even more than we could ever wish for.

Yaa khayr al-mas'ouleena wa awsa'a-l-mu'teen, ishfi bihi sudouranaa, wa-adhhib bihi ghayza quloubinaa, wa-ahdinaa bihi limaa ikhtulifa feehi min al-haqqi bi-idhnika, innaka tahdi man tashaa'ul ilaah siraatin mustaqeem, wa-ansurnaa bihi 'alaa 'aduwwikawa 'adduwwwinaa ilaah al-haqqi aameen.

O You Who are the best to ask from and the most openhanded in giving! Through him, heal our souls. End the hatred we have in our hearts. Through him, guide us to what You have chosen for us by Your will. Truly, You guide whomever You want to
the straight path. And, through him, help us against Your enemies and our enemies, O true Lord.

Allahumma inna nashku ilayka faqda nabiiyyinai salawaatuka 'alayhi wa-aalihi, wa ghaybata waliyyinai wa kathrata 'aduwwinai, wa qillata 'adadinai, wa shiddat-al-fitani binaa, wa tazaahur-az-zamaani 'alaynaa.

O Allah, we express our sadness to You about the loss of our Prophet (may Your peace and blessings be upon him and his family), the absence of our guardian, our many enemies, our small numbers, the deep strife among us, and the vicissitudes of time.

Fa-salli 'alaa Muhammadin wa-aali Muhammad, wa-a'inna 'alaa dhaalika bi-fathin minka tu'ajiluhu, wa bi-dhurrin takshifuhu, wa nasrin tu'izzuhu, wa sultaani haqqin tuzhiruhu, wa rahmatin minka tujallilunaahaa wa 'aafiyatin minka tulbisunahaa. Bi rahmatika yaa arham ir-rahimeen.

So send Your peace and blessings upon Muhammad and his family, and help us against all of this with a quick victory and just government. Honor us with Your mercy and Your forgiveness. By Your mercy, O Most Merciful of the Merciful!
Every day is Ashura and every land is Kerbala

This site is dedicated to Hussain ibn Ali (A), the Grandson of the Prophet (S), and his sacrifice for Islam at Kerbala.

- **What is Ashura?**

In the month of Muharram 61 AH (approx. 20 October 680 AD), an event took place in Iraq at a place known as Kerbala on the bank of the river Euphrates. It seemed in those days insignificant from the historical point of view. A large army which had been mobilised by the Umayyad regime besieged a group of persons numbering less than a hundred and put them under pressure to pay allegiance to the Caliph of the time and submit to his authority. The small group resisted and a severe battle took place in which they were all killed.

It appeared at that time that like hundreds of similar events, this battle would be recorded in history and forgotten in time. However, the events that occurred on the 10th day of Muharram in Kerbala were to become a beacon and an inspiration for future generations. In this article, we shall examine briefly the principal adversaries.

- **Who is Hussain?**

The leader of the small band of men who were martyred in Kerbala was none other than Husain (A), son of Ali bin Abi Talib (A) and grandson of the Holy Prophet (S). Who was Husain? He was the son of Fatima (A) for whom the Holy Prophet (S) said, "Husain is from me and I am from Husain. May God love whoever loves Husain." [1]

With the passing away of his brother Hasan(A) in 50 AH, Husain (A) became the leader of the household of the Holy Prophet (S). He respected the agreement of peace signed by Hasan (A) and Muawiya, and, despite the urging of his followers, he did not undertake any activity that threatened the political status quo. Rather he continued with the responsibility of looking after the religious needs of the people and was recognised for his knowledge, piety and generosity. An example of the depth
of his perception can be seen in his beautiful du'a on the day of Arafat, wherein he begins by explaining the qualities of Allah, saying:

"(Oh Allah) How could an argument be given about Your Existence by a being whose total and complete existence is in need of you? When did you ever disappear so that you might need an evidence and logic to lead (the people) towards You? And when did You ever become away and distant so that your signs and effects made the people get in touch with you? Blind be the eye which does not see You (whereas) You are observing him. What did the one who missed You find? And what does the one who finds You lack? Certainly, the one who got pleased and inclined toward other than You, came to nothingness (failed)."

On the other hand, we have Yazid, whose father (Muawiya) and grandfather (Abu Sufyan - the arch-enemy of the Prophet) had always tried to sabotage the mission of the Holy Prophet, and who showed his true colour by stating in a poem, "Bani Hashim had staged a play to obtain kingdom, there was neither any news from God nor any revelation." [2]

Mas'udi writes that Yazid was a pleasure-seeking person, given to wine drinking and playing with pets. It is no wonder that Husain's response to Yazid's governor, when asked to pay allegiance to Yazid was, "We are the household of the prophethood, the source of messengership, the descending-place of the angels, through us Allah had began (showering His favours) and with us He has perfected (His favours), whereas Yazid is a sinful person, a drunkard, the killer of innocent people and one who openly indulges in sinful acts. A person like me can never pledge allegiance to a person like him ..." [3]

The revolution of Husain (A) was an Islamic movement spearheaded by one of the great leaders of Islam. The principles and laws of Islam demanded that Husain (A) act to warn the Ummah of the evil situation which it was in, and to stand in the way of the deviating ruler. As Husain (A) himself remarked when he left Madina for the last time, "I am not rising (against Yazid) as an insolent or an arrogant person, or a mischief-monger or tyrant. I have risen (against Yazid) as I seek to reform the Ummah of my grandfather. I wish to bid the good and forbid the evil." [4]
Hussain (A) was killed on the battlefield as he did Sajdah. His head was removed from his body on the plains of Kerbala, mounted on a spear, and paraded through villages and towns as it was taken to Damascus and presented at the feet of Yazid.

• Why remember Ashura?

Why is Husain (A) regarded as the "leader of the martyrs"? It is because he was not just the victim of an ambitious ruler. There is no doubt that the tragedy of Kerbala, when ascribed to the killers, is a criminal and terrible act. However, when ascribed to Husain (A) himself, it represents a conscious confrontation and a courageous resistance for a sacred cause. The whole nation had failed to stand up to Yazid. They had succumbed to his will, and deviation and regression towards the pre-Islamic ways were increasing.

Passiveness by Husain (A) in this situation would have meant the end of Islam as we know it. Thus Husain (A) took upon himself the responsibility of the whole nation. The greatest tragedy was that one who stood up for the noblest of causes, the defence of Islam, was cut down in so cruel a manner.

It is for this reason that the sacrifice of Husain (A) is commemorated annually throughout the Muslim world. Our sorrow never abates as we relive the tragedy. As Allama Iqbal says in his Baqiyat (in Urdu):

Ronay wala hoon Shaheed-e-Kerbala key gham men main,

Kya durey maqsad na dengey Saqiye Kausar mujhey

I am one who weeps at the plight of the Martyr of Kerbala

Won't the reward be given to me by the Keeper of Kauser (Imam Ali (A))

The commemoration of Ashura on the 10th of Muharram every year serves to remind us of the sacrifices of the family of the Prophet (S). It also makes us aware of the people, then and now, who tried to destroy Islam and the family of the Prophet (S) and all that they stood for - as well as those who watched, listened and did nothing.
AL-Husayn Ibn Ali’s Biography

IN THE house of the Holy Prophet, which presented the best image of both the worlds - the heaven and the earth - a child who benefited humanity as if he was Divine Impression reflecting the earth, was born on one of the nights of the month of Shaban. His father was Imam Ali, the best model of kindness towards his friends and the bravest against the enemies of Islam, and his mother was Hadrat Fatimah, the only daughter and child of the Holy Prophet who had as universally acknowledged, inherited the qualities of her father.

Imam Husayn, is the third Apostolic Imam. When the good news of his birth reached the Holy Prophet, he came to his daughter’s house, took the newly-born child in his arms, recited adham and iqamah in his right and left ears respectively, and on the 7th day of his birth, after performing the rites of aqiqah, named him al-Husayn, in compliance with Allah”s command.

Hasan and husayn, the two sons of the Holy Imam Ali ibn Abi Talib and Hadrat Fatimah, our Lady of Light, were respected and revered as the "Leaders of the Youths of Paradise" as stated by the Holy Prophet.

The Holy Prophet Muhammad, peace be on him and his progeny, had openly prophesied that the faith of Islam would be rescued by his second grandson Husayn, when Yazid, son of Muawiyyah, would endeavour to destroy it. Yazid was known for his devilish character and brutish conduct. He was known as the most licentious of men. The people having known and understood the character of Yazid, formed a covenant by which Muawiyah could not appoint Yazid as his successor. This undertaking was given by Muawiyah to Imam Hasan from whom Muawiyah had snatched power. Muawiyah violated this undertaking and nominated Yazid who succeeded his father.

Immediately as he came to power, Yazid began acting in full accordance with his known character. He started interfering in the fundamentals of the faith and practised every vice and wickedness freely with the highest degree of impunity and yet held himself out as the successor of the Holy Prophet, demanding allegiance to himself as the leading guide of the faith. Paying allegiance to Yazid was nothing short of acknowledging the devil as God. If a divine personality like the Holy Imam Husayn had agreed to his authority, it would be actually recommending the devil to humanity in place of God.
Yazid demanded allegiance from the Holy Imam Husayn, who could have never agreed to it at any cost. The people fearing death and destruction at the hands of the tyrant had yielded to him out of fear. Imam Husayn said that come whatever may, he would never yield to the devil in place of God and undo what his grandfather, the Holy Prophet had established.

The refusal of the Holy Imam to pay allegiance to this fiend, marked the start of the persecution of the Holy Imam. As a result he had retired to Medina where he led a secluded life. Even here he was not allowed to live in peace, and was forced to seek refuge in Mecca where also he was badly harassed, and Yazid plotted to murder him in the very precincts of the great sanctuary of Kabah.

The people of Kufah getting tired of the tyrannical and satanic rule of Yazid, had written innumerable letters and sent emissaries to Imam Husayn to come over and give them guidance in faith. Although Imam Husayn knew the ultimate end of the invitations, he as the divinely chosen Imam could not refuse to give the guidance sought for.

When the Holy Imam with his entourage had reached Karbala, his horse mysteriously stopped and would not move any further. Upon this the Holy Imam declared: "This is the land, the land of sufferings and tortures."

He alighted from his horse, and ordered his followers to encamp there saying:"Here shall we be martyred and our children be killed. Here shall our tents be burned and our family arrested. This is the land about which my grandfather the Holy Prophet had foretold, and his prophecy will certainly be fulfilled."

On the 7th Muharram water supply to the Imam's camp was cut and the torture of thirst and hunger started. The Holy Imam's camp consisted of ladies, innocent children including babies and some male members of the Holy Prophet's family; along with a small band of some faithful friends of Imam Husayn who had chosen to die with the Holy Imam, fighting against the devil for the cause of Allah.

The Day of Ashura (10th of Muharram):

At dawn the Imam glanced over the army of Yazid and saw Umar ibn sad ordering his forces to march towards him. He gathered his followers and addressed them thus: "Allah has, this day, permitted us for our martyrdom. So prepare yourselves to fight against the enemies of Islam with patience and resistance. O sons of the noble and self-respecting persons, be patient! Death is nothing but a bridge which you must cross after facing trials and tribulations so as to reach Heaven and its joys.

Which of you do not like to go from this prison (world) to the lofty palaces (Paradise)?" Having heard the Imam's address, All his companions were...
overwhelmed and cried out, "O our Master! We are all ready to defend you and your Ahlu l-bayt, and to sacrifice our lives for the cause of Islam."

Imam Husayn sent out from his camp one after another to fight and sacrifice their lives in the way of the Lord. Lastly, when all his men and children had laid down their lives, Imam Husayn brought his six-month old baby son Ali al-Asghar, and offering him on his own hands, demanded some water for the baby, dying of thirst. The thirst of the baby was quenched by a deadly poisoned arrow from the brute's forces, which pinned the baby's neck to the arm of the helpless father. At last when the six-month old baby also was killed, Imam Husayn Addressed Allah: "O Lord! Thy Husayn has offered in Thy way whatever Thou hast blessed him with.

Bless Thy Husayn, O Lord! with the acceptance of this sacrifice. Every thing Husayn could do till now was through Thy help and by Thy Grace." Lastly Imam Husayn came into the field and was killed, the details of which merciless slaughter are heart rending.

the forces of Yazid having killed Imam Husayn, cut and severed his head from his body and raised it on a lance. The severed head of the Holy Imam beagn glorifying Allah from the point of the lance saying, `Allahu Akbar". "All glory be to Allah Who is the Greatest!" After the wholesale, merciless and most brutal slaughter of the Holy Imam with his faithful band, the helpless ladies and children along with the ailing son of Imam Husayn, Imam Ali Zaynu l-Abidin, were taken captives.

Some Sayings of the Holy Prophet During his Lifetime with Reference to Imam Husayn:
1. Hasan and Husayn are the leaders of the Youths of Paradise.
2. Husayn is from me and I am from Husayn, Allah befriends those who befriend Husayn and He is the enemy of those who bear enmity to him.
3. Whoever wishes to see such a person who lives on earth but whose dignity is honoured by the Heaven dwellers, should see my grandson Husayn.
4. O my son! thy flesh is my flesh and thy blood is my blood, thou art a leader, the son of a leader and the brother of a leader; thou art a spiritual guide, the son of a spiritual guide and the brother of a spiritual guide; thou art an Apostolical Imam, the son of an Apostolical Imam and the brother of an Apostolical Imam; thou art the father of nine Immas, the ninth of whom would be the Oaim (the last infallible spiritual guide).
5. The punishment inflicted on the murderer of Husayn in Hell would be equal to half of the total punishment to be imposed on the entire sinners of the world.
6. When the Holy Prophet informed Hadrat Fatimah of the Martyrdom in store for his grandson, she burst into tears and asked, "O my father! when would my son be martyred?" "In such a critical moment," replied the Holy Prophet, "When neither I nor you, nor Ali would be alive." This accentuated her grief and she inquired again, "Who then, O my father, would commemorate Husayn's martyrdom?" The Holy Prophet said, "The men and the women of a particular sect of my followers, who will befriend my Ahlu l-bayt, will mourn for Husayn and commemorate his martyrdom each year in every century."

Ibn Sad narrates from ash-shabi:

Imam Ali while on his way to Siffin, passed through the desert of Karbala, there he stopped and wept very bitterly. When interrogated regarding the cause of his weeping, he commented that one day he visited the Holy Prophet and found him weeping. When he asked the Apostle of Allah as to what was the reason which made him weep, he replied, "O Ali Gabriel has just been with me and informed me that my son Husayn would be martyred in Karbala, a place near the bank of the River Euphartes. This moved me so much that I could not help weeping."

Anas ibn Harith narrates:

One day the Holy Prophet ascended the pulpit to deliver a sermon to his associates while Imam Husayn and Imam Hasan were sitting before him. When address was over, he put his left hand on Imam Husayn and raising his head towards Heaven, said: "O my lord! I am Muhammad Thy slave and Thy prophet, and these two are the distinguished and pious members of my family who would fortify my cause after me. O my Lord! Gabriel has informed me that son Husayn would be killed. O my Lord! bless my cause in recompense for Husayn's martyrdom, make him the leader of the martyrs, be Thou his helper and guardian and do not bless his murderers."

Sir Muhammad Iqbla says:

Imam Husayn uprooted despotism forever till the Day of Resurrection. He watered the dry garden of freedom with the surging wave of his blood, and indeed he awakened the sleeping Muslim nation. If Imam Husayn had aimed at acquiring a worldly empire, he would not have travelled the way he did (from Medina to Karbala). Husayn witered in blood and dust for the sake of truth. Verily he, therefore, became the bed-rock (foundation) of the Muslim creed; la ilaha illa Allah (There is no god but Allah).

Khwaja Muhammad Iqbal says:

He gave his head but did not put his hand into the hands of Yazid. Verily, Husayn is the foundation of la ilaha illa Allah. Husayn is lord and the lord of lords.
Husayn himself is Islam and the shield of Islam. Though he gave his head (for Islam) but never pledged Yazid. Truly Husayn is the founder of "There is no Deity except Allah."

Brown in his A Literary of Persia Writes:

As a reminder, the blood-stained field of Karbala where the grandson of the Apostle of God fell at length, tortured by thirst and surrounded by the bodies of his murdered kinsmen, has been at any time since then sufficient to evoke, even in the most lukewarm and heedless, the deepest emotion, the most frantic grief and the exaltation of spirit before which pain, danger, and death shrink to unconsidered trifles. Yearly, on the tenth day of Muharram, the tragedy is rehearsed in persia, in India, in Turkey, in egypt, wherever a Shiite community or colony exists.
Allama Iqbal on Imam Hussain

Dr Iqbal had an abiding faith in Ahlul Bayt (the Chosen Descendants of the Holy Prophet). He was intensely moved by the tragic events of Karbala so much so that in many of his couplets he carried a universal message to the mankind for emulating Imam Husayn who sacrificed his life at the altar of Truth. His elegies on the martyrdom of Imam Husayn stand unmatched and are an eye-opener to all those who are giving a mere lip-service to Islam.

In the following couplets Dr Iqbal gives vent to his sentiments and feelings on Imam Husayn:

Jis tarah mujhko shahid-e-Karbala say piyâr hay

Haq ta’âla ko yatimon ki duâ say piyâr hay

Dr Iqbal expresses his extreme love for Imam Husayn. Just as Almighty Allah loves to listen to the invocation of the orphans, he also has the same kind of love for the martyr of Karbala.

Roney wâlâ hoon shahid-e-Karbala kay gham may mayn

Kyâ durrey maqsûd na daingay Sâqi-e-Kauthar mujhey

Dr Iqbal has a sincere and genuine faith in Imam Husayn. The hero of this episode Imam Husayn, the brave son of the bravest of the brave Ali and grandson of the Holy Prophet, took up a firm stand not to acknowledge Yazid as the Caliph of Islam. It is a fight for the preservation of the principles and tenets of Islam. Imam Husayn arrived in Karbala on the 2nd of Muharram 61 A.H. along with his small children, women, and some comrades numbering 72 only. On the 10th of Muharram he was brutally killed. This was the tragedy over which Iqbal sheds tears. He believes that mourning and wailing over him would lead to his (Iqbal’s) salvation. He also believes that Suqi-e-Kauthar Lord of Kauthar (Cistern in Paradise) Le. Imam Ali loves those,
who weep for Imam Husayn. He hopes and prays that since he sheds tears out of
grief for Husayn, Imam Ali would give him all the help he needs.

Gharib-o-sâda- o-rangi’n hay dâstân-e-Haram

Nihâyat iski Husayn ibtida hay Ismâîl

Dr Iqbal says that the event of the construction of Kaba is very simple and
interesting. Prophet Ismail suffered great pains in its construction. The Holy Prophet
purged it from the idols that were in it, and so raised its glory. The first stone was laid
by Ismail indeed. He offered for sacrifice his own life but the sacrifice was not
completed as he was replaced by a ram and according to the Holy Qur’an the great
sacrifice or Zibh-e ‘Azim was to come later and completed by one of his descendants,
Husayn. So in fact culmination of the spirit of love for Allah was manifest when
Imam Husayn sacrificed his life and preserved the dignity of the Holy Kaba.

Haqiqat-e-abadi hay maqâm-e-Shabbiri

Badaltay rahay hain andâze Kufio-Shâmi

Dr Iqbal here compares two things Shabbiri or Husayniyat, i.e. principles enunciated
and adhered to by Imam Husayn, and Yazidiyat, i.e. worldly power and authority.
Husayn was the symbol of devotion to and love for Allah, i.e. submission to none
except Allah.

The spirit as shown by the rulers of Kufa and Syria, is always changing since it tries to
gain strength through fraud, dishonesty, and political expediency and maneuvering as
against this truth never changes. So the place Imam Husayn has achieved, is a reality
which shall be hailed and acknowledged for all times to come.

Qâfilâ e Hijaz may ek Husayn bhi nahin

Garche hai tâbdâr abhi wâdi ey Dajlao Furât

Dr Iqbal was distressed to note that Iraq was under the yoke of the British. He was
disappointed that the Muslims had lost courage and were suffering humiliation. The
land of Tigres and Eupharates called some staunch devotee of Islam who could
relieve them of their serfdom. Iqbal only wished a man, a follower of Imam Husayn might come up to help the Muslims of Iraq!

Sidq-e-Khalil Bhi hay ishq e sabr-e-Husayn bhi hay ishq

Mârika-e-wujud maiyîn Badr-o-Hunayn bhi hay ishq

Dr Iqbal says that love of Allah manifests itself in many ways. Prophet Ibrahim had to suffer many difficulties in the cause of Allah. He accepted being thrown into the fire, and the fire was turned into a blooming garden.

It showed his intense love for Allah. Our Holy Prophet conquered the Battles of Badr and Hunayn through his ardent love for Allah. Similarly Imam Husayn showed his patience in the battlefield of Karbala where he, with his family and comrades, not only suffered the pangs of three days’ thirst, but willingly sacrificed his life for the cause of Truth and love for Allah. Love for Allah is a quality, a force, an impetus, which creates in us extraordinary patience and forbearance.

Ek faqr hay Shabbiri es faqr mayn hay meri

Mirâs- e-Musalmâni, samâyâ-i-Shabbiri

Dr Iqbal says that the life of a dervish is a very noble way of living but it is different from the life of a mendicant or friar who lives on begging or in seclusion. We should learn from Imam Husayn who while passing the life of a dervish had no other consideration except love of Allah and submission to His will. Our treading the path practised by Imam Husayn will bestow on us the title of Chief among the people. A Muslim has inherited this wealth from Imam Husayn, and we should make the best use of it. Imam Husayn has given us the lesson of self-sacrifice, patience, and forebearance and submission to none except Allah.

Ân Imam-e-āshiqân pooray Batool

Sarvay âzâdi ze bustân-e-Rasul

Now Dr Iqbal opens his praises for the son of lady Fatima. He was the chief of the lovers of Allah, and an evergreen tree from the garden of the Prophet. Imam Husayn
who stood against the forces of evil, refused to acknowledge Yazid as the Caliph of Islam, and upholding the dignity of Islamic principles sacrificed his life along with a small band of 72 of his followers, at the battlefield of Karbala.

Allah Allah Báey Bismillah pidar

Ma’niye zibh-e-azim âmad pisar

In a state of supreme bliss Dr Iqbal says, “O’ Allah, what an exalted position Imam Husayn possessed, as his illustrious father (Imam Ali) was the first letter of the Qur’an! A tradition says that Imam Ali said, “What is in the Holy Qur’an is in the first chapter (Surah Fatiha); what is in this surah (chapter) is in the first verse (Bismillah); what is in Bismillah is in its first letter (Ba) and I am the dot below ba. Doubtless Imam Ali was acknowledged to be the best expounder of the Holy Qur’an. The Holy Prophet had himself declared: “Ali is with Qur’an, and Qur’an is with Ali”. Imam Husayn was the son of such an eminent personality. It is Imam Husayn’s Martyrdom which is referred to as Zibhe Azim the greatest sacrifice in the Holy Qur’an. Imam Husayn was the direct descendant of Prophet Ismail and had offered himself for sacrifice at Karbala to save Islamic principles from annihilation. The Holy Qur’an says that Zibhe Azim, the great sacrifice of Prophet Ismail was left over for the coming generation. Dr Iqbal alludes to this and says that Zibhe Azim in the Holy Qur’an means the sacrifice of Imam Husayn.

Bahray ân shahzádaey Khayrul milal

Dosh-e-Khatmul mursalin ne’mul Jamal

Dr Iqbal here alludes to an event stated by Tirmizi and others. Once Imam Husayn mounted the shoulders of his grandfather, the Holy Prophet. Somebody said, “What a good carriage it is!” The Prophet said, “And what a good rider it is!” Dr Iqbal mentions this event to show what affectionate feelings the Holy Prophet had towards his grandson.

Surkh roo ishq-e-ghayoor az Khoon-e-oo

Surkhiye in misra az mazmoon-e-oo
Dr Iqbal says that it is because of Imam Husayn’s blood that the modest love has gained honor and dignity. This couplet can well serve a title for the episode of the Tragedy of Karbala which shows how piously and valiantly Imam Husayn defended the tenets of Islam, sacrificed his own life along with his kith and kin, sincere followers, and comrades, and raised the honor of love to its acme.

Darmiyân-e-Ummat án Keywân janâb,

Hamchu harf-e-Qul Huwallah dar Kitâb

Dr Iqbal shows here the position of Imam Husayn. He says that among the followers of the Holy Prophet Imam Husayn is like the Divine phrase QuI huwallah (Say He is Allah) meaning that Allah is One, in the Holy Qur’an. Since the entire Holy Qur’an turns to this verse -QuI Huwallaho Ahad (Say that He is One) similarly the whole Islamic world turns towards Imam Husayn who is the source of our guidance. Dr Iqbal knows the tradition of our Prophet: “Husayn is from me and I am from Husayn” i.e. Husayn is his grandson and that he (the Prophet) would be made known by him, and his mission would be fulfilled by Imam Husayn who sacrificed his life to immortalize Islam and its tenets.

Musa o Firaun-o-Shabbir or Yazid

Een do quwwât az Hayât âmad padid.

Ever since the creation of life two opposing forces have been at war with each other-virtue and vice, Right and wrong. Musa (Moses) rose against Firaun (Pharaoh) and Shabbir (Imam Husayn) rose against Yazid. These struggles were between the Right and the wrong. Consequently the Right prevailed upon the wrong and it was proved that Right is might.

Zindah haq az quwwat-e-Shabbiri ast

Bâtil âkhir dâgh-e-hasrat miri ast

Dr Iqbal says that Truth or Islam exists today because of the strength shown and the spiritual power exercised by Imam Husayn. In other words Imam Husayn made Islam immortal. The wrong was crushed to annihilation in spite of its apparent
success. Yazidism or the principle enunciated by Yazid is looked down upon by all, but Husayn’s blood spilled at Karbala still enlivens our hearts and makes us feel that his sacrifice to support the Right against the wrong was unparalleled in the history of mankind.

Choon Khitláfât rishtah az Qur’an gusikht

Hurriyat ra Zahr under Kâm rikht

Khâst ân sar Jatwaey Khairut Umam

Choon Sahabe Qibtah Bârân dar qadam

Bar zamin-e-Karbala Bârid o raft

Lalah dar wirânaha Kârid o raft

Tâ qayâmat qar’ay istibdâd kard

Mauje Khoone oo chaman ijâd kard

Dr Iqbal says that when the Islamic Government severed its relation with the injunctions of the Holy Qur’an the Muslims suffered moral degradation. It marred their freedom. When the rulers indulged in all sorts of vicious habits and satisfied their carnal desires against the clear-cut injunctions of the Holy Qur’an the whole social structure was impaired. Nobody could utter a word against the tyrant ruler and his associates. Then arose that chief of the Muslims (Husayn) like blessed cloud with rain of mercy under his foot. It rained blessings on the sands of Karbala and turned that desert into a garden. It is the place where Imam Husayn with his kith and kin, children and comrades, numbering 72 only, faced a huge army and courted martyrdom after three days starvation and thirst on the 10th of Muharram 61 A.H. Husayn was undoubtedly the savior of freedom and Karbala has become the symbol of struggle against tyranny.

Husayn’s role at Karbala was so magnificent that it eradicated for ever the savage idea of cruelty and cold-bloodedness. The wave of his blood has created a garden which is symbolic of his sacrifice for the preservation of freedom and Truth.
Dr Iqbal says that Imam Husayn voluntarily gave his life at Karbala for the sake of Allah or Truth. So it goes without saying that Husayn laid the foundation of the cardinal Principle of Islam -the belief that there is no god except Allah. Since Islamic principles were being twisted, distorted and exterminated it was Husayn’s blood which gave it a new life.

That Imam Husayn’s only aim in refusing to accept Yazid as Caliph of Islam was to preserve Islam, can be borne out from the fact that while he left Madina for his journey towards Kufa he had a small band of his relations and followers, including women, and children. Had he the intention of fighting a political battle he would not have gone there with such people as he took with him. Those Who accompanied Imam Husayn included his sisters, wives, children (even a six month old child was with him) and some followers, some of whom were more than eighty years of age.

In the Battle of Karbala the number of the enemy was as countless as the particles of sand, but the number of Imam Husayn’s friends was only 72.
Ramz-e-Qur’an az Husayn âmokhteem

Za Âtishe-oo Shoalahâ andokhteem

Imam Husayn took up his sword of ‘La’ or ‘No’ that is, there is no deity (except Allah) and crushed infidelity. He imprinted the mark of Illâllah (Tawhid), or monotheism in the wilderness of Karbala. It was a title for our salvation. In fact we have learnt the lesson of Tawhid or monotheism from Imam Husayn, who taught us in a practical way the secret of Qur’an by sacrificing his life for the sake of Allah and for completing the mission of his grandfather, the Prophet. We have gathered warmth from the fire of love for Allah that Imam Husayn possessed. Dr Iqbal means that the love for Allah shown and the sacrifice made by Imam Husayn at Karbala should serve as the best lesson for all the people of the world.

Shawkat-e-Shâ m-o faray Baghdad raft,

Satwat-e-Ghamata ham az yâd raft

Târ-e-mâ az zakhma ash larzân hanooz,

Tazâh az takbir-e-oo Imân hanooz

Dr Iqbal says that kingly grandeur gained through political battles never survives. The pomp and vanity of the thrones of Syria and Baghdad which were once seats of great kings is no more present. Nobody remembers the splendor of Gharnata which was the seat of Spanish Kings. But the reverential call of Husayn at Karbala -his call of La Illâhâ Illâllâh is still echoing in our ears and thrilling our hearts.

Ay sabâ ay payk-e-dûr uftâdagân,

Ashk-e-mâ bar khâk-e-pâk-e-oo rasân

Iqbal’s intense love for and faith in Imam Husayn is apparent from this couplet. Fondly addressing himself to the breeze, which proverbially carries the message of the lover to the beloved, who is at a remote place. Iqbal asks her to carry his tears to the sacred tomb of Imam Husayn. Dr Iqbal weeps in sad and blessed memory of Imam Husayn and wishes to place his tears over his Imam’s grave.
http://sweetshenu.multiply.com/reviews/item/1054

• **Allama Iqbal’s Beautiful Tribute to Hazrat Fatima Zahra(A.S.)**

Original poem in Farsi by Allama Sir Mohammad Iqbal, as published in his Asraar-o-Rumooz

Maryam az yek nisbat-e-Eesa azeez,

As seh nisbat hazrat-e-Zahra azeez

Maryam is honourable only because she is the mother of Jesus,

Look at Zahra, Her honour comes from three relationships

Noor-e-chashm-e Rahmat-il-lil ‘aalemin

Un imam-e-awwalin-o-aahirin

She is the daughter of the person known as Rahmat al-lil aalameen

Who is Imam of all the (prophets) in the past and all the leaders in the future

Un ke jan dar payka-e-geeti dameed

Rozgaar-e-taaza aa’in aafreed

He, who revived a dead society back to life,

And brought a new system of law

Baanu-e un taajdaar-e-hal ata

Murtaza mushkil kusha sher-e-xuda
She is the wife of the one who was crowned with Hal Ata[1]

He is the chosen one, solver of all problems, the lion of God

Paadshhah-o-kulba’ee aywaan-e-oo

Yek hussam-o-yek zirh saamaan-e-oo

He was a king but lived in a hut,

All he owned was a sword and a coat of chain[2]

Maadar-e-un markaz-e-parkaar-e-ishq

Maadar-e-un kaarwan saalaar-e-ishq

Her son was the center of Love and devotion[3]

He was the chief of the army of Love

Un yeki sham’e shabistaan-e-haram

Hafiz-e-jamee’at-e khayrul-umam

He was a burning light in the gathering in the HARAM,

He was the protector of the best of the communities

Taa nasheenad aatash-e-paykaar-o-kin

Pusht-epa zad ba sar-e-taaj-o-nagin

He kicked the throne and the crown aside[4],

Only because he did not want to see the fire of killing and hatred

Wan digar mawlaa-e abraar-e-jahaan
Quwwat-e baazu-e-ahraar-e-jahaan
And the other son (of hers) is the leader of the pious
He gave strength to all the revolutionaries of the world
Dar nawaa-e-zindagi soz az Husayn[5]
Ahl-e-haq hurriyat amoz az Husayn[6]
Husayn gives passion to the ode of humanity
The truthful people learned the lesson of freedom from Husayn
Seerat-e-farzandaha az ummahaat[7]
Jawhar-e-sidq-o-safa az ummahaat
The character of sons are built by their mothers
The true mettle of truthfulness and honesty come from the mothers
Muzra-e-tasleem ra haasil Butool[8]
Maadaraan ra uswa-e-kaamil Butool
Butool was the epitome of the devotion to Allah
For mothers she is a guiding example
Bahr-e-muhtaaj-e dilash un guna sooh[9]
Ba yahoodai chaadar-e-khud ra farooh
Her heart was so overwhelmed by the plight of the poor,
That she sold her own chadar to a Jew
Noori-o wa ham atashi farmanbarash[10]

Gum razaayesh dar razaa-e shawharash

Both angels and Jinn are in her obedience,

(Because) she was obedient to her own husband

Un adab parawarda-e sabr-o-raza

Aasiya gardaan-o-lab Qur’an sara

She was raised with SABR and submission

Her lips would be reading Qur’an while her hands would be moving the hand mill

Girya haaye u ze baalin bai niyaaz

Gawhar afshandai badamaan-e-namaaz

She wept for fear of Allah

She shed tears during her prayers

Asahk-e-oo bar cheed Jibreel az zamin

Hamchu shabnam reext bar arsh-e-barin

Jibreel would pick up her tears from the earth

So that he may spread dew-drops in Jannah

Rishta-e aa’een-e haq zanjeer-e-pa ast

Paas-e-farmaan-e Janaab-e Mustafa ast

I am bound by the law of Islam,
I am beholden to the sayings of the Prophet

Warna gird-e-turbat-ash gardeed mi

Sajdaha bar khaak-e-oo pasheed mi

Otherwise, I would have gone round and round her gravesite,

And I would have done sajdah on her grave

[1] This is an allusion to the Qur’anic verses 1-12 from Sura Dahr, Chapter 76. Imam Ali gave away his meal while ready to break his fast to a beggar. Allah sent those verses in his praise.

[2] This is an allusion to the story when Imam Ali comes to the Prophet asking for Fatima Zahra’s hand in marriage. He asks Ali: What do you have? Imam Ali replies: A sword and a coat of chain. The Prophet then says that being valiant fighter in Allah’s way, he does not need a coat of chain, so he sells that to prepare for the wedding.

[3] These verse pertain to the eldest son of Fatima Zahra, Hasan bin Ali. Many of his virtues are recorded in books of hadeeth.

[4] Hasan abdicated in favour of Mu’awiyyah to avoid bloodshed and warfare

[5] An allusion to the passion of Karbala. Compare this with P.B. Shelly’s famous lines: “Our sweetest songs are those which are sung in the saddest tones.”

[6] Husayn stood up to a tyrant’s demand instead of compromising his principles

[7] It is amazing that Iqbal, a person raised in a typical male-chauvinistic society of Punjab, would write these lines

[8] These lines are highly metaphorical. The translation that I have done is not literal.

[9] Allusion to another story from the life of Fatima Zahra
This is an allusion to the Qur'anic verse 51:56, “I have not created the Jinn and the men except that they would worship Me.” And it also connects to a hadeeth in which the Prophet had said: “If it was lawful to do sajdah to someone other than Allah, I would have commended women to worship their husbands.”

http://www.imamreza.net/eng/imamreza.php?id=5058

….

- Hazrat Ali (AS) aur Kalaam’e Iqbal

Muslim’e awwal, shahey marダaN Ali
ishq ra sarmaaya’e eimaaN Ali
khairaan kar saka mujhe، jalwaey daanish’e farAng
surma hai meiri aaNkh ka، khaakey Madina o Najaf
faiz Iqbal hai usi dAr ka
bandaey shaah’e la-fataa hooN maiN
yeh hai Iqbal، faiz e yaad e naam e Murtaza، jis se
nigaahey fikr mein khalwat saraaey la-makaaN tAk hai

….

In his poem “Asrar-i-Khudi,” Allama Iqbal paid tribute to Hadrat Ali in the following terms:

“Ali, the son-in-law of the Prophet was a man of many qualities.

He gave fresh vigour to Faith.

And brought honours to the community of the faithful.”
He developed self-disciplines and killed avarice.

A person who knows and controls himself rules the world.”

…..

Iqbal in one of his poems titles, Dar Shar-he-Asrar-Asmae-Ali Murtaza included in Asrar-e-Khudi marvels at the mystery of the name and titles of Ali. As the listeners known Ali is known by the titles of Bu-Turab, Yadullah, Murtaza and the Babul Ilm(gate of the house of knowledge).

Murtaza means He is whom God is pleased, Bu Turab signifies the conquest of body and Yadullah obviously means the dispenser and disseminator of the Divine will. Iqbal’s poem as translated by Nicholson reads as under:

Ali is the Moslem and the king of men,

In love’s eyes Ali is the Treasurer of faith.

Devoution to his family inspires me with life,

So that I am as a shining part!

Like the narcissus, I am entrapped with gazing,

Like perfume, I am straying through his pleasure garden.

If holy water gushes from my earth, he is the source,

If wine pours from my grapes, he is the cause

I am dust, but his sum hath made me as a mirror:

Song can be seen in my breast,

From Ali’s face the Prophet drew many fair omen,
By his majesty the true religion is glorified.

His commandments are the strength of Islam,

All things pay allegiance to his House.

The Apostle of God gave him the name Abu Turab.

http://www.imamhussain.net/Prophet0/Prophet/Ahlulbait/Imams/Imam01/body_articles.html

- Iqbal says:

“Hoon Mureed-e-Khandan-e-Khufta-e-Khak-e-Najaf
Mauj-e-Toofan aap laey jai gee sahil per mujhe
Hey meray dil main firozaan dagh-e-ishq-e-Ahl-Bayt
Dhoondta phirta hey Zil-e-Daman-e-Haider mujhe
Ronay wala hoon Shaheed-e-Kerbala key gham men main
Kiya durey maqsad na dengey Saqi-e Kausar mujhe”
Tale of Hussain’s Martyrdom

- **The Arena (The desert of Kerbala, Iraq)**

A sweltering, simmering, broiling land  
Igneous, sultry, arid sand.  
No bramble (or thistle) it boasts  
A crop of humpbacked dunes it hosts  
A torrid, baking, seething place  
Even delusion, cannot verdure trace.  
Exhausted earth's infecund plot  
Anhydrous, husky, soapless, spot.  
Parched fragment of a barren world  
A glowing meteor to the earth hurled.  
No cheerless, forlorn cactus grows  
Hellish, blustering simoom blows.  
The blazing, fiery, flaming sun  
An eerie desolation; the valiant shun.  
A spooky silence, ominous hush  
The wind escapes it, with a rush.  
The terra firma appears ablaze  
The earth stunned, in a languid daze.  
A vision, on earth, of a virtual hell  
A stretch of furnace, a fiery shell  
The heatwave diffuses thermal haze  
The fervid ether forbids the gaze.  
The primeval sands primordial heat  
With contempt does inferno treat  
Behold a dauntless, valiant band  
Stands, resolutely, on this land.  
The Profit's grandson; with his group  
A tranquil Guild, not a militant troop.  
In this sombre, dreary terrain  
They, their reverence did sustain.
Omar bin Sa'ad, the commander of the enemy's army came with 30,000 of troops. He made Amr bin al-Hajjaj az-Zubaidi the commander of the right flank of his army and Shimr bin Thil al-Jawshan the commander of the left flank. Izra bin Qais Al-Ahnasi was made the commander of the horsemen, Shibth bin Ribi'e took charge of the archers.

"Suddenly a deafening tumult I heard,
Thundering of myriad hooves, converged.
A tremor struck, the earth did shake,
My tranquillity disrupted, I was awake.
Loomed, ominously, a host of swords,
Rush, headlong, did furious hordes.
The glint of tinsel arms appeared,
As their coursers they spurred.
My waves, in terror, rushed, did flee
As their identity dawmed on me.
Their sinister countenance, hideous looks,
Depicted a pack of depraved crooks.
Their obliquity; their visage betrayed,
A flash flood hit me (was dismayed)

- Meeting the Enemy

Hussain was coaxed to change his heart
Induced, to play that heathen's part
Adamant to surrender, though he remained
Aggression he shunned, conflict abstained.
Hussain, explicitly, did explain:
"Vain, 0' Yazid, is temporal gain.
Through calumnious and dissolute ways
Your prevaricate what the Prophet says.
Your evanescent, sordid, slippery boon
will vanish, like a mirage; too soon.
The morbid manoeuvers; you deploy
Islam will ruin, the faith destroy.
Through muddled thinking and notions dark
On a feckless mission do not embark
Potentially hazardous whims dispel.
This mood of bleak despair expel.
This sense of spiritual emptiness
By rational thinking do suppress.
Sanity do not in this bog sink
And push Islam to disaster's brink
Decay of the faith, I do perceive
The Prophet's mission I will retrieve.
Like a looming disc, on the horizon
Poised is the religion's setting sun.
To bury the hatchet, and heal the breach
I show an olive-branch; peace I preach.
A vain strife do not provoke
Save your necks from a hellish yoke.
Listen to me for goodness' sake

• Hussain, the Grandson of the Prophet (S)

A holy war it means, indeed
If waged to crush the devil's creed.
No rancour, 'gainst you, I hold
But faith do cherish - as I told.
Islam I will resolutely shield
Burnt will stand and never yield.
Would welcome death (and make it tame)
Would rather die than live in shame":
"Your Prophet's scion I'm - you know
At least some regard to his name show.
His singular dictum is my creed
"Universal good" I adore, indeed
Ali, the paragon, the seraphic Imam
Cham of the faith, the shield of Islam
Inimitable, impeccable: I am his son
His peerless attributes I have won.
My heart is virtues' abode and nest
Blessedness harbours in my breast
Condone the rule of right, I do

And believe, that right is might too
Your vulgar sway vanquish I will
This sacred duty will fulfil
My soul is couched on eminence
I was born with a divine sense.

- **Warning to the People of Kufa**

"When mortals to heinous gains are lured
Their doom, eternal, is procured
Wallow in lustful lap of wealth
With a joyful face, sparkling health
Gloat over, regale, waver not
Indulge, frolic; then meet your lot
Perpetual remorse, unceasing pain
(CEaselessly equate the ephemeral gain)
Truth sustains, exists, prevails
Knavery flops, infamy fails,
Repent you surely will, I warn
Callously, my "platitudes" you scorn.
A dealer in platitudes, I am not
Explicit support for the faith I sought
Sanity, ethics, sense I preach
Pursue I do whatever I teach.
With effortless clarity I speak
I never talk with tongue-in-cheek
A torch, to light your way I show
Follow its beam and safely go.
Initiate don't an abject act
'Tis futile if done and then retract.
All discernible trends in human thought
• **Water is Denied**

Enervate them, this tirade did
The foe still sustained its bid.
Woe to those whose hearts were sealed
Their promiscuous prattle, thus unveiled:
"Confound us not by harangues, Hussain
Unleash not your diatribes, in vain.
The Prophet, some message did convey
Concede, that Yazid now shows the way.
To usurp the Caliphate do not try
Your revolt, does envy imply.
What the Caliph avers, is verily best
Submit, and don't his dictums test
You shouldn't his celestial place dispute
Withhold not allegiance, pay tribute.
The Caliph pilots our faith and fate
Divinely commandeers our love and hate.
His words, divine truth contain"

• **Hussain's Sermon**

Hussain thundered: "0, wretches you
Before the swine pearls I threw.
Don't venom spit in religion's name
Comprehend I do, your noxious game.
When degeneration marks its way
An entire nation goes astray.
Delusion, do not let you sway
Confounded whims induce decay.
For you is mild profoundest hell
That infernal jail can't match you well.
A hideous deed, sponsor not
Save your conscience, mend your lot
Erase and efface your sins' stains
With tainted conscience, no one gains
The lure, the virtuous to pursue
The crass chase it, to grab it, run.
This pathless desolation, do not tread
"Tis disquietude, self-imposed dread
Don't your conscience push and goad
Vainly, trudge not a craggy road".

- **Al-Hur bin Yazid seeks Forgiveness**

"Your predilection for conceit
And profane wiles, entranced with deceit
Have driven me to prove, with sword, my case
To screw my courage to the sticking place.
When my sword, to act, is forced
My views, by the apostates, are endorsed.
Bathed in the foe's infernal blood
Zooms, imbrued, through the gory flood.
As I draw my sword (and wield)
premptorily the rivals yield.
A conquest, when I plan to clinch
To elude the battle the bravest flinch.
Launch an assault, and attack you do
A veritable rock will confront you.
In your quest to win; prevail
Assume the aggressive; charge; then fail
To feed hell's fire, be dispatched
Midst devils perform misdeeds, unmatched.
• **The Martyrs Die - One by One**

"Died other martyrs, one by one,
All were fearless, coward none.
Plucked were the Prophet's "blooms" in a day
Leaf by leaf-on the sand they lay.
Juveniles, adolescents, young and old,
An army not; seventy-two, all told
I groaned aghast as Hussain I saw,
(His visage stately, with no flaw)"

• **The Killing of Al-Abbas and his Brothers**

"Hussain placated Abbas, with calm:
Amity's balm seeks; hurt Islam
Restrain your wrath, my brother brave,
A battle, to precipitate, we don't crave,
'Tis prudent, now to peer ahead,
Don't let them act in haste - instead.
Intellect, sound, they have none
Antagonism, to them is a thrilling fun
Nothing is worse than want of zeal
But aimless zeal is folly's trap
In wisdom's fort 'tis a mighty gap
Their show of passion is not zeal
This pseudo-zeal only varlets feel.
Peoples sans vision were destroyed
The prudent, e'er, vision employed
Canting spivs they all are,
Despicable insensates can't look far.
We hope our "passive defence" does work,
A "defence offensive" till last we shirk.
My cool appraisal of this mess,
Is a genuine effort to forestall distress."
The stakes are dreadfully high,
Staggering results it will imply.
Erupt will battle - will get worse,
They crave and yearn for the divine curse

Left my bank my honoured guests
Swamped was I by the swarm of pests.
Shorn of the honour; I was robbed
Wept through waves, through swells I sobbed.
Lamented my ripples, my flow did wail,
Inherit I did, thus, a dolorous tale.
Water, my guests were refused, en bloc,
Agonised I was, distraught, with shock.
This torrid zone and simmering land,

None (sans water) could stand
Capture me if not they did
To counter the foe's obnoxious bid
if access to me they didn't attempt
Die of thirst they will, it meant."

• Abbas - the Lion Roars

Abbas, his brother; fearless, grand,
Thundered, with rage, took a bold stand:
Proximity of water, deny you can't
your witting Caliph's obnoxious flaunt
In sheer buffoonery, arrant nonsense
Convey to him scorn, intense.
Pompous pride I abhor, detest,
Like the prismatic glass 'tis just a jest.
His faith is dimmed by the lure of gold,
And conscience, to rapacity he has sold.
Drained off is his fount of sense,
And creed abandoned to vain aberrance. Padlocked his brains, and mind is packed, Deposed his prudence, judgement sacked. An egregious scamp, pretentious fool, Egoism's caricature, asininity's toot

- **The River recaptured (by Abbas)**

The river he saw at paces few (The horizon scanned - had none in view) With the flag held high, he forward pressed, The dauntless cham his command stressed. Advanced; across the terrain he swept, Enlarged the territorial gain (and kept) The capture of the rill was underway, (A feat stupendous - least to say) The rill capture he did, with ease, (The "squatters" aberrant "lease" did cease) The stream, repossed, he firmly held, (Thus showed how right at might excelled) His "post-repossession" earnest stance, His eminence (further) did enhance. (The priorities, apt, his balanced move His sound judgement amply prove) The rill captured (and the sway restored) With a firm resolve own drought ignored Serenely he waded in the water - at will A leathern container, with water did fill Leisurely emerged in a triumphant way His mighty sword kept the foe at bay. Exult did not at the blessed gain, Zealously adhered to his purpose - main. "Water must reach the camp inmates" (Elevated sense such resolve dictates) Enshrined in mind was "a camp inmate"
He knew, his return his niece did wait.
Shunned he did even a glimpse of peace,
Unless the water did reach his niece.
His mettle the apostates could not match
The container, from him couldn't snatch.
The fortunate ones who death escaped,
Froze with terror, transfixed - gaped.
Petrified, ventured not impede him,
(Cocksure, their prospects were slim)
As the abject terror played its role,
The dragon of scare swallowed them - whole:

Stealthily, a furtive foe appeared
The arms of the valiant, brave, severed.
The renegades' treacherous act did work
They this cowardice, did not shirk
The angel's saintly wings were clipped,
The flag, he held high, lurched and dipped.
The standard with his blood was red
Its bearer brave lay cold and dead
Stifled my waves, was shocked, alas!
With grief I froze - it was Abbas.

- The Infant Martyr

"Holding a babe was he in arms,
of water deprived, 'gainst humane norms
Like fading stars, his eyes did show
His wavy hair by the wind did blow.
The babe hovered between life and death,
Breathing he was an erratic breath.
Hussain did gently hold his hand,
This tender touch was a magic wand.
A smile flickered, at the baby's face,
Appeared a sweetness, lovely grace.
An innocent gesture, to quietly tell:
"Worry not father, all is well."
(A died-down candle just flickered
Briefly, a sinking ship anchored.)
True love played its mystic part,
A conscious heart knew a conscious heart
Hussain caressed the babe, with care
With fingers combed his wavy hair.
(A babe subjected to pangs of thirst,
By the despicable, Caliphs, heartless, worst)
His drought was "slaked" by the wild mob,
An archers arrow, did its job.
Appalled was nature, did providence weep,
The babe in his father's arms, did "sleep".
With his firm, unshaking hand,
The father dug the glowing sand,
An emotions' tempest, though did blow,
No solitary tear, his grief did show.
His visage reflected a desolate grace,
A muffled anguish engulfed his face
The babe he put in the gloomy grave
This charming gift to Islam he gave

- **Imam Hussain in the Battlefield**

"To lay down life, he forward surged,
Upon the foe, a lion converged.
Bedecked was he by an aureole crown,
Immortal fashioned from entrenched renown.
A conundrum he was indeed,
Signified glory, though heart did bleed
Splendid, dignified, distinguished,
Tormented, distraught, hurt, anguished.
Though with chivalry, to the end, he fought,
The renegades got the prize, sought"
"The job concluded, the camp ransacked,  
For final departure, the hoodlums packed.  
They called my guests by the 'prisoners' name,  
(As prisoners left, as guests who came!)  
With 'watery eyes'; and heaving swell,  
(Shattered my being) I said, farewell\".  
A soul searing, sad finale  
Woeful 'tis, but a glorious tale.

- **Surrounded by the enemies of Islam**

The torrent stem, keep him at bay  
Hold your own, and win the day.  
Hussain observed him, did not move  
Beckoning the renegade; to act and prove.  
Face to face when Hussain he saw  
The foe was overwhelmed, with awe.  
Ravished he was by the dazzling scene  
Such angelic face had never seen  
With celestial sheen his visage bestowed  
In propitious lustre glistened, glowed  
So intense was the divine hue  
His sight could not endure to view.  
By the glorious sight he was dazed  
But looked on still; gaped and gazed.

- **Hussain is killed on the Plains of Kerbala**

His horse, in ecstasy, danced and pranced  
by his equestrian, was entranced  
A perfect horse, sans any defect  
With his head high, and neck erect.  
Had tiger's courage, and panther's zeal
His sinews were akin to pure steel
A thoroughbred's, all traits sustained
His sire's blood, in the veins maintained.
By innate courage, he was led
In the thick of battle, had no dread
His prancing steps, and goodly shape
The admiring eyes, with awe, did gape,
His amble faultless, a rhythmic flow,
His steps measured, neither fast nor slow.
His gait, the art of music graced
Was on rhythm, and tempo based.
The aggressor's will, to act, ruptured
He was charmed, dazzled, captured.
A feeble blow, the dastard tired
Hussain parried, with contempt defied
repeated strokes, the renegade rained
Hussain remained placid, calm, restrained
He hurled defiance, and braved it out
Thus paved the way for the dastard's rout.
To keep his ground, stood firm
His superior hold he did confirm.
With lofty demeanour, at a serene pace
Hussain advanced, with chivalrous grace.
Moved ahead, with careless ease
Less to liquidate him, more to tease
The youth, in panic, turned his pack.

The horse, still neighing, then headed towards camp. Once it was there, the women saw the horse stained with blood and its saddle twisted, they came out from their tents spreading their hair! unveiling their faces, beating their cheeks, screaming, seeing their glory vanish, and spontaneously taking to the place where Imam Hussain fell and died, headed by Zainab who was wailing On arriving at the scene, she put her hand under his body raising it to the level of her breast where she left the body to rest. She said, "0 Lord! Accept this sacrifice from US".

In the meantime Omar bin Sa'ad with a group of soldiers were approaching the scene as Imam Hussain was at the point of death. Zainab shouted at him, "Yes
Omar! Abu Abdillah is being killed and you are standing watching him perish?!” He turned his face away from her with his tears streaming down his beard.

She said, "Woe unto you! Is there not amongst you a Muslim?" Nobody replied! Thereupon Ibn Sa'ad ordered the crowd, "Descend upon him and administer the mercy shots to him". Shimr initiated the attack; he kicked him, sat on his chest, got hold of his blessed beard, dealt 12 sword blows to his body, and finally beheaded him.

- **Epilogue**

Eternity will, his name preserve,
A place of honour reserve (conserve)
In radiance, divine, glows his name,
Kindles the universe, the eternal flame.
Devilry tide, vehemently, surged.
To Hussain we owe, our piety do
Adore and love his chivalry too
perpetual, endless, boundless, same,
Glorious, for ever, prevail his fame.
Tempests, storms and gales, did blow,
This taper retained its divine glow,
Howled tornadoes, did hurricanes rush,
This eternal bloom they could not crush,
Forward, forward, on and on,
Kept on the move Hussain's caravan.
Hussain did achieve his basic aim,
(an eternal triumph, he could claim)
For the faith's (tomorrow), his (today) he gave,
Laid down his life, Islam did save.
With pride and love, his name we quote
Who, with his own blood, history wrote.
His deeds will (neglect) never meet.
Oblivion, his name will not greet.
This tale of endurance, hardihood
has the test of time well stood

• **TRUTH**

(An Eternal Message From Kerbala)
No brutal force 'gainst truth can work
Truth will conquer, will not shirk.
'Tis the greatest dike, to hold back sin
The silencer, of the mundane din.
The spiritual health, it will restore
For moral wounds; 'tis a surest sure.
Truth will strengthen sickly souls
Plug, in the conscience, gaping holes.
Truth, is not an elusive ghost
"Tis, to the righteous, a constant host.
Truth, in its exalted mood
Is clearest mind's amplitude.
"Infinite" is there in every man
Immortalise "finite" it can.
Truth, doesn't perish at death
It does outlive the human breath.
Redeemed, through truth, all can be
XYZ and you and me.
Truth, being infinitely great
Both kings and beggars, upon it wait.
Truth, individuals and Nations, makes
An infinite joy in the task it takes
Glows the universe, with its beams
Sun and moon, are truth it seems.
if the human perception's doors are clean
In every beauty truth is seen
Truth is proud, to know so much
Its every move has wisdom's touch.

- **Epilogue**
Ahl al-Bait (as)

I Take Refuge In Allah From The Stoned Satan.
In Name Of Allah The Source Of Mercy To All Of Creation;
The Source Of The Mercy To The Believing Congregation.
Oh Allah Bless Muhammad's Soul,
And Rain Down Peace On His Household.

Why We Cry

By Shaikh Ali Abu Talib

Don't think our cries are too extreme.
Theres good reason for grown men to scream.
Our actions aren't of those insane;
We weep in thikr of Husayn.

When the guilty kills the innocent
To usurp Islamic Government,
Should not a Muslim cry in pain?
Husayn! Husayn! Husayn! Husayn!

Reflect on Husayn's flawless fame.
Reflect on Yazeed, steeped in shame.
Shall not the heart be pierced by woe,
When the Khalif is Al-Islam's foe?

Oh what a dark, sad thought to bear,
It breaks the heart, moves joy to tear.
That's why our tears fall down like rain.
Husayn! Husayn! Husayn! Husayn!

A heart of stone's too hard to cry.
A mind that's closed won't wonder why.
A foolish man is deaf and blind.
A coward always stays in line.

But a soul that prostrates on it's face.
With trembling heart, seeking God's Grace
Won't hide from Truth, can't hide the pain.
Husayn! Husayn! Husayn! Husayn!

The Khalif chose vile tricks, and lies.
Husayn chose death, not compromise.
This Prophet's son would not bow down;
Preferring death to being bound

To evil Hind's Satanic Son.
So with his death The Imam won.
Islam's loss was Islam's gain.
Husayn! Husayn! Husayn! Husayn!

Oh what a brave and selfless deed,
To give up life for Islam's creed;
To sacrifice both friend, and kin
To show the world Islam from sin.

Are you confused which side is right?
How would you stand if called to fight?
Are you aware just who was slain.
Husayn! Husayn! Husayn! Husayn!

The leader of The Garden's Youth
Was murdered by a drunk uncouth.
Understand the scene my friend;
An angel murdered by a jinn.

A jinn who held the Ummah's reins;
A womanizer half insane
Condemned to death The Chaste Husayn.
Husayn! Husayn! Husayn! Husayn!

A Nimrod in Islamic Guise.
A whore in veils. Truth mixed with lies.
An Ummah fooled by slight of hand.
One raised his voice. One dared to stand.

An Abraham who chose The Flames
Rejecting falsehood's kingly claims.
An Abel who opposed a Cain.
Husayn! Husayn! Husayn! Husayn!

How could a demon rise so high
To cause the Prophet's son to die;
To kill him with the Muslim's sword;
And in The Name Of Prophet's Lord?

Can might make right, and rule God's Deyn?
Then how did things get so obscene?
How will we ever clean the stain?
Husayn! Husayn! Husayn! Husayn!

They wouldn't let Husayn's men drink.
And now they will not let you think.
They barred them from a river clear.
They bar you from a knowledge dear.

The fence your mind with bigotry,
And tie your hands with apathy.
Why should a Muslim not feel pain?
Husayn! Husayn! Husayn! Husayn!

These Yazeeds kill for crown, and purse.
At least Muslims can spit and curse,
But many think the cost too high.
So they obey the ones who lie.
They would not allow Husayn a drink.
And now they won't let Muslims think,
And those who think, they call insane.
Husayn! Husayn! Husayn! Husayn!

The world's a Karbala, a desert dry;
And Quran's a river flowing by,
And Ishtahad's a water skin
That's cool and filled for thirsty men.

Where is Abbas with what we need?
His canteen was pierced with shafts of greed.
Our thirst is not from lack of rain.
Husayn! Husayn! Husayn! Husayn!

Though martyrdom gave Abbas wings,
Thirst remains and grief still stings.
But tears alone won't slake our thirst.
Tears by themselves can make things worse.

Who will stand? Who will try
To speak The Truth ... To stand ... To die;
To cause a tyrant's moon to wane?
Husayn! Husayn! Husayn! Husayn!
Husayn! Husayn! Husayn! Husayn!
Husayn! Husayn! Husayn! Husayn!

Oh Allah Bless Muhammad's Soul,
And Rain Down Peace On His Household.

Composed by Shaykhy Ali Abu-Talib son of AbdunNur


Thar Allah
By Abu Mahdi al-Iraqi

Thar Allah, Thar Allah
Hussain is the rising sword of God
Thar Allah, Thar Allah
Hussain is the rising sword of God
Thar Allah, Thar Allah
Hussain is the rising sword of God

Karbala
Is on our Mind
Let us see what we can find

From the lives
of Husayn's men
Who wrote the truth with a bloody pen

Thar Allah, Thar Allah
Hussain is the rising sword of God
Thar Allah, Thar Allah
Hussain is the rising sword of God
Thar Allah, Thar Allah
Hussain is the rising sword of God

In our heart
There lies a scar,
Carved in by Ali Akbar

Young indeed
But there was the need
For the wrath of a lion heart

Thar Allah, Thar Allah
Hussain is the rising sword of God
Thar Allah, Thar Allah
Hussain is the rising sword of God
Thar Allah, Thar Allah
Hussain is the rising sword of God

And of Abbas
What can we say
Look at his body at the end of the day

Bloodied and cleaved
Now perceive
The faith of a soldier who truly believed

Thar Allah, Thar Allah
Hussain is the rising sword of God
Thar Allah, Thar Allah
Hussain is the rising sword of God
Thar Allah, Thar Allah
Hussain is the rising sword of God

Hurr the free
Was able to see
The clarity of the Imam's plea

His switched his side
And changed the tide
And rush to his death with battle pride

Thar Allah, Thar Allah
Hussain is the rising sword of God
Thar Allah, Thar Allah
Hussain is the rising sword of God
Thar Allah, Thar Allah
Hussain is the rising sword of God

There's Habib
Wishing to be
The first cut down by the enemy

His loyalty
Was completely
For the son of Imam Ali

Thar Allah, Thar Allah
Hussain is the rising sword of God
Thar Allah, Thar Allah
Hussain is the rising sword of God
Thar Allah, Thar Allah
Hussain is the rising sword of God

And there's Sa'eed
Ready to bleed
For the sake of Muhammad's creed

In salat
The arrows he'd shield
Till his fate was finally sealed.

Thar Allah, Thar Allah
Hussain is the rising sword of God
Thar Allah, Thar Allah
Hussain is the rising sword of God
Thar Allah, Thar Allah
Hussain is the rising sword of God

Zuhayr the pure
Was more than sure
To join Husayn and not linger
Leaving his town
He won't let him down
He fought till he won a martyr's crown

Thar Allah, Thar Allah
Hussain is the rising sword of God
Thar Allah, Thar Allah
Hussain is the rising sword of God
Thar Allah, Thar Allah
Hussain is the rising sword of God

As-hab al-Husayn
Brutally slain
Taught the world to overcome its pain

All aboard
Seeking their Lord
Their blood finally overcame the sword

Thar Allah, Thar Allah
Hussain is the rising sword of God
Thar Allah, Thar Allah
Hussain is the rising sword of God
Thar Allah, Thar Allah
Hussain is the rising sword of God

Men like these
Can't be appeased
Carry the future of our species

Monks by night
Waiting to fight
Changed into lions at first daylight

Thar Allah, Thar Allah
Hussain is the rising sword of God
Thar Allah, Thar Allah
Hussain is the rising sword of God
Thar Allah, Thar Allah
Hussain is the rising sword of God

Ya Mahdi
Adriknee
Save this world from tyranny

And liberate
Islam's fate
From the yoke of those who hate

Thar Allah, Thar Allah
Hussain is the rising sword of God
Thar Allah, Thar Allah
Hussain is the rising sword of God
Thar Allah, Thar Allah
Hussain is the rising sword of God

Unity
is the fee
That we all must clearly see

To stand up tall
And not fall
We must form one solid wall

Thar Allah, Thar Allah
Hussain is the rising sword of God
Thar Allah, Thar Allah
Hussain is the rising sword of God
Thar Allah, Thar Allah
Hussain is the rising sword of God
The Land of Karbala

By Brother Mohamad Arab

Karbala, Karbala
Karbala, Karbala

Hussain was slain
His family in pain
No soldiers had remained
Women in chains
Children in pain
Yazid is to be blamed

But this is not what remains
From the land of Karbala

The knight in flames
The charging man
No child slept
The women all wept
The sound of cries
The orphans’ sighs
Blood shed from the ones who died

But this is not what remains
From the land of Karbala

Karbala, Karbala
Karbala, Karbala

Hosseinz wrote with his blood
On the sand of Karbala
La ilaaha illa Allah
Muhammad rasul Allah
This is all that remains
From the land of Karbala

La ilaaha illa Allah
Muhammad rasul Allah

Karbala, Karbala
Karbala, Karbala

Every Day is Ashura, and Every Land is Karbala

By Brother Mohamad Arab

Every day is Ashura
And every land is Karbala
O Mahdi, come to our aid
O Mahdi, answer our calls

All those Muslims who are suffering today
It's because we have lost our way
All the orphans and the sick and the needy
Are oppressed at the hands of the greedy

All the tyrants have joined together
To destroy Islam forever
As they had gathered around Karbala
It brings to light the day of Ashura

O Mahdi, come to our aid
O Mahdi, answer our calls
All humankind should awaken their conscience  
To unite with Islam in one defense  
When the time comes for confrontation  
We all need Mahdi's consolidation

O Mahdi, come to our aid  
O Mahdi, answer our calls

Every day is Ashura  
And every land is Karbala  
O Mahdi, come to our aid  
O Mahdi, answer our calls

King of Martyrs

Author unknown; edited from the original

Husain, Husain, Husain, Husain

Here I lie, Ya Mawlai  
Run to me before I die  
Oh my uncle, here's my blood  
Come back to me one last time

Husain, Husain, Husain, Husain

I'm a martyr killed for you  
Only sacrificed for you  
O, uncle, what will you do  
When no one remains for you

Husain, Husain, Husain, Husain

O Husain, why the pain  
As we die here on this plain  
Where's Muhammad, where is Qasim
Soldiers so young have been slain
All your loved ones, you have carried
All your young ones you have buried

Husain, Husain, Husain, Husain

Now you've witnessed all of us
Swear to you by the Qur'an
we will serve you on and on
Husain, Husain, Husain jaan

Husain, Husain, Husain, Husain

Ya Abbas, Ya Abbas
You're the bravest one of us
As you're daring to bring water
They're preparing your slaughter

Oh flag bearer, where's your hand?
Is it bleeding on the sand?
Will Sakina understand?
You fulfilled her last command.

Husain, Husain, Husain, Husain

Now it's done, all is done
Husain, you're the only one
Here comes Shimr with his sword
His shadow blocks the setting sun
Husain....

Is there no soul that will serve you?
Master, angels don't deserve you
Is there no soul that will serve you?
Master, angels don't deserve you

Husain, Husain, Husain, Husain

Husain, who will help you now?
It's not true -- God won't allow him to kill you. Why and how?
Oh you to whom angels bow --
Oh you to whom angels bow.

Husain, Husain, Husain, Husain.

First deceit, then the heat,
Piercing pan from neck to feet.
Master, all the earth, the heavens
Weep the day of your defeat.

Husain, Husain, Husain, Husain

Near your sister, you are dying;
Here's your mother, she is crying
Near your sister, you are dying;
Here's your mother, she is crying

Husain, Husain, Husain, Husain

Mother, now that death is near
I sense its fragrance, see his tears
It's the Prophet's voice I hear:
"Come back to me, Husain dear;
Come back to me, Husain dear."

Husain, Husain, Husain, Husain

Now you've witnessed all of us
Swear to you by the Qur'an
We will serve you on and on
Husain, Husain, Husain jan
Husain, Husain, Husain jan
I Salute You, O my Master, O my Leader, My Imam

By Sahan (Ali Haider Abidi)

There's a story of a pious saint, who's a beacon of light
He's the fourth 'noor' in succession, to the prophet of Islam
He's the grandson of Fatima, and Ameer-ul-Momeneen
He's the son of Husain the, greatest martyr of the world
And he's the son of Shaherbanu, who was the princess of Iran
I SALUTE YOU, O MY MASTER!, O MY LEADER!, MY IMAM!
I SALUTE YOU, O MY MASTER!, O MY LEADER!, MY IMAM!

He saw the tragedy in Karbala, the massacres back and forth
He saw brothers and uncles, and cousins slain in war
He saw the friends and companions, of his father fall in rows
He saw the aftermath - the night of sorrow, and the tents go down in flames
He cried for his father, and the others who were slain
I SALUTE YOU, O THE CRIER!, O MY LEADER!, MY IMAM!
I SALUTE YOU, O THE CRIER!, O MY LEADER!, MY IMAM!

He was chained in the day that, followed Ashura
He was burdened with the heavy, iron clasped round his neck
He was made to journey many, many miles all on foot
He was bleeding from the blisters, and the cuts and the wounds
He was flogged and struck by many, of the Zaalimoon
I SALUTE YOU, O THE TORTURED!, O MY LEADER!, MY IMAM!
I SALUTE YOU, O THE TORTURED!, O MY LEADER!, MY IMAM!

Streets of Kufa and of Shaam, and the events thereof
People stoning the imam, and the family of Mustafa
Heads of shuhada were on lances, of the enemy of Islam
And imam was bleeding, both in body and his soul
Even in this environment, he proclaimed the word of God
I SALUTE YOU, O THE TEACHER!, O MY LEADER!, MY IMAM!
I SALUTE YOU, O THE TEACHER!, O MY LEADER!, MY IMAM!

In a prison with the ladies, and the children he was thrown
In a prison that was roofless, and so ruthless were the guards
In a prison not protected, from sunlight, rain or cold
The prison where he buried, his little sister, four years old
who was martyred by frequent torture, just for crying for their folk
I SALUTE YOU, O THE PRISONER!, O MY LEADER!, MY IMAM!
I SALUTE YOU, O THE PRISONER!, O MY LEADER!, MY IMAM!

O the mu'taqi who's the leader, of those who bow to God
O the saint who cries everytime, when he remembers God
He gets so immersed in his prayers, that he notices nothing more
And he sensed not the fire that, took down his house in flames
He didn't know till he wound up, his submission to his lord
I SALUTE YOU, ORNAMENT OF, THE WORSHIPPERS, MY IMAM!
I SALUTE YOU, ORNAMENT OF, THE WORSHIPPERS, MY IMAM!

He's the one who gave alot to, seekers of salvation
He's the one who taught when none, was allowed his lessons
He taught by praying to Allah, sending teachings to the world
He gave us many hidden pearls, in his hidden words of wisdom
The sahifa al-sajjadiya, his own treasure he passed to us
I SALUTE YOU, Ó THE SAINT WHO, TAUGHT BY PRAYERS, MY IMAM!
I SALUTE YOU, O THE SAINT WHO, TAUGHT BY PRAYERS, MY IMAM!

This was the story of the pious saint, who's a beacon of light
the fourth 'noor' in succession, to the prophet of Islam
Many centuries have gone by, but we wont forget imam
May Allah by the virtue, of Zain-ul-Abedeen
Bless Sahan and the people, who remember his Ehsaan
I SALUTE YOU, THE INTERCESSOR!, O MY LEADER!, MY IMAM!
I SALUTE YOU, THE INTERCESSOR!, O MY LEADER!, MY IMAM!

Contact the author at ahabedi@yahoo.com.
From Karbala to Imam Mahdi

We march ahead in unity
From Karbala to Imam Mahdi
We march ahead in unity
From Karbala to Imam Mahdi

We will continue with our fight
Until our goal comes into sight
The blood of the martyrs is our might
From Karbala to Imam Mahdi

We march ahead in unity
From Karbala to Imam Mahdi
We march ahead in unity
From Karbala to Imam Mahdi

We're in this war for if we're slain
We'll join the martyrs with Husain
And if we live then we will wait
To join the army of Al-Mahdi

We march ahead in unity
From Karbala to Imam Mahdi
We march ahead in unity
From Karbala to Imam Mahdi

Imam Al-Zaman is our guide
We'll fight for him side by side
We'll walk the path of Al-Hussain
To join the army of Al-Mahdi

We march ahead in unity
From Karbala to Imam Mahdi
We march ahead in unity
From Karbala to Imam Mahdi

We are the lovers of Husain
Martyrdom we seek to gain
Karbala is our history
Our future lies with Imam Mahdi

We march ahead in unity
From Karbala to Imam Mahdi
We march ahead in unity
From Karbala to Imam Mahdi

Courage faith and certainty
Lies on the path of Imam Mahdi
We all are making this journey
To see the light of Imam Mahdi

We march ahead in unity
From Karbala to Imam Mahdi
We march ahead in unity
From Karbala to Imam Mahdi

Come forward O you Muslim youth
Come forward and defend the truth
Like Akbar took the spear for truth
Come forth and fight for Imam Mahdi

We march ahead in unity
From Karbala to Imam Mahdi
We march ahead in unity
From Karbala to Imam Mahdi
Sajjad, Sajjad, Where's Your Sister?

Edited from the original by Saliha Devoe-Hijazi

Refrain:
Sajjad, Sajjad, where's your sister?
Get up, get up; look for her
Night has ended this long day
I don't know where she has strayed

Aun and Muhammad were sacrificed
Didn't shed a tear as they gave their lives
Now my tears are streaming
Where are you? Sakina's missing

How many times did she scream?
Ya Rabb, would it were a dream
Shook and shivered from what she saw
How will she go on, if at all?

Sajjad, maybe she'll shear you call
Hurry hurry now, don't you stall
Shimr mal'oun lurks nearby
You must find her; you must try

She lost her loved ones one by one
Saw them all leave her after dawn
She rubbed her eyes in disbelief
Too little to bear so much grief

She hugged herself and rocket to sleep
Dreaming of her baba's sweet
Embrace. Those same arms shackled like a slave
Her dear father now lay slain

Earrings a gift from her father
Torn from her ears, stolen by Shimr
Her hurting ears shredded like her heart
O for those earrings Sakina mourned

She desperately grabbed the horse's legs
Plead and begged as the animal neighed
Please don't take my father away
Please don't take my father away

Her her crying for her Abbas
As his limp body slides from his horse
His holy banner slipped from his side
Abbas has fallen; Abbas has died

Ran her fingers through her father's berad
As he wiped away her little tears
Kissed and cuddled her as best he could
Sakina's gone now for good

Why have all her brothers gone to sleep?
Sakina falls; hear her weep
Akbar, Qassim, Abbas -- where are you?
Tell me, tell me what to do

Don't look as Shimr cuts off his head
The desert sands now run red
They loot his body all at once
O, Sakina, your father's gone

Sajjad Zaynab fear not, can't you hear
I am here, and father's near
"Come to me" did my father call
Can't you hear him too? Where are you all?
Can't you hear him too? Where are you all?
I'm Zaynab
All my life I lived in pain
I'm Zaynab
I died when I lost Husain

I am the mother of sorrows
Wherever I go, woe follows
I am the mother of sorrows
Wherever I go, woe follows

I'm Zaynab
All my life I lived in pain
I'm Zaynab
I died when I lost Husain

My grief started when I lost mankind’s true mercy
After that loss, I lost Zahra, and then ‘Ali
The broken rib, the struck head of ‘Ali haunts me
My grief deepened seeing Hassan dying slowly

How can I live now without you, my dear
How can I see your head shine on a spear

I am the mother of sorrows
Wherever I go, woe follows
I am the mother of sorrows
Wherever I go, woe follows

I’m Zaynab
All my life I lived in pain
I’m Zaynab
I died when I lost Husain

My heart was shattered on the day Husain was killed
The day of 10th when the whole world with blood was filled
Upon my mind, sorrow and pain was instilled
O Lord, let our small sacrifice be now fulfilled

O Shi’a, when you’re thirsty, say his name
O Shi’a, curse the one who lit the flame
I am the mother of sorrows
Wherever I go, woe follows
I am the mother of sorrows
Wherever I go, woe follows

I’m Zaynab
All my life I lived in pain
I’m Zaynab
I died when I lost Husain
**Arabic and English**

**Wa Hussaina**

*Inspired by the Arabic version*

Fi tufoofi tusba zaynab lil-la'eeni  
Wa tunadi ayna anta ya mu'eeni  
Wa Hussaina, wa Hussaina, Hussaina*

When in Karbala  
The soldiers of yazid  
Shackled zainab,  
Choking back her tears,  
She cried out in pain,  
"Where are you, Husain?"

Wa habeeba, wa habeeba, wa habeeba  
Wa Hussaina, wa Hussaina wa Hussaina

Fi tufoofi tusba zaynab lil-la'eeni  
Wa tunadi ayna anta ya mu'eeni  
Wa Hussaina, wa Hussaina, Hussaina

But your body lay,  
Trampled and slain,  
Lifeless on the sand.  
And your holy head  
thrust atop a spear  
Severed by shimr's hand.

Wa qateela, wa qateela, wa qateela  
Wa Hussaina, wa Hussaina, wa Hussaina
Fi tufoofi tusba zaynab lil-la'eeni
Wa tunadi ayna anta ya mu'eeni
Wa Hussaina, wa Hussaina, Hussaina

You gave everything
In a strange land
To bring back true Islam.
You're Qur'an in red;
We who heed your call
Will never be misled.

Wa ghareeba, wa ghareeba, wa ghareeba
Wa Hussaina, wa Hussaina, wa Hussaina

Fi tufoofi tusba zaynab lil-la'eeni
Wa tunadi ayna anta ya mu'eeni
Wa Hussaina, wa Hussaina, Hussaina

Centuries away,
Even here today,
Your sacrifice lives on.
Your light revives our hearts
And guides us to your path;
We're with you, O Imam!

Wa Imaama, wa Imaama, wa Imaama
Wa Hussaina, wa Hussaina, wa Hussaina

Fi tufoofi tusba zaynab lil-la'eeni
Wa tunadi ayna anta ya mu'eeni
Wa Hussaina, wa Hussaina, wa Hussaina

Translation: "In Karbala, Zaynab was taken captive to the cursed one. She cried out, "Where are you, my supporter, O Husain, O Husain, O Husain!"
Masjid al-Kufa

Masjid al-Kufa, tragic was the plight
Lonely Morteza, gracious was your light

Son of blessed Adam, love of the awilyaa
Brother of Rasul, beloved Morteza
Born to a sacred place, born from a holy face
Key to the anbiyaa, Sayyidi Haydar

Tears from Ali's heart, his loved ones must depart
Ahmad and Zahra, brethren of Kisaa
Torn from worldly pain, sad eulogies again
Son of the blessed Ka`bah, Sayyidi Haydar

Tragedy and fitnah visited Morteza
The rise of a worldly clan distanced from true Islam
The curse of Mu'awiyah, the enemies of Allah
They murdered the fragrant star, Sayyidi Haydar

The scene was set was foul, conspirators would scowl
They raised the blessed Qur'an, then betrayed every future man
From the ummah they did steal, but the truth Allah reveal
They prepared a Karbala for Sayyidi Haydar

Ya Masjid al-Kufa, scene of the foulest scheme
In ruku` and sajdah, betrayed they the purest scene
What kind of faith had they, in a masjid they could slay
The brother of Moustafa, Sayyidi Haydar

Cursed then are they; foulness was their way
Zahrat of nifaaq, abandoned they their `aql
The way of the Ahl al-Beit for them was naught but hate
Betrayer from Kufa of Sayyidi Haydar

Time has passed since then, many tragedies again
For Hasan and Husain, murder deceit and pain
For centuries oppressed, but the balance was redressed
By the heir of Ali's flame, Companion of Husain

Now power is in our hands, yet resistance still it stands
As in the time of Ali came many jealousies
The struggle for the power, they crushed the fragrant flower
But the flame of Ali burns, the enemies will learn.

Lovers of Ali, rise from your waking sleep
Call to the one on high, the path of Allah to keep
Leave your devisive ways, remember those ancient days
Stand by the Mu'min's way; Ali is here today.

Spirit of Husain

Spirit of Husain, pious strong and brave
Take us as shaheed; take us as your slave
Spirit of Husain, pious strong and brave
Take us as shaheed; take us as your slave

O you lonely hearts, shattered by the pain
Hear how every tear shouts out Husain's name
The call of Al-Husain echoes from age to age
Every saddened face holds a sacred place

O you tearful ones, can you see the child?
Can you see him smile, hold him for a while?
Can you hear him cry, see tears in his eyes?
This was our Husain, Ali Asghar was his pain

O fearless Abbas! Where are your sacred hands?
Where are your shining arms? Plundered on the sands?
Where is your valiant heart? Where is your sword so sharp?
Quench their thirst -- so pure, brave you surely were!

Daughter of Haydar, your pure heart bears the scars
Beloved of Batul, you felt their hate so cruel
Sisters in Islam, imagine yourselves in Shaam
You're the heirs of dear Zaynab, holding to hijaab

Upon each Ashura, our hearts ache for Husayn
The suffering of Rabab, of Zaynab and Sajjad
Our blood flows through our veins, burning with your name
Our love for Rasul Allah calls us to Karbala

Farewell O Husain, let's leave this wretched place
And by Allah's will, in jannah we'll kiss your face
Farewell Sayyid Sajjad, farewell O dear Zaynab
Farewell O Karbala, we come to Madinah

Tortured Oppressed Zaynab

Tortured oppressed Zaynab
Tortured oppressed Zaynab

Can you see the tearful journey
Can you hear the crying
Can you feel the lonely yearning
Witnessed they the dying
Floods of tears from tortured faces
Hearts wounded by years of pain
Murdered they the holy traces
Murdered they Husain
Tortured oppressed Zaynab

Tortured oppressed Zaynab
Tortured oppressed Zaynab

O my sister ya Zaynab
Lonely heart of mourning
Sweet Rabab, her gentle tears
Witnessed they the dawning
Seeth they the cursed tyrants
Slaughtering the sinless ones
Karbala your soil is burning
With the blood of martyred ones
Tortured oppressed Zaynab

Tortured oppressed Zaynab
Tortured oppressed Zaynab

Treaded then with flaming footsteps
From the burning mire
Searched then for the hope of orphans
Emerging from the fire
Where is Husain my beloved
Crieth then Rabab
Call to Allah, my dear sweetheart
Pleadeth then Zaynab
Call out to him, ya Husain
Reach out to him, O in vain
Call out to him, ya husain
Trampled they with hooves of steel
Crushed Imam ma'soum
Surely then he fueled the fire
Yazid Al-Ma'l'oun
Tortured oppressed Zaynab
Tortured oppressed Zaynab
Tortured oppressed Zaynab

Searched then for faithful Abbas
Sayyid Abal Faadhil
Zaynab O your tearful eyes
Witnessed fearless Abbas fall
Called out to him O my brother
Where are we to turn
Taketh they our only hijab
Dignity they burn
Call out to him, ya Abbas
Reach out to him, O Allah
Tortured then was their new leader, Ali Al-Sajjad
Dragged was he to distant places
Helpless and enchained
Called out he did ya Allah
Dragged was he from Karbala
Never I could hold my tears
Flowing from my heart
Imam Zain al-Abideen
Watched them wrenched apart
Tortured oppressed Zaynab

Tortured oppressed Zaynab
Tortured oppressed Zaynab

Zainab who they dragged in chains
Beaten hurt and crying
Although tortured never broken
Never would be lying
Cold as she too led the mu'mins
Lives without husain
Never will our souls be broken
Never be ashamed
Call all mu'mins, ya Husain
Rise O mu'mins, for Husain
Make jihad against the tyrants, mu'min and mu'minaat
Never bow to the will of leaders when the power is God's
Call all mu'mins, ya 'Ali
Rise O mu'mins for al-Madhi
Make jihad against the tyrants, mu'min and mu'minaat
Never bow to the will of leaders when the power is God's
Tortured oppressed Zaynab

Tortured oppressed Zaynab
Tortured oppressed Zaynab

Love of My Heart

Love of my heart, you're the light of my eyes, Husain, light of my eyes
Love of my heart, you're the light of my eyes, Husain, light of my eyes
Love of my heart, you're the light of my eyes, Husain, light of my eyes

Zaynab, my sweet
They will bind both your feet
They will tear off your veil
They will come for Ali
They will curse him 'cause of me
They will torture him you'll see

And we'll never be far
From the pain of Ashura
From the pain of Ashura

Love of my heart, you're the light of my eyes, Husain, light of my eyes
Love of my heart, you're the light of my eyes, Husain, light of my eyes
Love of my heart, you're the light of my eyes, Husain, light of my eyes
They will curse Moustafa
And my father Morteza
For they hate all that's good
All the good for which they stood
From my mother they did steal
But the truth Allah revealed

And we'll never be far
From the pain of Fatimah
From the pain of Fatimah

Love of my heart, you're the light of my eyes, Husain, light of my eyes
Love of my heart, you're the light of my eyes, Husain, light of my eyes
Love of my heart, you're the light of my eyes, Husain, light of my eyes

Where the sand lies dry as hell
Where the holy blood did spill
Where the souls of martyrs dwell...
O my Zaynab do not fear
Know Allah is always near
Know Allah all things does hear

And we'll never be far
From the plain of Karbala
From the plain of Karbala

Love of my heart, you're the light of my eyes, Husain, light of my eyes
Love of my heart, you're the light of my eyes, Husain, light of my eyes
Love of my heart, you're the light of my eyes, Husain, light of my eyes

We will face cursed Yazid
After evil he did lead
You will teach what is right
In my face, he will sigh...
To Allah we will return
For this meeting we do yearn
And we'll never be far
From the call of Allah
From the call of Allah

Love of my heart, you're the light of my eyes, Husain, light of my eyes
Love of my heart, you're the light of my eyes, Husain, light of my eyes
Love of my heart, you're the light of my eyes, Husain, light of my eyes

We will fight until the end
For this love we will defend
On Allah we will depend...
For jihad is our way
From now till the Judgement Day
And these words we will pray

And we'll never be far
From the path of Allah
From the path of Allah

Love of my heart, you're the light of my eyes, Husain, light of my eyes
Love of my heart, you're the light of my eyes, Husain, light of my eyes
Love of my heart, you're the light of my eyes, Husain, light of my eyes

Ja'fari, Beloved Imam

Ja'fari, beloved Imam; Sadiqi, light of Rasul
Ja'fari, beloved Imam; Sadiqi, light of Rasul

Father of the path of imaan
Guardian of the Ahl al-Bayt
Destiny of dust and torment
Abandoned at Madinah's gate
Ja’fari, beloved Imam; Sadiqi, light of Rasul
Ja’fari, beloved Imam; Sadiqi, light of Rasul

Murdered they the light of Islam
Tortured they God’s holy word
Moved by naught but evil Shaytan
Ja’fari, your voice still heard

Ja’fari, beloved Imam; Sadiqi, light of Rasul
Ja’fari, beloved Imam; Sadiqi, light of Rasul

Lonely was the path of Allah
For the teacher of the world
Heir of Kufa and Karbala
Treachery would be unfurled
Speaketh he the words of rahmah
Teacheth he the way of God
Leadeth he the holy ummah
On the path Rasul had trod

Fragrant torture, holy Zahra
Fragrant torture, holy Zahra
Essence of the pure Kawthar

Ja’fari, beloved Imam; Sadiqi, light of Rasul
Ja’fari, beloved Imam; Sadiqi, light of Rasul

Ya Rasul Allah, your pure ones
Tasted they the poisoned lie
Ya Habeeb Allah, your sweet sons
Enemies they would defy
Murdered they in mosque and minbar
Poisoned them with gladdened eyes
Centuries of hate and malice
Modern faces cannot hide

See the garden of sweet Zahra
See the garden of Sajjad
See the place of Holy Sadiq
See the murder of Hijaz

Ja'fari, beloved Imam; Sadiqi, light of Rasul
Ja'fari, beloved Imam; Sadiqi, light of Rasul

Ya Amir al-Morteza
Witnessed you the foulest deeds
Ya Husain of Karbala
Murdered with the flaming steeds
Ya sweet Zain al-'Aabideen
Poisoned they your heart so pure
Wherever on earth is found al-Sadiq
Pious mu'mins must endure

Blidned with tears of mourning
Tortured hearts they yearn for good
Centuries of lonely yearning
The ummah's heart is like Ya'qoubs

Ja'fari, beloved Imam; Sadiqi, light of Rasul
Ja'fari, beloved Imam; Sadiqi, light of Rasul

Ya Imam Aba Abdillah
Founder of the school of truth
Learned one above all others
Illumination of Mahmoud
Seeker of nearness to Allah
Oppression for him lingers on

Never will we leave al-Saadiq
Never will we leave Zahraa
Jennat-ul-Baqi is our land
Precious as the sweet Ka'bah
Ja'fari, beloved Imam; Sadiqi, light of Rasul
Ja'fari, beloved Imam; Sadiqi, light of Rasul
Recited by Molla Bassem Al-Karbala'i

The Symbol of Strength

Husain you are the symbol of strength
And brave you will always be
Husain, your name is in my heart
And your love will live with me

Husain, for your religion
You gave your soul and life
Towards your heart, an arrow of sadness
On your neck, a deadly knife

All of your family endured the pain
Your sisters and brothers, sons and wives
Husain, your name is in my heart
And your love will live with me

Husain you are the symbol of strength
And brave you will always be
Husain, your name is in my heart
And your love will live with me

Husain, I shed so many tears
When I remember what happened to you
My love for you is in my heart
And my tears tell you it's true

My tears fall for your brother Abbas
His hands and life he gave for you
Husain, your name is in my heart
And your love will live with me
Husain you are the symbol of strength
And brave you will always be
Husain, your name is in my heart
And your love will live with me
Recited by Brown-mail

Passion of Karbala

By Brown-mail

Think not of those dead who died in His way
Strong images we have to remember their day
Painted in the minds of those who abide and stray
Trying to shed this tear, to turn my heart's shade

What takes you to the brink where fire meets passion?
Where the colours don't meet, they just end up clashing
Boots or bare feet let's start the mashing
No injustice,
Everybody just cash in
I came to stop this but now I'm all in
The world's my witness how I'm never falling
A billion people 12 days the mourning
Absorbing all light from the night to morning
Minds prepared right no time for yawning
I wish I was there just to hear your calling
Alive for a cause that would lead to my death
Releasing me from this spiritually bereft,
state of mind that I find myself in
trying to indulge, trying to not indulge in sin

Think not of those dead who died in His way
Strong images we have to remember their day
Painted in the minds of those who abide and stray
Trying to shed this tear, to turn my heart's shade
What brings you to the point where you don’t know who am I
Where you question everything and you think it’s all a lie
You’re heart’s flat-lining your soul’s about to die
Re-awaken yourself your potential’s sky-high
Changes happen in stealth when you need to rise
Open your eyes and see how…

see how…

a slave became a master
a child became a marytr
a sister became a brother
a mother became a father
the lost one became a lover
the found one just found another
its an endless cycle
no beginning or end

Think not of those dead who died in His way
Strong images we have to remember their day
Painted in the minds of those who abide and stray
Trying to shed this tear, to turn my heart’s shade

what is the aftermath of this masacre
you drew a straight path back to the messenger
split morals in half with a clear cut line
following your family plus the nine
a chain leading back to the grace of the divine
they way your face shine makes them wanna step back
questioning whether or not they should attack
but they went forth and they never looked back
all know events of the inflicted terror
The severed palms.......of flag bearer
unquenchable thirst of the women and children
naked body no hurst not even a mention
in this cracked up world that we reside in
an infant girl never dries her eyes crying
while the enemies boast and they start to sing
revenge has been sworn to the waiting king

peace.
Celebrations

Fatima is Fatima

Fatima is the Daughter of the Mercy of Allah (S)
She is the Companion of the Friend of Allah (S)
The Mother of the Leaders of Allah (S)

And Fatima is more...

Fatima is the Guide of the Women of the Worlds
She is the Leader of the Ladies of Light
The Role of the Women of all Times

And Fatima is more...

Fatima is Knowledge - encompassing All
She is Wisdom - ageless, vast
Islam embodied in human form

And Fatima is more...

Fatima is Beauty - forever Bloomed
She is Grace in every stance
Elegance in every pose

And Fatima is more...

Fatima is Courage in the face of trials
She is Strength - waging wars on Kuffar
Might - a Force from Allah (S)

And Fatima is more...

Fatima is Calmness in a stormy sea
She is Peace in chaos and turmoil
Warmth in desolation and misery

And Fatima is more...

Fatima is Laughter like a sunny sky
She is Joy like the smile of a child
Hope like a fresh spring bloom

And Fatima is more...

Fatima is Worship - immersed in Him
She is a Covenant - bound by Him
Obedience - resigned to Him

And Fatima is more...

Fatima is a Daughter adorning her father
She is a Wife supporting her husband
A Mother encouraging her sons

And Fatima is more...

Fatima is a Teacher in the Institute of Life
She is a Scholar in the depths of Islam
A Soldier in the army of Allah (S)

And Fatima is more...

Fatima is a Dreamer of His Beauty
She is a Poet of His Perfection
A Lover obsessed by His Acceptance

And Fatima is more...

Fatima is Humility in the Majesty of Allah (S)
She is Modesty shrouded in a veil,
Chastity - preserved by Allah (S)

And Fatima is more...

Fatima is a Light - in the Darkness of the World
She is a Beacon - showing the Way
A Path leading to Allah (S)

And Fatima is more...

Fatima is Sadness - for the loss of her Father
She is Misery - for the Trials of Ali (a)
Sorrow - for the slaughter of Kerbala

And Fatima is more...

Fatima is the Sun - a Core, a Center
She is the Moon - an Illuminating Lamp
The Stars - Jewels scattered in the Heavens

And Fatima is more...

Fatima is the Earth - a Bosom of Comfort
She is the Wind - Carrying Wings of Hope
The Sea - Sheltering Waves of Revolution

And Fatima is more...

The Question is: Fatima?

The Answer?
(Who Knows?)

The Question persists
What is Fatima?
Who is Fatima?
The Answers echoes
Fatima?
Fatima is no one
Nothing
But herself

Fatima is Fatima.

-- Binte Ali
"It...it is hard for someone to give you a choice like that. Either you take your scarf off, or, basically, you can't go to university; you can't go to school."

2004, and things have changed
It ain’t the same no more. Whilst before
They only stared at you. Nowadays they try to force their opinion,
Entering your dominion
Talking about rights and your low stature.
Everything from your role as a mother,
To the scarf that you cover
With, in the stands, bearing witness to one thing or another
And overruled if you object, your honour is under pressure,
Cause the shields that protect you are getting shorter and lesser.
I see you struggle just to find meals,
Fighting the wind and rain in search of those Halal deals,
Knowing the gain is yet to come, and when there’s no wheels
You carry baby Zahra in one hand till she feels
Heavier than the shopping bags. My son at your heels
Trying hard to be a man in the absence of his father.
Hand inside your hand trying to lead you through the jahil streets,
Reciting Suras that you taught him only just last week.
You’re my rock. You give me strength and power
Through your insistence that we both go out and carry this dawah.
I love my sisters, and I’ll die before I see you harmed in front of me,
Then in my grave, I’ll beg invoke Allah to see you free
From all the suffering you’ve felt so far because of me.
I let it slip and now the damned Kuffar are blatantly
Attacking you, your ideas, your loves, your fears
And for years all we have seen are your tears
Forgive us sister.

"It's just the looks that you get on the train, the way people look at you. I mean, since the whole September 11th thing, you know, I've had abuse, people are saying, oh you know, you murderers, you killers, you terrorists."

They don't know you, think they got you sussed.
Got the world believing that you grieve because of us.
In the West its tough, it ain't enough
That they swear and frown at you
They even dare to raise their hands at you.
I know its hard walking them streets and boulevards
From your head to your feet jilbabed and scarved.
With sun blazing heat burning up the concrete,
Folks gazing like you’re about to bomb the high street.
Enough hate in their glares to get your skin scarred
And barred from schoolyards by the bourgeois.
Cause where you’re at what you wear is un-bearable
Part of the fact is your faith is un-tearable.
You got’em all shook, so their new hook
Is banning your veil and liberating you with New Look,
Season Channel, nudity, Gucci and Fcuk
As they cook a plot
In their melting pot
That simmers in hell well.
These damn crooks, they want us all hooked
On their secular thought
Caught up in a war fought
Through magazines and books
Pumping their liberal filth and gook,
Their plan is destroy your Iman and have Islam forsook.
And now they’re searching every cranny and nook,
And now they’re marching out their armies and sending their spooks.
Even back home ain’t as safe as it should be,
I swear we’re working hard so it would be.
You see the West’s is planning in stealth
Hence all you’ve seen in Philastine has been drama and death.
In Iraq all we’ve had is pure trauma and wealth
Usurped, whilst your kids struggle for breath.
And it’s a mess but you stand firm nevertheless.
Tall and proud in your shroud you wont settle for less.
Oppressed, living in fear did make you cry,
Mutasima fell on deaf ears but didn’t brake you.
It made you a soldier you stayed true
and now you’re striving raising an army to save you.
Never again allowing a man to enslave you,
A brave few reviving a nation beside you
And rising!

And it’s a Fard that we protect your honour.
I know its hard to believe you have so many brothers
And still ain’t safe in the streets
Today. You’re missing school again and again
And they say they’ll let you attend,
Sister as long as you bend
But you stand straight and tall,
Jilbab and all,
Going from school to school, checking their protocols.
Although you do value your education,
No hesitation in rejecting calls for integration,
Standing ovation.
You understand this is a test no less
And progress is just a matter of who worships best.
So redress the balance, aim much higher than that.
Become a mother, doctor, engineer no fear it’s a fact
You can do anything you want to do your limits are, that
Which are sent down by your creator and you know they hate that
And all the fuss they make is only cause they’re jealous. A pack
Of wolves hunting the sheep don’t weep your shepherds are back
And they’re stacked with an agenda not to render this Deen.
Ain’t no pretenders like the leaders we’ve seen.
Believe we say what we mean.
I know its hard being a throne-less Queen,
Al Hakim has promised all that you dream.
And in between that time and this, persist,
Stay strong, as long as we exist
We’ll do our best to assist.
You belong to an Ummah that is fighting hard to rid you of wrong.
I know its hard and your tired and scarred
From all the places your barred,
But don’t cry you know we’ve come this far,
Try till we die fi sabil Allah.

"It would not matter who asked me. I would never take off my scarf. I'd never
disobey Allah subhaana wa ta'aala for anyone."

Object of Despair

Emma is a lawyer
And so is Asma too
Colleagues going into court
At circa half past two

Its 1 O'clock right now
They grab a bite before the trial
They chat about this and that
Conversing with a smile

Asma is in full hijab
With a loose all over suit
Emma's in her business wear
With accessories taboot

Emma's really quite bemused
At Asma's godly ways
She looks Asma in the eyes
And very firmly says
You're a smart girl Asma  
Why do you wear that across your hair?  
Subjugated by "man"-kind  
An object of despair

Take it off my sister  
Let your banner be unfurled  
Don't blindly follow all around  
DECLARE YOUR FREEDOM TO THE WORLD

Asma is amazed  
But not the least bit shy  
She bravely puts her milk shake down  
And gives Emma the reply

My dear sister Emma,  
Why do you dress the way you do?  
The skirt you're wearing round your waist,  
Is it really you?

Now that we've sat down,  
I see you tug it across your thighs,  
Do you feel ashamed?  
Aware of prying eyes?

I see the way you're sitting,  
Both legs joined at the knees,  
Who forces you to sit like that?  
Do you feel at ease?

I'll tell you who obliges you,  
To dress the way you do,  
Gucci, Klein and St. Laurent,  
All have designs on you!

In the main, its men my friend,
Who dictate the whims of fashion, 
Generating all the garb, 
To incite the basest passion 

"Sex Sells" there is no doubt, 
But who buys with such great haste, 
The answer is the likes of you, 
Because they want to be embraced...... 

They want to be accepted, 
On a level playing field 
Sure, with brain and intellect 
But with body parts revealed 

Intelligence and reason 
Are useful by and by 
But if you want to make a mark 
Stay appealing to the eye 

You claim your skirt is office like 
A business dress of sorts 
Would we not laugh at Tony Blair 
If he turned up in shorts? 

His could be the poshest pants 
Pinstripe from Saville Rowe 
But walking round like that my friend 
He'd really have to go 

Why do you douse yourself with creams 
To make your skin so milky? 
Why do rip off all your hair 
To keep your body silky? 

A simple shower's all you need 
To stay respectable and clean 
The time and money that you spend
Is really quite obscene

Why do you wake up at dawn,
To apply a firm foundation,
Topped with make up and the like,
In one chaotic combination?

And if you should have to leave the house
Devoid of this routine
Why do you feel so insecure
That you should not be seen?

Be free my sister Emma
Escape from your deep mire
Don hijab today my friend
And all Islam's attire

Avoid all those sickly stares
Or whistles from afar
Walk down the street with dignity
Take pride in who you are

Strength lies in anonymity
Be a shadow in the crowd
Until you speak and interact
When your voice will carry loud

You're a smart girl Emma
Wear this across your hair
Don't be subjugated by "man"-kind
An object of despair

To use your very words my friend
Let your banner be unfurled
Don't blindly follow all around
DECLARE YOUR FREEDOM TO THE WORLD
Fi Amanillah.....

- Fahim Firfiray

Presumption

By Leila Montour

I’d rather that you’d think the worst of me when looking at my face and hands alone against this robe, believing I’m not free. I’d rather that you’d think. The worst of me is that I cannot bend, not bend my knee, surrender to your expectations, groan. I know full well you think the worst of me when looking at my face and hands. Alone.

A Silent Death

The female infant buried in the sand, On Qiyamah, in front of Allah will she stand,

Seeking the reason for her premature end, A custom the Pagan Arabs cared not to amend,

A mercy for mankind, the Prophet then arrived Ending their murder, their infanticide,

But that was the story of a bygone era, I write to tell you a place much nearer,
Where half a million children have met the same fate,
Embargoed and traumatized by the United States,

I speak of Iraq, crushed and defeated,
A country from where all mercy has retreated,

Who’s children lie buried deep under the sand,
Of sorrow and anguish we’d never understand,

For what reason, what crime, what sin did they die?
The Iraqi children who were born to cry,

A genocide of apocalyptic proportions,
Hidden and silenced by media distortions,

The greatest bombardment in the history of war,
Cluster bombs, napalm - all this, what for?

Stabilization of the Saudi economy,
'Peace' with Israel, Palestinian autonomy,

All envisioned in the 'new world order'
New age imperialism without any borders,

And who pays the price for this new world order?
The victims of course, of this one sided slaughter,

The people of Iraq, both young and old,
Who’s destiny the Muslims have miserably sold,

Whose hopes and dreams have withered and perished,
For the everyday freedoms which you and I cherish,

The freedom to live, the freedom to survive,
Under such sanctions it’s hard to stay alive,
But they won't get their freedom, until we will get ours,
The Muslim nations, from the Imperialist powers,

And until such a time what will you do?
Go back to sleep like so many do?

So the earth cries out, and the heavens do weep,
As Iraq dies silently, the world is asleep.
Obaydullah ibn Ziyad's henchmen about to throw Muslim bin Aqeel from a tower in Kufa

Imam Hussain (A) arriving at Kerbala leading a convoy in the desert

Imam Hussain (A) talking to people of Bani Asad tribe and negotiating purchase of Kerbala

Imam Hussain (A) addressing the army of Omar ibn Sa'ad before fighting

Imam Hussain (A) with 2 men accepting bayyah. Hur offering apologies and joins the camp of Imam

Imam Hussain (A) bringing a martyr's body into the women's tents

Battling with the enemies

Ali al-Akber (A) 18 year old son of Imam dying on the laps of his father

Abbas (A) on the Euphrates looking towards the fleeing army of Omar ibn Sa'ad
Imam Hussain (A) raising the infant Ali Asgher (A) towards the unashamed army, pleading for water to which the army responded by fatal arrow

Imam Hussain (A) bidding farewell to the ladies at the tent. Al Wida' Al Akhir (The Last Farewell)

Imam Hussain (A) at battle

The fallen Imam (A) awaiting the call of Allah (S)

Zuljana returning without his master

Women of the pure household at the feet of Zuljana who returns without the Imam (A)

The ladies with the now masterless Zuljana weeping at the martyrdom of Imam. The women of Imam's household wailing over the total devastation in Kerbala over the past few hours

The headless body of Imam Hussain left on the plains of Kerbala. Falling on the plains of Kerbala after battle

Looting and Burning of the tents - Shame Ghariba (Eve of the Disposessed)
Amidst the terror, the ladies rally around the new Imam - Ali ibn Hussain Zayn al-Abedin (A)

In chains and on foot - the women are prisoners

Zainab (A) and Imam Ali Zayn Al Abedin (A) at the court of the despot

Imam Ali Zayn al-Abedin (A) at the court of Yazid ibn Mua'awiyaah with the head of Imam Hussain (A) on display

Imam Ali Zayn Ali Abedin (A) addressing Yazid in the court

Long live the banner of Islam which was saved by
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