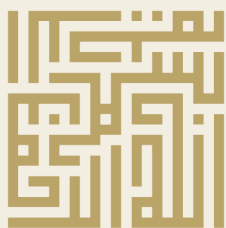


# MAQTAL AL-IMAM AL-HUSAYN

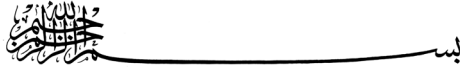


مقتل سيد الشهداء الامام الحسين رضي الله عنه

# The Maqatal of Imam Husayn



Abdal Hakim Murad



## ( الفاتحة )

I.

What ruth have those that ignorantly feign  
To hold to truth, but know not great Husayn?  
What drop remains in Mustafa's full cup  
When hearts weep not to see his grandson slain?  
The story of the saints is ever thus:  
A sadness of the world, a truth arcane.  
For tribulation comes to those He loves,  
Since Adam mourned the crime of murd'ring Cain.  
The patriarch of all three rival roads  
Gave up his sons to guerdon inhumane;  
Full well he kenned the cut that held his hope -  
The precious ruby-red from severed vein;  
For Abraham the Friend was sorely tried.  
On Ishmael, Isaac, blew fate's tramontane.  
The fervent firstborn scion of that Friend  
In Mecca's vale did fortune ascertain:  
His mother born of Egypt, seven times

From purity to virtue coursed amain,  
Despairing not while infant prophet stood,  
She saw the well of Zamzam burst like rain.  
That maid had bowed her head to God's decree  
And meekly did what husband did ordain.  
For thus does Heaven's fate reward the just  
And grant the patient unexpected gain.

اللهم صل على محمد وعلى آل محمد

II.

So hold awhile and let my verses speak.  
Let not this tale fall on your ears in vain.  
Your gathered thoughts should scan this saga bleak,  
To purify your liver, heart and brain.  
Consider well the grandson of that Seal:  
No fairer heritage than his, that silken skein.  
From him to us and from his brother fair  
Come legions of the saints, a golden chain.  
Those families of shining silver stars  
The order of the universe sustain.  
His Pleiades and Canopus ride high,  
The crescent of his glory cannot wane.

Folk of the Cloak advanced him for their cause;  
He granted shelter 'neath Truth's spreading plane.  
No nobler, braver, kinder youth than he  
The age had seen; and shall not see again.  
For chivalry he spurs the striving steed;  
For bravery he was the lion's mane.  
For excellence, compassion to the poor,  
For modesty, there was no nobler thane.  
His name a well-loved watchword of the Law,  
A blazon on our banner on campaign.  
His falchion flying freely at his door,  
Defender of the Truth's most high domain.

اللهم صل على محمد وعلى آل محمد

### III.

Come brethren, let us not from words abstain,  
When holding in repute the bold Husayn;  
Let paeans of panegyric rise so high,  
That praise bedeck his posthumous domain.  
For meet it were for men to herald grace;  
Who grace recalls, to grace shall appertain.  
The Book directs us purity to seek

And teaches us our passions to restrain,  
Then speaks of a fair Family so meek  
Full purity of spirit they maintain.  
Should ever demon try thy soul to seek,  
Or doubt or fear thy timeless spirit stain,  
Then call to mind that Family so fair,  
And ever for their blessing cry and strain.

اللهم صل على محمد وعلى آل محمد

#### IV.

Think now upon the bold and brave Husayn.  
That paramount, that pure of heart, would fain  
In adamant valour scale the scarp  
Of highest mount to scan the stages twain.  
An isthmus of two worlds, his vision sharp,  
A royal falcon, touched by God to reign.  
Behold him watch horizons far and near,  
His hero-feet strong in the stony plain.  
Mark well his blade, the sword his grandsire knew,  
It cuts the air, to evr'y foe the bane.  
His shield reflects the sun; his helmet too  
Had touched the head of Prophecy amain.

Call now his steely seeing eyes to mind,  
That never compassed sin nor action vain.  
A champion of righteousness, a sign,  
A hero full of valour yet humane.  
Here stands true chivalry: so strong but soft;  
Angelical, sublime he will unstrain  
The fainting hearts of victims torn by crime,  
Defender of the weak sent to unchain.  
With seventy and two bold champions firm  
He shows the devil and his hosts disdain.

اللهم صل على محمد وعلى آل محمد

V.

Ubaydullah had sent a force to tame  
Those lion cubs, in hope they would abstain.  
By ambushade most hesitant he came,  
A burning lake of fire his heart's disdain.  
For cruel impendent horrors bidden him,  
Did spar with Justice in his soul's domain.  
He heard the great Euphrates cry: Desist:  
The ravens cawed; the heavens called Refrain!  
With closer tread the troops of Ibn Sa'd

No longer feared from Kufan swords insane  
Revenge or succour for the little host;  
Their hearts were his; their swords they did restrain.  
Behind fair backs the reeds and grass were rank,  
Before them only sward of swords profane.  
Their tents were few, within them huddled there,  
The tender children sweet as sugar-cane;  
The wives and widows that would come to be,  
Trembled to see what Heaven might ordain.

اللهم صل على محمد وعلى آل محمد

## VI.

Muharram saw that black of blackest dawn,  
The sun wept blood on Karbala the plain.  
Holding its breath, the sorry world did see  
The fairest of the fair to death constrain.  
Avert your gaze, all lovers of the good,  
No mortal eye should see such woe and pain.  
The very sands from taste of blood refrain:  
What murder this? What devilish campaign?  
The fiery steeds, the maddened pagan cries,  
The triumph after which no joy again.



Avert your eyes, I say - but mark full well  
The yells and shrieks from demons inhumane.  
That day the winged devil flew in fire  
No prayer or hoping could his shout restrain.  
From nether empire rose with joyous cry:  
By Muslim hand is dead, the good Husayn!  
The legions of Gehenna east and west,  
The unclean spirits chanted this refrain:  
The grandson of the Man of Praise is dead!  
We triumph now, long live our fell domain!

اللهم صل على محمد وعلى آل محمد

## VII.

Against those shrills of maddening delight,  
Still hear the voices keening for the slain.  
Hear Zainab as she tears her precious cheek,  
Cry out upon the sight of dead Husayn.  
Behold her brother, Prophecy's fair gem,  
A diamond trampled in the sands that drain  
The glorious blood that Heaven's secret holds,  
A ship that saves those drowning on the main.  
Sukayna's brother Abdullah lies dead,

Ali and Ja'far join the martyr-train.

A bitter draught the women quaff that morn,

Rabab is weeping for her perished swain.

اللهم صل على محمد وعلى آل محمد

### VIII.

Yet darkness in Damascus could not dim

The light supernal which the world did gain

From Mustafa, the Chosen One, who said:

My clan alone is strong on Judgement-plain.

All other dynasties and tribes shall fall.

All emperors and kings who proudly deign

To let their subjects kiss their hands and feet,

Shall crawl in dust, their kinship ties in vain.

For on that Day when human boasts are nought

One man shall see his family remain.

The People of the House, folk of the Cloak,

The Intercessor's favour shall retain.

اللهم صل على محمد وعلى آل محمد

## IX.

But hold awhile, my friend, who hears my dole:  
Consider not the demons to be slain,  
Unless your share in Karbala's sad tale,  
As well as tears, is sapience to gain.  
A seamless garment should this Nation be;  
Nor sect, nor tribe its unity constrain.  
Let not the ancient enemy of man  
By means of tears our brotherhood distract.  
The Man of Praise has prayed that we be one,  
And shoulder next to shoulder all maintain  
The teaching that the Unity of God  
Is best upheld when we from strife refrain.  
This brig of truth which wings the spuming tide  
This vessel of salvation, must regain  
A single mind and purpose in its crew  
To safely sail its watery domain.

اللهم صل على محمد وعلى آل محمد

## X.

Then blessings rest upon the Chosen Man,  
The grandsire of the martyred heroes twain,  
Upon the kin so just in Heaven's plan,  
Who gift the hope that is the devil's bane.  
A grace upon the Fourfold Friendship too,  
On Abu Bakr, Umar, and attain  
Uthman the doubly-lumined martyr who  
The Book of God did faithfully maintain.  
And on that Haydar, Sword of God, who knew  
What past the gate of knowledge must remain.  
The fourfold friends did pomp and wealth eschew  
Their aspirations scorning the mundane.

اللهم صل على محمد وعلى آل محمد

## XI.

So, lovers of the faithful martyr band,  
All tireless devotees of bold Husayn,  
Know surely that they surely did withstand  
All loss of honour in that lost domain.

They passed beyond this world and found their meed,  
The gardens of their Lord they did attain.  
Together at the Pool of Kauthar see  
Those friends together with their sire again.  
The vernal treetops of the sure abode  
Have welcomed as green birds the cruelly slain.  
Wherefore the faithful confidence in God,  
Must help to dry our tears and staunch our pain.  
From Him we come, to Him our pilgrim road,  
To Him alone must we go back again.

( دعاء شريف )

( الفاتحة )