

English Nohay For Imam Husain (A.S) [6]: Qasim: The Pride and Joy

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Imam Hasans Pride and Joy Most Revered Qasim ('a)

(" Zaqmee jo run mein Qasim a gulpayrahan hua")

When in the battle of Karbala Qasim fell from his mount

Blood soaked his garments, that became his shroud

The heavens shook with the Prophet's mournful cries

And the army's gleeful cries could be heard loud

They shouted " We've trampled the garden of Husain

Come soldiers, douse the light of Hasan's lamp"

Upon hearing the shouts, to Abbas Husain turned

And said "For Qasim now we must mourn.?"

The battle is over, Qasim's fate is sealed

Death's shadow now approaches the child of Hasan"

"Call for Ali Akbar now, let us pray, let us pray

Bare headed we will pray that death be stayed"

Toward Kaaba then the imam faced

To the heavens He looked, His hands raised

And cried out "Oh my wondrous, almighty God

From the hands of the enemy may Qasim be saved"

"You are the protector of all, Oh merciful God

Save the fatherless child from the evil swords"

And everyone prayed for Qasim, Hasan's son

in grief Zainab's hair was hastily undone

And Banu's heart trembled and wept for Qasim

And his mother cried "Tell me, how is my son?"

with shock, Abid's feverish body turned cold

And Qasim's little brother paled as fear took hold

While adults and children in the camp prayed

The army surrounded Qasim, ready to slay

Their arrows and spears blocked his way, circled him

*And thousands of swords flashed in the air
His face flushed, chest riddled with wounds
Blood dripped from his body, like sweat at high noon
He leaned over his horse, weak and giddy with thirst
Then a deadly arrow his chest pierced
The evil Sheesh stabbed a spear into his heart
As Qasim fell, at his back an arrow lurched
Tariq's spear assaulted, Qasim cried out in pain
"Oh Imam, I've fallen, Oh come now dear Husain"
With Zulfikaar in hand, Husain charged at the field
Seeing Him, the evil army trembled and keeled
In terror the soldiers scattered, their horses neighed
The killers panicked and fled, took to their heels
As the army took flight, trampled and rushed
With the hooves of a thousand horses, Qasim's was crushed
When Husain reached Qasim, what a sight He saw
His lips parched with thirst, with pain his body raw
Grief-stricken Husain wrapped Qasim in His arms
Qasim's soul departed, not a breath did he draw
Husain gathered Qasim's body, the limbs crushed, torn
Marked with hooves the body of the thirteen year old*