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## The Sacrifice of Zainab's Sons Most Reverred Aon and Muhammad ('a)

("Jab Zainab\_e\_Ghareeb ke run mein pisar lade" )

When in Karbala Zainab's children fought

The two alone with the massive army fought

With the courage and valor of Ali they fought

Oh like lions the grandsons of a Lion fought

Gallantry inherited from the Grand Amir

Such vigor can come only from Zainab and Ali

Zainab waited barefoot by the door

And Abbas reported their progress in the war

"Noble sister do not cry nor worry for them

Your sons have vanquished thousands more"

"Their strength reminds the world of Khyber today

Victorious they will return, the enemy they will slay"

With tears in her eyes Zainab replied

"May Allah bless them with success and might

The two are alone, fighting thousands today

Their fate rests with God, He will do what is right"

"Though helpless, I trust the Almighty God

He will grant me the wish I've always sought"

"Oh my brother, I do not fret for them today

They may die or get trampled by the army, yet I say

`If a thousand sons I had, let them all so get killed

To save the Son of Fatima, this price I will pay'

"In Husain's stead, let me bear all the pain

Even if nobody lives, yet live my Husain"

As Abbas and Zainab spoke thus, Husain cried

"Oh Abbas, the children are gone from my sight"  
Abbas charged at the battlefield  
On his way he heard Ali Akbar's cries  
"We live to witness this day and to weep?"  
Let us get their bodies, on the sands they sleep"  
Abbas charged, by his side his spear  
And Husain grief-stricken, bare-headed was near  
The army retreated seeing them approach  
Dying on the sands lay the youth so dear  
Though apart in battle, yet together in death  
Still clutching their swords, wounded their chests  
Seeing His sister's sons in this state  
Crushed like flowers, trampled in haste  
Their brow and long hair matted with dust  
Lips blue with thirst, bruised the face  
Their brows gashed and battered, their clothing torn  
Ribs mashed and broken by the enemy swords  
Husain cried, holding their bodies close  
"Come open your eyes, watch my tears flow"  
In Death's slumber, heavy-lidded were their eyes  
Abbas felt their pulse and wept in woe  
"Raised in my lap, yet dying in my sight?"  
Husain held the dear boys in His arms and cried  
Alongside Abbas in sorrow wept  
And cried "Oh here comes the shadow of Death"  
And weeping in pain, Husain replied  
"The two now depart to eternally rest"  
"Within the camp, the hopeful mother waits  
Now we take their bodies to her in this state"  
But Zainab's heart knew that they lived no more  
Quiet in grief, she sat down by the door  
And Husain brought in her blood-soaked sons  
And said "Oh Zainab, my heart is torn"  
"What has happened, what is lost, how can I say?  
I hoped they would live, but they died on the way"  
Hearing this Zainab rose, weeping in pain  
And hugged their bruised bodies, uttering their names  
She praised their valor and their sacrifice  
And cried "Come wake up now, weeps my Husain"

" Wake up, walk bravely and show me your swords  
The Imam needs you, so sleep no more."

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