

QASIDA MUBARAKA  
COMPOSED BY AL-DAI AL-FATEMI  
SYEDNA TAHER SAIFUDDIN RA



with English Translation

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YA SAYYIDASH-SHOHADAA'I

with English Translation  
(by Yaqutatu da'watil haqq Shzd. Dr. Bazat Tahera baisaheba)

O prince of martyrs  
Fifth of the five robed in purity  
Upon the great tragedy  
that befell you in Karbala  
I shall weep through the long age

*I grieve for you, Husayn*

*O prince of martyrs*

1

يَا سَيِّدَ الشُّهَدَاءِ خَامِسَ أَهْلِ الْكِسَاءِ  
عَلَى عَظِيمِ بَلَاءٍ نَالَكَ فِي كَرْبَلَاءِ  
طُولَ الزَّمَانِ بُكَائِي وَالْهَفْتَ يَا حُسَيْنَا  
يَا سَيِّدَ الشُّهَدَاءِ

١

Son of God's messenger  
Best of kings  
I utter lament upon lament for you  
One following another without ceasing  
Mingled with tears of blood

*I grieve for you, Husayn*

*O prince of martyrs*

2

يَا بَنَ رَسُولِ اللَّهِ يَا خَيْرَ شَاهِنشَاهِ  
أِهْ عَلَيْكَ فَاهْ تَتَرَى بَغِيرَ تَنَاهِ  
مَعَ دَمْعَةٍ حَمْرَاءِ وَالْهَفْتَ يَا حُسَيْنَا  
يَا سَيِّدَ الشُّهَدَاءِ

٢

Flow out, O spirit  
Gush forth, O eye  
Your master is slain with a silver blade  
Cruelly wielded by a ruthless enemy  
The most evil of all cursed foes

*I grieve for you, Husayn*

*O prince of martyrs*

3

فِيضِي يَا نَفْسُ فِيضِي فِيضِي يَا عَيْنُ فِيضِي  
مَوْلَاكَ مَقْتُولُ بَيْضِ مِنْ ظُلَمٍ صَنِدٍ بَغِيضِ  
شَرِّ الْعَدَى اللَّعْنَاءِ وَالْهَفْتَ يَا حُسَيْنَا  
يَا سَيِّدَ الشُّهَدَاءِ

٣

O believers, all:  
Weep for the great Imam  
Weep for the blessed king  
Weep for the upright master  
Weep for the son of the best of all women

*I grieve for you, Husayn*

*O prince of martyrs*

4

يَا مَعْشَرَ الْمُؤْمِنِينَ ابْكُوا الْإِمَامَ الْمُبِينَا  
ابْكُوا الْهُمَامَ الْيَمِينَا ابْكُوا الْوَلِيَّ الْأَمِينَا  
ابْكُوا ابْنَ خَيْرِ النِّسَاءِ وَالْهَفْتَ يَا حُسَيْنَا  
يَا سَيِّدَ الشُّهَدَاءِ

٤

Weep for Imam Husayn  
Embodiment of truth  
Wellspring of generosity  
Who drank the cup of death to save God's  
religion Parched and thirsty in Karbala

*I grieve for you, Husayn*

*O prince of martyrs*

5

ابْكُوا الْإِمَامَ الْحُسَيْنَا مَنْ كَانَ لِلْحَقِّ عَيْنَا  
مَنْ كَانَ لِلْجُودِ عَيْنَا قَدْ ذَاقَ فِي اللَّهِ حَيْنَا  
عَطْشَانَ فِي كَرْبَلَاءِ وَالْهَفْتَ يَا حُسَيْنَا  
يَا سَيِّدَ الشُّهَدَاءِ

٥

Weep long and hard  
For that martyred Imam  
In the morning and at night  
And you shall receive abundant reward  
On the day of requital  
*I grieve for you, Husayn*  
*O prince of martyrs*

6

إَبْكُوا بُكَاءَ طَوِيلًا      ذَاكَ الْإِمَامَ الْقَتِيلًا  
إِبْكَارَكُمْ وَالْأَصِيلًا      تُعْطُوا ثَوَابًا جَزِيلًا  
فِي الْحَشْرِ يَوْمَ الْجَزَاءِ      وَاهْفَئَا يَا حُسَيْنَا  
يَا سَيِّدَ الشُّهَدَاءِ

٦

Alas for Muḥammad's grandson  
Martyred in distant Karbala  
His womenfolk tormented  
Driven through the wilderness  
By enemy troops  
*I grieve for you, Husayn*  
*O prince of martyrs*

7

أِهْ عَرِيبُ مُحَمَّدٍ      فِي كَرْبَلَا مُسْتَشْهَدٍ  
حَرِيمُهُ بَعْدَ تَضْعَدٍ      نُسَاكُ فِي كُلِّ فِدَادٍ  
فِي زُرْمَرِ الْأَعْدَاءِ      وَاهْفَئَا يَا حُسَيْنَا  
يَا سَيِّدَ الشُّهَدَاءِ

٧

Revelation's children crushed  
In calamity's millstone  
Fate's hands slew them  
And so waned their stars, vanishing one by one  
On 'Āshūrā day  
*I grieve for you, Husayn*  
*O prince of martyrs*

8

عَلَى بَنِي الْوَحْيِ دَارَتْ      رَحَى الْبَلَايَا، وَجَارَتْ  
أَيَّامُ الزَّمَانِ، فَغَارَتْ      نُجُومُهُمْ، وَتَوَارَتْ  
فِي يَوْمِ عَاشُورَاءِ      وَاهْفَئَا يَا حُسَيْنَا  
يَا سَيِّدَ الشُّهَدَاءِ

٨

In the forenoon, Husayn called out  
To the assembled foe:  
I am the prophet's grandson  
Who has thirsted three full days  
I seek but a drink of water  
*I grieve for you, Husayn*  
*O prince of martyrs*

9

أَضْحَى الْحُسَيْنُ يَنَادِي      بَيْنَ جُمُوعِ الْأَعَادِي  
إِنِّي ابْنُ طَلْهٍ وَصَادٍ      مِنْذُ ثَلَاثِ صَادٍ  
أَطْلُبُ شَرْبَةَ مَاءٍ      وَاهْفَئَا يَا حُسَيْنَا  
يَا سَيِّدَ الشُّهَدَاءِ

٩

Wicked, they heeded not his plea  
They did not quench his thirst  
They killed him  
—the whole world's benefactor—  
Dry and parched  
*I grieve for you, Husayn*  
*O prince of martyrs*

10

لَمْ يَسْمَعُوا مِنْهُ قَوْلًا      وَادُّ شَقُّوْا مَا سَقَوْا، لَا  
بَلْ قَتَلُوْا مِنْهُ مَوْلًى      عَمَّ الْبَرَايَا طَوْلًا  
عَلَى أَشَدِّ ظَمَاءٍ      وَاهْفَئَا يَا حُسَيْنَا  
يَا سَيِّدَ الشُّهَدَاءِ

١٠



I lament Zaynab  
 She weeps bitterly for her brother  
 She soaks her hair in his blood  
 Her tears pour down like rain  
 She has no veil on her head  
*I grieve for you, Husayn*  
*O prince of martyrs*

11

يَا لَهْفَتَاهُ لَزِيذِ  
 تَبْكِي أَخَاهَا وَتَدُبِ  
 مِنْ دَمِهِ الشَّعْرَ تَحْضِبِ  
 وَالذَّمْعَ كَالْقَيْثِ يَسْكُبِ  
 وَهِيَ بِغَيْرِ رِدَاءٍ  
 وَالْهَفْتَ يَا حُسَيْنَا  
 يَا سَيِّدَ الشُّهَدَاءِ

١١

She shrieks: Son of my mother!  
 Grandson of the prophet!  
 Noonday sun and full moon!  
 Great is my sorrow  
 Exiled and enslaved  
*I grieve for you, Husayn*  
*O prince of martyrs*

12

صَارِخَةً يَا بَنَ أُمِّي  
 سَبْطَ النَّبِيِّ الْأُمِّي  
 شَمْسٌ ضُحَى، بَدْرٌ لَيْلٍ  
 يَعْظُمُ هَيْبِي وَعَمِي  
 فِي عُرْبَةٍ وَبَسَاءٍ  
 وَالْهَفْتَ يَا حُسَيْنَا  
 يَا سَيِّدَ الشُّهَدَاءِ

١٢

Alas for my sorrow, Husayn  
 Alas for my exile, Husayn  
 Alas for my suffering, Husayn  
 Alas for my destruction, Husayn  
 O refuge of the pious  
*I grieve for you, Husayn*  
*O prince of martyrs*

13

وَالْهَفْتَ يَا حُسَيْنَا  
 وَاعْرَبْتَ يَا حُسَيْنَا  
 وَاکْرَبْتَ يَا حُسَيْنَا  
 وَاضِيعْتَ يَا حُسَيْنَا  
 يَامَوْئِلَ الْأَتْقِيَاءِ  
 وَالْهَفْتَ يَا حُسَيْنَا  
 يَا سَيِّدَ الشُّهَدَاءِ

١٣

Brother, the enemy are striking Sakina  
 Their blows cause her pain  
 She cries out: Rise, father, rise!  
 O father, they are hurting me  
 Save me from these brutes  
*I grieve for you, Husayn*  
*O prince of martyrs*

14

أَخِي! سَكِينَةُ تُلَطَّمُ  
 تُوجَعُ ضَرْبًا وَتُؤَلَّمُ  
 تَقُولُ: قُمْ يَا أَبِي قُمْ  
 يَا أَبْتَاهُ أَظْلَمُ  
 قِنِي مِنَ الْأَشْقِيَاءِ  
 وَالْهَفْتَ يَا حُسَيْنَا  
 يَا سَيِّدَ الشُّهَدَاءِ

١٤

Father, my father, where are you?  
 O father! Why have you gone away?  
 Have you forgotten your daughter?  
 You know I cannot live without you  
*I grieve for you, Husayn*  
*O prince of martyrs*

15

أَبِي، أَبِي، أَيْنَ أَنْتَا  
 يَا أَبْتَاهُ، لِمَ بِنْتَا  
 نَسِيتَ هَذِي الْبِنْتَ  
 خَذْنِي مَعَا حَيْثُ كُنْتَ  
 فَلَا أَعِشْ فِي التَّنَائِي  
 وَالْهَفْتَ يَا حُسَيْنَا  
 يَا سَيِّدَ الشُّهَدَاءِ

١٥

Brother, 'Alī [Zayn al 'Ābidīn] is ill and weak  
 Shackled in irons  
 Made to walk from Iraq to Syria  
 Barefoot, without shoes  
 O the scorching heat!  
 I grieve for you, Husayn  
 O prince of martyrs

16

أَجِيْ! عَلَيَّ مُدْنِفٌ      مُكَبِّلٌ مُسْتَضْعَفٌ  
 يَمْشِي إِلَى الشَّامِ مِنْ طَفٍ      بِلاَ حِذَاءٍ وَلاَ خُفٍ  
 أَهْ عَلَى الرَّمْضَاءِ      وَالْهَفْتَا يَاحُسَيْنَا  
 يَا سَيِّدَ الشُّهَدَاءِ

١٦

A shattering calamity  
 A devastating cataclysm  
 When daughters of the best of creation  
 Are enslaved by an army of criminals  
 And driven like slaves  
 I grieve for you, Husayn  
 O prince of martyrs

17

أَجْلِلْ بِهَا مِنْ رَزِيَّةٍ      أَعْظَمُ بِهَا مِنْ بَلِيَّةٍ  
 بَنَاتُ خَيْرِ الْبَرِيَّةِ      سَبْيُ الْجُوعِ الشَّقِيَّةِ  
 يُسْقَنَ سَوْقَ الْإِمَاءِ      وَالْهَفْتَا يَاحُسَيْنَا  
 يَا سَيِّدَ الشُّهَدَاءِ

١٧

I lament 'Alī  
 A mirror image of the Prophet  
 That proud warrior  
 Who refused to allow  
 An adulterer's son to rule over God's saints  
 I grieve for you, Husayn  
 O prince of martyrs

18

يَا هَفْتَا لِعَلِيٍّ      شَبِيهَ طَهَ النَّبِيِّ  
 ذَاكَ الْكَبِيِّ الْإِيٍّ      لَمْ يَرْضَ ابْنَ الدَّعِيِّ  
 يَحْكُمُ فِي الْأَوْلِيَاءِ      وَالْهَفْتَا يَاحُسَيْنَا  
 يَا سَيِّدَ الشُّهَدَاءِ

١٨

I lament Husayn's infant son  
 Who was great in virtue  
 A rogue shot him with an arrow  
 and he passed away—pending judgment day—  
 in his father's upraised hands  
 I grieve for you, Husayn  
 O prince of martyrs

19

يَا هَفْتَاهُ لِيُطْفَلَ      لَهُ، عَظِيمِ الْفَضْلِ  
 رَمَاهُ نَذْلٌ بِنَبْلِ      مَضَى لِيَوْمِ الْفَضْلِ  
 فِي يَدِهِ الْعَلِيَاءِ      وَالْهَفْتَا يَاحُسَيْنَا  
 يَا سَيِّدَ الشُّهَدَاءِ

١٩

I lament 'Abbās  
 A battle lion  
 And the strongest supporter  
 Of his regal brother  
 Who died covered in blood  
 I grieve for you, Husayn  
 O prince of martyrs

20

يَا لَهْفَ لِلْعَبَّاسِ      هَزَبِرُ يَوْمِ الْبَاسِ  
 أَصْبَحَ خَيْرَ مُوَأَسٍ      لِصُنُوهِ الْقُسْقَاسِ  
 مُضَرَّجًا بِالْدِمَاءِ      وَالْهَفْتَا يَاحُسَيْنَا  
 يَا سَيِّدَ الشُّهَدَاءِ

٢٠

I mourn the wedding  
That took place during the heat of the skirmish  
Between a pure bride and a pure groom  
Weeping, she followed him, also weeping  
As he stormed into the battlefield  
*I grieve for you, Husayn*  
*O prince of martyrs*

21

وَأَحْسَرَتَا لِمَلَاكٍ  
نَزَاكِيَّةٌ مَعَ نَزَاكِ  
يَذْهَبُ فِي الْهَيْجَاءِ  
يَا سَيِّدَ الشُّهَدَاءِ  
أَوْنَةً الْإِعْتِرَاكِ  
بَاكِئَةً إِشْرَبَاكِ  
وَالْهَفَّتَا يَاحُسَيْنَا

٢١

More fearsome than resurrection  
The day in which the noble Imam  
At the very end of his time  
Bid farewell to his gathered womenfolk  
And to Zayn al 'Ābidīn  
*I grieve for you, Husayn*  
*O prince of martyrs*

22

يَوْمٌ مِنَ الْخَشْرِ أَرْوَعُ  
فِي آخِرِ الْعَمَدِ وَدَعُ  
وَزْرَيْنِ آلِ الْعَبَاءِ  
يَا سَيِّدَ الشُّهَدَاءِ  
إِذِ الْإِمَامُ الْأَرْوَعُ  
تِلْكَ السَّرِّيَّاتِ أَجْمَعُ  
وَالْهَفَّتَا يَاحُسَيْنَا

٢٢

I lament Kisrā's daughter  
Whom they have bound with fetters  
A chaste, virtuous lady  
Mother of all the Imams  
Shining stars and pure saints  
*I grieve for you, Husayn*  
*O prince of martyrs*

23

يَا لَهْفَتَا بِنْتُ كِسْرَى  
كَانَتْ بَتُولًا طَهْرًا  
أَلْغَرِي الْأَنْزَكِيَاءِ  
يَا سَيِّدَ الشُّهَدَاءِ  
قَدْ أَوْثَقَوْهَا أَسْرًا  
أُمُّ الْأَبِيَّةِ طُرَا  
وَالْهَفَّتَا يَاحُسَيْنَا

٢٣

I lament Rabāb  
Who is anguished and inconsolable  
Her heart is turbulent  
Her tears flow and flow  
A dirge is on her lips  
*I grieve for you, Husayn*  
*O prince of martyrs*

24

يَا لَهْفَتَا لِلرَّبَابِ  
فُؤَادُهَا فِي اضْطِرَابِ  
مُنْشِدَةٌ لِلرِّثَاءِ  
يَا سَيِّدَ الشُّهَدَاءِ  
ذَاتُ جَوَى وَكَتِيَابِ  
دُمُوعُهَا فِي انْصِبَابِ  
وَالْهَفَّتَا يَاحُسَيْنَا

٢٤

I lament Kubrā and Ṣuḡhrā  
Who have been crushed  
By this great calamity  
They have run out of strength and fortitude  
So enormous is their grief  
*I grieve for you, Husayn*  
*O prince of martyrs*

25

يَا لَهْفَ كُبْرَى وَصُغْرَى  
مِنَ الدَّرَاهِي تَتْرَى  
فِي شِدَّةِ الْغَمَاءِ  
يَا سَيِّدَ الشُّهَدَاءِ  
كَلَّتَا هُمَا فِي كُبْرَى  
لَا تَسْتَطِيعُ الصَّبْرَا  
وَالْهَفَّتَا يَاحُسَيْنَا

٢٥

Umm Kulthūm  
Is now ever seen  
Mourning her noble brother  
Her tears are blood  
Her breathing intense  
*I grieve for you, Husayn*  
*O prince of martyrs*

26

وَأُمُّ كُلْثُومٍ لَمْ  
عَلَى أَجْيَهَا الْأَكْرَمِ  
تَزَلْ تُرَى فِي مَاءٍ  
تُجْرِي دُمُوعًا مِنْ دَمٍ  
مَعَ نَفْسِ الصُّعْدَاءِ  
وَالْهَفْتَ يَا حُسَيْنَا  
يَا سَيِّدَ الشُّهَدَاءِ

٢٦

She tears her garments in a frenzy of grief  
And uses her tresses to veil her face  
—the mirror image of a full moon—  
For the enemy has snatched her cloak  
How else to preserve modesty?  
*I grieve for you, Husayn*  
*O prince of martyrs*

27

مَشْقُوقَةُ الْحَبِيبِ وَلَهِ  
قَدْ كَانَ لِلْبَدْرِ شَبَهَا  
تَسْتُرُ بِالشَّعْرِ وَجْهَهَا  
إِذْ نَزَعَ الْقَوْمُ مِنْهَا  
بُرْقَعَهَا، لِلْحَيَاءِ  
وَالْهَفْتَ يَا حُسَيْنَا  
يَا سَيِّدَ الشُّهَدَاءِ

٢٧

I lament the widows  
Who clutch fatherless infants  
Their noble husbands are gone  
All those proud warriors  
Lie prostrate in the open desert  
*I grieve for you, Husayn*  
*O prince of martyrs*

28

وَالْهَفْتَ لَا يَأْمِي  
فَقَدَنْ صَيْدًا كَرَامًا  
يَحْمِلُنَ غُدًّا يَتَأْمِي  
شَمَّ الْأَنْوَبِ عِظَامًا  
صَرَخَى بِذَاكَ الْعَرَاءِ  
وَالْهَفْتَ يَا حُسَيْنَا  
يَا سَيِّدَ الشُّهَدَاءِ

٢٨

I lament those pure and noble women  
Who are exposed to the enemy horde  
Bereft in Karbala  
Calling out  
To their valiant men  
*I grieve for you, Husayn*  
*O prince of martyrs*

29

لَهْفِي عَلَى طَاهِرَاتٍ  
كَرَائِمٍ نَادِبَاتٍ  
بَيْنَ الْعِدَى حَاسِرَاتٍ  
فِي كَرْبَلَا صَارِخَاتٍ  
لِلسَّادَةِ الْأَسْرِيَاءِ  
وَالْهَفْتَ يَا حُسَيْنَا  
يَا سَيِّدَ الشُّهَدَاءِ

٢٩

Their garments are torn  
Their hearts are in shock  
Their backs are weighted with grief  
Their lives are beset  
With hardship and suffering  
*I grieve for you, Husayn*  
*O prince of martyrs*

30

مُشَقَّقَاتِ الْجُرُوبِ  
مُحَمَّلَاتِ الْكُرُوبِ  
مُفَجَّعَاتِ الْقُلُوبِ  
مُقَاسِيَاتِ الْخُطُوبِ  
مِنَ الْبَلَاءِ وَالْعَنَاءِ  
وَالْهَفْتَ يَا حُسَيْنَا  
يَا سَيِّدَ الشُّهَدَاءِ

٣٠

I lament the children  
Who wail loudly and sob  
Who are bound with ropes  
With no one to save them  
—their fathers are dead

*I grieve for you, Husayn*

*O prince of martyrs*

31

لَهْفِي عَلَى أَطْفَالٍ يَبْكُونَ بِالْأَعْوَالِ  
قَدْ أُرِثُوا بِالْجِبَالِ لَيْسَ لَهُمْ مِنْ ثَمَالٍ  
لِغَيْبَةِ الْأَبَاءِ وَالْهَفْتَ يَا حُسَيْنَا  
يَا سَيِّدَ الشُّهَدَاءِ

٣١

I lament the young men  
From the family of the prophet  
Who fought Husayn's assailants  
With all their strength  
And gave their lives for him

*I grieve for you, Husayn*

*O prince of martyrs*

32

لَهْفِي لِأَهْلِ الْقُوَّةِ مِنْ أَهْلِ بَيْتِ النَّبُوَّةِ  
مُبَارِزِينَ بِقُوَّةِ دُونَ الْحُسَيْنِ عَدُوَّهُ  
فَدَوْهُ يَوْمَ الْلِقَاءِ وَالْهَفْتَ يَا حُسَيْنَا  
يَا سَيِّدَ الشُّهَدَاءِ

٣٢

I lament his loyal companions  
Those gallant and fierce  
Lions of combat  
Who were thrown to the earth  
And died fulfilling their pledge

*I grieve for you, Husayn*

*O prince of martyrs*

33

يَا لَهْفَتَاهُ لِصَحْبٍ لَهُ، كُفَاةٍ غُلِبَ  
أَسَادُ يَوْمِ الْحَرْبِ قَدْ صُرِعُوا فِي التُّرْبِ  
مُوفِينَ حَقَّ الْوَفَاءِ وَالْهَفْتَ يَا حُسَيْنَا  
يَا سَيِّدَ الشُّهَدَاءِ

٣٣

Of those radiant peers  
Some were killed by spears  
Others were hurled to the ground and slain  
Yet others had their throats cut  
On the searing sands of Taff

*I grieve for you, Husayn*

*O prince of martyrs*

34

فَمِنْ طُعَيْنِ جَرِيحٍ وَمِنْ شَهِيدِ طَرِيحٍ  
وَمِنْ قَتِيلِ ذَبِيحٍ صَلَّتِ الْجَيْنُ صَيِّحٍ  
فِي الظَّفِ بِالْصَّخْرَاءِ وَالْهَفْتَ يَا حُسَيْنَا  
يَا سَيِّدَ الشُّهَدَاءِ

٣٤

The martyrs who fought in God's path  
Were men of purity and bliss  
And generosity and virtue  
And excellence and benevolence  
Upright stalwarts, all

*I grieve for you, Husayn*

*O prince of martyrs*

35

يَتُو مِنْ شُهَدَاءِ أَطَائِبِ سَعْدَاءِ  
أَكَارِمِ فُضْلَاءِ أَمَاثِلِ نُبْلَاءِ  
فِي دِينِهِمْ حُنَفَاءِ وَالْهَفْتَ يَا حُسَيْنَا  
يَا سَيِّدَ الشُّهَدَاءِ

٣٥

Alas for that wraith of light—may my father be  
its ransom—That essence of the ages  
That house of the manifest lord  
That pure body which the evil legion's horses

Viciously trampled

*I grieve for you, Husayn*

*O prince of martyrs*

36

يَا بَائِي شَبَّحُ نُورٍ قَدْ كَانَ لُبُّ الدُّهُورِ  
وَبَيَّتْ رَبِّ الظُّهُورِ حَيُولُ تَوَمُّ بُورِ  
وَطِئَتْهُ بِاعْتِدَاءِ وَالْهَفَّتَا يَا حُسَيْنَا  
يَا سَيِّدَ الشُّهَدَاءِ

٣٦

Can a believer be consoled?  
Has there ever been a tragedy like this one?

Here is Husayn's head

Raised high on a spear

Where it gleams like the sun

*I grieve for you, Husayn*

*O prince of martyrs*

37

هَلْ مُؤْمِنٌ يَتَسَلَّى أَهْلَ كَهْذِي جُلَى  
رَأْسُ الْحُسَيْنِ مُعَلَّى عَلَى السِّنَانِ، تَجَلَّى  
لَا لَوُهُ كَذْكَاءِ وَالْهَفَّتَا يَا حُسَيْنَا  
يَا سَيِّدَ الشُّهَدَاءِ

٣٧

Alas, the Imam's head  
Lies in a basin before the enemy

Who sits on his throne

Mocking, wielding a cane

To strike those pearly teeth

*I grieve for you, Husayn*

*O prince of martyrs*

38

يَا لَهْفَتَا فِي الطَّسْتِ رَأْسُ إِمَامِ الْوَقْتِ  
وَالصِّدْقِ نَوَقِ التَّخْتِ يَنْكُتُ هُزْأً بِنَكْتِ  
تَغْرًا لَهُ ذَابْهَاءِ وَالْهَفَّتَا يَا حُسَيْنَا  
يَا سَيِّدَ الشُّهَدَاءِ

٣٨

Weep, O believers: The prophet weeps

The chaste lady weeps

Husayn's exalted father weeps

His noble brother weeps

All the prophets weep

*I grieve for you, Husayn*

*O prince of martyrs*

39

إِبْكُوا فَمَهَذَا الرَّسُولُ يَبْكِي وَهَذِي الْبَتُولُ  
وَذَا أَبُوهُ الْجَلِيلُ وَذَا أَخُوهُ النَّبِيلُ  
فِي زُرْمَرِ الْأَنْبِيَاءِ وَالْهَفَّتَا يَا حُسَيْنَا  
يَا سَيِّدَ الشُّهَدَاءِ

٣٩

Fāṭima Zahrā' weeps

The sky weeps

The earth weeps

The radiant religion weeps

Weep for him, O believers!

*I grieve for you, Husayn*

*O prince of martyrs*

40

فَاطِمَةُ الزَّهْرَاءِ تَبْكِيهِ، وَالْخَضْرَاءُ  
تَبْكِيهِ، وَالْغُبَرَاءُ وَالِدَعْوَةُ الْغُرَاءُ  
فَابْكُوهُ أَهْلُ الْوَلَاءِ وَالْهَفَّتَا يَا حُسَيْنَا  
يَا سَيِّدَ الشُّهَدَاءِ

٤٠

O legion of evil, may you be damned  
 You came together as one hand  
 To stab religion's heart  
 And the core pith  
 Of God's chosen saints  
*I grieve for you, Husayn*  
*O prince of martyrs*

41

يَا أُمَّةَ السَّوِّءِ تَبَا لَكُمْ ، عَدُوُّمُ الْبَا  
 لِقَتْلٍ مَنْ كَانَ قَلْبًا لِلدِّينِ ، بَلْ كَانَ لُبَا  
 مِنْ صَفْوَةِ الْأَصْفِيَاءِ وَالْهَفْتَ يَا حُسَيْنَا  
 يَا سَيِّدَ الشُّهَدَاءِ

٤١

O legion of evil, may you be cursed  
 You killed a soul  
 That was innocent and pure  
 And radiant  
 With heaven's light  
*I grieve for you, Husayn*  
*O prince of martyrs*

42

يَا أُمَّةَ السَّوِّءِ تَعَسَا لَكُمْ ، قَتَلْتُمْ نَفْسَا  
 نَزَكْتُ وَطَابَتْ عَرَسَا لَمْ تَمْ إِلَّا قُدْسَا  
 بِنُورِهَا الْوُضَاءِ وَالْهَفْتَ يَا حُسَيْنَا  
 يَا سَيِّدَ الشُّهَدَاءِ

٤٢

I call on you, incarnate proof of the merciful  
 lord Essence of the ages  
 Banner of the faith  
 Patron of the aspirer  
 Most generous benefactor  
*I grieve for you, Husayn*  
*O prince of martyrs*

43

يَا حُجَّةَ الرَّحْمَنِ يَا صَفْوَةَ الْأَرْهَامِ  
 يَا عِلْمَ الْإِيمَانِ يَا مُعْطِيَا لِلْأَمَانِ  
 يَا أَكْرَمَ الْكُرَمَاءِ وَالْهَفْتَ يَا حُسَيْنَا  
 يَا سَيِّدَ الشُّهَدَاءِ

٤٣

Your servant weeps for you  
 Your servant mourns for you  
 Your servant offers his life for you  
 The verse he has composed  
 Is a mark of his servitude  
*I grieve for you, Husayn*  
*O prince of martyrs*

44

عَبْدُكَ ذَا يَبْكِيكَ عَبْدُكَ ذَا يَرثِيكَ  
 عَبْدُكَ ذَا يَقْدِيكَ قَدْ قَالَ ذَا الشِّعْرِفِيكَ  
 آدَاءَ حَقِّ الْفِدَاءِ وَالْهَفْتَ يَا حُسَيْنَا  
 يَا سَيِّدَ الشُّهَدَاءِ

٤٤

I call on you, O just Imam  
 Grandson of the best of prophets  
 Son of the 'honeybees' sovereign'  
 I offer my life, my family, as your ransom  
 My mother, my father, my children  
*I grieve for you, Husayn*  
*O prince of martyrs*

45

يَا إِمَامَ الْعَدْلِ يَا سَبْطَ خَيْرِ الرُّسُلِ  
 يَا بَنَ أَمِيرِ النَّحْلِ فَذَتْكَ نَفْسِي وَأَهْلِي  
 أُمِّي ، أَبِي ، أَبْنَائِي وَالْهَفْتَ يَا حُسَيْنَا  
 يَا سَيِّدَ الشُّهَدَاءِ

٤٥

I call on you, Husayn's descendant  
 My protector and guardian  
 Incarnate proof of the glorious lord  
 Sanctuary for the wise  
 Refuge for the sincere  
 I grieve for you, Husayn

46

*O prince of martyrs*

يَا بَنَ الْحُسَيْنِ الشَّهِيدِ خَيْرَ رَقِيبٍ شَهِيدِ  
 حُجَّةَ رَبِّ مَجِيدِ عُمْدَةَ كُلِّ رَشِيدِ  
 يَامَلْجَأَ الْخُلَصَاءِ وَالْهَفْتَآ يَاحُسَيْنَا  
 يَا سَيِّدَ الشُّهَدَاءِ

٤٦

I beseech your benevolence, Imam of the Age  
 Be kind to your humble servant  
 Forgive his sins and draw him close  
 He has no haven but you  
 I call on you, cool shadow of the mighty lord  
 I grieve for you, Husayn

47

*O prince of martyrs*

يَا صَاحِبَ الْعَصْرِ لُطْفًا بِعَبْدِكَ الْقَبِيحَ عَطْفًا  
 عَفْوًا وَغَفْرًا وَزُلْفًا لَمْ يُلَفْ غَيْرَكَ كَهْفًا  
 يَا ظِلَّ ذِي الْكِبَرِيَاءِ وَالْهَفْتَآ يَاحُسَيْنَا  
 يَا سَيِّدَ الشُّهَدَاءِ

٤٧

God, bless Husayn  
 Honor him  
 Sanctify and exalt him  
 Grant him your gentlest mercy  
 As long as the raindrops fall  
 I grieve for you, Husayn

48

*O prince of martyrs*

لَهُمَّ صَلِّ وَسَلِّمْ عَلَى الْحُسَيْنِ وَكَرِّمْ  
 بَارِكْ عَلَيْهِ وَعَظِّمْ وَأَرْحِمْهُ رَبِّ تَرَحَّمْ  
 مَا أَهْلَ قَطْرُ السَّمَاءِ وَالْهَفْتَآ يَاحُسَيْنَا  
 يَا سَيِّدَ الشُّهَدَاءِ

٤٨

Bless too his grandfather and father  
 —who is your own visage—  
 His mother and brother  
 His companions and progeny  
 —so radiant and grand  
 I grieve for you, Husayn

49

*O prince of martyrs*

وَجَدِّهِ وَآبِيهِ وَجِهَ الْإِلَهِ الْوَجِيهِ  
 وَأُمِّهِ وَأَخِيهِ وَصَحْبِهِ وَبَنِيهِ  
 أَهْلَ السَّنَا وَالسَّنَاءِ وَالْهَفْتَآ يَاحُسَيْنَا  
 يَا سَيِّدَ الشُّهَدَاءِ

٤٩

I ask you in their name:  
 Dispel my hardships  
 Multiply my blessings  
 Transform all my flaws into virtues  
 O lord, hear my prayer!  
 I grieve for you, Husayn

50

*O prince of martyrs*

وَأَكْشِفْ بِهِمْ كُرْبَاتِي ضَاعِفْ بِهِمْ بَرَكَاتِي  
 بَدِّلْ بِهِمْ سَيِّئَاتِي جَمِيعَهَا حَسَنَاتِي  
 يَا رَبِّي اسْمَعْ دُعَائِي وَالْهَفْتَآ يَاحُسَيْنَا  
 يَا سَيِّدَ الشُّهَدَاءِ

٥٠



Maledictions on Yazīd  
And his helpers and his aides  
Cruel felons  
Who wronged the noble scions  
Of the house of Yāsīn  
*I grieve for you, Husayn*  
*O prince of martyrs*

وَالْعَنُ يَزِيدَ اللَّعِينَا وَنَاصِرًا وَ مُعِينَا  
لَهُ ، مِنْ الظَّالِمِينَ عَلَى بَنِي يَاسِينَ  
السَّادَةِ النَّجَبَاءِ وَالْهَفَّتَا يَاحُسَيْنَا  
يَاسِيدَ الشُّهَدَاءِ ٥١

