Zaynab Al-Hauraa (p); Grand-daughter of Prophet Muhammad ((p

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Sayedah Zaynab Al-Hauraa (peace be upon her) …. She was the granddaughter of Prophet Muhammad and Khadija, the daughter of Fatima az-Zahraa and Ali, the sister of the Youths of Paradise, Hassan and Hussein, and the beloved aunt of Imam Ali Zayn al Abideen (peace be upon them). A narration says that Zaynab's characteristics represented each of her family member: in her seriousness and calmness she was Khadija; in her modesty and pureness her mother Fatimah; in her meaningfulness, her father Imam Ali; in her restraint and capacity to endure, her brother Imam Hassan; and in courage and lion-heart, her brother Imam Hussein (peace be upon them).

Prophet Muhammad said to Fatima (peace be upon them), "My dear child, this child of mine, Zaynab, would be confronted with a thousand and one calamities and face serious hardships in Karbala." A poetic tribute is paid to her on the occasion of her birth anniversary Sha'ban 1:

In you a world is born,
Messenger of resistance is born.
A diver in the flood of blood is born,
After Karbala, a new Karbala is born.
In the ocean of blood a navigator is born.
Decked are the lanes, streets, squares of Damascus,
Under the curious gaze you will have to pass.
The ignorant eye, the strayed mind will learn
From you to turn from hell to heaven.
As you will pass from the streets
Guidance to the masses greets.
The forgotten Prophet will be recalled
The truth in your words will be appalled.
Zahra; you will recall to the people,
Ali; you will remind to the people,
The discarded Message of God in a purple
You put, in the court of Yazid and present to people.

How pleasing and pleasant its appearance!
And how amazing your endurance and patience!
Every down up and every up turns down
As you will move from town to town
You are a queen, blood of the martyrs your crown,
With you moves the Message and at you it is grown.
Where you be there the winds of truth are blown.
You are Karbala's mirror, in it the Qur'an is shown.
Your Mother behind the burning door, you witnessed;
Hasan, your brother, vomited liver, you witnessed,
Husain, your brother, in Karbala, you witnessed.
From childhood you acquainted with gloom,
Amidst the gloom your years attained bloom.
Bruited the message of blood far and wide
Brume (1) of blood vapoured, you were the guide.
You divaricated (2) the tyranny in its heart,
As the blood of martyrs to the sight you brought.
The populous Damascus sunk in the brine (3) of tears
The streets there in your words to Ali and Zahra still hears.
The Prophet you represented with pride and power,
The tyrant saddled with shame and fear.
The arid desert of unbelief distant with alarm
You turned it into vivid Islam full of charm.
The balm of breeze filled calm into the air,
You stood and stand high taking our care.
By your hands the drum of God beaten
By your permission will opened the door of heaven.
You neither a Prophet nor an Imam
But you to all stand a standard of norm.
You are the pride of Islam and Islam proud of you;
On the day of Judgement destinies depend on you.
In your custody is deposited the martyrs' blood,
Noah forgets his Ark before its astonishing flood.
In your voice all the prophets will demand

The tyrants where will hide from your command.
The amputated heads from your lap speak;
From beyond centuries echoes the squeak.
Long live your memory, O, Lady!
.Of diurnal (4) odour is your lily