

# English Nohay For Imam Husain (A.S) [1]: Baby is Slaughtered

---

<"xml encoding="UTF-8?>

## **Baby is Slaughtered**

*The Slaughter of a Baby Most Revered Ali Asghar ('a)*

*("Banu ke sheerquar ko haftum se pyaas hai")*

*Banu's son has had no water for days*

*His pulse is weak and his mother prays*

*No hope in sight of getting water or milk*

*Helpless, she lingers by his cradle in a daze*

*"Pray tell me, what shall I do now Ya Husain?"*

*The baby's eyes now roll back in pain"*

*"Oh Ya Ali, Ya Ali where can I go?"*

*I cannot watch my baby suffer so*

*How do I find a way to make him lives*

*Ya Ali he needs water, that I cannot give"*

*" Last night I saw him open his eyes*

*But today he lays still, doesn't move, doesn't cry"*

*Then everyone said, "Lets call the Imam*

*For God's sake somebody, go get the Imam*

*The baby is dying, go tell the Imam*

*His face is blue, his body calm"*

*"Taking Alder's body to lay it to rest*

*The Imam is on his way, with grief beset"*

*His face stained with the blood of His 18 year old*

*The Imam entered, His head bowed*

*And everyone led Him to the baby's crib*

*And showed Him the baby's still fingers and toes*

*"He barely breathes Oh Noble Prince" they cried*

*"Sometimes you would think he had already died"*

*At the head of the crib, the Prince knelt down*

*in the baby's ear He whispered, head bowed*

*Hearing the Prince's voice, the baby smiled*

*Toward Husain he extended his arms and glowed*

*"It's a miracle my father," Sakina cried  
"Oh mother, my brother has opened his eyes"  
The baby in His arms, the Prince left the camp  
And Death followed, eyeing them askance  
To shelter her baby from the midday sun  
The mother draped a sheet over the Imam's arms  
Holding Asghar close, Husain walked, head bowed  
in the arms of the heavens, a snow white cloud  
As He neared the lowly enemy, Husain paused  
Couldn't ask for water, couldn't utter the words  
with embarrassment He paled and His body tensed  
So He removed the sheet from the baby's face  
Head bowed, he said, "I've brought my son to you  
Seeking water Asghar now has come to you"  
Then He kissed His baby's parched lips and looked  
And whispered "My son I've said what I could  
There is nothing else to say now Oh my son  
maybe you can show them your dry, parched tongue"  
And the baby obeyed, licked his lips dry  
And Husain shuddered and looked up to the skies  
And as Husain looked to the heavens so  
The cursed Hurmula strung an arrow in his bow  
And aimed the arrow at Asghar's throat  
Pulling taut the bow, let the arrow go  
As the tiny neck the arrow gashed  
Asghar lurched and clung to his dad  
A six month baby and an arrows force  
Blood poured from the tiny, thirsty throat  
Once more he lurched and then went still  
His cap fell to the ground and he breathed his last  
The tiny fists curled over his chest, body numb  
A minute ago he was sucking his thumbs  
And the desolate Father, watched His son  
saw the devastation the enemy's arrow had done*

*And watched the baby in the throes of death  
The tiny hands groping at the injured neck  
The lifeless eyes rolling back in the head  
Blood gushing forth from the battered neck  
Gently pulling out the arrow from the neck  
Husain lifted His son toward the heaven and said  
"My God please accept my last sacrifice  
For your cause, in your path, my son is now dead"  
"Little in age but magnanimous in deeds  
"Thus are the children of Allah's creed*