# [English Nohay For Imam Husain (A.S) [2

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***The Journey of Imam Husain (‘a) Leaving Medina***

*("Ghar Sejab Behre Safar Sayyid-a Aalam Nikle")*

*When the Noble Prince left His home*

*His eyes were teary and His heart did mourn*

*As friends and sons followed behind*

*He cried out "Destiny, here I come."*

*"I've heard the cries of Zahra all night*

*The forsaken wilderness is in my sight"*

*Then towards the Prophet's tomb He glanced*

*He bowed His head in a respectful stance*

*Then approaching the tomb, He knelt and bowed*

*"Do I have Your permission to leaves" He asked*

*"Today I depart from this home and this land*

*Your grandson leaves this country's sands"*

*"Though mankind sleeps with peace in its homes*

*This peace is denied to me alone*

*The cry of my family breaks my heart*

*Where must we go with babes in our arms?"*

*"Neither jungle nor city can shelter me now*

*To send me to my grave, they've taken a vow'*

*"The enemy swords await my neck*

*On my friends and family havoc will wreck*

*You had warned my Mother of these days my Lord*

*She had cried and Her heart had filled with dread"*

*"But pray do not forget this forlorn Grandson*

*Who'll be beheaded under the blazing sun"*

*"In this heat, even birds stay close to their nests*

*it's the month of fasting, but leave I must*

*For danger lurks wherever I stop*

*My children or family can find no rest"*

*"My Lord, I've tired of living thus*

*Come, take me, hide me in Your grave's dust"*
*Inconsolable He wept at His Grandfather's tomb*
*The tomb did tremble and darkness loomed*
*Then the voice of the Prophet filled the air*
*"My noble son, your foes are doomed"*
*"Forgetting how much I hold you close*
*They seek to kill you, your wretched foes"*
*"My patient, my noble, my pious Grandson*
*My virtuous, my truthful, my brave Grandson*
*Woe to the people who forsake You now*
*My honor, my pride, my dearest Grandson"*
*"I'll be Your company, forever and now*
*Abandoning my tomb with You I will go"*
*Heartened, the Grandson rose and bowed*
*And His noble sister cried out loud*
*"Let us go my Brother to our Mother's grave*
*To bid farewell and kiss the shroud"*
*"Why must I weep here in the palanquin?*
*With strangers around and in this din?"*
*So He led His family to Zahra's grave*
*And Zainab alighted at a somber pace*
*And they bowed and kissed their mother's tomb*
*And around Him He felt His Mother's embrace*
*And He heard His Mother weep at His plight*
*"O Mother," He cried, "Bid me farewell tonight"*
*"Not yet," She cried,,, I must see Abbas,,*
*"Then I will bid you farewell soon alas!*
*He's born of another, but my son no less"*
*Hearing this Husain called "Hither Abbas"*
*"Do not proceed we leave not yet*
*My mother summons you to her grave instead"*
*Hearing this Abbas slowed his horse's pace*
*And came and knelt at the foot of the grave*
*And Zahra cried "My beloved son"*

*"I leave Husain's safety up to you beware!"*

*"You are a friend to Husain in these lonely times*

*Farewell, protect him from his enemies' designs*