

# English Nohay For Imam Husain (A.S) [6]: Qasim: The Pride and Joy

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## ***Imam Hasans Pride and Joy Most Revered Qasim ('a)***

*(" Zaqmee jo run mein Qasim a gulpayrahan hua")*

*When in the battle of Karbala Qasim fell from his mount*

*Blood soaked his garments, that became his shroud*

*The heavens shook with the Prophet's mournful cries*

*And the army's gleeful cries could be heard loud*

*They shouted " We've trampled the garden of Husain*

*Come soldiers, douse the light of Hasan's lamp"*

*Upon hearing the shouts, to Abbas Husain turned*

*And said "For Qasim now we must mourn.?"*

*The battle is over, Qasim's fate is sealed*

*Death's shadow now approaches the child of Hasan"*

*"Call for Ali Akbar now, let us pray, let us pray*

*Bare headed we will pray that death be stayed"*

*Toward Kaaba then the imam faced*

*To the heavens He looked, His hands raised*

*And cried out "Oh my wondrous, almighty God*

*From the hands of the enemy may Qasim be saved"*

*"You are the protector of all, Oh merciful God*

*Save the fatherless child from the evil swords"*

*And everyone prayed for Qasim, Hasan's son*

*in grief Zainab's hair was hastily undone*

*And Banu's heart trembled and wept for Qasim*

*And his mother cried "Tell me, how is my son?"*

*with shock, Abid's feverish body turned cold*

*And Qasim's little brother paled as fear took hold*

*While adults and children in the camp prayed*

*The army surrounded Qasim, ready to slay*

*Their arrows and spears blocked his way, circled him*

*And thousands of swords flashed in the air  
His face flushed, chest riddled with wounds  
Blood dripped from his body, like sweat at high noon  
He leaned over his horse, weak and giddy with thirst  
Then a deadly arrow his chest pierced  
The evil Sheesh stabbed a spear into his heart  
As Qasim fell, at his back an arrow lurched  
Tariq's spear assaulted, Qasim cried out in pain  
"Oh Imam, I've fallen, Oh come now dear Husain"  
With Zulfikaar in hand, Husain charged at the field  
Seeing Him, the evil army trembled and keeled  
In terror the soldiers scattered, their horses neighed  
The killers panicked and fled, took to their heels  
As the army took flight, trampled and rushed  
With the hooves of a thousand horses, Qasim's was crushed  
When Husain reached Qasim, what a sight He saw  
His lips parched with thirst, with pain his body raw  
Grief-stricken Husain wrapped Qasim in His arms  
Qasim's soul departed, not a breath did he draw  
Husain gathered Qasim's body, the limbs crushed, torn  
Marked with hooves the body of the thirteen year old*