

173. The fairies lost the Caucasus,²⁴⁵ the Jinn their home. Lions were estranged from the desert, the wolves from the jungle, and the pythons from their abode. The royal hawk and the partridge²⁴⁶ hid in one place with their heads together. The animals of the deep flew up and fell down on the islands. The mountains huddled up, covering their heads with their skirt. The white eagle dropped its feathers, shaking and trembling.
174. There came an invisible voice: 'Long live Shabbir (Husain).' This sword was (made) for his hand; long may he live! This glory, this battle; this honour; long may he live! He has shown the effect of his mother's milk. Long may he live! God has made you victorious over creation. Indeed, the end of the battle depends on you.
175. Enough! Desire conflict no more, Husain, enough! Rest, take a few breaths in the air, Husain, enough! The horse is panting in the heat, Husain, enough! It is time for the afternoon prayer, enough, Husain, enough! No-one fights thus, thirsty, in the throng. Now, you must attend to the welfare of the community.
176. 'I obey you',²⁴⁷ said the king, and put his sword in his sheath. The army recoiled, and on the day of judgement came in the world. Then the rebels fixed their arrows in their bows. Then they unfurled the banners, which they had rolled up, upon the standards. The helpless Husain was surrounded by those intent on cruelty. Your Lord²⁴⁸ was surrounded by a hundred thousand cavalrymen.
177. From the facing (enemy) ten thousand arrows were aimed at his breast. Several hundred arrows struck his chest at one time. Spears transfixed his side, arrows pierced his breast. Ten arrows hit him for every four that he pulled from his body. Arrow-shafts were in the body of the Shadow of God,²⁴⁹ as spines in the body of a porcupine.

245. The traditional home of the fairies.

246. The hawk and the partridge are natural enemies, but were so afraid that they took refuge together.

247. labbeyk - an Arabic word.

248. mawla twmhara - here Anis is addressing the crowd in the majlis.

249. zylle ylahi - an epithet of Husain.

178. Arrows fell upon Husain from all four directions. Spear-men rushed down upon Husain. The assassins with daggers drawn were upon Husain. Such pain upon Husain, who was nurtured in the lap of the Prophet. There was no-one to take out the arrows of tyranny. He fell, and there was no-one to help him up.
179. Among tens of thousands was one (who was) helpless and afflicted, alas! alas! The honour of the son of Fatima, alas! alas! The spears and the side of Shabbir, alas! alas! Those arrows steeped in poison, alas! alas!²⁵⁰ The dissident soldiers of the army, full of anger, emptied the contents of their quivers²⁵¹ upon Husain.
180. Those who fled and ran away during the battle were (now) around (Husain). One stony-hearted one hurled a stone at his forehead from close quarters. From the blow, the complexion of the grandson of the Prophet became pale. His hand was on his forehead when an arrow-shaft pierced his throat. The Lord('s hand) left his forehead and clutched his throat. The arrow came out, breaking his blessed throat.
181. It is written that the cruel arrow had three heads. His mouth opened and his neck fell back as his breathing stopped. He pulled the shaft away from his neck with tearful eyes, and, twisting (his neck) took out the arrow heads from the back. As the blood spurted, the breath which was coming out stopped. When he put the palm of his hand under the wound, it filled up.
182. There was an enemy of the King - A'var Salami²⁵² - a foe of the religion. As he brought his sword down on (Husain's) head, his forehead was split. Sinān, the son of Uns,²⁵³ plunged his spear of rancour into his heart. One cursed-one buried a shaft in his stomach and ran off. As the Lord tottered on his horse and sighed, the grave²⁵⁴ of the Refuge of the Prophethood trembled.

250. bwjhana - here 'to steep in', 'to soak'.

251. Note the play on serkaʃ and tarkaʃ.

252. A soldier of Yazīd's army.

253. Ibn Uns - the son of Uns, whose name was Sinān. synan means 'a spear'.

254. zerih - lit. 'the balustrade around the grave enclosure'.

183. Husain falls now from his horse - oh calamity! His holy foot has slipped out of the stirrup - oh calamity! His side has been torn open by a dagger - oh calamity! He has dropped in a swoon; his turban has fallen from his head - oh calamity! The Quran²⁵⁵ has fallen headlong on the ground from the bookstand of the bridle. The walls of the Ka'ba have collapsed. The empyrean has fallen.
184. From the wilderness came the voice of Fatima Zahra: 'The community has robbed me. Ah Muhammad! At this time who will discharge the duties of friendship? Alas, alas! Such cruelty and the leader of both worlds! There are nineteen hundred wounds on the lacerated body.²⁵⁶ Zainab, come out! Husain is writhing in the dust.
185. Lifting the curtain (of the tent), the daughter of Ali came out bare-headed. Her legs were trembling; her back was bent; she was bathed in the blood of the heart. Beating her head, she called out in all directions 'Oh Karbala, tell! Where is your guest? Alas! Now this thirsty one²⁵⁷ cannot lift her feet. Hold my arm, and bring me to his corpse.'
186. 'At this time in my eyes the whole world is dark. Oh people! For God's sake, show me the way. Where lies the Sayyid (Husain) writhing? Alas, where is our mother? In which direction is the place where the grandson of the Prophet has been slaughtered? The flames of her sighs blaze from her heart and soul. 'Who is it that moans and mentions my name?'
187. Who was it that called: 'Oh sister, do not come this way? The time of departure is near at hand. For God's sake, go home!' The boat of the family of God's Prophet is sinking. Oh Murtaza (Ali), save the ship of the exiles. Do not abandon Husain in the evil desert. Ah! Fatima, cover Husain in a mantle.

255. I.e. Husain himself.

256. Traditionally Husain is said to have suffered 1900 wounds.

257. I.e. Zainab herself.

188. The daughter of Ali walked around, bare headed, beating her brow. On the other side, the throat of the light of Ali's eyes was cut. Although the evil host forbade Zainab, still she ran on, clutching her breast. As she reached the place of slaughter, in spite of the obstacles, she saw the head of Husain stuck on the tip of a spear.
189. Going under the spear, the grief-stricken women cried out: 'Oh Sayyid, I am devoted to your face streaming with blood. Alas! Alas! My brother! The blade of a knife has cut your throat. You forgot your sister, oh memorial of the Lion of God (Ali). Bless me! The house has been plundered in the place (of the fulfilment of) the promise.²⁵⁸ His lips are still moving, repeating the name of God.
190. 'My brother! Your sister greets you. Answer! The daughter of Haidar is screaming. Answer! With your dry tongue, for the sake of the Prophet, answer! How can the afflicted Zainab go on living? Answer! There is no remedy for the pain of separation save death. There is no-one now to support me in the world!'
191. 'My brother! How can I bring you back? What shall I do. With what words can I convince my heart? What shall I do? To whom can I call for help? To whom shall I cry? What shall I do? This town belongs to strangers. Where shall I go? What shall I do? The world has been completely destroyed. It has become a wilderness. Where shall I sit? My home is a house of mourning.
192. Alas, Alas! Your sister did not die before you! My brother, tell me what happened under the (onslaught of the) dagger.' There came a voice: 'Do not ask what has happened to me. A hundred thanks. What came to pass, happened for the best. My head has been cut off. I have been released from tragedy. If there is (any wound) it is only the wound of being separated from you.'

258. vadagah, i.e. Karbala, because in his childhood, Husain promised Muhammad that he would save his followers.

193. 'Now the evil army will come to plunder the house. Utter nothing with your tongue save thanks to the Creator. When the tyrants set fire to the tent, look after my orphan daughter, Sakina. That broken-hearted girl is tired of life. Do not let anyone put a noose around her neck.

194. Enough, Anis. Your limbs are shaking with weakness. May these few verses remain a monument in the world. Yet in weakness what lofty verses have come from the pen. The words please the world; the verses please kings. May this harvest and this assembly of mourning remain a memorial. They are the tumults of old age; the spring-like pleasure of autumn.