

There's a man by the name Abbas son of Ali
His mother a noble woman Umal baneen
What happened to him on the day of ashura
A tragic tale that breaks even the coldest of hearts
Abbas was sent to the Euphrates for water
Ordered not to fight yet he became a martyr

He refused to quench his thirst, his soul remained calm
The enemy came sneakily and severed his right arm
I protect my deen, the enemy he addressed
As if that wasn't enough they severed his left
How did you fight with no arms and a flag to carry?
What happened next sends shivers down anyone's body

Then the cowards aimed and fired a swarm of arrows
Piercing your eyes, legs, forehead, a sight of sorrow
Then came an arrow to your chest, piercing your heart
With one last cry "brother Hussain" did you depart
With your death Abbas, the great flag fell to the floor
As Zainab watched she cried "My Abbas is no more!"

Your body butchered, on a spear your head was placed
Paraded through kufa and sham, hatred you faced
Onto medina what do we tell your mother?
The loss of four brave sons and Hussain she suffers
Forever mourning after being told of this scene
Proclaiming that she is no longer Umal baneen

The poet Sura Ali requests your duas.