

Oh Shia remember me
When you drink, when you're thirsty
Don't forget my tragedy
Martyred to let you be free

People claimed they were ready
When I called they betrayed me
Fearing death and Yazid's army
In truth they were cowardly

Those that remained faithfully
Knew we'd attain victory
Standing with truth and their deen
The all fought courageously

Let's not forget my family
My father smiles so proudly
The loss of my son Ali
Pains me particularly

I continued patiently
Knowing Allah was pleased with me
After all He's given me
My strive won't suffice equally

Struck with more calamity
They treat Zainab abhorrently
And the remaining family
No one to help, nowhere to flee

Why don't they speak out loudly?
On the injustice that they see?
These are the children of Ali
And the Prophet's progeny

Oh Shia learn this from me
Whilst you await the Mahdi
Support him whole-heartedly
Don't succumb to the worldly

The poet Sura Ali requests your duas.