

Yal Hassan

The grandson of the Prophet was slain

Son to Fatima brother of Hussain

Ja3da bint Ashath we curse her name

Till this day we remember it with pain

To be Yazids wife she killed u then

How can u compare him with Hassan

On this day we remember your death

And how you lived your life till your last breath

Oh did the poison make your throat dry

Was it cold as you were about to die

We won forget your pain on that day

Your actions and what you had to say

How it must have felt the passing of life

Knowing that your killer was your wife

Killed by poison feeling your life wain

Slowly dying feeling so much pain

Hear us oh imam we still recall

The day on which our hero would fall

After your death there were more sorrows
Upon your coffin they showered arrows
You wished to be buried near your granddad
Yet even this request you never had
Our second imam in this time
We remember a terrible crime

The Poet Saeed Alhakeem asks for your dua