Imam Hassan Muharram 2024

Upon the sands where shadows whisper so low, A tale of sorrow does drape the evening glow. Imam Hassan, a noble heart, down he fell, With cruelest hands, a bitter fate did befell.

Oh Mujtaba, Oh Mujtaba What we lost when you fell oh brother Oh Mujtaba

Betrayed by such close kin whose greed knew no shame, A chalice filled with poison did bear his name. In gardens lush, where fragrant blooms did reside, The scent of treachery was there vengeful tide.

For the Dunya, For the Dunya They would kill their imam Hassan For the Dunya

His cries echo disturbing the silent night, And darkness feasts upon the dim fading light. The stars above, in a mournful tribute gleam, For Hasan's spirit is lost is this a dream.

We hear his cries, We hear his cries His poisoned cries, his poisoned cries We hear his cries

Caring soul, who welcomed each and every guest. And yet bore the weight of worlds upon his chest, Every single word, he stitched our hearts anew, A tapestry of wilayah through and through

Our Imam, Our imam
Our (R) allegiance lies with Hassan
Our Imam

Poison's touch, the treachery will they confess Spilled from the hand, of the marriage you had blessed His noble blood, a river running so deep, Yet, through our grief, his legacy we do keep.

Your blood poisoned, Your blood poisoned Now coarsing through your holy veins Your blood poisoned

As we mourn some others they do celebrate, They do laugh and jeer and spread cheer at your fate They are in love with the fleeting dunyas trick So they put your brothers head upon a stick

The injustice, The injustice Heaven's princes treated like this The injustice

Oh Yaqub cried for a son who had not died Tonight we cry for the prince of shias pride Weep and let the bitter sorrow blind our eyes, For in his sacrifice, our spirit will rise

May I be blind, May I be blind I Weep and weep for My Hassan May I be blind

The poet and the team at Islam poems asks kindly for your recitation of Surat al Fatiha for their families

