

Hussain Stands looking for his family

By Saeed Alhakeem

Chorus

Hussain stands looking for his family

Hussain in Karbala now feels lonely

Hussain هل من ناصر ينصرني

Where are all the rest

Is there no one left

Am I now alone

Stands looking for his family

Always by my side
My heart and my sight
Where are you Abbas
My daughter now does ask

No arms by his side
Arrow in his eye
Why's your mouth so dry
So close next to furat

Son of my mother
Oh my brother
Without you now
What am I to do

Oh Ali's son
Now you have gone
My own backbone
Has broken in two

You were my plan
My right hand man
And without you
I am alone (brother)

Abbas, you were my left hand and my right
Abbas, without you alone I must go fight

Who will bring water
For my young daughter
Abbas they've slaughtered

Stands looking for his family

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All I heard were cries
And Asghars dry eyes
There were no goodbyes
They took my son from me

Ali I do miss
His young cheeks I'd kiss
I'd stroke his small head
And held his neck that bled

A drop to drink
I wouldn't think
With an arrow
They took his neck

What have they done
To my baby son
Water instead
Has become red

Held in my arms
He came to harm
No time to grieve
Ali Al asghar (my son)

Ali, they took my youngest child from me
Ali, his small body i did bury

I did what I could
Facing them I stood
Quenched by his own blood

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What I could not take
Caused my heart to break
Too much to handle
A boys broken sandal

Nothing I could say
Qasim how could they
Oh my brothers son
Look at what they have done

You were so brave
At such an age
You charged at them
Heroically

You had no fear
Just like Ali
They charged at you
With no Mercy

And as you lay
On the hard earth
You spoke to me
Death sweeter than (Honey)

Qasim You were more than a son to me
Qasim son of Hassan Son of Ali

A young boy they'd kill
Hassan in your will
Your shoes he did fill

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But there is someone
In their tents remains
What will happen to
The sister of Hussain

He turns one last time
Zainab on his mind
With tears starts to choke
Sees all the flames and smoke

Abbas's Arm
And all the harm
Nothing compares
To all of sham

To you sister
What they will do
My dear zainab
I can not bare

Ill take arrows
Ill take the spears
And horses hooves
Instead of you

Oh my zainab
May all the pain
On me increase
Just for your ease

Zainab I would die for a thousand years
Zainab What they will do will be much worse

The thought I can't bare
Under the sons glare
One chain they'd all share

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The Poet Saeed Alhakeem asks for your dua