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Imam Husain's Beloved Brother and Standard Bearer of the Army Most Revered Abbas ibn Ali ('a)

("Jab Ibne Bu Turaab ba rue zameen gira")
When to the ground the son of Abu Turaab fell
With arms severed, the brave warrior fell
And the banner he held fell with him to the ground
And Fatima cried out as he lay still
"Any moment now, behead him they will
A living symbol of Ali, surely they will kill"
The Prince heard the cry, to the battlefield He ran
In His haste, He stumbled falling often to the sands
His legs trembled, He grabbed His young son's arm
And cried "O Akbar, lead the way in this new land"
"Pray, move the crowding army from the river barks
Lead me to my brother, the delay I cannot stand"
"Oh Akbar, my life is ruined alas
My back is broken, this pain shall never pass
It's as though I've lost my Father once again
Oh the pain, like a knife, cuts right through my heart"
"Condolences to my Father, turn me toward Najaf
And let go my hands so I can mourn thus"
Akbar led Husain to His brother's side
And Husain saw that Abbas was ready to die
But hearing Husain's wails, Abbas opened his eyes
Akbar showed Husain the severed arms by his side
Seeing the severed arms, Husain fell to the ground

And hugged His brother, looking helplessly around
And Abbas stirred and opened his eyes
And cried, "Oh my Lord, have I lost my sight?
Why don't I see you, where are you Oh my Lord"
Husain said, "My brother in your stead I will die"
"Look at my plight, as you depart from me
This parting of brothers, how can it be? "
"Your beloved Sakina waits for you by the camps
And the thirsty children surround her, holding hands
And Sakina counsels them patience and says
"Look at Ali Asghar, toward the door his glance"
"For three days there's no water in the camps
My Ammu will come soon from the river banks"
But Abbas answered, "My Imam I depart
It is my will though that once I've passed
Please leave my body on the shores of Furat
Here will be my grave, that's a wish of my heart"
"Do not carry my body back to the camps
Hyder's son will stay forever on the banks."
"May I make another wish, Oh my beloved Lord?
I wish the ladies not leave their abode
And Sakina not see my injured body so
And a last dying wish grant to me my God"
"That your presence, Oh Imam illumine my grave
And your cloak be my shroud, it's a wish I crave"
So Husain draped Abbas in His cloak
"Are you happy my brother?" He asked tear-soaked
" But the army will rob you of this cloak tonight
You won't have it for long, such is destiny's stroke"
"The enemy will loot everything tonight
Without chadors, our women will caulk in daylight"
Hearing this Abbas shuddered and opened his eyes
On the Imam's feet he rested his sight
In the throes of death, then he glanced at Husain
Dread at Husain's words now in his dying eyes
Then Abbas went still as Husain watched
A brother lost his life as a brother watched

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