

The Night of “Labbayk”



Hazrat Ali Asghar (PBUH)

كَبِيرٌ
عَسِينٌ

بِسْمِ اللَّهِ الرَّحْمَنِ الرَّحِيمِ

وَ إِذَا الْمَوْؤُودَةُ سُئِلَتْ بِأَيِّ ذَنْبٍ قُتِلَتْ

*“And when the buried infant is asked,
for what sin was she killed?”*

(Surah at-Takwir, Verses 8–9)





The Imam walked past the tents:

“O Muslim ibn Aqil! O Hani ibn Urwah! O Zuhayr! O Burayr!

Why do I call your names and receive no reply?”

Suddenly, time stopped... heads lowered...

No one remained in the tents.

The sorrowful cry of the Master rose:

“Is there anyone to help the family of Mohammad,
for the sake of God?”



لبیک حسین

The Imam's plea pierced the hearts of those in the tents...

But one could no longer bear it—Ali, the son of Ali...

He had inherited the spirit of Ali.

Like his brother Ali Akbar, he could not bear his father's
loneliness.

He tore the binding of his cradle and threw himself out...

He cried and cried, trying to reach his father's ears—

To say: "Ali is still in your army."

He comforted his father's heart,

Not knowing what flame he had just sparked...

For do these enemies show mercy?



لبیک حسین

The Imam called for his Zaynab:
"My sister, bring me my infant son,
Let me see him and say farewell..."

Lady Zaynab returned with little Ali in her arms...

Ali, whose eyes had sunk from intense crying,
His stomach stuck to his back from hunger and thirst,
His lips cracked and parched...



لبیک حسین

The Imam took the child in his arms—
Perhaps their hearts would soften at his thirst...
So he raised his son up on his hands...
And cursed be 'Umar ibn Sa'd who turned to Harmala and said:
“Can't you see the whiteness of the child's throat?”
May God's curse be upon Harmala—
He shot... and before the Imam could finish his words,
An arrow flew... and blood gushed in the father's arms...
And the heavens throbbed with the blood of Ali...



لبیک حسین

And the father...
Oh, the anguish of a father who saw son after son
Fly away before his very eyes...
But Ali Asghar...
He pressed the blood-soaked cradle to his chest
And went behind the tents...
With the tip of a dagger, he began digging a grave...
From behind him came a trembling voice:
“Wait... wait, O son of Zahra... my master... let me see my
Asghar one last time...”
And the moment when a father feels shame...



لبیٰ حسین

This is how one must respond to the Imam's call for help.
Even before the Imam utters a word, we must say "Yes"...

Like Ali Asghar in the cradle...

And like Muhsin ibn Ali... in his mother's womb.

