

Visual Narration Ziyarat Nahiya

Characters

Narrator

Imam Mahdi (ATFS)

Imam Husain (A)

Ali Akbar

Bibi Zainab (A)

Bibi Sakina (A)

Bibi Umme Kulthoom

Imam Zainul Abideen (A)

Ali Mahziyar

Youth

Narrator:

AODHUBILLAH I MINASH SHAITAANIR RAJEEM

BISMILLAHIR RAHMANIR RAHEEM

RABBISH SHRAHLI SADREE WA YASSIRLEE AMRI, WAHLUL UQDATAM MIL LISAANI YAFQAHU QAWLI

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اللَّهُمَّ ارْنِي الْبَلْعَةَ الرَّشِيدَةَ
وَالْغُرَّةَ الْحَمِيدَةَ
وَأَكْحُلْ نَاطِرِي بِنَظَرَةٍ مِنِّي
إِلَيْهِ
وَعَجِّلْ فَرَجَهُ

Ya Abas Saleh, Our salutations and condolences to U, O Imam of our time, Imam Hujjat (atfs), you are weeping over the great calamities and momentous afflictions of your forefathers.

We are feeling so lonely and upset without you Ya Mawla. We await your re-appearance impatiently.

Is it possible that one day we will hear the sada “Ana baqiyatullah”

Are our deeds today such, that we can be confident that our Imam-al-Asr, our Wali-ul-Amr, is pleased and satisfied with us?

Then why is Imam lamenting?

Mein ye nahin kehta ke mujhay pyaar nahin hai,
Faryaad tumhari koi baikar nahin hai;
Sunta hun, tarhapta hun, par majboor hun mein bhi,
Aaney se agarchay mujhay inkaar nahin hai;
Mein aaj hi aajaun, mujhay aar nahin hai,
Lekin mera lashker abhi tayyar nahin hai.

Imam Hasan al Askari’s (as) life was not in peace from childhood. It was spent either under house arrest or in prison. From time to time he was taken to Baghdad, questioned and put in prison there. However he had staunch companions, one such person was Ali ibn Ibrahim Mahziyar.

Even after the birth of Imam Mahdi, his identity was kept hidden except from a few well-trusted companions.

When our 11th Imam passed away, Imam Mahdi (atfs) was only 5 years old, and at this tender age, he undertook responsibilities of Imam and went into Ghaiba.

Ali ibn Mahziyar had never seen our 12th Imam but he knew about his presence and occultation, and he yearned to meet Imam. He used to go for hajj every year in the hope of meeting Imam (atfs), he sees us but we don’t see him. The Imam recognises us but we do not recognise him.

Ali ibn Mahziyar wanted to see the Imam and repeatedly missed the opportunity.

Ali: I have done 20 Hajjs and yet I have not been blessed with the ziyarat of my Imam. What is it that keeps me away from my Imam? What actions of mine are stopping me from seeing the Imam? Yabna Zahra guide me so I can perfect myself for your ziyarah? This year, I will not go for Hajj, I do not think I qualify to be granted the blessing to see the Imam.)

(lie down on stage as if asleep)

Voice: Son of Mahziyar this year you must go for hajj as surely you will find who you have been seeking.
X 2

Ali: Who was that? Was that a dream, where did the voice come from? The dream feels so real and there was a message for me in the dream. My Imam is calling me; he is the 'sun behind the clouds'. Oh the flower of Nargis have I finally qualified to be granted the right to visit you? Oh Allah, when will the sunrise so I can begin my preparations for hajj.

Narrator: He joins the first caravan he can find and travels with them. This caravan goes for all the ziyaarah first before heading for hajj. They arrive in the holy land of Iraq and at Masjid –e – Sehla Ali is anxiously and eagerly seeking the Imam

Masjid-e-Sehla:

Ali: I look for you here my Imam in Masjid e Sahla.

بِنَفْسِي أَنْتَ مِنْ مُغَيَّبٍ لَمْ يَخُلْ مِنَّا بِنَفْسِي أَنْتَ مِنْ نَارِحٍ مَا نَرَحَ عَنَّا

إِلَى مَتَى أَحَارُ فِيكَ يَا مَوْلَايَ؟ وَ إِلَى مَتَى وَ أَيُّ خِطَابٍ أَصِفُ فِيكَ وَ أَيُّ

نَجْوَى؟ عَزِيْزٌ عَلَيَّ أَنْ أَجَابَ دُونَكَ وَ أَنَاغِي

هَلْ إِلَيْكَ يَا بَنَ أَحْمَدَ سَبِيلٌ فَتُلْقَى

I eagerly long for you who is out of sight, but has not forsaken us. May I be sacrificed fir you, you appear far, but are never far from us.

And until when will I cry for you of my master? With what words of praise should I address you? When will this separation come to an end?

Oh Son of Ahmed, is there any way through which I can meet you? When will I be able to sit in your company?

MARSIYAH

Kerbala:

Narrator: He travels to Najaf al Ashraf, Kufa and finally arrives at the land of the ultimate sacrifice, Kerbala. He weeps bitterly at the door of babul Hawajj and Aba abadillah.

Ali: Recite Ziyarat from Ziyarat Ashura (Assalamu alayka ya aba abdillah....)

Ya aba abdullilah, I knock on your door. My eyes long to meet the avenger of your sacrifice.

أَيْنَ الطَّالِبُ بِدُحُولِ الْأَنْبِيَاءِ وَ أَبْنَاءِ الْأَنْبِيَاءِ

أَيْنَ الطَّالِبُ بِدَمِ الْمَقْتُولِ بِكَرْبَلَاءَ

Oh my Imam, you are present here in Kerbela, you cry tears of blood. Oh the one burdened with the trench of Khuli. Oh the one whose heart is wounded because of the tribulations of Zaynab. Oh the one who mourns for Qassim son of Hassan. Oh the lamenter of Akber, the flower from the garden of Laila.

Oh the one worried for the standard holding hand of the water bearer. Oh aba saleh, I await you, I want to join your army.

MARSIYAH:

Masjid-e-Jamkaran

Narrator: The caravan travels to the land of Toos. Ali Ibne Mahziyar visits the holy shrines in Mashad and Qum desperately seeking to meet his Imam, but this is not to be. On a Tuesday night he travels to Masjid-e-Jamkaran with hope in his heart.

Ali: (Writing ariza)

I write to you with tears of distress, oh the beloved one of Askari. Oh the master of longing, oh the master of loneliness. I am helpless and I am sinful. You are not headless of my life affairs and I am ashamed of my deeds. They are not worthy of being placed before you.

Ya aba saleh, you have said that you seek us for Allah's sake, but we should seek you for our benefit. Oh you the last luminous light of the household of the Holy Prophet. Let me not be the reason of your tears. Let me not be the reason of your prolonged absence.

My heart is longing for none but you. Oh my Imam, my prayer, my qunnut, my sajdah are meaningless without my acceptance of your leadership. I turn to you and ask you to pray for me, so that I may be blessed with your ziyarah.

MARSIYAH

Madina:

Narrator: Finally the caravan leaves for Madina, repeatedly he visits the shrine of the holy prophet but still he is not granted the ziyarah of the Imam. He goes to Baqee and weeps and cries to Allah to grant him the blessing of seeing his Imam, but was in despair.

Ali: Oh the hope of the poor and lonely ones, where are you? Oh the light of the grave of Zahra, where are you? Oh the manifestation of Taha, let me see you. Let me see you oh aba Saleh. Yabna Zahra, I am here at that hidden grave of your mother and I bessech you in her name, bless me with your ziyarah.

MARSIYAH

Mecca:

Narrator: With sadness and grief he departs for Mecca. Finally he arrives in Mecca, he goes into l'tikaf in the Masjid with hope of meeting the Imam. Hajj begins and ends and throughout all the manasiq he is in a state of dua and almost despair as it appears that this hajj he is going to miss the opportunity once again to meet the Imam.

The dream may have been an indication that he had qualified to meet the Imam but perhaps he had done something to disqualify himself and therefore he had been deprived of that opportunity, but he was convinced that the dream was true.

Ibne Mahziyar is in masjid-ul-Haram beseeching Allah one final time, when he notices a young man, dressed in white, beautiful and radiant.

Ali: Oh Allah, You are the remover of all grief, pain and sorrow. So help me oh helper of those who seek help. Oh Allah, I am your eager servant and would like to see your representative. One who will remind me of you and your Prophet and whom you have created as our saviour and defender.

I shall soon be returning home and I have not met your hujjah, so convey to him my greetings and salutations. Make his abode in paradise also a home and lasting place for me.

(Youth on stage doing ibada and Ali looks at him for a while then stands up and goes to him)

Ali: Salaamun Alaykum oh sheikh.

Youth: Alaykum Salaam, Where do you come from?

Ali: I am from Iraq.

Youth: Where in Iraq?

Ali: Ahwaz, in the South of Iraq.

Youth (smiles): Ahwaz, then you must know of Jaffar ibne Hannan e Huddaini

Ali (taken by surprise): Yes I do, I do know of him, may Allah have mercy on him, he has passed away many years ago, how do you know of him Shiekh?

Youth: May Allah have mercy on him, he was a very pious man. He used to spend the nights in worship and was a sincere supplicant. He used to weep a lot in his night prayer. He would regularly observe fasts and Quran was his constant friend. *(pause)*

There is another person from your town, perhaps you know of him too, his name is Ali bin Ibrahim Mahziyar?

Ali: Ali bin Ibrahim Mahziyar? I am Ali bin Ibrahim Mahziyar

Youth: O Ibne Mahziyar, *(embrace)* may Allah bestow you with the blessings of good health. Ali Ibne Mahziyar you are of the fortunate ones who was blessed with the companionship of our 11th holy Imam, Imam Hassan Al Askari, may Allah bestow His blessings upon him and the holy progeny.

Ali: Oh Sheikh you are right indeed it was a honour to be in the presence of my 11th holy Imam, but how unfortunate am I *(start crying)* that despite that honour I have not yet been blessed with the ziyarah of the Imam of our time, oh Sheikh how unfortunate am I..... *(crying)*

Youth: Do not be sad Ibne Mahziyar, insh your time will come. The 11th Imam gave you an amanat, where is the amanat that you received from Imam Hasan Askari (a.s.)?

Ali: Amanat? Yes he did... the ring that I got from him? It is with me. But how do you know about this????

Youth: May I please see the ring Ibne Mahziyar?

(Ali gives the ring to the Youth)

Youth kisses ring and cries: May my father be ransomed for the finger that wore this ring. A salaamu alyka ya Mawla, Abu-Muhammad al-Hasan ibn Ali, Peace be upon you, O father of the Awaited Imam.

Ali: Oh Sheikh how do you about me and who has told you of this ring?

Youth: Ibn Mahziyar why don't YOU tell me what brings YOU here? How can I help you?

Ali: I wish to meet the hidden Imam (atfs)

Youth: What do you mean you want to meet the hidden Imam? He is not hidden, the Imam is amongst his Shia, just like Yusuf was a prophet amongst his brothers. Do you know what is hiding him from you? It is your own actions. Just as the borther's of Yusuf did not recognise a nabi amongst themselves the Shia too are blinded to the presence of their Imam amongst them.

O Mahziyar, I am a messenger from the Imam (atfs) and I have been sent to escort you to him. The order for you is that you go on your way and make preparations. When a part of the night has passed, we will meet here between the ruqqan and the makam.

MARSIA

Narrator: That very night Ali Ibne Mahziyar returned to his lodging and when it was past midnight, he prepared his mount, loaded his belongings and set out to meet the young man.

They set out on their journey, passing the mountains of Arafat and finally reached the mountains of Mina.

Dawn was about to break when they were between the hills of Taif.

Youth: Ibne Mahziyar let us stop here and recite salat ul layl, then time it will be time for our nafilah and fajr salaah. Once you have completed your fajr salah ibne Mahziyar do not forget to perform the sajdah of shukr to our Lord and creator.

BOTH TO KNEEL ON STAGE AS IF IN PRAYER AND THEN GO INTO SAJDAH.

BOTH STAND UP

Youth: We shall now continue with our journey.

WALK TO THE FRONT OF THE STAGE

Youth: Look in the distance, tell me Ali Ibne Mahziyar can you see anything?

Ali: There is beautiful greenery, but how is that possible? Greenery in a desert?

Youth: Yes there is greenery, but look carefully, beyond the greenery, now what can you see?

Ali: I can see a sand dune..... on which a wooden tent is fixed.... through the tent I can see a light shining through.

Youth: That Ibne Mahziyar, is our destination. .

Ali: Our destination? You mean my Imam is there? In that tent?

Youth: Yes Ali, he is, let us continue with our journey.

Youth: We shall dismount from your rides as all creatures of Allah show humility here. Leave the rein free.

Ali: Leave the rein free? But who is there to take care of my mount? This mount is my only means of returning back home and all my belongings are on it. I will be lost if anything should happen to it.

Youth: Ibne Mahziyar are you worried about your mount or are you eager to meet your Imam. This is the sanctuary of Imam Al Qaim (a.s.) and none but a believer can enter and neither will anyone leave it except for a believer.

(at the entrance of the tent – edge of the stage)

Youth: Wait here Ibne Mahziyar let me seek permission for you to enter.

Ali: Why do you seek permission? I thought I was granted the permission already.

Youth: Yes indeed you were, but anything could have happened from the time you were granted the permission to the time you reached.

Ali (speaks to himself): On my Lord I hope at the last moment right at the gate I have not disqualified myself from being granted the honour of seeing the Imam.

Youth: Enter Oh Ibne Mahziyar! You have been granted permission!

Ali: Ya Imam salaams upon you. May my life and soul be sacrificed for you.

Imam: Alaikas salaam Ya Ibne Mahziyar Ghabrau mei tumhare Imam hei, Tumhe malum hei ke eklambe arse sei hum tumhara ithezaar karehe he. Ibne Mahziyar, kis cheez ne tumhe humse mulaqat se rokha. Phichle bhees salo sei hum tumhari yaad mei, tumhari judayi mei, shab-o-roz giriya karrahe hei. Ibne Mahziyar tum kahathe?

Ali: Oh my Imam 20 years I have been seeking for you, I visited the shrines of your ancestors in the hope that you grant the right of visitation. I searched for in Mashad and Qum, I wrote my ariza to you at Masjid-e-Jamkaran. When I did not find you there I travelled to the holy land of your fore fathers in Iraq. I wept at the shrine of Aba Abdillah and beseeched you through his wasila to grant me the honour of your ziyarat. I came to the grave of your mother in baqee with pain in my heart, Yabna Zahra I wept bitterly for you at her grave, yet I did not see you. With a heavy heart I left Madina for Mecca, oh Imam these years of searching for you have been long and have weighed heavily on my soul.

Imam: Ya Ibne Mahziyar, Al Imamu anisur Rafiq... Wal walidul Shafiq
Hum tumhare Zamane kei Imam hei, Ibne Mahziyar hum apne shia ko ek shafiq bab kei tarha muhabbat karthe hei, unke dukh dard kei sathi hei, magar hamari missal, Nabi Yusuf ki tarha hei, jistraha unke bhayo ne apne nabi ko na pehchana, isi tarha hamare shia jinke saath hum hara jaga hei, unke saath saath chalthi hei, unki gufthugo sunthe hei, aur unpar salaam bhejthe hei, magar hum kya bathaye Ibne Mahziyar, hamare shia hub-e-dunniya ke dhor me hame bhulgaye, wa hamari taraf rukh bhi nahi karthe. Aur hamare kuch shio ne tho hamare pyagham ko bhi bhuladiya. Hukun-nas ko pamal kardiya, silhe-rehmi ko bhlakar katile-rehmi ko aapnaliya. Ibne Mahziyar afsos tho ye hei hamare shia hame pukar rahei hei magar hamre aane ki kuch tayari nahi karthe. Ibne Mahziyar humbhi hamre shia se mulakat karna chathe hei.

Aur jab tum hame Mashad aur Qum mei dhund rahe hei the hum tumhare satath the. Jab tum Macca aur Baqee mei ro rahe hei the tho humbhi hamari jada Fatema par ghiriya kuna the. Aur Ibne Mahziyar jab tum aba Abdillah ke roze par faryad karahei the hame pukar rahei the aina..... hum bhi giyar kar rahei the ke hum hamare jaad Hussein kei khoon ka badla lena chahthe hei. Magar kaha hei hamare nasir, kaha hei hamare muntazir, kaha hei halmin nasir yansurna pe labayk kehne wale.

MARSIYAH -

PART 2:

Narrator:

Narrator:

We can see how Imam awaits his sincere believer day and night, we are the ones who unknowingly find faults and excuses that delay our meeting.

LAA WA LA KINNAKA KATHARTUM, WAL AMWAAL

Imam said to Ali ibn Mahziyar after finally meeting him, that I, your Imam, know how my believers sway away from meeting me because of three reasons:

- 1. Hubb ud dunya Their worldly desires**
- 2. Not caring for Haqqun Naas – the rights of the people**
- 3. Qat-e-Rahmi – cutting off relations with their families.**

Mujh say mera Imam (a.j.f) buhat door, door hai,

A'amaal hain buray meray, mera qusoor hai;

Taqwa nahin hai hum mein, haqeeqat hai hamaari,

Kaise mile wo hum say? Wo Allah ka noor hai

There is a parallel between US and the imam of OUR time, and imam hussain and the people of HIS time. The same way that the people at the time of imam hussain sent those letters, for the imam to come, begging him, asking him to come, 12000 letters, but only 20 came from kufa.

Every dua that you and i make when we ask our imam to return, when we say ATFS, when we recite the dua Allahuma kulli waliyika, or Ilaahi adhumal balaa, when we write our areedha, pleading for our needs, that is very similar to the letters written to imam hussain by the people of Kufa.

Sadiyon se inteqam ki hasrat liye huwe,
Ashoor jesi dil pe qayamat liye huwe,

Har be kafan shaheed ki maiyyat liye huwe,
Bikhri hui Batoool ki doulat liye huwe,

Rudaad apnay gham ki sunati hay Karbala,
Aa Akhiri HUSSAIN (ajf) bulati hay Karbala..

Akhri Imam, Imam *Mehdi* a.s hain jo ba hukm e Khuda parda e gheebat me ... Shuhada e *Karbala* ki azadari, *kar rahe hai*.

Karbala ka badla lene waala, jisse ham Dua e Nudba me yaad karte hai, Dua me ye lafz aaya hai ke zamaane ka Imam khaali Karbala ka hi intekaam nahi lega, tamaam anbiya, tamaam aimma, tamaam awliyaa, aur tamaam be ghunah saahibaane Imaan ke khoone na haqq ka intekaam lega!

Karbala ka aaghaaz, us ka pehla sira hamaari bibi Sayyeda Fatema se jura huwa hai. Waaqiya e Karbala bhi is liye peysh aaya ke Dunya ne azmate Sayyida ko nahi samjha tha.

Masmaar rovze se aarahi hai sadaa

Raah dekhrayi hai tera Madina o Karbala

Mohsin ka inteqaam lena hai beta

Bularahi hai shiqasta pehlu al ajal yabna Zahra

Yabnaz Zahra, Baad e Rasul, Maa FZ ne aapko baar baar bulaaya, jab zaalimo ne aag se darwaaza jalaaya, laeno ne darwaaze ko dhakka diya, Bibi dar aur deewaar ke beech me thi, darwaaza bibi ke upar girgiya, Bibi ne pukaara "Ya Mahdi Adrikni".

Mohsin ki shahadat huwi, Bibi ne pukaara Ya Mahdi Adrikni.

Jab roze ko masmaar kiya giya hoga, shaayad Bibi pukaarti hogi Ya Mahdi Adrikni.

Bibi qabr me bhi pukaarti hogi, Ya Mahdi Adrikni.

Imame waqt har ma'sum ki faryaad sunta hai. Khud girya kar raha hai. Kabhi Baqi me rota hai, to kabhi Kufe me rota hai, to kabhi Karbala ke masaaeb me khoon ke aansuon se girya kar raha hai.

Aaj bhi waqt ka Imam parda e ghaybat me, Ziyaarate Nahiya ke alfaaz se girya farmaa raha hai

فَلَا تُدْبِتُكَ صَبَاحًا وَ مَسَاءً وَ لَأُبْكِيَنَّ لَكَ بَدَلَ الدُّمُوعِ دَمًا

Yusufe Zahra khoon ke aansu se girya farmaa rahe hai, Ya jadd Hussain, kaash me Karbala me aap ke saath hota...

Opening Scene:

(Imam on stage behind screen)

Imam Mahdi:

Peace be upon Muhammad, the beloved of Allah and His elite.

السَّلَامُ عَلَى مُحَمَّدٍ حَبِيبِ اللَّهِ وَ صِفْوَتِهِ،

Peace be upon the Leader of the Faithful, Ali Ibn Abi Talib, who was exclusively selected for brotherhood to him (the Prophet (PBUH&HF)).

السَّلَامُ عَلَى أَمِيرِ الْمُؤْمِنِينَ عَلِيِّ بْنِ أَبِي طَالِبٍ
الْمَخْصُوصِ بِأُخُوَّتِهِ،

Peace be upon Fatima al-Zahra, his daughter.

السَّلَامُ عَلَى فَاطِمَةَ الزَّهْرَاءِ ابْنَتِهِ،

Peace be upon Abu Muhammad al-Hasan, the executor of (the will of) his father, and his successor.

السَّلَامُ عَلَى أَبِي مُحَمَّدٍ الْحَسَنِ وَصِيِّ أَبِيهِ وَ خَلِيفَتِهِ،

Peace be upon al-Husain, who sacrificed himself up to the last drops of the blood of his heart.

السَّلَامُ عَلَى الْحُسَيْنِ الَّذِي سَمَحَتْ نَفْسُهُ بِمُهْجَتِهِ،

would have struggled beside you, helped you against the aggressors, and redeemed you with his soul, body, wealth, and children,

وَ جَاهِدَ بَيْنَ يَدَيْكَ، وَ نَصَرَكَ عَلَى مَنْ بَغَى عَلَيْكَ، وَ
فَدَاكَ بِرُوحِهِ وَ جَسَدِهِ وَ مَالِهِ وَ وَلَدِهِ،

(Salutations from the one) whose soul is a sacrifice for yours,

وَ رُوحُهُ لِرُوحِكَ فِدَاءً،

I will, therefore, lament you morning and evening, and will weep blood in place of tears, out of my anguish for you and my sorrow for all that befell you,

فَلَأَنْدُبَنَّكَ صَبَاحاً وَ مَسَاءً وَ لِأَبْكِيَنَّ لَكَ بَدَلَ الدَّمُوعِ
دَمًا، حَسْرَةً عَلَيْكَ وَ تَأْسُفًا عَلَى مَا دَهَاكَ وَ تَلَهْفًا،

URDU MASAIB - AZRA

FLASHBACK: ALI AKBER

Peace be upon you and upon your martyred sons.

السَّلَامُ عَلَيْكَ وَ عَلَى أبنَائِكَ الْمُسْتَشْهِدِينَ،

Peace be upon Ali, the elder (*Ali al-Akbar*).

السَّلَامُ عَلَى عَلِيِّ الْكَبِيرِ،

URDU MASAIB: AZRA

Sal..... YA ABA ABDILLAH

Ali Akber: My aunt Zainab, the time has come on this day of Ashura for me to sacrifice my life in the way of Islam. I implore you my aunt, by the love you bear for your brother to let me go, let me be the first from amongst the Bani Hashim to sacrifice my life for Islam. Phuphi ama, my mother will face a lot of hardships today and after this day of Ashura has ended, look after her and give her strength to bear what lies ahead for her.

Bibi Zainab: Ya Allah has the time come for my Akber to bid me farewell. How will you phuphi ama live without my child. Akbar my child, if the call of death has come to you to then go, may Allah be with you my son.

(BZ off stage)

Ali Akber: (move to front off stage) oh you who have paid allegiance to the tyrant Yazid, do you not know who I am? I am Ali, the son of Hussain ibn Ali, We, by the House of Allah, are closest to the Prophet. By Allah! Ibn Ziyad will not rule over us, I will strike you down with my sword defending my father, the blows of a Hashimi, an 'Alawi'.

MARSIYAH – ALI AKBER (as)

FLASHBACK: IMAM HUSSEIN ON BATTLE FIELD WITH ALI ASGHER

Peace be upon the plundered bodies.

السَّلَامُ عَلَى الْأَبْدَانِ السَّلْبِيَّةِ،

Peace be upon those who were left far from their homeland.

السَّلَامُ عَلَى النَّازِحِينَ عَنِ الْأَوْطَانِ،

Peace be upon the suckling infant
(Ali al-Asghar).

السَّلَامُ عَلَى الرَّضِيعِ الصَّغِيرِ،

URDU MASAIB: AZRA
Sal.....YA ABA ABDILLAH

Imam Hussain: o people what has this 6 month old infant done to you. If you have any enmity than it is with me. You have killed my sons my brothers and my companions. This child cannot fight you. I appeal to you to give a little water to my innocent infant. I implore you for the love of your children come and quench his thirst. Do you not see how he burns with thirst and is about to give his life?

(kneel down and clasp the baby to himself)

Imam Hussian: "O Lord, if it is your decree to withhold help from heaven, then do so, for you know what is in our best interest. Take revenge for us from these oppressors. O God, judge between us and the people who invited us with promises of support, and then turned against us and killed us."

MARSIYAH – ALI ASGHAR (as)

FLASHBACK: - MARTYRDOM OF IMAM HUSSEIN

Peace be upon the son of Fatima, the radiant.

السَّلَامُ عَلَى ابْنِ فَاطِمَةَ الزَّهْرَاءِ،

Peace be upon the son of Zamzam and al-Safaa.

السَّلَامُ عَلَى ابْنِ زَمْزَمَ وَ الصَّفَا،

Peace be upon him, who was saturated in (his) blood.

السَّلَامُ عَلَى الْمُرْمَلِ بِالدِّمَاءِ،

The enemy then surrounded you from all sides,

فَأَحْدَقُوا بِكَ مِنْ كُلِّ الْجِهَاتِ،

and you had no helper remaining.

وَأَمْ يَبْقَى لَكَ نَاصِرٌ،

You were bereaved yet patient,

وَأَنْتَ مُحْتَسِبٌ صَابِرٌ،

URDU MASAIB: AZRA
Sal.....YA ABA ABDILLAH

Imam Hussain: Halmin naasirin yansurnaa? Hal min mugheesin yugheesuna??

Is there anyone to help us?

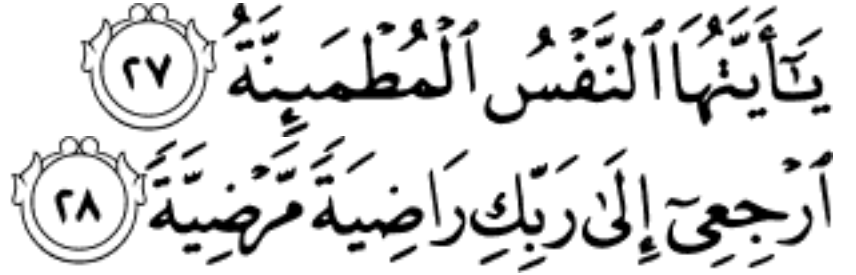
Is there anyone to protect us?

Is there anyone to rescue us?

Yaa Ashaabus safaa!! Oh brave men and warriors! Why do you not hear me, when I call you?
Oh people wake up and stand against rebellion.

I implore you by Allah!! Do you know who I am? I am the grandson of Muhammad, the messenger of Allah. My father is Ali ibne Abu Talib- the first man to who accepted Islam. My grandmother is Khadija Binte Khuwaylid- the first woman to enter Islam. Jaffer e Tayyar, who takes flight within the relms of paradise- is my uncle. How do you justify by killing us? When you claim to be Muslims? You are aware of the laws of Islam, and you have read well the Qur'an and yet you want to kill us? I am Hussain Ibne Ali! And in every state Allah is my refuge. Death is worthier to me than disgrace.

NARRATOR: Ayat from Quran



(kneels on the ground) Oh my Lord! I have given up all without exception out of my love for you. I will meet Allah like this, covered in my blood, deprived of my rights. I will meet my grandfather, the messenger of Allah and drink of the fountain of paradise. Willingly do I submit to your will and bow down to your command accepting from you the trials and afflictions with forbearance 'Oh the Helper of those who seek His help'.

**Narrator: AlaQadQutilalHusseini bi kerbala,
AlaqadDhubihalHusseini bi kerbala**

INNA LILLAHEWA INNA ILAIHE RAJIOON!

MARSIYAH – IMAM HUSSEIN (as) MARTYDOM (TEER ATHE HEI.....)

Imam Husein off stage and ladies come onto to stage crying

(At that time,) your horse distractedly galloped
towards your camp, neighing and crying.

وَ أَسْرَعَ فَرَسُكَ شَارِدًا، إِلَىٰ خِيَامِكَ قَاصِدًا،

they came from the tents,

بَرَزْنَ مِنَ الْخُدُورِ،

disheveling their hair,

نَاشِرَاتِ الشُّعُورِ،

At that time Shimr (L) was sitting on your
chest,

وَ الشِّمْرُ جَالِسٌ عَلَىٰ صَدْرِكَ،

URDU MASAIB: AZRA

AlaQadQutilalHusseini bi kerbala,

Bibi Zainab: Wa Abbasa, wa Amma, Waa Jadda, Wa Hussein wa akha

Wa wayla yabna waladi

Ya baqiyatil madheen
Noor aini hussain
Wa wayla yabna ummi
Roohi li roohi lakal fida

Wa Immama, wa shahheeda, wa husseina, wa husseina.....

MARSIYAH: ORPHAN'S TALE

Bibi Sakina: "O father! Who drenched your virtuous beard with blood?
"Who severed your holy neck?
"Who made me an orphan though I am still a child?"

O Father, after you left, our tents were set fire, our veils were snatched and my earrings were taken off my ears! O Father, I cannot bear to spend the night alone without you, where will I sleep my dear father, whose chest shall I rest my head upon.

MARSIYAH - Sham e Ghariba

FLASHBACK AHLUL BAYT (as) AS CAPTIVES:

Peace be upon the women (forcibly) exposed.

Your family were captured like slaves,

with their hands chained to their necks,

and were paraded around the markets.

Woe be unto the wicked transgressors!

السَّلَامُ عَلَى النِّسْوَةِ الْبَارِزَاتِ،

وَ سُيِّ أَهْلِكَ كَالْعَبِيدِ،

أَيْدِيهِمْ مَعْلُوقَةً إِلَى الْأَعْنَاقِ،

يُطَافُ بِهِمْ فِي الْأَسْوَاقِ،

فَالْوَيْلُ لِلْعُصَاةِ الْفُسَّاقِ،

URDU MASAIB: AZRA

IMAM AND LADIES WALK THROUGH THE CROWD AND ONTO STAGE

MARSIYAH – ORPHAN'S TALE WHILE CAPTIVES ARE WALKING – WALK TO BACK STAGE

MATAM – AS SOON AS CAPTIVES BACK STAGE