

ومن خطبة له (عليه السلام) وهي من خطب الملاحم

It is one of the sermons about the vicissitudes of time

[اللَّهُ تَعَالَى] [الْحَمْدُ لِلَّهِ الْمُتَجَلِّي لَخَلْقِهِ بِخَلْقِهِ، وَالظَّاهِرِ لِقُلُوبِهِمْ بِحُجَّتِهِ، خَلَقَ الْخَلْقَ مِنْ غَيْرِ رُيُوءٍ، إِذْ كَانَتْ الرُّوِيَّاتُ لَا تَلِيْقُ إِلَّا بِذَوِي الضَّمَائِرِ وَلَيْسَ بِذِي ضَمِيرٍ فِي نَفْسِهِ، خَرَقَ عِلْمَهُ بَاطِنَ غَيْبِ السَّمَوَاتِ، وَأَحَاطَ بِغَمُوضِ عَقَائِدِ السَّرِيرَاتِ.

Praise be to Allāh Who is Manifest before His creation because of themselves. Who is apparent to their hearts because of clear Proof; who created without meditating, since meditating does not befit except one who has thinking organs while He has no thinking organ in Himself. His knowledge has split forth the inside of unknown secrets and covered the bottom of deep beliefs.

[وَمِنْهَا فِي ذِكْرِ النَّبِيِّ (صَلَّى اللَّهُ عَلَيْهِ وَآلِهِ):] [اخْتَارَهُ مِنْ شَجَرَةِ الْأَنْبِيَاءِ، وَمَشْكَاتِ الضِّيَاءِ، وَذَوَابَةِ الْعُلْيَاءِ، وَسُرَّةِ الْبَطْحَاءِ، وَمَصَابِيحِ الظُّلْمَةِ، وَبِنَابِيحِ الْحِكْمَةِ.

[A part of the same sermon about the Holy Prophet :] Allāh chose him from the lineal tree of prophets, from the flame of light, from the forehead of greatness, from the best part of the valley of al-Baṭḥa', from the lamps for darkness, and from the sources of wisdom.

وَمِنْهَا: طَبِيبٌ دَوَّارٌ بِطَبِّهِ، قَدْ أَحْكَمَ مَرَاهِمَهُ، وَأَمْضَى مَوَاسِمَهُ، يَضَعُ مِنْ ذَلِكَ حَيْثُ الْحَاجَةُ إِلَيْهِ، مِنْ قُلُوبِ عُمِّي، وَأَذَانِ صِمِّ، وَالسِّنَةِ بِكَمٍّ؛ مُتَّبِعٌ بِدَوَائِهِ مَوَاضِعَ الْغَفْلَةِ، وَمَوَاطِنَ الْحَيْرَةِ؛ لَمْ يَسْتَضِيئُوا بِأَضْوَاءِ الْحِكْمَةِ، وَلَمْ يَقْدَحُوا بِزِنَادِ الْعُلُومِ الثَّاقِبَةِ؛ فَهَمَّ فِي ذَلِكَ كَالْإِنْعَامِ السَّائِمَةِ، وَالصَّخُورِ الْقَاسِيَةِ.

[A part of the same sermon :] The Prophet was like a roaming physician who has set ready his ointments and heated his instruments. He uses them wherever the need arises for curing blind hearts, deaf ears, and dumb tongues. He followed with his medicines the spots of negligence and places of perplexity. They (people) did not take light from the lights of his wisdom nor did they produce flame from the flint of sparkling knowledge. So in this matter they are like grazing cattle and hard stones.

[فَتَنَةُ بَنِي أُمِيَّةٍ:] [قَدْ أَنْجَابَتِ السَّرَائِرُ لِأَهْلِ الْبَصَائِرِ، وَوَضَحَتِ مَحْجَةُ الْحَقِّ لِخَابِطِهَا، وَأَسْفَرَتِ السَّاعَةُ عَنْ وَجْهِهَا، وَظَهَرَتِ الْعَلَامَةُ لِمَتَوَسَّمِهَا، مَا لِي أَرَاكُمْ أَشْبَاحًا بِلا أَرْوَاحٍ، وَأَرْوَاحًا بِلا أَشْبَاحٍ، وَنَسَاكًا بِلا صِلَاحٍ، وَتِجَارًا بِلا أَرْبَاحٍ، وَأَبْقَاطًا نَوْمًا، وَشَهْوَدًا غَيْبًا، وَنَاطِرَةً عَمِيًا، وَسَامِعَةً صِمًّا، وَنَاطِقَةً بِكَمَا! رَايَةَ ضَلَالَةَ قَدْ قَامَتْ عَلَى قَطْبِهَا، وَتَفَرَّقَتْ بِشَعْبِهَا، تَكِيلِكُمْ بِصَاعِهَا، وَتَخِيطِكُمْ بِبَاعِهَا. قَائِدُهَا خَارِجٌ مِنَ الْمَلَةِ، قَائِمٌ عَلَى الضَّلَالَةِ؛ فَلَا يَبْقَى يَوْمٌ مِنْكُمْ إِلَّا ثِفَالَةٌ كَثْفَالَةُ الْقَدْرِ، أَوْ نَفَاضَةٌ كَنَفَاضَةِ الْعِمْكِ.

Nevertheless hidden things have appeared for those who perceive, the face of right

has become clear for the wanderer, the approaching moment has raised the veil from its face and signs have appeared for those who search for them. What is the matter with me! I see you just bodies without spirits and spirits without bodies, devotees without good, traders without profits, wakeful but sleeping, present but unseen, seeing but blind, hearing but deaf and speaking but dumb. I notice that misguidance has stood on its centre and spread (all round) through its off-shoots. It weighs you with its weights and confuses you with its measures. Its leader is an out-cast from the community. He persists on misguidance. So on that day none from among you would remain except as the sediment in a cooking pot or the dust left after dusting a bundle.

تَعْرِكُكُمْ عِرْكَ الْأَدْيِ، وَتَدْوِسُكُمْ دَوْسَ الْحَصِيدِ، وَتَسْتَخْلِصُ الْمُؤْمِنَ مِنْ بَيْنِكُمْ إِسْتِخْلَاصَ الطَّيْرِ الْحَبَّةَ الْبَطِينَةَ مِنْ بَيْنِ هَزِيلِ الْحَبِّ. أَيْنَ تَذْهَبُ بِكُمْ الْمَذَاهِبُ، وَتَتَّبِعُ بِكُمْ الْغِيَاهِبُ، وَتَخْدَعُكُمْ الْكُورَاذِبُ؟ وَمِنْ أَيْنَ تَتَوْتُونَ، وَأَذَى تَتَوَفَّكُونَ؟ فَلَئِنْ أَجَلَ كِتَابٍ، وَلِكُلِّ غَيْبَةٍ إِيَابٍ، فَاسْتَمِعُوا مِنْ رَبَائِنَاكُمْ، وَأَحْضِرُوا قُلُوبَكُمْ، وَاسْتَيْقِظُوا إِنْ هَتَفَ بِكُمْ.

It would scrape you as leather is scraped, and trample you as harvest is trampled, and pick out the believer as a bird picks out a big grain from the thin grain. Where are these ways taking you, glooms misleading you, and falsehoods deceiving you? Whence are you brought and where are you driven? For every period there is a written document and everyone who is absent has to return. So listen to your godly leader and keep your hearts present. If he speaks to you be wakeful.

وَلِيَصْدُقَ رَأْيَ أَهْلِهِ، وَلِيَجْمَعَ شَمْلَهُ، وَلِيَحْضُرَ ذَهْنَهُ، فَلَقَدْ فَلَقَ لَكُمْ الْأَمْرَ فَلَاقَ الْخِرْزَةَ، وَقَرَفَهُ قَرَفَ الصَّمْغَةِ. فَعِنْدَ ذَلِكَ أَخَذَ الْبَاطِلُ مَا خَذَهُ، وَرَكِبَ الْجَهْلُ مِرَاكِبَهُ، وَعَظُمَتِ الطَّاعِغِيَّةُ، وَقَلَّتِ الدَّاعِيَّةُ، وَصَالَ الدَّهْرُ صِيَالِ السَّمْعِ الْعَقُورِ، وَهَدَرَ فَنِيْقَ الْبَاطِلِ بَعْدَ كَظُومٍ، وَتَوَاحَى النَّاسُ عَلَى الْفُجُورِ، وَتَهَاجَرُوا عَلَى الدِّينِ، وَتَحَابَّوْا عَلَى الْكُذْبِ، وَتَبَاغَضُوا عَلَى الصِّدْقِ.

The forerunner must speak truth to his people, should keep his wits together and maintain presence of mind. He has clarified to you the matter as the stitch-hole is cleared, and scraped it as the gum is scraped (from the twigs). Nevertheless, now the wrong has set itself on its places and ignorance has ridden on its riding beasts. Unruliness has increased while the call for virtue is suppressed. Time has pounced upon like devouring carnivore, and wrong is shouting like a camel after remaining silent. People have become brothers over ill-doings, have forsaken religion, are united in speaking lie but bear mutual hatred in the matter of truth.

فَإِذَا كَانَ ذَلِكَ كَانَ الْوَلْدُ غِيظًا، وَالْمَطْرُ قَيْظًا، وَتَفِيضُ اللَّئَامِ فَيْضًا، وَتَغِيضُ الْإِكْرَامِ غَيْضًا، وَكَانَ أَهْلُ ذَلِكَ الزَّمَانِ ذُتَابًا، وَسُلَاطِينَهُ سِبَاعًا، وَأَوْسَاطَهُ أَكَالَا، وَفَقْرَاؤُهُ أَمْوَاتَا، وَغَارَ الصِّدْقِ، وَفَاضَ الْكُذْبِ، وَاسْتَعْمَلَتِ الْمُوَدَّةُ بِاللِّسَانِ، وَتَشَاجَرَ النَّاسُ بِالْقُلُوبِ، وَصَارَ الْفُسُوقُ نَسْبًا، وَالْعَفَافُ عَجْبًا، وَلَيْسَ الْإِسْلَامُ لِبَسِ الْفُرُوقِ مَقْلُوبًا.

When such is the case, the son would be a source of anger (instead of coolness of the eye to parents) and rain the cause of heat, the wicked would abound and the virtuous would diminish. The people of this time would be wolves, its rulers beasts, the middle class men gluttons and the poor (almost) dead. Truth would go down, falsehood would overflow, affection would be claimed with tongues but people would be quarrelsome at heart. Adultery would be the key to lineage while chastity would be rare and Islam would be worn overturned like the skin.