**Muslim Call to Arms**

**Vocab**

Abu l-Musaffar al Abiwardi

We have mingled blood with flowing tears, and there is no room left for pity.
To shed tears is a man's worst weapon when the swords stir up the embers of war.
Sons of Islam, behind you are battles in which heads rolled at your feet.
How can the eye sleep between the lids at a time of disasters that would waken any sleeper?
Must the foreigners feed on our ignominy, while you trail behind the train of a pleasant life, like men whose world is at peace?
When blood has been spilt, when sweet girls must for shame hide their lovely faces in their hands!
When the white swords' points are red with blood, and the iron of the brown lances is stained with gore!
This is war, and the infidel's sword is naked in his hand, ready to be sheathed in men's necks and skulls.
This is war, and he who lies in the tomb at Medina seems to raise his voice and cry: "O sons of Hashim!
I see my people slow to raise the lance against the enemy: I see the Faith resting on feeble pillars.
For fear of death the Muslims are evading the fire of battle, refusing to believe that death will surely strike them."

**Source:** *Excerpt from "Poem on the Crusades" (twelfth century)*. Originally written by Abu l-Musaffar al-Abiwardi; Reprinted in Ibn al-Athir's *The Perfect History;* Edited by C. J. Tornberg; Published in 1851–1876