

## English elegy by Anas Shaikh

In the remembrance of the great, Muhaddith of our time,  
He deserves more than just, few words of our rhyme,  
An individual born in the village on jonpur,  
The thirst for knowledge, took him to saharanpur,  
He inclined towards hadith, since his young age,  
And gained expertise, stage after stage,

He was a point of reference, for his teacher and his mentor,  
When questioned about hadith, he asked shaykh yunus to explore,  
He was entrusted with the teaching, of sahih al Bukhari,  
He taught for 50 years, until he met the almighty,  
The boy from the village, became a world renowned scholar,  
A pioneer of knowledge, the Prophet' rightful inheritor,

He married no woman, he married his books instead,  
His bedding was the floor, not a comfortable bed,  
His room was a library, no item of luxury,  
In purchasing books, he spent every rupee,  
He possessed one bowl, from which he drank and ate,  
You don't need a palace, to become someone great,  
No money did he earn, no wealth did he hoard,  
But he roamed the world, to spread the divine word,

The depth of his knowledge, was beyond comprehension,  
He differed with scholars, and established his own opinion,  
But every point he mentioned, was proven by evidence,  
But he still remained humble, no pride nor arrogance,  
A million at his funeral, just shows his acceptance,  
Asking Allah for his mercy, and bestow him with forgiveness,

A legend in Hadith, he will never be forgotten,  
May Allah grant him peace, in the highest level of heaven.

Anas Shaikh