



A STORY TO READ ALOUD

The Story of Prophet Dawud (AS)

داود

When he praised Allah, the mountains sang along by His command.

SUKUN KIDS · FREE TO PRINT AND SHARE

The Story of Prophet Dawud (AS)

“O mountains, echo his praises with him, and you too, O birds.”

Surah Saba · 34:10

Come with me. Today, we're going on a journey... far, far away... and long, long ago. But before our story begins properly... I have to show you something. One single moment. Hold your breath with me.

Two armies stand across a green valley. Thousands of soldiers... spears like a forest... and between them, striding out alone, comes a giant of a man in clanking armor, roaring a challenge that shakes the ground.

And walking out to meet him... comes a boy.

No sword. No armor. Just a shepherd's sling swinging gently at his side... and the calmest face in the whole valley.

The soldiers can't breathe. The giant starts to laugh. A boy... against THAT?

Will he be alright?

Shhh... hold that question, right there, like a stone in your hand. Because to understand this moment... our story has to start somewhere else completely. On a quiet hillside... with the sound of sheep bells... and a voice.

We're in a green land of hills and rivers, far north of the great deserts... the land we now call Palestine. And it is long, long ago... many lifetimes after Prophet Musa, alayhi salaam, led his people to freedom.

And here we are... on a warm hillside dotted with sheep. Feel the soft grass under your feet. Smell the wild thyme in the breeze.

And listen... a voice is drifting up the hillside... warm, and clear, and unafraid.

There. Sitting on a rock, watching over his father's flock... a boy named Dawud. And oh... what a voice this boy has. When Dawud praises Allah, the sheep lift their heads. Even the birds seem to gather closer... just to listen.



The Boy and the Giant

Remember that voice. It will follow us through this whole story... like a golden thread.

Dawud's days were simple. Keep the sheep together. Lead them to water. And when a wolf or a lion came prowling close... whirl his shepherd's sling, send a stone whistling past, and send the danger running.

A sling, a voice, and a heart that trusted Allah. That was Dawud.

In the warm evenings, when the flock settled and the first stars came out, his praise would drift down the hillside... and the shepherds in the far fields would stop... and listen... and feel their worries go quiet.

But those were frightened years for his people, the Children of Israel. A fierce enemy army had marched into their land, driven families from their homes... and everyone felt small and scared.

So Allah chose a king to lead them. A strong, wise man named Talut. And Talut gathered an army of believers and marched out to face the enemy at last.

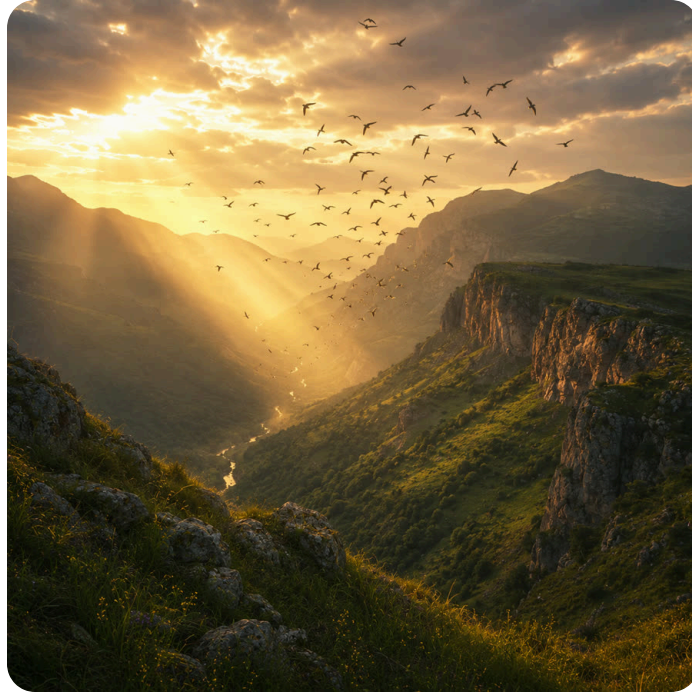
On the way, Allah tested that army at a river... cool and quick and bright. Only the most patient, most obedient soldiers passed the test. So the army that marched on was small... but every heart in it was faithful.

And Dawud went with them.

Then the two armies met... and there it is. The moment I showed you at the very beginning. Do you remember? The giant... and the boy... and your held breath.

Here is your answer.

The giant's name was Jalut. He was the enemy's champion, huge and terrifying, and every day he roared... "Who will face me?"... and every day, no one dared.



The Mountains That Sang Along

The small army of believers looked at the enemy... so many soldiers, so many spears... and they prayed together: "Our Lord, pour patience over us, make our feet stand firm, and help us."

And something rose up in the shepherd boy. Not anger... trust. The same steady trust he felt on the hillside, standing between his sheep and a lion. Allah had kept him safe then. Allah would be with him now.

So Dawud stepped forward.

The whole army turned. A boy? Even the bravest soldiers reached out to stop him... and then saw his face... and let him pass. Some things you cannot argue with. Trust is one of them.

He walked out into that silent valley, small and calm and sure... his footsteps soft in the grass... the river hushing behind him. He knelt at the stream and chose a few smooth stones. He set one in his sling. The giant laughed until the ground shook.

Dawud whispered to Allah... whirled his sling... and let the stone fly.

And Allah guided that little stone straight and true.

Down fell Jalut. Down fell the giant nobody could face... beaten by a shepherd boy with Allah on his side. The enemy army turned and ran. And fear lifted off the land like morning mist.

Breathe out. He was more than alright. The Qur'an says it in one shining line: how many a small band has overcome a mighty host... by Allah's permission.

Now... you might think that was the biggest thing that would ever happen to Dawud. But Allah was only beginning.

The boy grew into a man... wise, and gentle, and strong. And Allah gave him everything a heart could hold. Allah made him a prophet. Allah made him a king. And the Qur'an says Allah gave his kingdom strength... and gave him wisdom to judge between people with fairness.

But of all the gifts Allah gave Prophet Dawud, alayhi salaam... do you remember the golden thread?



The Iron That Went Soft

His voice.

Allah gave him a holy book of praises, called the Zabur... and when Prophet Dawud recited those praises in the golden evenings, something wonderful would happen.

Allah commanded the mountains: "O mountains, echo his praises with him... and you too, O birds."

And the mountains obeyed. The great old hills hummed the praise back, deep and slow. The birds circled down and added their songs on top. The whole valley became one gentle, mighty chorus of praise... and in the middle of it, one beautiful voice, glorifying Allah.

Can you hear it, just for a moment? The deep hum of the mountains... the high ribbons of birdsong... all of it praising the One who made them. Stand still inside that sound... let it wash over you... like warm light.

And even as a king, Dawud never grew proud, and never grew lazy. He would not live on the people's money... he ate only from what his own two hands earned. And Allah gave those hands a wonder all their own.

Iron.

You know iron... the hardest, coldest, stubbornest metal there is. But the Qur'an says: "And We made iron soft for him." In Prophet Dawud's hands, iron went soft like warm clay. And he shaped it... not into treasures for himself... but into coats of armor, woven from thousands of tiny rings, to keep people safe from harm.

A voice that led the mountains in praise. Hands that could fold iron. And still... the same humble heart from the hillside.

And the Qur'an tells us the secret of that heart... in one small, glowing word. Awwāb. Always turning back to Allah.

However high Allah raised him... shepherd to soldier, soldier to king, king to prophet... Dawud kept hurrying back to his Lord, with a humble heart... remembering Him, thanking Him, asking His forgiveness... like a bird returning home to its nest.



The Two Judges

Because the higher Allah lifts a person... the more humbly they bow.

One more moment... maybe the sweetest of all.

One night, a farmer and a shepherd came to King Dawud with a problem. The shepherd's sheep had slipped out in the dark and nibbled the farmer's field down to nothing. Prophet Dawud listened, and gave a ruling that was fair and true: the flock would go to the farmer, to make up his loss.

But in the lamp-lit court sat the king's young son... a boy named Sulayman... and Allah placed a gentle idea in his heart. "What if," said the boy politely, "the shepherd tends the field until it grows green again, and the farmer keeps the sheep's milk and wool until then... and when the field is healed, everyone takes back their own?"

And the great Prophet Dawud... king, giant-slayer, the voice the mountains echoed... smiled the proudest smile a father ever smiled. The Qur'an honors them BOTH: "to each We gave judgment and knowledge." One day, that boy would be Prophet Sulayman... the king who understood the birds and the ants. But that... is another story, waiting for you.

So... the shepherd boy became a prophet and a king. And what should we carry home from his whole, wonderful life?

This. Every single thing Dawud had... was a gift from Allah, used for good. The sling protected the sheep. The stone protected his people. The iron protected soldiers. The wisdom protected a farmer AND a shepherd. And the voice... the voice just said thank You, over and over, until the mountains joined in.

You have gifts from Allah too. Start small, like Dawud did. Be brave when the big thing comes. Work with your own hands. Let others shine beside you. And keep the praise of Allah in your heart... always.

I wonder which of your gifts... Allah is waiting to see you use... for someone else.

And now... slowly... we leave the green hills and the sheep bells behind... the echo fading gently... as we travel back home. To right here. Right now.

And we can end the way Prophet Dawud loved to end his days... with praise. It means... glory be to Allah, and all praise is His. Say it with me... and somewhere far away, the mountains are praising Allah too...

Subhān Allāhi wa bi-ḥamdih.

Talk about it

Read a question aloud and let your child answer before you show the choices. Then ask: what would you have done?

1. In Prophet Dawud's story, what did he face the giant with?

- a. A shepherd's sling
- b. A long sword
- c. A wooden staff

2. In Prophet Dawud's story, what did he make from the iron?

- a. Coats of armor
- b. A golden throne
- c. A giant statue

3. Who was a shepherd boy before he was a king?

- a. Prophet Dawud
- b. Prophet Yunus
- c. Prophet Nuh

4. In Prophet Dawud's story, who led the believers' army?

- a. King Talut
- b. The giant Jalut
- c. A brave shepherd

5. In Prophet Dawud's story, what joined his praise of Allah?

- a. Mountains and birds
- b. Wind and waves
- c. Ants and bees

6. In Prophet Dawud's story, what did the small army pray for?

- a. Patience and help
- b. Gold and treasure
- c. Rain and good crops

Answers: 1a, 2a, 3a, 4a, 5a, 6a



Hear this story

Read it again online, or listen to it narrated in the Sukun Kids app.

sukunkids.app/stories/dawud

Sukun Kids: stories of the prophets for Muslim children, narrated for bedtime.

Retold for children from the Qur'an and the classical tafsir of Ibn Kathir and Ma'arifur Qur'an. Free to print and share for home, school, masjid and homeschool use. Please do not sell it. © Sukun Kids.