

Days of Remembrance #42, Birth of Bahá'u'lláh

Bahá'u'lláh

Translated



Days of Remembrance - Selections from the Writings of Bahá'u'lláh for Bahá'í Holy Days.

Birth of Bahá'u'lláh- 42 -

Lawḥ-i-Mawlúd

(Tablet of the Birth)

O concourse of the seen and the unseen! Rejoice with exceeding gladness in your hearts and souls, for the night hath come for the harvesting of the ages and the gathering up of past cycles, the night wherein all days and nights were called into being and the time preordained for this Revelation was fulfilled at the behest of Him Who is the Lord of might and power. All joy to the Concourse on high at the appearance of so glorious, so wondrous a Spirit!

This is the night wherein the doors of Paradise were flung open and the gates of Hell were shut fast, the night wherein the paradise of the All-Merciful was unveiled in the midmost heart of creation, the breezes of God were wafted from the retreats of forgiveness, and the Last Hour ushered in through the power of truth, could ye but know it. All joy to this night through which all days have been suffused with light, though none can apprehend this save those that are endued with certitude and discernment!

This is the night round which have circled the Nights of Power,[44] wherein the angels and the Spirit have come down bearing cups filled at the streams of Paradise, the night wherein Heaven itself was adorned with the ornament of God, the Almighty, the All-Gracious, the Most Bountiful, wherein every created thing was brought to life, and all the peoples of the earth were surrounded by His grace. All joy to the concourse of the Spirit for this manifest and resplendent bounty!



This is the night wherein the limbs of Jibt were made to tremble, and the Most Great Idol fell upon the dust, and the foundations of iniquity were shattered, and Manát lamented in its inmost being, and the back of 'Uzzá was broken and its face blackened; [45] for the Morn of divine Revelation hath dawned, and there hath appeared that which hath solaced the eyes of glory and majesty, and beyond them the eyes of all the Prophets and Messengers of God. All glory, then, to this Dawn which hath broken above the dayspring of effulgent glory!

Say: This is the Dawn whereat the evil ones were debarred from approaching the realm of might and grandeur, and wherein the hearts of such as have contended with God, the Almighty, the All-Glorious, the Unconstrained, were lacerated. This is the Dawn whereat the faces of the wicked were darkened, whilst the countenances of the righteous shone forth with the light of this Beauty, a Beauty Whose advent all things visible and invisible, and beyond them the company of the Concourse on high, have eagerly awaited. All hail the appearance of this Spirit, through Whose potency the dead have been stirred up in their tombs and every mouldering bone brought to life!

Say: O source of iniquity! Bewail thy woeful plight; and O fountainhead of oppression! Repair to thine abode in the nethermost fire, for the beauty of the All-Merciful hath shone forth above the horizon of existence with such radiance as to illumine all that dwell in His realms with the splendour of its light, and hath called into being the Spirit of God, the Almighty, the All-Glorious, the Most Bountiful. Through its revelation the hand of His Will hath stretched forth from the sleeve of grandeur and rent asunder the veils of the world by the power of His supreme, His peerless, His all-compelling and exalted sovereignty. All glory, then, to this Dawn whereat the Ancient Beauty hath been established upon the throne of His Name, the Almighty, the Most Great!

This is the Dawn whereat was born He Who begetteth not and Who is not begotten. Well is it with him that immerseth himself beneath the ocean of inner meaning that surgeth within this utterance and discovereth the pearls of knowledge and wisdom that lie hid in the words of God, the King, the Exalted, the Mighty, the Powerful. All glory to him who apprehendeth the truth and is reckoned with them that are endued with discernment!

Say: This is the Dawn whereat the cohorts of the concourse of Paradise and the hosts of the angels of holiness descended from heaven, amongst whom was the One Who was lifted up on the breezes of the Beauty of God, the Most Glorious, unto the ranks of the most exalted Concourse. Borne on these same breezes, yet another company of angels descended, each bearing aloft a chalice of everlasting life and proffering it unto them that circle in adoration round the Spot wherein the Ancient Being hath established Himself upon the throne of His all-glorious and most bounteous Name. All joy to such as have attained His presence, gazed upon His beauty, hearkened unto His melodies,

and been quickened by the Word that hath issued forth from His sacred and exalted, His glorious and resplendent lips!

Say: This is the Dawn whereat the Most Great Tree was planted and bore its exalted and peerless fruits. By the righteousness of God! Within each fruit of this Tree there repose the seeds of a myriad melodies. Wherefore, O concourse of the Spirit, We shall acquaint you, in accordance with your capacity, with some of their celestial songs, that they may attract your hearts and draw you nigh unto God, the Lord of strength, of power and might. All glory be to this Dawn, through which the divine Luminaries have shone forth above the horizon of sanctity by the leave of God, the Almighty, the Inaccessible, the Most High!

Say: This is the Dawn whereat the hidden Essence and the unseen Treasure were made manifest, the Dawn whereat the Ancient Beauty seized the cup of immortality with the hands of glory and, having first quaffed therefrom, proffered it unto all the peoples of the earth, high and low alike. All glory, then, to the one who hath approached this cup, taken it up, and drunk therefrom for the love of his Lord, the All-Powerful, the Most High!

One fruit of that Tree hath proclaimed what the Burning Bush had proclaimed aforetime in that hallowed and snow-white Spot, words to which Moses gave ear and which caused Him to forsake all created things and to direct His steps towards the retreats of holiness and grandeur. All glory, then, to that ecstasy born of God, the Almighty, the Most Exalted, the Most Great!

Another fruit thereof hath uttered that which enraptured Jesus and raised Him up to the heaven of manifest splendour. All glory, then, to this Spirit in Whose presence standeth the Faithful Spirit, together with a company of God's chosen angels!

Yet another fruit thereof hath disclosed that which captivated the heart of Muḥammad, the Apostle of God, Who, carried away by the sweet accents of the Voice from on high, ascended unto the Divine Lote-Tree and heard, proceeding from within the Tabernacle of majesty, the Voice of God speaking forth the mystery of My hallowed, My exalted and mighty Name. All glory, then, to this Tree which hath been raised up through the power of truth, that all the peoples of the world may seek the shelter of its shade!

O Pen of the Most High! Write no more; for, by God, wert thou to set forth all the sweet accents of the fruits of this heavenly Tree, thou wouldst find thyself forsaken upon the earth, inasmuch as all would flee from thy presence and abandon thy court of holiness. And this, verily, is the undoubted truth. All glory, then, to the mysteries which none can bear save God, the sovereign Ruler, the Almighty, the Most Gracious!

Dost thou not witness, O Pen, what a clamour the hypocrites have raised throughout the land, and what a tumult the wicked and ungodly have provoked? And this notwithstanding that thou didst reveal but an infinitesimal glimmer of the mysteries of thy Lord, the Most Exalted, the All-Glorious. Wherefore, restrain thyself and conceal from the eyes of men that which God, as a sign of His bounty, hath bestowed upon thee. And if it be thy wish to give all created things to quaff from that crystal water that is life indeed, and whereof God hath made thee the Fountainhead, then let thine ink flow only in proportion to their capacity. Thus biddeth thee the One Who hath called thee into being through the power of His behest. Do thou, then, as thou wert bidden, and be not of them that tarry. All glory be to this weighty decree which hath reined in the power of all created things and withheld the Pen of the Most High from divulging to the peoples of the world that from which they had been veiled! His might, verily, is equal to all things.