

Prayer - I know not, O my God, whether I should speak

Bahá'u'lláh

Translated. Original Arabic



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I know not, O my God, whether I should speak forth the wonders of Thy praise among Thy servants, and lay bare before them the secrets of Thy mercy and the mysteries of Thy Cause, or keep them wrapped up within the receptacle of my heart. Though the lover be loth to share with any one the intimate conversation of his beloved, yet at whatever time Thine inescapable commandment to declare Thy Cause reacheth me, I will unhesitatingly obey it. I would proclaim Thee, undeterred by the darts of affliction that may rain down upon me from the clouds of Thy decree.

I swear by Thy might! Neither the hosts of the earth nor those of heaven can keep me back from revealing the things I am commanded to manifest. I have no will before Thy will, and can cherish no desire in the face of Thy desire. By Thy grace I am, at all times, ready to serve Thee and am rid of all attachment to any one except Thee.



What I desire, however, O my God, is that Thou shouldst bid me unveil the things which lie hid in Thy knowledge, so that they who are wholly devoted to Thee may, in their longing for Thee, soar up into the atmosphere of Thy oneness, and the infidels may be seized with trembling and may return to the nethermost fire, the abode ordained for them by Thee through the power of Thy sovereign might.

Thou dost consider, O my Lord, how Thy dear ones are sore pressed by Thine enemies, and hearest from all sides their sighing by reason of what hath befallen them in Thy path. Thou knowest, O my Lord, that their one desire was to seek Thy face, and that the sole Object of their adoration was Thee. They who wronged them had no other purpose except to turn them away from Thee, and to extinguish the fire which Thou hadst kindled with the hands of Thine almighty power.

Unseal the lips of Thy will, O my Lord, and let a word proceed therefrom that shall subject unto itself the world and all that is therein. How long shalt Thou behold these



TRANSLATION



things and tarry, O my God? Darkness hath enveloped the whole earth, and Thy tokens are ready to be blotted out throughout Thy realm.

Forgive me, O my God, for what I have spoken, for Thou art the One that knoweth all things, and in Thee are wrapped up the secrets that are hid from all else except Thyself. When Thy promise shall come to pass, Thou wilt manifest what Thou wilt, and subdue as Thou pleasest. We should wish only what Thou hast wished for us. In Thee is the knowledge of all things, and with Thee is the issue of all things. Thou art, verily, the Truth, the Knower of things unseen.

Forgive me, then, my sins and the sins of them that love me, and supply them with the good of this world and of the next.

Thou art, verily, the Ever-Forgiving, the Most Compassionate.