

Prayer - “He is the Sovereign King, the Holy of Holies...”

Bahá'u'lláh

Translated



He is the Sovereign King, the Holy of Holies.

Praise be unto Thee, O Lord my God! This is that Day among Thy Days and that Hour among Thy blessed Hours which Thou hast reserved for Thine own Self, related to Thine own Being, and exalted in station, that Thy Name may endure and Thy sovereignty be made manifest. Thou hast made this Day to be the source of all days, inasmuch as Thou hast showered upon it the revelations of the Throne of Thy majesty and the signs of Thy transcendent favour. Thou hast created it anew, at this time, in the most excellent form in this ancient Temple, so that on this Day, and by its grace, all the dwellers of earth and heaven might be raised again to life and, unbeknownst to and unapprehended by all, be called upon to render account regarding Thy Self. Perchance Thy sacred and celestial blessings and Thy divine and glorious bestowals might be completed therein, that they may testify to the creation of all things on the Day of Thy presence and to the appearance of Thy days and the dawning of the Sun of Thy beauty.

Even as mention was made of this signal honour and supreme bounty, of the ecstasy of yearning for Thee, the ascendancy of Thine all-conquering love, and the transports of Thy holy rapture, I heard the call of one of Thy servants who hath believed in Thee and in Thy signs, who hath renounced all things, turned towards the Countenance of Thy beauty, and hastened through every region unto the habitation of Thy repose. He hath at last reached Thy door and stood before the light of Thine everlasting holiness that hath shone forth above the horizon of Thy oneness and the dayspring of Thine eternity, longing to ascend unto the heights of Thy presence and reunion and to abide upon the seat of Thy nearness within Thy sacred Precinct. Cause, then, O my God, the dove of yearning to soar within his heart, and the seas of Thy love to surge within his inmost being, and the matchless tokens of Thy remembrance to flow from his tongue, and the gems of Thy praise to issue from his spirit. Draw him ever nearer, O my Lord, that he may be enabled to safeguard within the inmost recesses of his heart this most brilliant light and hidden treasure, and that he may thus dwell with Thy Servant in Thy most exalted horizon and all-glorious realm.



TRANSLATION

Thou, verily, abidest even now in Thine everlasting habitation, and beholdest this crimson spirit, and hearest this most sweet melody in the midmost heart of the Divine Essence, the centre of the Realm of mysteries. Powerful art Thou to do what Thou willest. Thou, verily, art the Exalted, the Almighty, the All-Glorious, the Self-Subsisting.