– LXII – Lauded and glorified art Thou, O Lord my God!

Bahá'u'lláh

Translated by Shoghi Effendi

– LXII –

Lauded and glorified art Thou, O Lord my God! Thou art He Who from everlasting hath been clothed with majesty, with authority and power, and will continue unto everlasting to be arrayed with honor, with strength and glory. The learned, one and all, stand aghast before the signs and tokens of Thy handiwork, while the wise find themselves, without exception, impotent to unravel the mystery of Them Who are the Manifestations of Thy might and power. Every man of insight hath confessed his powerlessness to scale the heights of Thy knowledge, and every man of learning hath acknowledged his failure to fathom the nature of Thine Essence.

Having barred the way that leadeth unto Thee, Thou hast, by virtue of Thine authority and through the potency of Thy will, called into being Them Who are the Manifestations of Thy Self, and hast entrusted Them with Thy message unto Thy people, and caused Them to become the Daysprings of Thine inspiration, the Exponents of Thy Revelation, the Treasuries of Thy Knowledge and the Repositories of Thy Faith, that all men may, through Them, turn their faces towards Thee, and may draw nigh unto the kingdom of Thy Revelation and the heaven of Thy grace.

I beseech Thee, therefore, by Thyself and by Them, to send down, from the right hand of the throne of Thy grace, upon all that dwell on earth, that which shall wash them from the stain of their trespasses against Thee, and cause them to become wholly devoted to Thy Self, O Thou in Whose hand is the source of all gifts, that they may all arise to serve Thy Cause, and may detach themselves entirely from all except Thee. Thou art the Almighty, the All-Glorious, the Unrestrained.

O my God, my Master, my Best-Beloved! I am Thy servant and the son of Thy servant. I have held fast the cord of Thy grace, and clung to the hem of the garment of Thy loving providence. I entreat Thee, by Thy Most Great Name, Whom Thou hast appointed as the unerring Balance among the nations, and Thine infallible Proof unto all men, not to forsake me, nor to abandon me to my corrupt desires. Do Thou preserve me beneath the shadow of Thy Supreme Sinlessness, and enable me to magnify Thine own Self amidst the concourse of Thy creatures. Withhold not from me the Divine fragrance of Thy days, and deprive me not of the sweet savors wafting from the Dayspring of Thy Revelation. Bestow on me the good of this world and of the next, through the power of Thy grace that hath encompassed all created things and Thy mercy that hath surpassed the entire creation. Thou art He Who holdeth in His grasp the kingdom of all things. Thou doest what Thou willest through Thy decree, and choosest, through the power of Thy might, whatsoever Thou desirest. None can resist Thy will; naught can exhaust the impelling

force of Thy command. There is no God but Thee, the Almighty, the All-Glorious, the Most Bountiful.