

– XCVII – Praise be to Thee, O Lord my God! I implore...

Bahá'u'lláh

Translated by Shoghi Effendi



– XCVII –

Praise be to Thee, O Lord my God! I implore Thee by Thy Name that hath caused to surge within every drop the oceans of Thy loving-kindness and mercy, and to shine within every atom the luminaries of Thy bountiful blessings and favors, — I implore Thee to adorn every soul with the ornament of Thy love, that none may remain on Thine earth who hath not turned towards Thee, or hath failed to detach himself from all except Thy Self.

Thou hast, verily, O my God, suffered Him Who is the Manifestation of Thine own Self to be afflicted with all manner of adversity in order that Thy servants may ascend unto the pinnacle of Thy gracious favor, and attain unto that which Thou hast, through Thy providence and tender mercies, ordained for them in the Tablets of Thine irrevocable decree. The glory of Thy might beareth me witness! Were they, every moment of their lives, to offer up themselves as a sacrifice in Thy path, they would still have done but little in comparison with the manifold bestowals vouchsafed unto them by Thee.

Grant, therefore, I beseech Thee, that their hearts may be inclined towards Thee, and that their faces may be turned in the direction of Thy good-pleasure. Powerful art Thou to do what Thou wilt. No God is there but Thee, the Inaccessible, the All-Glorious, the Ever-Forgiving.



TRANSLATION



AUDIO

Deign, then, to accept, O my God, from Thy servant the things which he hath shown forth in his love for Thee. Fortify him, then, that he may cling to Thy most exalted Word, and to unloose his tongue to celebrate Thy praise, and cause him to be gathered unto such of Thy people as are nigh unto Thee. Thou art He within Whose grasp is the empire of all things. There is no God but Thee, the Almighty, the Help in Peril, the All-Glorious, the Unconstrained.

