– CXX – Glorified art Thou, O Lord my God! Thou beholdest...

Bahá'u'lláh

Translated by Shoghi Effendi

– CXX –

Glorified art Thou, O Lord my God! Thou beholdest my low estate and the habitation wherein I dwell, and bearest witness unto my perplexity, my crying needs, my troubles, and the afflictions I suffer among Thy servants who recite Thy verses and repudiate their Revealer, who call on Thy names and cavil at their Creator, who seek to draw nigh unto Him Who is Thy Friend and put to death Him Who is the Best-Beloved of the worlds.

Open Thou their eyes, O my God, and My Master, that they may gaze on Thy beauty, or cause them to return unto the lowest abyss of the fire. Potent art Thou to do what Thou willest. Thou art, verily, the All-Glorious, the All-Wise.

The glory of Thy might, O my God, beareth me witness! Every time I attempt to remember Thee, I find myself over-powered by the sublimity of Thy station and the immensity of Thy might; and every time I hold my peace, lo, I am impelled by my love for Thee and by the potency of Thy will, to unloose my tongue and mention Thee. He who is poor and needy, O my God, is calling for his Lord, the All-Possessing; and he who is destitute of all strength remembereth his Master, the All-Powerful. If He deign to accept His servant's supplication, He is, verily, of unsurpassed bounteousness; and if He cast him out, He is of those who judge equitably the best. He indeed is acceptable, O my God, who hath set his face towards Thee, and he is truly deprived who hath been careless of the remembrance of Thee in Thy days. Blessed is he that hath tasted of the sweetness of Thy remembrance and praise. Nothing, not even the arising of all the peoples of the whole world to assail him, can hinder such a man from directing his steps towards the paths of Thy pleasure and the ways of Thy Cause.

Look, then, O Thou Who art the Well-Beloved of Bahá, upon the tears he sheddeth before Thee, and behold the sighs which he uttereth, O Thou Who art his heart's Desire! I swear by Thy might, and Thy majesty and Thy glory! Were I to inherit from Thee all the delights of Paradise, and to keep them in my possession as long as Thine own Being endureth, and were I to become, for less than a moment, careless of the remembrance of Thee, I would, of a certainty, cast them away from me and cease to consider them. I am the one, O my God, who for love of Thee hath forsaken the world and all its benefits, and willingly accepted every tribulation for the sake of Thy remembrance.

I entreat Thee, O Thou Who art my Companion and my Best-Beloved, to lift the veil that hath come in between Thee and Thy servants, that they may recognize Thee with Thine own eye and rid themselves of all attachment to any one but Thee. Thou art, verily, the Almighty, the Ever-

Forgiving, the Most Compassionate. No God is there beside Thee, the Most Exalted, the Self-Sufficing, the Self-Exalting, the All-Glorious, the All-Wise.

Praise be unto Thee, for Thou art, in truth, the Lord of earth and heaven.