

# Rashḥ-i-‘Amá

Bahá’u’lláh

Original English



## Rashḥ-i-‘Amá

(The Clouds of the Realms Above)

’Tis from Our rapture that the clouds of realms above are raining down;<sup>1</sup>

’Tis from Our anthem that the mysteries of faith are raining down.

Upon the Eastern wind Cathay’s entrancing musk doth waft;

This sweetly scented breeze from Our curling locks is raining down.

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<sup>1</sup> “‘Amá’ is defined as an extremely thin and subtle cloud, seen and then not seen. For shouldst thou gaze with the utmost care, thou wouldst discern something, but as soon as thou dost look again, it ceaseth to be seen. For this reason, in the usage of mystics who seek after truth, ‘Amá’ signifieth the Universal Reality without individuations as such, for these individuations exist in the mode of uncompounded simplicity and oneness and are not differentiated from the Divine Essence. Thus they are individuated and not individuated. This is the station alluded to by the terms Aḥadíyyih [Absolute Oneness] and ‘Amá’. This is the station of the “Hidden Treasure” mentioned in the Ḥadīth. The divine attributes, therefore, are individuations that exist in the Essence but are not differentiated therefrom. They are seen and then not seen. This, in brief, is what is meant by ‘Amá’.” (From a previously untranslated Tablet of ‘Abdu’l-Bahá.)



ORIGINAL



AUDIO

The day-star of adornment hath dawned forth above the face of God;  
Behold that mystic truth which from His Countenance is raining down.

The sea of purity hath from the wave of true reunion surged;  
This precious, rare bestowal from our rapture is raining down.

The treasures of love lay hid within the very heart of Fárs;  
From out this treasure trove the pearls of faithfulness are raining down.

The splendour of the rose doth bring the ecstasy of choicest wine;  
This subtle music from the ringing tones of Lordship is raining down.

The trumpet-blast of Judgement Day, the joyful bliss of heaven's call —  
Both at a single breath are from the firmament now raining down.

The Day of "I am He" is made to shine resplendent from Our face;  
The Age of "He is He" from out Our flowing cup is raining down.

From out the fountain of Our heart hath God's celestial river flowed;  
This cup of honeyed nectar from Our ruby lips is raining down.

The Day of God hath been fulfilled, for lo, the Lord hath been unveiled;  
This wondrous message from the melody of Ṭá' is raining down.

Behold Bahá's outpouring grace, the bounty of the clouds above,  
Which, merged into a single song, in God's own voice is raining down.

Behold the Lord's leviathan, behold His sacred countenance;  
Behold the blessings of the heart that from His throne are raining down.

Behold the Palm of Paradise, behold the warbling of the Dove;  
Behold the glorious hymns that in the purest light are raining down.

Behold the soul-entrancing song, behold the beating of the drum,  
Behold the sacred rhythms that from Our hand are raining down.

Behold the Countenance Divine! Behold the Maid of Paradise!  
Behold the grace upon the world from Our own presence raining down.

Behold the everlasting Face! Behold the chalice-bearer's charm!  
Behold the crystal draught that from Our brimming cup is raining down.

Behold the fire of Moses, see His hand that shineth white;  
Behold the heart of Sinai — from Our hand all raining down.

Hear ye the sotted lovers' sighs, behold the garden blooming fair;  
Behold the bliss that from His presence in your midst is raining down.

Behold the radiant face of Há', behold the beauteous robe of Bá';  
Behold the Lordly grace that from Our Pen is raining down.

The vessel of the Advent this, the clouds of limpid waters these;  
The trill of songbirds this, from Our fleeting Wellspring raining down.