

Sore thirst hath overcome all men: Where is the river of Thy bounty, O Mercy of the world!

Greed hath imprisoned all creation: Where are the people of detachment, O Master of the world!

Thou seest this Wronged One lonely in an alien land: Where are the legions of the heavens of Thy power, O Sovereign of the world!

I am forsaken in the land of exile: Where are Thy friendly hosts, O Friend of all the world!

The agony of death hath seized all regions: Where is the surging of Thy living ocean, O Life of all the world!

The whisperings of Satan have bewitched all men: Where is the meteor of Thy fiery wrath, O Radiance of the world!

The wine of passion hath beclouded many men: Where are the holy souls, O Desire of the world!

Thou seest this Wronged One veiled in gloom among the Syrians: Where is the rising of Thy morning light, O Lamp of all the world!

Thou seest Me forbidden to speak forth: Then from whence will spring Thy melodies, O Songster of the world!

The greatest part of men are cloaked in doubt and fancy: Where are Thy people of assurance, O Asylum of the world!

Baha is drowning in a sea of torment: Where is the ark of Thy deliverance, O Savior of the world!

Thou seest the Dayspring of Thine utterance in the blackness of creation: Where is the sun of the heaven of Thy grace, O Light of all the world!

The lamps of truth and righteousness, of loyalty and honor, are put out: Where are the signs of vengeance, O Mover of the world!

Dost Thou see Him the champion of Thyself?

Dost Thou know what hath beset Him in the pathway of Thy love?

...Now doth My pen halt, O Beloved of the world!

The branches of the Lote-Tree lie shattered by the gales of fate: Where are the banners of Thy triumph, O Victor of the world!

My face is shadowed with the dust of slander: Where is the breeze of Thy compassion, O Mercy of the world!

The robe of holiness is sullied by the people of deceit: Where are the trappings of Thy purity, O Adorner of the world!

Mine enemies have locked the gates before My visitants: Where is the key of Thy bestowal, O Master of the world!

The leaves are yellowed by the poisoned winds of hate: Where is the downpour of Thy clouds of bounty, O Bounty of the world!

The world is darkened with the dust of sin: Where are the gales of Thy forgiveness, O Forgiver of the world!

This Youth is captive in a barren land: Where is Thy rain of heavenly grace, O Savior of the world!

O Thou Supreme Pen!

We have heard Thy stirring cry from the eternal realm: Then hear what the Tongue of Grandeur speaks, O Wronged One of the world!

Were it not for the cold, how would the heat of Thy words prevail, O Revealer of the world!

Were it not for the pain, how would the sun of Thy patience shine, O Radiance of the world!

Fail not before the sinful - Thou were created to withstand them, O Patience of the world!

How glorious is the dawning from the heaven of the Covenant among the followers of hate, and Thy yearning after God, O Love of all the world: Through Thee the flag of freedom stands on the highest peaks, through Thee the sea of bounty swells, O Beloved of the world!

By Thy aloneness the sun of openness shone, and by Thy banishment the land of singleness grew fair: Then endure, O Thou Exile of the world!

We have made misery the garment of Thy glory, and anguish the raiment of Thy temple, O Thou Prize of all the world!

Thou seest men's hearts abrim with hate and shalt absolve them, Thou Who dost hide the sins of all the world!

When the swords flash, go forward; when the shafts fly, press onward, O Thou Ransom of the world!

Dost Thou wail or shall I wail, rather shall I weep at the fewness of Thy helpers, Thou Who has caused the wailing of the world!

Surely I have heard Thy call, O Abha Beloved, wherefore the face of Baha flameth with the heat of tribulation and the radiance of Thy shining words: And He hath risen up in faithfulness at the place of martyrdom, looking forward Thy pleasure, O Desire of the world!

Thou Ali-Qabli-i-Akbar!

Praise thou God for this Tablet, when thou hast breathed the fragrance of My Patience, and know that what hath beset Us in the path of God, the Adorned of all the world!

Should all the servants read and ponder this, there shall be enkindled in their

veins a fire that shall set aflame the world!

METADATA

Views15543 views since posted 2001-10; last edit 2025-06-13 05:40 UTC;

previous at archive.org.../bahauallah_qad-ihtaraq_mukhlisun_khan;

URLs changed in 2010, see archive.org.../bahai-library.org

Language

English

Permission

translator

History

Typed 1998 by Robert Stauffer; Formatted 2001-10 by Jonah Winters.

Share

Shortlink: bahai-library.com/784

Citation: ris/784

select Collection:

Archives

Articles

Articles-unpublished

Audio

Bibliographies

BIC

Biographies

Books

Chronologies

Compilations

Compilations-NSA

Compilations-personal

Documents

East-asia

Encyclopedia

Essays

Etc

Excerpts

Fiction

Glossaries

Guardian

Histories

Introductory

Letters

Maps

Music

Newspapers

NSA-documents

NSA-letters

Personal
Pilgrims
Poetry
Presentations
Resources
Reviews
Scripts
Software
Statistics
Study
Talks
Theses
Transcripts
Translations
UHJ-documents
UHJ-letters
Video
Visual
Writings

[home](#)

[sitemap](#)

[series](#)

[chronology](#)

[search:](#)

[author](#)

[title](#)

[date](#)

[tags](#)

[adv. search](#)

[languages](#)

[inventory](#)

[bibliography](#)

[abbreviations](#)

[links](#)

[about](#)

[contact](#)

[RSS](#)

[new](#)

— Fire Tablet (Used by permission of the curator)