



O Divine Providence! Bestow happiness and blessings upon Washington. Illumine that land with the rays beaming from the faces of the friends, turn that region into an exalted paradise, and make that place of dust the envy of every verdant rose-garden. Assist Thou the friends and increase their number. Make the hearts to be recipients of inspiration and the souls to be daysprings of light. Thus may that region become a delectable paradise and that land be perfumed with the sweet fragrance of musk.  
—‘Abdu’l-Bahá

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He is God.

O ye children of the Kingdom! Give thanks unto God that, at this tender age, ye have entered into the Divine Kingdom. The bounty and bestowal of God have surrounded you. While ye were yet children, He chose you and elected you. Ye became the intimates of His mysteries, whilst those of riper age remained deprived. This is naught but a divine bestowal. Therefore give ye thanks unto God, saying:  
O Compassionate God! O Lord of Hosts! Praise be unto Thee that Thou hast preferred these little children over the full-grown and mature, and bestowed upon them Thy special favours. Thou hast guided them. Thou hast been kind to them. Thou hast conferred upon them illumination and spirituality. Grant us Thy confirmation so that, when we grow up, we may engage in service to Thy Kingdom, become the cause of educating others, burn like radiant candles and shine like brilliant stars. Thou art the Giver, the Bestower, the Compassionate.  
—‘Abdu’l-Bahá

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He is God!

Praise be unto Thee, O my Lord, O my Lord! I cry unto Thee from within the depths of my heart, within mine inmost being, the reality of mine essence, the very core of my life. I call Thee to mind from mine outward and mine inward self, from out my very bones and flesh and blood, from my soul and heart and tongue and pen—aflame with the fire of my love for Thy

chosen ones, frenzied  
with yearning over Thy greatly favoured ones, those who have cast away their  
lives upon Thy  
pathway and given up their own selves for love of Thee, and their own blood for  
desire of Thee.  
They are the ones who have made themselves the arrow's target, who have found  
sweet the  
lance-head's biting steel, who craved that, for the upraising of Thy Word,  
their heads be raised  
upon the spear-point, and that their hearts be torn apart—out of adoration  
for Thy beauty, and  
yearning for Thy presence, and longing for Thy love, and in ardently seeking to  
extol Thy glory, to  
be drawn unto Thy heaven, and to be drowned in the sea of devotion unto Thee.  
Among these was this youth, comely and sweet, he whom Thou didst call 'Alí  
the Less 1 in the  
kingdom of names, he whom Thou hast made, in the kingdom of attributes, to be  
'Alí the Great. 2  
For he, O my Lord, when he did drink from the cup of bestowals at the hands of  
the cupbearer of  
Thy grace, became drunken with the red wine of love for Thee, and there rose,  
over the horizon of  
his heart, the bright rays of knowing Thee. Then was he enraptured with the  
wine of desire for  
Thee, and out of longing for Thee he sped to the martyr's field, and  
following Thy path, he quit  
the bridal chamber on his wedding night, he left his cushioned ease and joy for  
a place of affliction  
and pain, and from his rank of honour and esteem was cast down to the depths of  
humiliation and  
abasement.  
And then, at the decree of the worst among Thy creatures, did he redden his  
smooth and  
delicate cheek with the blush of his spilled-out blood, and with his life-blood  
dyed his clustered  
locks. Then did he exchange the fine embroidered garment, put on for his  
wedding night, for  
clothing dark with gouts of blood, and laid himself down in the bed of the  
scorned and despised,  
down in the dust of misery and loss, in exchange for his safe couch of bliss.  
This he did in his  
yearning for Thy realm, the all-glorious, and Thine Abhá Company. Then they  
rent his breast that  
had rejoiced in the tokens of Thy love, and they ripped at his heart, flaming  
with desire for Thee;  
and on Thy path, they shot their arrows of hate at his fair, open bosom and,  
because of his love for

Thee, with their cruel blade struck off the noble head.  
Then they set his head on the point of their tyrant's lance, and they carried  
it to his tender-  
hearted and grievously wronged mother and to his honourable, his sorrowing  
bride. And to terrify  
their hearts and threaten them with more—so as to make them waver in their  
faith and cause  
their feet to stumble on Thy highway of truth, Thy path that runneth  
straight—they flung it into  
the courtyard of their spacious home.  
Praise be unto Thee, O my Lord, that Thou didst keep their hearts firmly  
grounded in Thy  
love. They took that noble head and set it down outside the house, returning  
that precious  
substance to the merciless among Thy creatures, and told them: “God forbid!  
The head that we  
have offered up on the path of God, we will not take back. We will not ask for  
it again, the hidden  
gem, the treasured and well-guarded pearl that we have given up in love for  
God. O, may this  
comely head but vanish under the galloping horses' hooves! May the steeds of  
the obdurate  
trample it to dust!”  
O my Lord! Make Thou this martyr a hero of Thy Kingdom, make him a mighty  
pillar in Thy  
supernal realms, a blazing star in Thy resplendent heaven.  
—‘Abdu’l-Bahá

1 ‘Alí-Asghar. ?

2 ‘Alí-Akbar. ?

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O Lord, my Lord! I praise Thee and thank Thee for the favour Thou hast bestowed  
upon this  
feeble handmaiden of Thine, Thy maidservant who is supplicating and praying  
fervently to Thee,  
inasmuch as Thou hast guided her unto Thy Straight Path, led her to Thy  
luminous Kingdom,  
inclined her ears to Thy most sublime Call in the midmost heart of the world,  
and unveiled to her  
eyes Thy signs which testify to the revelation of Thy supreme dominion over all  
things.  
O my Lord! I dedicate that which is in my womb to Thee. Grant that this child  
may be praised  
in Thy Kingdom, may be blessed by Thy grace and bounty, and may grow and  
develop within the  
stronghold of Thine education. Verily, Thou art the Most Generous, the Lord of  
grace abounding.

—‘Abdu’l-Bahá

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O Lord! Thou didst bestow and Thou didst summon back unto Thyself. Everything Thou dost purpose is to be obeyed, and all that Thou ordainest is the very essence of wisdom. I am content with Thy decree, yearning for Thy trials, and assured of Thy trust. O God, my God! Cheer my heart through seemingly patience and endurance under every grievous affliction. Bestow upon me fortitude, O Lord, and grant that I may be reckoned among Thy servants who have surrendered their will to Thy decree, who endure patiently every trial sent by Thee, who tread no path but that of resignation, and whom no grief, however great, can ever sadden. Thou art, in truth, the All-Bountiful, the Compassionate, the All-Merciful. 1

—‘Abdu’l-Bahá

1 Revealed for the recipient on the occasion of the death of his newborn child.  
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O my God! Verily, the tabernacle of justice hath been pitched in the east and the west of this Holy Land. We yield Thee praise and thanksgiving for the arrival of this just authority and triumphant government, which exerciseth its power for the comfort of its subjects and the well-being of all people. O God! Assist Thou the great emperor George V, the King of England, through Thine eternal grace and Thy divine confirmations. Maintain then its sheltering shade over this venerable land through Thine aid, protection, and preservation. Verily, Thou art the Almighty, the Most Exalted, the All-Glorious, the Most Bountiful.

—‘Abdu’l-Bahá

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O Lord!

Plant this tender seedling in the garden of Thy manifold bounties, water it from the fountains of Thy loving-kindness and grant that it may grow into a goodly plant through the outpourings of Thy favour and grace. Thou art the Mighty and the Powerful.

—‘Abdu’l-Bahá

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He is the Most Glorious!

O my merciful Lord! This is a hyacinth which hath grown in the garden of Thy good pleasure and a twig which hath appeared in the orchard of true knowledge. Cause it, O Lord of bounty, to be refreshed continually and at all times through Thy vitalizing breezes, and make it verdant, fresh and flourishing through the outpourings of the clouds of Thy favours, O Thou kind Lord!

Verily Thou art the All-Glorious.

—‘Abdu’l-Bahá

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He is God!

O Thou kind Lord! We are poor children, needy and insignificant, yet we are plants which have sprouted by Thy heavenly stream and saplings bursting into bloom in Thy divine springtime.

Make us fresh and verdant by the outpourings of the clouds of Thy mercy; help us to grow and develop through the rays of the sun of Thy goodly gifts and cause us to be refreshed by the quickening breeze wafting from the meadows of Truth. Grant that we may become flourishing trees laden with fruit in the orchard of knowledge, brilliant stars shining above the horizon of eternal happiness and radiant lamps shedding light upon the assemblage of mankind.

O Lord! Should Thy tender care be vouchsafed unto us, each one of us would, even as an eagle, soar to the pinnacle of knowledge, but were we left to ourselves we would be consumed away and would fall into loss and frustration. Whatever we are, from Thee do we proceed and before Thy threshold do we seek refuge.

Thou art the Bestower, the Bountiful, the All-Loving.

—‘Abdu’l-Bahá

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He is God!

O Thou pure God! Let these saplings which have sprouted by the stream of Thy guidance become fresh and verdant through the outpourings of the clouds of Thy tender mercy; cause them to be

stirred by the gentle winds wafting from the meads of Thy oneness and suffer  
them to be revived  
through the rays of the Sun of Reality, that they may continually grow and  
flourish, and burst into  
blossoms and fruit.

O Lord God! Bestow upon each one understanding; give them power and strength  
and cause  
them to mirror forth Thy divine aid and confirmation, so that they may become  
highly  
distinguished among the people.  
Thou art the Mighty and the Powerful.  
—‘Abdu’l-Bahá

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O Lord!

Help this daughter of the Kingdom to be exalted in both worlds; cause her to  
turn away from this  
mortal world of dust and from those who have set their hearts thereon and  
enable her to have  
communion and close association with the world of immortality. Give her  
heavenly power and  
strengthen her through the breaths of the Holy Spirit that she may arise to  
serve Thee.

Thou art the Mighty One.  
—‘Abdu’l-Bahá

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O Thou kind Lord!

Grant that these trees may become the adornment of the Abhá Paradise. Cause  
them to grow  
through Thy celestial bounty. Make them fresh and verdant and besprinkle them  
with heavenly  
dewdrops. Attire them with robes of radiant beauty and crown their heads with  
gorgeous  
blossoms. Adorn them with goodly fruit and waft over them Thy sweet savours.  
Thou art the Bestower, the All-Loving, the Most Radiant, the Most Resplendent.  
—‘Abdu’l-Bahá

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He is God!

O God, my God! We are children who have sucked the milk of divine knowledge  
from the breast of  
Thy love and have been admitted into Thy Kingdom while of tender age. We  
implore Thee in the  
daytime and in the night season saying: O Lord! Make firm our steps in Thy

Faith, guard us within  
the stronghold of Thy protection, nourish us from Thy heavenly table, enable us  
to become signs  
of divine guidance and lamps aglow with upright conduct and aid us through the  
potency of the  
angels of Thy kingdom, O Thou Who art the Lord of glory and majesty!  
Verily Thou art the Bestower, the Merciful, the Compassionate.  
—‘Abdu’l-Bahá

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O Thou Lord of wondrous grace!

Bestow upon us new blessings. Give to us the freshness of the spring. We are  
saplings which have  
been planted by the fingers of Thy bounty and have been formed out of the water  
and clay of Thy  
tender affection. We thirst for the living waters of Thy favours and are  
dependent upon the  
outpourings of the clouds of Thy generosity. Abandon not to itself this grove  
wherein our hopes  
aspire, nor withhold therefrom the showers of Thy loving-kindness. Grant that  
from the clouds of  
Thy mercy may fall copious rain so that the trees of our lives may bring forth  
fruit and we may  
attain the most cherished desire of our hearts.

—‘Abdu’l-Bahá

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O Thou pure God! I am a little child; grant that the breast of Thy  
loving-kindness be the breast  
that I cherish; suffer me to be nourished with the honey and the milk of Thy  
love; rear me in the  
bosom of Thy knowledge, and bestow upon me nobility and wisdom while I am still  
a child.

O Thou the Self-Sufficing God! Make me a confidant of the Kingdom of the  
Unseen. Verily,  
Thou art the Mighty, the Powerful.

—‘Abdu’l-Bahá

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O Lord! Guard Thou the children that are born in Thy day, are nurtured at the  
breast of Thy love,  
and fostered in the bosom of Thy grace.  
O Lord, they are verily young branches growing in the gardens of Thy knowledge,  
they are  
boughs budding in Thy groves of grace. Grant them a share of Thy generous  
gifts, make them to

thrive and flourish in the rain that raineth from the clouds of Thy bestowal.  
Thou art verily the Generous, the Clement, the Compassionate!

—‘Abdu’l-Bahá

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O God! Grant Thy favour, and bestow Thy blessing. Vouchsafe Thy grace, and give  
a portion of  
Thy bounty. Enable these men to witness during this year the fulfilment of  
their hopes. Send  
down Thy heavenly rain, and provide Thy plenteousness and abundance. Thou art  
the Powerful,  
the Mighty.

—‘Abdu’l-Bahá

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He is God!

O peerless Lord! Praised be Thou for having kindled that light in the glass of  
the Concourse on  
high, for having guided that bird of faithfulness to the nest of the Abhá  
Kingdom. Thou hast joined  
that precious river to the mighty sea, Thou hast returned that spreading ray of  
light to the Sun of  
Truth. Thou hast welcomed that captive of remoteness into the garden of  
reunion, and led him  
who longed to look upon Thee to Thy presence in Thy bright place of lights.  
Thou art the Lord of tender love, Thou art the last goal of the yearning heart,  
Thou art the  
dearest wish of the martyr’s soul.

—‘Abdu’l-Bahá

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O my God, O my God! Verily this plant hath yielded its fruit and standeth  
upright upon its stalk.  
Verily it hath astounded the farmers and perturbed the envious. O God, water it  
with showers  
from the cloud of Thy favours and cause it to yield great harvests heaped up  
like unto mighty  
hills in Thy land. Enlighten the hearts with a ray shining forth from Thy  
Kingdom of Oneness,  
illumine the eyes by beholding the signs of Thy grace, and gratify the ears by  
hearing the  
melodies of the birds of Thy confirmations singing in Thy heavenly gardens, so  
that these souls  
may become like thirsty fish swimming in the pools of Thy guidance and like  
tawny lions  
roaming in the forests of Thy bounty. Verily Thou art the Generous, the  
Merciful, the Glorious and

the Bestower.

—‘Abdu’l-Bahá

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O Thou beloved of my heart and soul! I have no refuge save Thee. I raise no voice at dawn save in Thy commemoration and praise. Thy love encompasseth me and Thy grace is perfect. My hope is in Thee.

O God, give me a new life at every instant and bestow upon me the breaths of the Holy Spirit at every moment, in order that I may remain steadfast in Thy love, attain unto great felicity, perceive the manifest light and be in the state of utmost tranquillity and submissiveness.

Verily, Thou art the Giver, the Forgiver, the Compassionate.

—‘Abdu’l-Bahá

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O God, my God! Give me to drink from the cup of Thy bestowal and illumine my face with the light of guidance. Make me firm in the path of faithfulness, assist me to be steadfast in Thy mighty Covenant, and suffer me to be numbered with Thy chosen servants. Unlock before my face the doors of abundance, grant me deliverance, and sustain me, through means I cannot reckon, from the treasures of heaven. Suffer me to turn my face toward the countenance of Thy generosity and to be entirely devoted to Thee, O Thou Who art merciful and compassionate! To those that stand fast and firm in Thy Covenant Thou, verily, art gracious and generous. All praise be to God, the Lord of the worlds!

—‘Abdu’l-Bahá

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O my God! O Thou Who endowest every just power and equitable dominion with abiding glory and everlasting might, with permanence and stability, with constancy and honour! Aid Thou by Thy heavenly grace every government that acteth justly towards its subjects and every sovereign authority, derived from Thee, that shieldeth the poor and the weak under the banner of its protection.

I beseech Thee, by Thy divine grace and surpassing bounty, to aid this just

government, the  
canopy of whose authority is spread over vast and mighty lands and the  
evidences of whose  
justice are apparent in its prosperous and flourishing regions. Assist, O my  
God, its hosts, raise  
aloft its ensigns, bestow influence upon its word and its utterance, protect  
its lands, increase its  
honour, spread its fame, reveal its signs, and unfurl its banner through Thine  
all-subduing power  
and Thy resplendent might in the kingdom of creation.  
Thou, verily, aidest whomsoever Thou willest, and Thou, verily, art the  
Almighty, the Most  
Powerful.

—‘Abdu’l-Bahá

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O Thou kind God!

From America, that distant country, we hastened to the Holy Land and directed  
our steps toward  
this blessed Spot. We attained unto the two blessed and sacred Thresholds and  
obtained boundless  
grace therefrom. We have now come to Mount Carmel, which is Thy sacred garden.  
Most of the  
Prophets turned to Thee in prayer upon this holy mountain, communing with Thee  
in the utmost  
humility at the midnight hour.  
O Lord! We are now in this blessed place. We beseech Thine infinite bounties  
and long for a  
joyous and tranquil conscience. We desire firmness in the Covenant and seek Thy  
good-pleasure to  
our last breath.

O Lord! Forgive our sins and bestow upon us Thy manifold favours. Shield us  
within the  
shelter of Thy protection. Guard and preserve these two little children and  
nurture them in the  
embrace of Thy Love.

Thou art the Forgiver, the Resplendent, the Ever-Loving.

—‘Abdu’l-Bahá

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O Thou forgiving God! Forgive the sins of my loving mother, pardon her  
shortcomings, cast upon  
her the glance of Thy gracious providence, and enable her to gain admittance  
into Thy Kingdom.

O God! From the earliest days of my life she educated and nurtured me, yet I  
did not

recompense her for her toil and labours. Do Thou reward her by granting her  
eternal life and  
making her exalted in Thy Kingdom.  
Verily, Thou art the Forgiver, the Bestower, and the Kind.  
—‘Abdu’l-Bahá

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