

Darkness hath overwhelmed most beings; Where are the lights of Thy radiance, 0
Light of the Worlds?

Necks have grown high with hypocrisy; Where are the swords of Thy retribution,
0 Destroyer of the Worlds?

Wretchedness hath increased to its utmost degree; Where are the signs of Thy
majesty, 0 Glory of the Worlds?

Sadness hath overtaken the dawning-place of Thy name, the Merciful; Where is
the joy of the manifestations of Thy revelation, 0 Happiness of the Worlds?

All mankind hath been plunged into grief; Where are the tokens of Thy
rejoicing, 0 Gladness of the Worlds?

Thou dost behold the dawning-place of the verses behind the veils of vain
allusions. Where is the finger of Thy might, 0 Power of the Worlds?

The trembling of thirst hath shaken all in the realm of creation; Where are the
sweet waters of Thy bounty, 0 Mercy of the Worlds?

Greed hath taken hold of all in the realm of existence; Where are the
dawning-places of detachment, 0 Lord of the Worlds?

(p 135) Thou seest the Oppressed One alone amongst strangers; Where is the
host of the heaven of Thy command, 0 Monarch of the Worlds?

I have been left alone in the land of exile; Where are the dawning points of
Thy fidelity, 0 Constancy of the Worlds?

The agonies of death have taken fast hold of the horizons of the world; Where
are the waters of Thy living ocean, 0 Life of the Worlds?

The evil whisperings of Satan have encompassed all that dwell upon the earth;
Where are the shooting stars of Thy fire, 0 Light of the Worlds?

Most men have been altered by the drunkenness of desire; Where are the
dawning-places of piety, 0 Desire of the Worlds?

Thou seest the Wretched One in the veil of darkness among the people of Syria;
Where is the glow of the light of Thy morning, 0 Lamp of the Worlds?

Thou seest me prohibited from speaking; Where will Thy melodies appear, 0 Dove
of the Worlds?

Vain superstitions and imaginings have rendered unconscious most of mankind;
Where are the dawning-places of Thy certitude, 0 Tranquillity of the Worlds?

Bahá has been submerged beneath the ocean of tribulations; Where is the
Ark of Thy salvation, 0 Saviour of the Worlds?

Thou beholdest the dawning-place of Thy verses amidst the shadows of the
contingent world; Where is the Sun of the horizon of Thy bounty, 0 Thou Who
bestowest illumination on all the Worlds?

The lamps of truthfulness and purity, of zeal and faithfulness have been

extinguished; Where are the tokens of Thy zeal, O Thou Who settest in motion the Worlds?

Dost thou see anyone who will come to thy assistance or who will ponder on what has befallen thee, out of love for thee? Whereupon the pen hesitated, O Beloved of the Worlds?

The branches of the Lote-tree beyond which there is no passing have been snapped by the blowing of the winds of fate; Where are the banners of Thy victory, O Conqueror of the Worlds?

My face has remained upon the dust of false accusations; Where are the breezes of Thy mercy, O Thou that showest compassion to the Worlds?

The hem of the robe of holiness hath been sullied by the people of deceit; Where is the ornament of Thy purification, O Thou that adornest the Worlds?

The ocean of bounty hath been stilled by what the hands of men have wrought; Where are the billows of Thy grace, O Aim of the Worlds?

The Gate of Meeting hath been locked by the tyranny of the people of enmity; Where is the key of Thy favour, O Thou that openest the Worlds?

(p 136) The leaves have turned yellow with the poisonous winds of treachery; Where are the heavy rains of the clouds of Thy bounty, O Thou art bountiful to the Worlds?

The entire creation hath been covered in the dust of rebellion; Where are the breezes of Thy forgiveness, O Thou Who forgivest the Worlds?

The Youth hath been abandoned in a barren land; Where are the showers of the heaven of Thy grace, O Thou that sendest rain upon the worlds?

O Most Exalted Pen! We have heard thy most sweet call from the kingdom of eternity. Give ear, then, to that which the Tongue of Grandeur speaketh, O Wronged One of the Worlds.

Were it not for the freezing cold, how should the heat of thine utterance be manifested, O thou that givest explanation unto the Worlds?

And were it not for affliction, how should the Sun of thy patience rise above the horizon, O Perplexed One of the Worlds?

Grieve not over the wrongdoers, for thou wast created to be longsuffering, O Patience of the Worlds.

How sweet is thy shining forth above the horizon of the covenant among the people of treachery, and thy longing for God, O Love of the Worlds.

Through thee, the ensign of independence was lifted up upon the highest mountains and the sea of bounty surged, O Passion of the Worlds.

Through thy oneness, the Sun of divine unity shone forth, and through thy banishment the homeland of divine singleness was adorned; wherefore, be patient, O Stranger of the Worlds.

We have made abasement the robe of glory and affliction the ornament of thy tabernacle, O Pride of the Worlds.

Thou beholdest the hearts filled with rancour, but it is for thee to show forbearance, O Coverer of the sins of the Worlds.

Shouldst thou behold the sword, advance towards it; and should an arrow be let fly, turn your steps in its path, O Sacrifice of the Worlds.

Is it thou who lamentest, or is it I? Nay, I cry out aloud for the fewness of them that have lent thee their aid, O thou through whom hath been raised the lamentation of the Worlds.

I have heard thy cry, O most glorious Beloved. Whereupon, the face of Bahá hath been set aglow with the heat of tribulation and the lights of Thy luminous words, and he hath risen up with the utmost faithfulness in the place of martyrdom and sacrifice, gazing unto Thy good-pleasure, O Thou Who appraisest the Worlds.

O `Alí Akbar, give thanks unto God for this Tablet from which you may (p137) discover the fragrance of the wrongs I have suffered and that which I have endured in the path of God, the Object of the devotion of the Worlds.

Should all My servants without exception read it and meditate upon it, there shall be ignited in every vein of their bodies a conflagration that shall set ablaze the Worlds.

(Tasbih va Tahlil, pp.219-24; Ad'iyih-i- H.Mahbub, pp. 169-79)

In the Name of God, the Most Ancient, the Most Great.

Indeed the hearts of the sincere are consumed in the fire of separation: Where is the gleaming of the light of Thy Countenance, O Beloved of the worlds?

Those who are near unto Thee have been abandoned in the darkness of desolation: Where is the shining of the morn of Thy reunion, O Desire of the worlds?

The bodies of Thy chosen ones lie quivering on distant sands: Where is the ocean of Thy presence, O Enchanter of the worlds?

Longing hands are uplifted to the heaven of Thy grace and generosity: Where are the rains of Thy bestowal, O Answerer of the worlds?

The infidels have arisen in tyranny on every hand: Where is the compelling power of Thine ordaining pen, O Conqueror of the worlds?

The barking of dogs is loud on every side: Where is the lion of the forest of Thy might, O Chastiser of the worlds?

Coldness hath gripped all mankind: Where is the warmth of Thy love, O Fire of the worlds?

Calamity hath reached its height: Where are the signs of Thy succor, O Salvation of the worlds?

Darkness hath enveloped most of the peoples: Where is the brightness of Thy splendor, O Radiance of the worlds?

The necks of men are stretched out in malice: Where are the swords of Thy vengeance, O Destroyer of the worlds?

Abasement hath reached its lowest depth: Where are the emblems of Thy glory, O Glory of the worlds?

Sorrows have afflicted the Revealer of Thy Name, the All-Merciful: Where is the joy of the Dayspring of Thy Revelation, O Delight of the worlds?

Anguish hath befallen all the peoples of the earth: Where are the ensigns of Thy gladness, O Joy of the worlds?

Thou seest the Dawning Place of Thy signs veiled by evil suggestions: Where are the fingers of Thy might, O Power of the worlds?

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

Greed hath made captive all mankind: Where are the embodiments of detachment, O Lord of the worlds?

Thou seest this Wronged One lonely in exile: Where are the hosts of the heaven of Thy Command, O Sovereign of the worlds?

I have been forsaken in a foreign land: Where are the emblems of Thy faithfulness, O Trust of the worlds?

The agonies of death have laid hold on all men: Where is the surging of Thine ocean of eternal life, O Life of the worlds?

The whisperings of Satan have been breathed to every creature: Where is the meteor of Thy fire, O Light of the worlds?

The drunkenness of passion hath perverted most of mankind: Where are the daysprings of purity, O Desire of the worlds?

Thou seest this Wronged One veiled in tyranny among the Syrians: Where is the radiance of Thy dawning light, O Light of the worlds?

Thou seest Me forbidden to speak forth: Then from where will spring Thy melodies, O Nightingale of the worlds?

Most of the people are enwrapped in fancy and idle imaginings: Where are the exponents of Thy certitude, O Assurance of the worlds?

Bahá' is drowning in a sea of tribulation: Where is the Ark of Thy salvation,
O
Savior of the worlds?

Thou seest the Dayspring of Thine utterance in the darkness of creation: Where is the sun of the heaven of Thy grace, O Lightgiver of the worlds?

The lamps of truth and purity, of loyalty and honor, have been put out: Where

are the signs of Thine avenging wrath, O Mover of the worlds?

Canst Thou see any who have championed Thy Self, or who ponder on what hath befallen Him in the pathway of Thy love? Now doth My pen halt, O Beloved of the worlds?

The branches of the Divine Lote-Tree lie broken by the onrushing gales of destiny: Where are the banners of Thy succor, O Champion of the worlds?

This Face is hidden in the dust of slander: Where are the breezes of Thy compassion, O Mercy of the worlds?

The robe of sanctity is sullied by the people of deceit: Where is the vesture of Thy holiness, O Adorner of the worlds?

The sea of grace is stilled for what the hands of men have wrought: Where are the waves of Thy bounty, O Desire of the worlds?

The door leading to the Divine Presence is locked through the tyranny of Thy foes: Where is the key of Thy bestowal, O Unlocker of the worlds?

The leaves are yellowed by the poisoning winds of sedition: Where is the downpour of the clouds of Thy bounty, O Giver of the worlds?

The universe is darkened with the dust of sin: Where are the breezes of Thy forgiveness, O Forgiver of the worlds?

This Youth is lonely in a desolate land: Where is the rain of Thy heavenly grace, O Bestower of the worlds?

O Supreme Pen, We have heard Thy most sweet call in the eternal realm: Give Thou ear unto what the Tongue of Grandeur uttereth, O Wronged One of the worlds?

Were it not for the cold, how would the heat of Thy words prevail, O Expounder of the worlds?

Were it not for calamity, how would the sun of Thy patience shine, O Light of the worlds?

Lament not because of the wicked. Thou wert created to bear and endure, O Patience of the worlds.

How sweet was Thy dawning on the horizon of the Covenant among the stirrers of sedition, and Thy yearning after God, O Love of the worlds.

By Thee the banner of independence was planted on the highest peaks, and the sea of bounty surged, O Rapture of the worlds.

By Thine aloneness the Sun of Oneness shone, and by Thy banishment the land of Unity was adorned.

Be patient, O Thou Exile of the worlds. We have made abasement the garment of glory, and affliction the adornment of Thy temple, O Pride of the worlds.

Thou seest the hearts are filled with hate, and to overlook is Thine, O Thou

Concealer of the sins of the worlds.

When the swords flash, go forward! When the shafts fly, press onward! O Thou Sacrifice of the worlds.

Dost Thou wail, or shall I wail? Rather shall I weep at the fewness of Thy champions, O Thou Who hast caused the wailing of the worlds.

Verily, I have heard Thy call, O All-Glorious Beloved; and now is the face of Baha flaming with the heat of tribulation and with the fire of

Thy shining word, and He hath risen up in faithfulness at the place of sacrifice, looking toward Thy pleasure, O Ordainer of the worlds.

O Ali-Akbar, thank thy Lord for this Tablet whence thou canst breathe the fragrances of My meekness, and know what hath beset Us in the path of God, the Adored of all the worlds.

Should all the servants read and ponder this, there shall be kindled in their veins a fire that shall set aflame the worlds.

Bahá'í Prayers, US Bahá'í Publishing Trust, 1991, pp. 214-220

Note

This translation of

Lawh-i-Qad-Ihtaraqa`l-Mukhlisún

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