Selections from the Sacred Writings

Bahá'u'lláh and 'Abdu'l-Bahá

اِلهَا پَروَردِگارا مَحبوبا مَقصُودا

O God, O God, my Beloved, the Goal of my Desire!

به تو آمده ام و از تو می طلبم آنچه را که سببِ بخششِ تو است

I stand before Thee and beseech Thee by reason of Thy forgiveness,

توئى بحرِ جود و مالكِ وجود

O Thou Who art the Ocean of bounty and the King of existence,

لازال لحاظتِ علّتِ ظهورِ بخشش و عطا

O Thou Who hast caused both forgiveness and tenderness to appear.

عبادِ خودرا محروم منما

Deny not Thy servants

و از بِساطِ قُدس و قُرب منع مفرما

and withhold them not from Thy holiness and nearness.

توئی بخشنده و مهربان

Thou art the Forgiving and the Kind.

لا إله إلَّا أنتَ العَزيزُ المَنَّان

No God is there but Thee, the Almighty, the Most Bountiful.

ای احبّای حقّ

O ye the beloved of the one true God!

از مَفازَهٔ ضَيِّقِهٔ نفس و هوى

Pass beyond the narrow retreats of your evil and corrupt desires,

به فَضاهاي مُقَدَّسِهُ اَحَدِيِّه بشتابيد

and advance into the vast immensity of the realm of God,

و در حَدِیقِهٔ تَقدیس و تَنزیه مَأُویٰ گیرید

and abide ye in the meads of sanctity and of detachment,

تا از نَفَحاتِ اَعمالِیّه کُلّ بَرِیّه

that the fragrance of your deeds may lead the whole of mankind to the ocean of God's unfading glory.

به شاطي عِزِّ اَحَدِیّه تَوَجُّه نمایند

> اَبَداً در أُمورِ دُنيا و مَا يَتَعَلَّقُ بها

Forbear ye from concerning yourselves with the affairs of this world and all that pertaineth unto it,

و رُؤسايِ ظاهِرة آن تَكَلُّم جايز نه

or from meddling with the activities of those who are its outward leaders. الله ابهي

ای متوجّه إلى الله

O thou who art turning thy face towards God!

چشم از جمیع ماسوی بر بند

Close thine eyes to all things else,

و به مَلَکوتِ ابهی بَر گشا

and open them to the realm of the All-Glorious.

آنچه خواهی از او خواه

Ask whatsoever thou wishest of Him alone;

و آنچه طلبی از او طلب

seek whatsoever thou seekest from Him alone.

به نظری

With a look He granteth a hundred thousand hopes,

صد هزار حاجاتت روا نماید

و به التفاتي

with a glance He healeth a hundred thousand incurable ills,

صد هزار درد بی درمان دوا کند

و به انعطافي

with a nod He layeth balm on every wound,

زخمها را مرهم نهد

with a glimpse He freeth the hearts from the shackles of grief.

و به نگاهی دلها را از قیدِ غم برهاند آنچه کند او کند

He doeth as He doeth,

ما چه توانیم کرد

and what recourse have we?

يَفعل ما يَشاء

He carrieth out His Will,

و يَحكُمُ ما يُريد است

He ordaineth what He pleaseth.

پس سَرِ تسلیم نِه

Then better for thee to bow down thy head in submission,

و توكّل بر رَبِّ رحيم يـِه

and put thy trust in the All-Merciful Lord.

والبهاء عليك

ع ع

ای جانفشانِ یارِ بینشان	O heart-surrendered lover of the traceless Friend!
هزار عارفان در جستجوی او	A thousand mystic knowers have wandered far in search of Him,
ولی محروم و مهجور از روی او	though all remained bereft and were kept back from beholding his Face—
امّا تو یافتی تو شناختی	yet thou hast found Him; thou hast recognized Him.
تو نردِ خدمت باختی	You have won the contest through service
و کار خود ساختی	and established yourself thereby,
و عَلَمِ فَوز و فلاح افراختی	raising up the standards of fortune and well-being.
طُرفهْ حکایتی و غَریبْ بشارتی	What amazing news and marvelous tidings!
آنانکه جستند نیافتند	So many, who sought but found nothing,
آنانكه نِشستند يافتند	whilst these others, who sought after nothing, discovered all.

By God!

Those had longed with sated hearts, devoid of hunger;

devoid of h جستجوی سیراب بود نه تشنگان

theirs was a quest of knowers, not the love-stricken.

dluye-stricken. طلبِ عاقلان بود

نه عاشقان

The learned who reap their harvest know nothing of Layli's secret:

that the real boon is not theirs, but with Majnún and his burnt remains.

A lover in repose doth excel the deeds of those who know.

The glory of God rest upon thee.

حكايت آوردهاند

که عارف الهی با عالم نحوی همراه شدند و همراز گشتند

تا رسيدند بشاطى بحر العظمة

عارف بی تأمّل توسّل فرموده بر آب راند

و عالم نحو چون نقشِ بر آب محو گشته مبهوت ماند

> بانگ زد عارف که چون عنان پیچیدی

The story is told

of a mystic knower who went on a journey with a learned grammarian for a companion.

They came to the shore of the Sea of Grandeur.

The knower, putting his trust in God, straightway flung himself into the waves,

but the grammarian stood bewildered and lost in thoughts that were as words traced upon the water.

The mystic called out to him, "Why dost thou not follow?"

گفت

The grammarian answered,

ای برادر چه کنم

"O brother, what can I do?

چون پای رفتنم نیست سَرْ نَهادن اولی بود

As I dare not advance, I must needs go back again."

گفت

Then the mystic cried,

آنچه از سیبویه و قولویه اخد نمودهئی و یا از مطالب ابن حاجب و ابن مالک حمال فرمودهئی

بریز و از آب بگذر

"Cast aside what thou hast learned from Síbavayh and Qawlavayh, from Ibn-i-Hájib and Ibn-i-Málik, and cross the water!"

محو میباید نه نحو این را بدان

With renunciation, not with grammar's rules, one must be armed:

گر تو محوی بی خطر در آب ران

Be nothing, then, and cross this sea unharmed.

I bear witness, O my God,

that Thou hast created me

to know Thee and to worship Thee.

I testify, at this moment,

to my powerlessness and to Thy might,

وَضَعْفِيْ وَاقْتِدارِكَ

وَضَعْفِيْ وَاقْتِدارِكَ

to my poverty and to Thy wealth.

لا إِلهَ إِلاَّ أَنْتَ المُهَيْمِنُ القَيُّومُ There is none other God but Thee, the Help in Peril, the Self-Subsisting.

هو الله ای طالب ملکوت به الطاف حضرت پروردگار اميدوار باش و از مَصائِبِ شَديدةِ اين جهان ناامید مگرد الحمدلله خدای مهربان داری که طبیب هر بیمار است و غَمخوارِ هر مُبتَلا يَناهِ يَتيمان است و مُعين بيكَسان و بينهايت مِهرِبان اگر بدانی که قلب عبد البهاء چه قدر مهربان است البته از شِدَّتِ فَرَح و سُرور پُرواز نمائی و فَریادِ واطوبی به اُوجِ آسمان رِسانی والبهاو عَلیک عبد البهاء عبّاس

The Tongue of Wisdom proclaimeth:
He that hath Me not is bereft of all
things.
Turn ye away from all that is on earth
and seek none else but Me.
I am the Sun of Wisdom and the
Ocean of Knowledge.
I cheer the faint and revive the dead.
I am the guiding Light that illumineth
the way.
I am the royal Falcon on the arm of the Almighty.
I unfold the drooping wings of every
broken bird and start it on its flight.

Thus with steadfast steps

we may tread the Path of certitude,

قَدَم گذاریم

that perchance the breeze that bloweth from the meads of the good-pleasure of God

may waft upon us the sweet savours of divine acceptance,

and cause us, vanishing mortals that we are,

to attain unto the Kingdom of everlasting glory.

هو الله

رشحِ عما از جذبهٔ ما میریزد سرّ وفا از نغمهٔ ما میریزد From Our rapture, the Clouds of the Pre-Eternal rain down...
From Our melody the secrets of devotion rain down...

از باد صَبا مُشگ خطا گشته پدید وین نفخهٔ خوش از جَعدِهٔ ما میریزد

A wind stirs from Sheba carrying the musk of Cathay, While from Our locks fragrant breezes rain down...

شمسِ طراز از طلعَت حَق کرده طُلوع

سِرّ حقيقت بين كَز وجهة ما ميريزد

The Sun of adornment rises from the countenance of Truth
Behold! From Our visage the mysteries of truth rain down...

بحرِ صَفا از موجِ لِقا كرده خُروش وين طُرفهْ عطا از جذبهٔ ما ميريزد

The sea of purity surges through a wave of reunion
From Our ecstasy these precious gifts rain down...

گنجینهٔ حُبّ در سینهٔ فا گشته نَهان

زين گَنجِ مُحَبَّت دُرِّ وفا ميريزد

Treasuries of love lay concealed in the breast of Fá From this trove of affection pearls of

faith rain down...

بِهِجَتِ مُل از نَظرِهٔ گُل شد ظاهر این رَمزِ ملیح از رَنّهٔ را میریزد The choicest wine appears through a glance at this rose
From the songs of Rá heart-stirring