

O Cup-Bearer, give me a drop (*Sáqí, bi-dih ábí*)¹

He is the Glorious

O Cup-Bearer, give me a drop of the mystic Flame, [1]

That it may wash my soul from the whispers of the flesh,

A drop of water revealing the form of Fire,

A sparkle of fire manifesting the celestial Fount.

A glimmer of His image fell on the page of the Soul,

A hundred Hellenic wisdoms were confounded.

A spark of that Flame hit the Tree of Sinai,

A hundred Imranite Moseses were astounded.

A flame of that Fire turned into Love and pitched [5]

Its tents in man's water and clay and in his heart.

Who art Thou, O Love, that 'cause of Thee the world

Is in turmoil and Luqman's wisdom is envious?

Now Thou boastest: "I'm the Beloved's splendour in the world."

Now Thou proclaimest: "I'm Myself that Divine Countenance."

Since Thou breathest the Beloved's fragrance upon the soul,

Whatever claim Thou advancest, one might say Thou art much better.

Thou art the Companion of the soul, the Sign of the Beloved,

From Thee tranquility of spirit cometh, from Thee distress.

If a ray from Thy Face shineth on the Divine realms, [10]

Thou wilt see a hundred Cananaean Josephs put up for sale.

From Thee Joseph's fragrance bloweth; from Thee the Messianic Spirit;

Thou art the white-handed Moses, Thou, the flame on Mount Paran.

Bound are the heads by Thy locks, pierced the hearts

By Thine anguish, be they of insane laymen or of Divine sages.

I'm drunk of Thee, 'cause of Thee I'm notorious, whether

Thou offerest me a hundred lives, or Thou slayest me.

Lights of 'Irfán, vol. 16 (2015), pp. 223-25. For a general introduction to this and other poems by Bahá'u'lláh see Julio Savi, "Bahá'u'lláh's Persian poems written before 1863," in *Lights of Irfán* 13 (2012): 317-361.

¹ This translation has been done with the precious assistance of Ms. Faezeh Mardani Mazzoli, lecturer of Persian language at the University of Bologna.

If Thou art the Angel of death, how come that Thou revivest me?
If Thou art the Reviver of bodies, how is it that Thou actest as a snake?
If Thou graciously movest in the court of a king, Thou changest [15]
The king into a servant and the servant into a king.
A spark of Thy Face fell upon the rose-bush of the soul,
And lit its beauty as a crimson tulip.
O! What a breeze wafted announcing to the soul the glad tidings
That from the East of the Spirit that Divine Face hath appeared.
Souls soared with yearning, hearts were enraptured in ecstasy,
Love fell in love with Him, and so did the essence of creation.
Through His wisdom, the coincidence of opposites is made manifest,
Now Love becometh a servant, now the Intellect a porter.
Stop tearing asunder the veil of mystery, O Dervish:
A cry riseth from the city of men and the world of brutes. [20]