

At dawn the Friend came to my bed (*Saḥar ámad*)¹

He is the Provider in all circumstances

At dawn the Friend came to my bed: [1]

‘O fool for love, O broken heart,

O thou, who pinest for Me wherever thou art,

And wherever thou art, liest in prison for Me,

Now an asp twisted at thy foot,

Now a rutilant chain at thy neck.

O thou, who didn’t spend a night on a bed of ease, O thou,

Who didn’t find a moment of relief from the woes of the world.

The heart of the world was burnt by the fire of thy wails, [5]

The eye of the universe was consumed by the fire of thine afflictions.

Now is placed in fetters thy neck, as if thou werest a rebellious

Servant, now, bound in chains, thou art hurried to the bazaar.

Now thou art wronged in the hands of the oppressor,

Now thou spendest days and nights in the prison of cruelty.

Lights of Irfan 16 (2015): 273-5.

¹ The Persian text used for this paraphrase is published in *Ishráq-Khávarí, Má’idiy-i-Asmání* 4:181-84. The poem is also published in *Majmú’iy-i-Áthár* 30:163-65. This paraphrase was done with the assistance of Ms Faezeh Mardani Mazzoli. 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 Irfan* 13 (2012):317-361.

Thy pains set on fire the hearts of the friends,
Thy groans darkened the faces of the lovers.

Thine eyes shed rubies of blood, whereby
The eye of the twilight hath turned pomegranate red.

After so many toils thou met in My path, [10]
Thou doest not cool down, nor bitterly regret.

Wherefore art thou restless tonight? Wherefore
Hath thy body become as thin as a thread?

In the night thou tossest and turnest on thy couch,
Thou tossest and groanest, as bitten by a snake.

Why doest thou turn and groan, now?
Why doeth thy face turn pale?’

I answered: ‘O Friend! O Healer of my soul!
How is it that Thou camest to this sick bed?

O Thou, by Whose Face the sun is enlightened in the sky, [15]
O Thou, by Whose love the essence of peace is unsettled.

The sky hath filled its skirt with pearls,
That it may lay it down at the feet of Thy Majesty.

Doest Thou wonder about Thy lover’s plight?
Thou wilt discover its secrets in the pallor of his face.

My groans proclaim the secret of my heart;
My tearful eyes reveal the riddle of my soul.

In my love for Thee I received many an arrow
Of cruelty, I fell into infidel hands.

I was dragged through mountains and plains, [20]
I was drawn in front of the wicked.

Should I tell what I saw in my love for Thee,
My tongue would grow weary of speaking.

I don't complain, O Friend, for Thy pitiless sword
And I cherish my pains for Thee as my own heart.

I embrace Thy decree with heart and soul,
My spirit yearns after Thy tribulations.

My soul won't cut the lace of Thy love,
Should it be beheaded with a deadly blade.

I tied my heart to the curl of Thy tresses, [25]
That it may not be unloosed till the Judgement Day.

Should I be slaughtered a myriad times, with every
Moment, still I wouldn't rebel against Thy love.

In the night season I burn in the fire of anguish,
'Cause my head hasn't been, O Friend, hung on the gallows.

I come with no veil before Thee to behold, O Almighty,
Thy Face beyond any mortal frame, O Unique One.

The Birds of Eternity returned to their nest,
We remained downtrodden and wretched on earth.

The time hath come for the banner to be hoisted. [30]
O Mystery of God! Draw forth Thy hand from the Unseen,

That Thou mayest discharge the mortals from their clay,
And cleanse the mirrors of their hearts from their rust.

From the shackles of the world, O Thou,
Release all these pilgrims and companions

Attire their heads with the crown of acceptance,
Gird up their temples with the girdle of love.

That's enough, O Dervish! Don't torment us any longer,
'Cause many sparks have fallen from these