

Psalms

I. To the Message

Hail to the day of the Message
When we shall become as brothers!
Hail to the Voice of the Lord speaking in the hearts of men!
Gone is the great tribulation,
And from that Peace within is born the Peace without,
Who can condemn, but he that hath become the Truth?
Who becometh the Truth, he will never condemn.
By words of kindness and friendly hand thou shalt heal;
By pleasant thoughts and open spirit thou shalt heal,
The Glory of God has descended,
And Truth is now on Earth.
Open is the door to the path of the Holy Ones;
No more shall needless we suffer.
Arise and seek thy Master,
For the day of the Message has come.

II. Rassoul

Who shall say that he is gone?
Blinded one who never saw him indeed,
Where is not the Lord and that Light that quickens in every one born?
The single-eyed one sees, and seeing knows,
This is the essence of Veda.
Open thy heart and enter;
Go on that journey and thou shalt find,
Thou hast journeyed not at all.
See the Master at thy side;
Open thy heart to let him in,
For he has opened his bosom for thee.
Grow thou, that thou mayest perceive the Rassoul of God.
The heavens bow to him as before their Lord;
The earth is the least of his slaves,
He is thy ladder, whose every rung is sacred,

The microscope of God and the telescope of man,
The veil that vanisheth at dawn,
And the interpreter of mysteries,
Naught in all is he and all in naught,
Baqā-i-fāna, the subsidence in the everlasting.
O thou wakened by him,
Fall not back into lethargy,
But keep thine eyes over towards the sun;
Then shall the Blessed One never leave thy presence.

III. Pir-o-Murshida

Star-gazing I;
The form of a woman moves across the nebula,
The universe dancing to her step.
Where art thou, O mighty Atlas,
Guardian of the Heavens?
Come and go the great ones,
Holding the pillars of the Cosmos.
Planets dwarfed and distances melt away,
Earth less than a mustard seed,
Time and Space each hide in their timid corners,
Philosophy is dead and science yet unborn,
While numbers are no more.

The sun and I turn in wonder
To the lady of Destiny.
Far across the arena
Where a thousand light years are as a day,
She sweeps the clouds of ignorance away.

On and on,
The never resting queens turn aeons into seconds.
Where art thou, o my mind?
What availeth thy self conceit and wanted knowledge?
Not all thy powers can aid thee now.
Down, down into the dust and pray.

But thou, o heart, open thy doors,
And she will come!
One step to her, she taketh ten toward thee.

For on her is the Glory of God,
In her do the Holy Ones rejoice,
And in her light shall we see Light forevermore.

IV. Sound

Sound is the Nature of all things,
But the tongue uttereth only a lie.
A celestial current flows within the heart,
A symphony of living notes,
Harmony upon Harmony, rhythm within rhythm.
There the composer finds his themes,
And the poet draws his inspirations.
Sound is the Nature of all things,
A hidden word tells the secret of rock and tree,
Of flower and bird and beast.
Tune in, tune in and thou shalt hear,
Tune in tune in
The linnet is singing in the oak,
And the drumming locusts moves across the grass,
Laughs the pattering streamlet,
While the wind brings news from nowhere.
Sound is the Nature of all things,
But the voice of the Truth is Silent.
He who hath an ear—let him hear.