

O Lord so rich in bounty, so replete with grace,  
Whose knowledge doth mine inmost heart and soul embrace!

At morn, the solace of my soul is none but Thee;  
The knower of my loss and woe is none but Thee.

The heart that for a moment hath Thy mention known  
Will seek no friend save longing pain for Thee alone.

Withered be the heart that sigheth not for Thee,  
And better blind the eye that crieth not for Thee!

In all mine hours of deepest gloom, O Lord of might,  
My heart hath Thy remembrance for a shining light.

Do, through Thy favour, breathe Thy spirit into me,  
That what hath never been may thus forever be.

Consider not our merit and our worth,  
O Lord of bounty, but the grace Thou pourest forth.

Upon these broken-winged birds whose flight is slow  
Out of Thy tender mercy newfound wings bestow.

—*‘Abdu’l-Bahá*