

Alas, alas! May the souls of the Concourse on high be a ransom for the calamities thou didst sustain, O scion of the divine Lote Tree and the Mystery enshrined in the most exalted Word! Would that the decree of the Lord of the beginning and the end had remained unfulfilled! Would that mortal eyes had never beheld thy body fallen upon the dust! The calamities thou didst endure have withheld the billows of wisdom and knowledge from surging upon the ocean of divine utterance and stilled the breezes of the All-Glorious. Because of the sorrows thou didst suffer, the signs have been blotted out, and the fruits have fallen, and the cries of the righteous have been lifted up, and the tears of the pious have flowed down. Alas, alas! O thou Prince of Martyrs and their sovereign King! Alas, alas! O thou Pride of Martyrs and their Best-Beloved!

—Bahá'u'lláh

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