SELECTED POEMS OF
THE PROMISED MESSIAH

Urdu with English Translation
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Ḥadrat Mirza Ghulam Ahmad of Qadian

*The Promised Messiah & Mahdi*
Haḍrat Mirza Ghulam Ahmad was born in 1835 in Qadian, India. From his early life, he dedicated himself to prayer and the study of the Holy Quran and other scriptures. He was deeply pained to observe the plight of Islam, which was being attacked from all directions. In order to defend Islam and present its teachings in their pristine purity, he wrote more than ninety books, thousands of letters, and participated in many religious debates. He argued that Islam is a living faith which can lead man to establish communion with God to achieve moral and spiritual perfection.

Haḍrat Mirza Ghulam Ahmad started experiencing divine dreams, visions, and revelations at a young age. In 1889, under divine command, he started accepting initiation into the Ahmadiyya Muslim Community. Divine revelations continued to increase and God commanded him to announce that He had appointed him to be the same Reformer of the Latter Days as prophesied by various religions under different titles. He claimed to be the same Prophet who the Holy Prophet Muhammad said would be raised as the Promised Messiah and Mahdi. The Ahmadiyya Muslim Community is now established in more than 200 countries.

After his demise in 1908, the second manifestation of divine power was demonstrated, and the institution of Khilafat (successorship) was established to succeed him in fulfilment of the prophecies made in the Holy Quran, presented by the Holy Prophet
Muhammad\textsuperscript{saw}, and in the Promised Messiah’s book \textit{Al-Wāṣiyyat}. Ḥaḍrat Mirza Masroor Ahmad\textsuperscript{aba} is the Fifth Successor to the Promised Messiah\textsuperscript{saw} and the present head of the Ahmadiyya Muslim Community.
Please note that, in the translation that follows, words given in parentheses ( ) are the words of the author. If any explanatory words or phrases are added by the translators for the purpose of clarification, they are put in square brackets [ ]. Footnotes given by the publisher are marked ‘[Publisher]’.

References to the Holy Quran contain the name of the surah [i.e. chapter] followed by a chapter:verse citation, e.g. Sūrah al-Jumu’ah, 62:4, and count Bismillāhir-Rahmānir-Rahīm ['In the name of Allah, the Gracious, the Merciful'] as the first verse in every chapter that begins with it.

The following abbreviations have been used:

śaṣ ṣallallāhu ‘alaihi wa sallam, meaning ‘may peace and blessings of Allah be upon him’, is written after the name of the Holy Prophet Muhammadas.

as ‘alaibis-salām, meaning ‘may peace be on him’, is written after the names of Prophets other than the Holy Prophet Muhammadas.

ra ṭadiyallāhu ‘anhu/‘anhab/‘anhum, meaning ‘may Allah be pleased with him/her/them’, is written after the names of the Companions of the Holy Prophet Muhammadas or of the Promised Messiahas.
rtā rahmatullābi ‘alaibi/‘alaihā/‘alaihim, meaning ‘may Allah shower His mercy upon him/her/them’, is written after the names of those deceased, pious Muslims who are not Companions of the Holy Prophet Muhammadas or of the Promised Messiahas.

aba ayyadabullāhu Ta‘āla binasşihil-‘Aziz, meaning ‘may Allah the Almighty help him with His powerful support’, is written after the name of the present head of the Ahmadiyya Muslim Community, Ḥaḍrat Mirza Masroor Ahmadaba, Khalifatul-Masih V.

Readers are urged to recite the full salutations when reading the book. In general, we have adopted the following system established by the Royal Asiatic Society for our transliteration.

1 at the beginning of a word, pronounced as a, i, u preceded by a very slight aspiration, like b in the English word honour.

th – pronounced like th in the English word thing.

b – a guttural aspirate, stronger than b.

kh – pronounced like the Scottish ch in loch.

dh – pronounced like the English th in that.

s – strongly articulated s.

d – similar to the English th in this.

t – strongly articulated palatal t.

z – strongly articulated z.

‘ – a strong guttural, the pronunciation of which must be learnt by the ear.


\( \text{\textgreek{gh}} \) – a sound similar to the French \( r \) in \textit{grasseye}, and to the German \( r \). It requires the muscles of the throat to be in the ‘gargling’ position to pronounce it.

\( \text{\textgreek{g}} \) – a deep guttural \( k \) sound.

\( \text{‘} \) – a sort of catch in the voice.

Short vowels are represented by:

\( \text{\textgreek{a}} \) for \( \text{\textgreek{a}} \) (like \( u \) in \textit{bud}).

\( \text{\textgreek{i}} \) for \( \text{\textgreek{i}} \) (like \( i \) in \textit{bid}).

\( \text{\textgreek{u}} \) for \( \text{\textgreek{u}} \) (like \( oo \) in \textit{wood}).

Long vowels by:

\( \text{\textgreek{a}} \) for \( \text{\textgreek{a}} \) or \( \text{\textgreek{a}} \) (like \( a \) in \textit{father}).

\( \text{\textgreek{i}} \) for \( \text{\textgreek{i}} \) or \( \text{\textgreek{i}} \) (like \( ee \) in \textit{deep}).

\( \text{\textgreek{u}} \) for \( \text{\textgreek{u}} \) (like \( oo \) in \textit{root}).

Other vowels by:

\( \text{\textgreek{ai}} \) for \( \text{\textgreek{ai}} \) (like \( i \) in \textit{site}).

\( \text{\textgreek{au}} \) for \( \text{\textgreek{au}} \) (resembling \( ou \) in \textit{sound}).

The consonants not included in the above list have the same phonetic value as in the principal languages of Europe. While the Arabic \( \text{\textgreek{n}} \) is represented by \( n \), we have indicated the Urdu \( \text{\textgreek{n}} \) as \( \text{\textgreek{n}} \). As noted above, the single quotation mark ‘ is used for transliterating \( \text{\textgreek{g}} \) which is distinct from the apostrophe ‘ used for \( \text{\textgreek{u}} \).
We have not transliterated some Arabic words which have become part of English language, e.g. Islam, Quran, Hadith, Mahdi, jihad, Ramadan, and ummah. The Royal Asiatic Society’s rules of transliteration for names of persons, places, and other terms, are not followed throughout the book as many of the names contain non-Arabic characters and carry a local transliteration and pronunciation style.
The Promised Messiah as was raised in these latter days, in accordance with the prophecies in the Holy Quran and Ahadith, to bring about the ascendancy of Islam over all faiths, to vanquish the Dajjal [Antichrist] and to cultivate true piety and Islamic zeal among the Muslims. As he has repeatedly pointed out, his struggle is not of the sword, but of the pen.

To achieve his objectives, the Promised Messiah as engaged in many debates and wrote more than 90 books and numerous announcements.

The Promised Messiah as has penned his poetry in Arabic, Urdu, and Persian; however, his concern was not the poetry itself, but the conveying of the Message through it. He himself articulates this in an Urdu couplet:

I have no concern with poetry; 
Should anyone understand [the Message] through the means of this genre—this alone is my true intent.

His poems are a testimony to his heartfelt efforts to convey his message in any way that would make people understand.

The universal theme in his poetry is the absolute perfection of the Oneness of Allah, the magnificent status of the Holy Prophet Muhammad as, and the grandeur of the Holy Quran—the final scripture revealed by Allah the Exalted—and the superiority of Islam over all other faiths. These poems are often recited in the meetings and ceremonies of the Ahmadiyya Muslim Community.
We hope that the English translation is beneficial for all. Those who are familiar with the original languages should try to memorize the poems of the Promised Messiah \(^{\text{a}}\) by heart and teach them to their children.

Please note that this edition presents only those poems that have been translated into English from the books of the Promised Messiah \(^{\text{a}}\) by Wakalt-e-Tasneef. As more poems are translated, our intent is to include them in future editions. This present compilation also contains some verses which were revealed to the Promised Messiah; these have been identified wherever they occur. This book has been compiled and finalized with the help of Munawar Ahmed Saeed, Nasira Karim, Mirza Abdul-Wahab, and Sabahat Ahmad Cheema. Asifah and Kashifa Mirza helped in the formatting and layout of the book. May Allah reward them all for contributing in their various capacities.

al-Ḥāj Munir-ud-Din Shams
Additional Wakilut-Taṣníf, London, UK
July 2022
SELECTED POEMS OF
THE PROMISED MESSIAH
Invitation to Reflect

Friends! will you not free yourselves from the clutches of your egos? Will you not purify yourselves?

Will you not rid your hearts of the inclination towards falsehood? Will you not accept the truth?

How long will you remain immersed in obduracy and prejudice? Will you not tread the path of truth?

How can you deny that which is established to be true? How can you continue your apologetics without rhyme or reason?

Tell me truly, if you fail to respond adequately, How will you show your face in public?

Help of Allah

To the holy men of God, succour comes from God Himself;
And when it comes, it shows mankind a world new and miraculous.

At times it becomes wind, blowing away every obstacle in their path;
At times it becomes fire, reducing their opponents to ashes.

At times it becomes dust, and falls upon the enemy;
At times it becomes water, and brings a deluge upon them.

God's designs, in short, cannot be frustrated by mortals;
How, indeed, can the created avail anything against the Creator!

Magnificent Qualities
of the Holy Quran

The grace and beauty of the Quran is the light and life of every Muslim;
The moon is the beloved of others—our beloved is the Quran.

I searched everywhere; its peer could not be found;
Why, after all, should it not be unique; it is the Holy Word of the Gracious Lord.

Every word in it is a living and everlasting spring;
No orchard has such quality, nor is there a garden like it.

The Holy Word of the Gracious God has no equal;
Be it a pearl from Oman or a ruby from Badakhshan.

1. Badakhshan refers to the historic region lying around the borders of the present-day Tajikistan and Afghanistan. This area is known for the excellent quality and brightness of its rubies. [Publisher]
How can the word of man equal the Word of God?
There, is divine power; here, is helplessness. The difference is so obvious.

In knowledge and eloquence, how can man equal Him;
Before whom even the angels confess ignorance.

Even the tiny leg of an insect, man can never create;
How then is it possible for him to create the light of God?

O people, have some regard for the grandeur of the Great Lord;
Hold your tongues now if you have even a hint of faith.

To consider someone equal to God is an act of great infidelity;
Have some fear of God, dears! What a lie and calumny this is!

If you accept the Oneness of God,
Why are your hearts so full of polytheism?
What veils of ignorance have enveloped your hearts!

You are indeed guilty of an error. Desist, if you have any fear of God.

I bear no ill will to you, brothers! This is only humble advice;

My heart and life are an offering for anyone who has a pure heart.  

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INVITATION TO CHRISTIANS

To reflect upon the beauties of the Holy Quran

Come Christians, come here,
You will see the light of truth and find the path to God.

Show me in the Gospels, if you can,
All the perfections that are found in the Quran.

Be mindful of the Creator who watches you from on high,
And desist from misguiding His creatures.

How long will you remain in love with falsehood?
Will you not make use of the truth just for once!

O people! Have some fear of God,
Have some shame in His presence, O people.

Dear ones! The ease and comfort of this world shall not endure.
Dear ones! This is not an everlasting abode.
Dear ones! This is not the place to abide in,
Dear ones! No one has ever lived in it forever.

Why give your heart to this wilderness?
Why torment yourself on its account?

Why do you have no concern for the True Faith?
The very thought of which puts me in countless agonies.

Why do you not see the right path?
What veils are covering your heart?

Why such malice and arrogance?
Why have you forgotten God all at once?

Alas! You forgot the truth,
Alas! You turned your heart into stone.

Listen dear people! Without the Quran,
Man never reaches God.
Whoever is unaware of this light,
Is not fit for the eyes of the Friend.

The Furqān [the Holy Quran] has a wonderful effect,
In that it makes one a lover of the true Beloved.

It gives us authentic tidings of the One,
Whose name is the Greatest, the Almighty.

It draws man towards the abode of the Beloved,
And then it shows him signs beyond his ken.

It fills the heart with light divine,
And cleanses the breast thoroughly.

What more of its excellences should I describe,
Suffice it to say that it gives a new life to life.

It has shone forth like the dazzling sun,
How can anyone dare deny it.
It brought us to the land of the Beloved,
Having found it we found the Friend.

The whole Book is an ocean of wisdom,
It makes us inebriated with the wine of divine love.

When one is reminded of its words,
One’s heart gets emptied of the entire creation.

It imprints the image of God upon the heart,
And cleanses it of everything other than Him.

It is the only remedy for the anguished hearts,
It is the only guide granted by God that shows the way to God.

It is the only sun of guidance we have found,
It is the only beloved we know.

Whatever its detractors say,
Is nothing but nonsense.

If only they would come to me,
And say it all to my face;
And then listen to me describe its charms,
And hear about its splendour and beauty from me.

If they cannot see, they might be able to hear,
If not even that, it will at least serve as a test.

The light of the Quran is the brightest of all lights, 
Holy is He from whom this river of spiritual light issued forth.

The tree of faith in the Oneness of God was about to wither away; 
All of a sudden, this pure spring gushed forth from the unseen.

O Allah! Your Furqân [the Holy Quran] is a universe in itself; 
It contains everything that was ever needed.

We searched the whole world, we rummaged through all the shops, 
But we found only this one goblet containing true knowledge of the Divine.

The similitude of this light cannot be found in the entire world, 
For it is unique in every way, and matchless in every quality.
At first we thought that the Quran is like the staff of Moses,
But on further reflection, we found every word to be a Messiah.

Blind as they are, it is their own fault;
Otherwise, this light has shone as bright as a hundred suns.

How pathetic is the life of those people in this world,
Whose hearts remained blind even in the presence of this light.

Such people, whose every word is but an effigy of falsehood,
Are burnt [in the fire of jealousy] even before they are put into the Fire.

Glorification of
THE LORD OF ALL THE WORLDS

How manifest is the light of the Source of all lights,
Turning the Universe into a mirror for eyes to see His reflection.

When I saw the moon yester-night I was overwhelmed with longing,
For it reminded me a little of the beauty of my Beloved Lord.

His eternal beauty has set our hearts afire;
Mention not to us the beauty of the Turk or Tartar.

O Beloved! Wonderful is the spectacle of Your glory all around;
Whichever way we turn, is the path that leads to You.

Your own light burns bright in the resplendent fountain of the sun;
In every star can be seen the spectacle of Your glowing beauty.

With Your own hands have You sprinkled salt upon the souls,
Causing great commotion of love among Your anguished lovers.
You have invested each particle with amazing qualities;  
Who can ever decipher Your boundless mysteries?

No one can fathom the extent of Your limitless power;  
Nor can anyone unravel the mysteries of this intricate knot.

It is Your beauty that lends charm to every beautiful face;  
So are the hues and colours of each flower and garden but a reflection of Your loveliness.

The love-laden glances of a beautiful face ever remind us of You;  
Every curly lock points its finger in Your direction.

To every believer and non-believer, Your countenance alone should be the focal point;  
But alas! the sightless suffer from a thousand veils.

O my Beloved, Your enchanting glances are like the sharp sword  
Which cuts off all bondages of loyalty and love for others.

Only to win Your love have I reduced myself to dust;  
Hoping, the pangs of separation may be assuaged a little.
Except when I am with You, I am ever restless;  
Like the sinking heart of a patient, life seems to be ebbing away.

Wherefore this noise in Your neighbourhood? Pray, tarry not!  
Lest some love-lorn lover should perish unknown.
As of today, we belong to the Beloved and the Beloved belongs to us.

God be thanked, I have found that matchless gem; it matters not if the heart of the people has turned to stone?
What doubts make you hesitate in accepting this Messiah;
Whose resemblance [to the first Messiah] has been affirmed by God.

You call expert physicians by the same title;
Indeed, you also bestow it upon handsome people.

Love for Islam and Its Founder

I let my fancy fly in all directions,
   But I did not find a faith like the faith of Muḥammad.

There is no religion which shows the signs of truth;
   This fruit I tasted only in the garden of Muḥammad.

I tested Islam myself—It is light upon light;
   Wake up, I have informed you in time.

No one came for a trial, even though
   I challenged every opponent to compete.

Come, O ye people! Herein you will find the light of God;
   Lo! I have told you the way of satisfaction.
Today those lights are surging in this humble one;
I have coloured my heart with every hue of those lights.

Ever since I received that light from the light of the Prophet,
I have joined myself with the True One.

Countless blessings and peace be upon Muḥammad[sa];
Allāh is my witness: from him I received this light.

My soul is forever wedded to the soul of Muḥammad[sa];
I have filled my heart to the brim with this elixir.

I swear by your countenance, O my dear Ahmad[as];
For your sake alone, have I taken up all this burden.

O my Beloved! I swear by Your Uniqueness;
I have forgotten all about myself in Your love.

All praise belongs to the Being, Who is Eternal, Everlasting:
He has no associate, none is His equal.

He alone endures, all else perish;
To fall in love with others than Him is but an idle tale.

All others are the strangers, He alone is the Love of my heart;
On my heart there is nothing writ large except 'Holy is He Who watches over me'.

Holy is He; of the Holy Powers is He; Greatness is but His Greatness.
Tremble those who are close to Him; overwhelmed with fear are the angels.

Universal is His Mercy; how can one be grateful to God for His bounty!
We all are His creation, so you must love Him.

How can His sense of honour tolerate that we should love the strangers;
Make blessed this day; Holy is He Who watches over me.
All our comforts are due to His Favours, His Munificence;

My heart owes allegiance to Him; in my heart is ingrained His Greatness.

It is far better to be obedient to Him; all good fortune is due to His obedience;

Make blessed this day; Holy is He Who watches over me.

He alone is the support of all and sundry; His Mercy is manifest.

We love Him, and Him, alone; He alone is our Beloved.

We cannot subsist without Him; everything besides Him is but all lies.

Make blessed this day; Holy is He Who watches over me.

My Lord this is Your favour, may I be sacrificed at Your altar.

It is You, my Lord, Who have granted us faith; it is You Who alone are all the time our Protector;

At every moment we are blessed with Your grace; You are the Ever Merciful, the Most Gracious.

Make blessed this day; Holy is He Who watches over me.

I cannot thank You enough; to You belong all that is mine.

With each and every favour have You filled my home.
When Your Light came, all darkness was lifted.

Make blessed this day; Holy is He Who watches over me.

It is You Who have made this day dawn; Mahmood has come home, having finished the Quran.

Having realised this favour, this bounty of Yours, the heart of mine is busy singing the praise of Yours.

My God hundreds of thanks I owe to You. Hundreds of thanks to You, my God.

Make blessed this day; Holy is He Who watches over me.

O, my Sustainer how can I ever thank You enough. You indeed have given me these three sons, who are your servants.

I am entirely Yours; You are the Greatest Lord of mine.

Make blessed this day; Holy is He Who watches over me.

Today [Mahmood] has finished the Quran; thus are satisfied all my heartfelt desires.

It is You Who have shown me this day. May I be sacrificed to the Countenance of You.

O my Compassionate Lord, how can I express thanks for this Favour.

Make blessed this day; Holy is He Who watches over me.
All this is Your Favour; You indeed are the Most Perfect Mercy.
How can one praise You! No pen has the power to do so.

I am always Yours, till I breathe my last.
Make blessed this day; Holy is He Who watches over me.

O, the All-Powerful, the Almighty, do save us from misfortunes.
We have come at the threshold of You; indeed we have believed in You.

Ever since I have come to know You, my heart has become such that it cannot turn to others for its needs.
Make blessed this day; Holy is He Who watches over me.

My Love, do not, even for a moment, let any distance come between me, the most humble, and You;
To die in Your Presence is far better than to live without You.

By Allah, to suffer agony for Your sake is much better than being filled with joy without You.
Make blessed this day; Holy is He Who watches over me.
It is You Who have accomplished all my works. You have given me sons, too.

Everything that I have is Your gift. I have not procured it on my own.

It is You alone, my Love, Who have made these joyous days to dawn.

Make blessed this day; Holy is He Who watches over me.

These three, who are the sons of mine, are the ‘fruits’ that You have bestowed on me.

They are my blessed possessions; and they are Your servants, and are at Your beck and call. [Ghulaam-e-Darr]

You indeed keep Your promises, where and whereabouts are the deniers?

Make blessed this day; Holy is He Who watches over me.

Bless them with good fortune; endow them with Faith; grant them wealth.

You Yourself protect them and envelop them in Your Mercy.

Grant them righteousness and guide them in the right path; bless them with a long life and honour.

Make blessed this day; Holy is He Who watches over me.
O my Sustainer, let the fortune smile on them. Let them all be of the most superior stature.
And bestow on them eminence and leadership.

You are the Guide of ours, none is Your peer.
Make blessed this day; Holy is He Who watches over me.

Let not Satan come near them; let them be ever in Your Presence.
Let their lives be permeated with Light. Let their hearts be saturated with joy.

May my life be sacrificed to You, do have Mercy on them.
Make blessed this day; Holy is He Who watches over me.

Answer all my prayers, my Maker.
Let me be sacrificed at Your altar. Do be our Helper.

We have come at Your threshold; we have come full of great hopes.
Make blessed this day; Holy is He Who watches over me.

My dear son, Mahmood, is the servant of You.
Grant him a long life and wealth. Lift from him every type of darkness.
May his days be the harbingers of the fulfilment of his desires; may his mornings dawn on him with all their light.

Make blessed this day; Holy is He Who watches over me.

He has two brothers. Let them be happy:

Your Basheer Ahmad, Your Shareef, the youngest.

Bless them all with Your grace; and anoint them equally with Your Mercy.

Make blessed this day; Holy is He Who watches over me.

All these three are Your servants. Save them from being impure.

My Lord, let them be free of all the worldly diversions.

Let them be always safe and sound; let them not be mediocre.

Make blessed this day; Holy is He Who watches over me.

O the Love of my heart, O the Benefactor of ours!

Let their names shine like stars.

Do me the favour that they all should be of the virtuous nature.

Make blessed this day; Holy is He Who watches over me.
O the Beloved of my heart and soul; O, the Lord of both the worlds; 
Do me such a favour that none should be their peer

Bless them with everlasting good fortune; bestow on them the heavenly grace. 
Make blessed this day; Holy is He Who watches over me.

O my Beloved Maker, answer all my prayers. 
Be compassionate to them; may I be sacrificed to Your Countenance.

Listen to this crying and wailing of mine and provide them with Your protection. 
Make blessed this day; Holy is He Who watches over me.

O the One, the Unique; O, the Creator of the world. 
Answer my prayers, and accept the submission of [Your] servant.

To You I entrust all these three; make them the full Moons of the Faith. 
Make blessed this day; Holy is He Who watches over me

On account of worries my heart is anguished; my soul is so close to suffering pain. 
Whatever strength I had for endurance, I have lost it now.
Do not cause us any grief; You are indeed the Lord of all the worlds. Make blessed this day; Holy is He Who watches over me.

Safeguard us against every distress and free us from all affliction and pain.

You Yourself accomplish my works; O Lord, do not subject me to any trial. Make blessed this day; Holy is He Who watches over me.

May these three servants of Yours be the Leaders of the world; May they be the Guides of it. Let them all be the Light.

Let them be the source [of guidance] for kings. Let each one of them be the brightest Sun. Make blessed this day; Holy is He Who watches over me.

Let them be dignified, honoured; let them be the source of pride for the country.

Let them be totally committed to the Truth. Let them be the friends of the Lord.
Let their progeny flourish. Let each one of them become a thousand. Make blessed this day; Holy is He Who watches over me.

It is but You Who rear; it is but You Who every moment look after us. It is but You Who unburden us from our woes; it is but You Who relieve us of our pains.

It is but You Who purify the heart; it is but You Who instil truth into the heart. Make blessed this day; Holy is He Who watches over me.

You have taught the Furqān, which is the pivot of Faith; Through which is gained knowledge; through which the Satan is dispelled.

This all is Your favour; may I lay down my life for You. Make blessed this day; Holy is He Who watches over me.

No sooner had come Your Prophet than he showed us God. He indeed had brought us the firm Faith; he indeed had erased all innovations.
He indeed had called us towards the Truth; he indeed, having become closest to Him, made us close to God.

Make blessed this day; Holy is He Who watches over me.

O my Beloved, I sacrifice to you all who are my loved ones;
Large and innumerable are Your favours, we have failed to count them.

My heart bleeds on account of my woes; let this ark reach the shore.
Make blessed this day; Holy is He Who watches over me.

You occupy this heart of mine, I am always aware of You;
I am illuminated because of You, the full Moon of mine is but You.

It is You on Whom I rely, Whom I trust; this head of mine is indeed lying at Your threshold.
Make blessed this day; Holy is He Who watches over me.

Since the time I made my heart fall in love with You, hundreds and hundreds of woes I have suffered.
Since then I have made my body roll in dust. Since then I have made my soul to be afflicted with a distressing pain.
Yet, O God, I am grateful to You, for I have lost myself, and found You.

Make blessed this day; Holy is He Who watches over me.

When we beheld Your Countenance, the shining star then had begun shining on us;

I have achieved all my objectives; overflowing is my goblet.

O, Lord! It was through the grace of You that I achieved my objective.

Make blessed this day; Holy is He Who watches over me.

All friends have arrived; You have made these days to dawn.

It is the kindness of You, my Love, that has brought here these affectionate ones.

This blessed day has dawned in which all my wishes are fulfilled.

Make blessed this day; Holy is He Who watches over me.

The guests who have, out of affection, come with lots, and lots, of love.

It has made my heart so happy, and my soul so joyful!

The heart, though, becomes so sad when I think of the moment of their departure.

Make blessed this day; Holy is He Who watches over me.
This world is but a temporary abode; whoever arrives must leave. Even if one lives for a hundred years, one has to at last breathe one's last.

There is no occasion to complain, this very abode is not eternal. Make blessed this day; Holy is He Who watches over me.

O my friends, the dear ones, do not be forgetful of the hereafter; Provide for the journey into the next life, keep busy doing good deeds.

The world is but a place, transitory; erase it from your hearts. Make blessed this day; Holy is He Who watches over me.

Do not let your hearts be in love with it; free your hearts from it; Do not be inclined towards it; in short, move away from it

Friends, it is a python, safeguard your lives against it. Make blessed this day; Holy is He Who watches over me.

The Quran, the Book of the Gracious God, teaches the path of knowledge; Those who read it, on them is bestowed the grace of God.
May the mercy of God be on those who believe in it!
Make blessed this day; Holy is He Who watches over me.

It is the fountainhead of guidance to whomsoever it is granted;
This is the Word of God through which one becomes a man of God.

It bestows light on the heart; it permeates the heart.
Make blessed this day; Holy is He Who watches over me.

Remember the Quran; be pure of beliefs.
Constantly think of the hereafter; and be provided for it.

O the dear one, to be Truthful and Sincere is the panacea.
Make blessed this day; Holy is He Who watches over me.

We have been granted Taqwa [righteousness] by that Friend;
It is not from us; for it is a gift of God.

Strive hard if you are truthful and sincere;
So that you attain righteousness, which is the prerequisite to Liqā [communion with the Beloved].

This is the mirror which reflects the Creator;
This alone sharpens the sword of prayer.

The root of every virtue is the Ittiqā [fear of God];
If this root is intact, everything will remain intact.

This alone is the hallmark of the lofty status of saints;
What more do they have, except righteousness?

Fear Him O friends! He is the All-Seeing God;
If you ponder over it, even this world is the place of reward and punishment.
He granted me this reward because of Taqwā.

Glory be to Him, Who put my enemies to shame.

What a wonderful gem is Taqwā!

Blessed is he who practices Taqwā.

Listen! The essence of Islam is Taqwā!

Love of God is the wine and Taqwā is the goblet.

Muslims! Live Taqwā in full;

Where is faith, if one is deficient in Taqwā?

This wealth, O God, You have granted me;

Glory be to Him, Who put my enemies to shame.

O, God! I do remember Thy favours;

You first gave the glad tidings and then these children.

You promised that their lives would not be wasted;

And they would grow like the box-trees in the gardens.

Holy is He Who disgraced the enemies.
My offspring are a gift from You;
Each one of them came as a result of Your glad tidings.

These five, who are descended from a Sayyedah
Are ‘The Five’ on whom rests the foundation.

This is only out of Your grace, O my Guide!
Holy is He Who disgraced the enemies.

He gave me the glad tidings: thou shalt have a son,
Who shall one day become My darling.

I shall dispel all darkness through this Moon,
And demonstrate the transformation of a world;

It’s not just a glad tiding, but is the very sustenance of my soul,
Holy is He Who disgraced the enemies!

Life-giving is the goblet of Ahmad
How dear is the name Ahmad.

There may be a hundred thousand Prophets, but I swear by God,
That the greatest of all in rank is Ahmad;

I have eaten the fruit of the orchard of Ahmad;
My garden is the word of Ahmad.

Speak no more of Ibn Maryam [the son of Mary],
Superior to him is Ghulam-e-Ahmad [the servant of Ahmad].

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Fervour for Truthfulness

Why do you not, O people, heed the truth?  
Your condition constantly worries my heart.

My eyes are tearful and heart in anguish.  
Why are your hearts covered in the dust of remissness?

My heart is aching due to constant distress;  
To which desert shall I retreat and vent my woes?

I am totally overpowered with grief;  
I have gone through a veritable death; but you are totally unaware.

Heaven is keen to show its glory—  
O negligent ones! Behold, if you are in your senses.

Faith has been ruined due to the assaults launched by disbelief;  
How long shall Almighty God, who is jealous of His honour, remain quiet?
The twentieth year of this [Hijri] century is in progress; 
The world has been ravaged by idolatry and innovation.

Why do you think so ill of me? Why have you forgotten God? 
How long do you think falsehood can last?

My Lord, who recognizes the worthy ones, 
Is bringing a whole world to me [to accept me].

And an accursed person is never granted the pre-eminence that has been bestowed upon me.

MANIFESTATION
OF THE POWER OF GOD

The Powerful One has manifested His affair;
Those who called me a disbeliever have been seized.

Those who called me a disbeliever have been put down;
Each and every one of them has been seized.

WARNING TO THE
PREJUDICED FOLLOWERS
OF VEDAS

Though they claim to be the followers of the Vedas, their hearts are black;
Raise the curtain and look—they are filled with the very same.

By nature they are like wild beasts; spiritually, they are dead not alive;
Every breath of their tongue is stench—such is the wrath of God upon them.

1. If there are some among them [Āryas] who do not abuse the Holy Prophets of God and are good-natured and unprejudiced, my comment does not apply to them. (Author)

2. Bear in mind that these comments of mine relate to those members of the Āryah Samāj who have given proof of their filthy nature through their announcements, periodicals, and newspapers, and have hurled thousands of profanities upon the holy Prophets of God; whose newspapers and books are readily available in my possession. Nevertheless, my intended audience here does not include people of righteous temperament who do not approve of such conduct. (Author)
Ultimately proven futile in opposing the religion of God,
Abuse became their final resort—their hearts filled with the very same.

There is no trace of shame and decency in their eyes;
They have transgressed all limits. This indeed is the extreme limit.

The God we believe in is Most Powerful and Omnipotent,
That He may show something [miraculous] from Himself—our supplication being the very same.

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1. ☆ Munshi Allah Ditta, a former postmaster of Qadian and present Postal Clerk, Amritsar Head Office, writes the following letter addressed to Sheikh Yā'qub Ali, Editor al-Hakam. He [Allah Ditta] doesn’t belong to the community. On the contrary, he is one of those who are our enemies. The subject matter of the letter is given below [Author]:

On learning that Lālah Ichchar Chand Varma, an Āryah of Qadian, had died of plague I was reminded of a conversation that took place in my presence between you and Lālah Ichchar Chand. It has proved wholly correct. Its details are that one day there was a discussion between you and Lālah Ichchar Chand about Ḥaḍrat Mirza Sahib. During the conversation you had said that Ḥaḍrat Mirzā Šāhib remaining safe and immune from the plague, is indeed a Sign, and that no one can say he shall remain safe from the plague. In answer to this, Lālah Ichchar Chand had said: ‘Look! Quite like Mirza Sahib, I also hereby claim that I will not die of the plague.’ At this, addressing him I [Ya’qub ‘Ali Irfani] had said: ‘You certainly will die of the plague.’ Hence, this is exactly what happened. Wās-salām, 24 April 1907.
Our Leader

He is our leader, who is the source of all light;

His name is Muhammad; be alone is my beloved.

All Prophets are holy, one better than the other;

But from the Almighty, he is the best of the creation.

He is far better than those before him, he is a darling in his qualities;

Every eye is focused on him, be is the full moon which dispels all darkness.

Those who came earlier, were fatigued halfway; He it is who brought us to the shore;

May I be a sacrifice; be alone is the guide.

He removed the screen, and showed the inner path;

He joined the hearts to the Beloved, such a friend he is!

That Friend, beyond all physical limitations, that Unseen Beloved;

We saw through him, so he is the true guide.
Today he is the King of faith; the Crown of the apostles;
He is pure and holy, this is his eulogy.

All commandments ordained by the True God were demonstrated in practice by him;
He revealed all secrets, an excellent gift is this.

His vision is far-reaching like a telescope, his heart is close to the Friend;
In his hands is the light of faith; he is the fountain of light.

He revealed the weighty secrets of faith;
He is the King who grants wealth.

I am a sacrifice at that light; I belong entirely to him;
He is all, what worth do I possess? This is the final verdict.

That Unique Beloved is the source of all learning;
All else is a mere tale, this is the truth unblemished.

We found everything through him, O Allâh You are a witness;
He is that manifestor of Beauty, who showed us the Truth.
Admonishing the Aryas

We were blind of the heart, with hundreds of knots upon the hearts;  
The one who opened the locks is this very Mujtaba—accepted one.

My heart yearns every moment to kiss Thy Book;  
And to perform circuits around the Quran, for this is my Ka’bah.

O Aryas! What is this! Why have your hearts gone astray?  
Discard these shenanigans—the path to modesty is the very same.

Why do you persecute me by concocting a hundred lies?  
It was better for you to desist, this alone will save you from catastrophe.

1. Here the meaning of janday [جوں in Punjabi] is lock. Since the intention here is not to demonstrate any poetic skill nor do I approve of this talent being applied to myself, it is for this reason that I have employed Punjabi words in a few places, and I don’t feel any [particular] need to use Urdu alone, the essential intent being to infuse hearts with fundamental truth. I have no concern with the artistic norms of poetic composition. (Author)

2. Bear in mind that I am not attacking the Vedas; I do not know what changes have been made in them. There are hundreds of sects within the Arya lands which quote Vedas as source of their beliefs even though they are mutual enemies with violent disagreements. The reference here is to the teachings and principles of Vedas published by the Aryah Samaj. (Author)
This indeed is the same Mirza; as a result of whose prayers Pundit Lekh Râm was cut to pieces, stirring many a home to mourn.

It is not good to torment, to injure the hearts of the pure ones; And anyone who persists in such insolence—he reward is the very same.*

*In other words, much like Lekh Râm, whoever from among the Áryas does not stop using abusive language will not escape chastisement. [Author]

Lekh Rām's death is a great miracle,
But the trouble is, they do not understand.

O my Master! You Yourself make them understand,
And show them another Sign from the heavens.

Gratitude to the Lord of Honour and Glory is beyond expression,  
Through whose Word [Holy Quran] we have been guided to Him.

The light that we find in this Book  
Can never be found in a thousand suns.

Our hearts and bosoms were cleansed through it;  
It became the very mirror reflecting His countenance.

It [the Holy Quran] bestowed upon the tree of the heart the fruit of divine cognition;  
It cleansed every bosom of doubt, and transformed every heart.

It revealed the countenance of God,  
Rendering futile the schemes and whisperings of Satan.

The path that reveals the Being of Honour and Glory,  
The path that cleanses and purifies the heart,
The path that attracts the Beloved whom people had lost,

The path that offers the pure drink of certainty,

The path that is the solid proof of His existence,

The path that is the perfect means to attaining Him—

It has shown that very path to everyone;

It has erased all doubts and misgivings.

The constriction that had beset the bosoms was dispelled;

The darkness dwelling in the hearts was totally transformed into light.

The season of autumn was transformed into spring;

A sweet breeze began to blow through the favours of the Beloved.

The season of cold winter departed with its arrival;

The fire of the love of God permeated every single heart.
Its surging waves rent asunder the veils of doubts
And levelled the dunes of disbelief and sin.

The Holy Quran leads to God; it is the Word of God.
Without it, the garden of divine cognition remains incomplete.

People shivering from the frigid cold of doubt
Find wonderful warmth from this Sun [the Holy Quran].

All the clamour and corruption of [other] religions that exists throughout the world—
All are storytellers—they possess not an iota of spiritual light.

But this Word manifests the light of God;
It draws us towards Him through the splendour of Signs.

The faith that relies solely on past anecdotes
Is not a religion but a storyteller.

Truly speaking, what reliance can be placed on anecdotes?
Anecdotes contain innumerable lies and errors.
The only [true] religion is the one which is not a mere storyteller. It shows the path of certainty through living Signs.

The only [true] religion is the one whose God manifests Himself And shows through His own powers where He is.

The miracles you hear in the form of anecdotes Are presented by everyone in debate and dispute.

Every sect that exists engages in this very occupation: They go on narrating ‘miracles’ in the form of anecdotes, But they demonstrate no Sign of their faith whatsoever, As if the Lord of the earth and heavens is now powerless—

As though He no longer possesses might or power— That sovereignty, that strength, and that majesty no longer remains, Or [as if] that mercy no longer exists in God— The intention [of His] has changed—that kindness no longer remains.

پہلے وہ ہے اس کو نہیں کہ کسی خدا آپ دو اعلیٰ ہے وہ سب جان سے دکھاوے کہ ہے کہاںہے دکھاتا رہِ Thе only [true] religion is the one which is not a mere storyteller. It shows the path of certainty through living Signs.

نہیںہی نشاں تےکھا یا اس میںی طاقت و قدرت وہ سلطنت وہ زور وہ سلطنت وہ زور وہ شفقت ضمیں As though He no longer possesses might or power— That sovereignty, that strength, and that majesty no longer remains,

ہے وہی کہ جس کا خدا آپ دو اعلیٰ ہے وہ سب جان سے دکھاوے کہ ہے کہاںہے دکھاتا رہِ Thе only [true] religion is the one whose God manifests Himself And shows through His own powers where He is.

جتنےہے بیاں بار بار ہے کا قصوں میںی معجزوں Every sect that exists engages in this very occupation: They go on narrating ‘miracles’ in the form of anecdotes, But they demonstrate no Sign of their faith whatsoever, As if the Lord of the earth and heavens is now powerless—

ہے کا بیاں بار بار ہے کا قصوں میںی معجزوں As though He no longer possesses might or power— That sovereignty, that strength, and that majesty no longer remains,

وہ بیاں بار بار ہے کا بیاں بار بار ہے کا قصوں میںی معجزوں As though He no longer possesses might or power— That sovereignty, that strength, and that majesty no longer remains,
Such thoughts are false, for His Being is Holy;  
These conjectures ultimately lead to ruin.

The truth, indeed, is that these very religions have died;  
There is nothing in them now, for life has departed from them.

The worldly people are fettered by such religions.  
They are oblivious to the charm of the Beloved and intoxicated  
with the [love of the] world.

Their purpose in life is to amass worldly wealth;  
They are not believers, for their ways are sinful.

You can see how their hearts are stained with rust;  
The world is their sole objective—they are ashamed of religion.

What is the worth of the religion that does not guide,  
Whose ‘God’ possesses no sign of Godhood?

How can it preserve the magnificence of the true path,  
And what distinction can it claim for the purity of its followers?
What sign is there in it of the Light of God?
   It merely possesses dry talk of Tauhid [the Oneness of God], but none of its blessings.

O people! Hearken! For the Living God is not that god
   Who does not have the eternal ability to manifest His Signs.

Those who follow mere tales worship a corpse;
   That is why they are beset by degradation and defeat.

Without seeing—O friends!—the heart cannot find comfort.
   Indeed, how can the flawed self be purified with mere anecdotes?

Such stories are not lacking among the Jews,
   Yet look how they became one with Satan.

Man stands in need of a fresh Sign every moment;
   How can the ‘miracles’ narrated as anecdotes have any effect?

How can the Eternal Beloved be discovered through stories?
   Should one Sign be manifested, it yields the fruit of a lifetime.
The impact of anecdotes is the complete corruption of hearts—

Faith [professed] upon the tongue, but opposition to God within the bosom.

These hearts have died due to their greed and lust for the world;

They spent their whole lives in a state of heedlessness.

O sleeping ones! Awaken, for it is the season of spring.

Now, come and look—that Beloved is at our door!

What joy is there in life if we do not find Him?

Cursed indeed is the life of estrangement from Him.

Beholding His countenance is, in fact, the real objective;

Paradise, indeed, consists only of meeting the Beloved Friend.

O lovers of worldly rank! This is not the place to dwell [permanently],

For none of the earlier people has survived.

Just go and cast a glance over their graves;

Reflect, where have your ancestors gone now?
One day, you too will go to the same place;
One day the dawn of your life will turn to dusk.

One day people will carry your bier;
Then—having buried you—you will return home grieving.

O people! Enjoying worldly pleasures is not at all permanent.
Do you have no fear of death, and no thought of annihilation?

Reflect! Where have your forefathers gone?
Who beckoned them; why did they all pass away?

That day—O friends!—is destined to befall you one day as well.
Rejoice not; for the time to depart is near.

Seek the path which purifies the heart and bosom,
Which turns the baser self into dust in submission to God.

You cannot find this path—O dear ones!—through mere anecdotes.
That light comes, from time to time, through divine Signs.

Worthless is the religion that has nothing but anecdotes.
Let every blessed and noble soul stay away from them.
A hundred pities! This age relies upon anecdotes;
They base the truth of their religion entirely upon anecdotes.

But there is absolutely no trace of evident miracles.
So, this god of anecdotes is not the God of the universe.

Such anecdotes have totally destroyed the world;
By making them polytheists, imparted disbelief and disgraced them.

He who seeks to find the Omnipotent God,
For him it is forbidden to fall for the anecdotes.

It is, in fact, his duty to seek the light of God
So that all doubt and uncertainty may disappear from his heart;

So that the light of certainty descend upon his heart;
So that be accepted in the presence of the Lord of Honour and Glory.

Will it ever be possible to attain purity through anecdotes?
Know for sure that this approach is absolutely impossible.
When was salvation from sin attained through anecdotes?

Union with God is impossible through this path.

When was there hope that the dead could grant life?

He himself cannot even walk upon the path—

That path which leads to the Lord of Honour and Glory,
That path which cleanses and purifies the hearts,

That path which finds and brings back the lost Friend,
That path which offers the holy elixir of certainty,

Those fresh manifestations of divine power that are proof of God's existence,
Those living powers which are the way to certainty of faith.

Clearly their trace cannot be found in mere anecdotes;
The storyteller is not aware of the way to God.

It is only through [divine] Signs that the countenance of that Hidden One is manifested;
Truth be told, every proof of Godhood, lies in divine Signs.
Let someone tell us: Is it to be found in others at all?

*What relish [of the Signs of God] lies in the syrup of anecdotes?*

Where is this in those religions? Please show us!

*Or else, do not be led astray by the extravagant anecdotes.*

Ever since anecdotes became the objective in the path,

*People have continually advanced in sin.*

You see how virtue no longer prevails in people—

*That sincerity, that purity, that righteousness [of old] have all departed.*

Signs of the true believer are wanting;

*The love for that Imperceptible Beloved no longer remains.*

The flood of sins rages viciously,

*And people do not hear anything at all due to the turbulence of evil.*

*Why have evil deeds grown so rampant upon the earth? Why—O dear ones!—have all these people become blind and deaf?*
Why is your heart now devoid of that truth and sincerity?
Why is there so much sin that no fear or shame exists?

Why has sinfulness permeated their way of life?
Just take a single glance—what kind of an age is this?

Indeed, the cause of this is that heedlessness has spread all over;
Love of the wretched world overwhelms the heart.

Whatever garbs of taqwā [righteousness] remained, all were rent asunder;
Whatever thoughts dwelt in hearts, they became impure.

Every moment, the heart becomes shrouded with evil and sin;
The sun of faith has vanished from their sight.

He who has no certainty of faith in the Lord of Honour and Glory—
That unfortunate one has no religion whatsoever.

But the fortunate ones who witness the Signs,
They, by meeting Him, attach their hearts to Him alone.
They have become His—through Him alone do they live.

At every moment they drink a goblet from His very hand;

They are intoxicated with the wine they have drunk.

All their opponents are powerless against them.

All of God’s works through them are miraculous.

This is because they are lovers of the Peerless Beloved.

God has granted them distinction over others;

For them the Perfect Maker manifests a Sign.

When they are harassed at the hand of the enemies,

When evildoers torment them in any way,

When they hatch schemes to destroy them,

When they come out to wage war against them—

Then does the Holy God manifest His miraculous Sign,

And through His Sign inflicts His awe upon the others.
He [God] says, 'This is but a servant of the Most High;
Fight Me if you have the strength to fight!'

Whoever attaches his heart to that Holy Being,
Ultimately finds His mercy to be exactly like this.

Those who have the good fortune to receive a Sign from the Lord God,
Draw constantly closer towards that Holy Being.

They are so drawn [towards Him] as to become oblivious to the world;
They beheld such a light that they became solely His.

Without seeing [God], how can man be cleansed of sin?
People escape from this pit [of sin] by [developing a] longing for Him.

A picture of a lion does not scare any sheep,
Nor is there any fear of harm from a dead snake.

Therefore, from the 'God' who lies like a corpse,
What hope or fear can be inspired?
How can the fear of such a 'God' purify the heart?

How could there kindle any ardour of love for him in the bosom?

Without beholding it, how can one fall in love with a beautiful face?

How can anyone fall in love with an imaginary Beloved?

If sight be not possible, some words may suffice!
Along with some traces of the comeliness and beauty of the Beloved!

So long as you are unaware of the Living God,
You will remain unrestrained and defiant, without any fear [of God] in your heart.

This very union with God is the cure for a hundred maladies;
Within this bondage lies freedom from every sin.

But for the 'God' whose existence is not supported by any Sign whatsoever—
How could any life become devoted to such a one?

The light of God is manifest in everything,
And yet that Beloved is far away from the heedless.
He who mingles with the dust finds that Intimate Friend.
O you who experiment! Test this prescription as well.

[True] lovers are those who find the Beloved after suffering death upon death;
When dead [to their selves], they are drawn towards Him.

This is a narrow path, but it is the only path;
The Beloved watches every moment over those who die [for Him].

Impure is the life that is spent in separation [from Him];
The wall of dry piety eventually crumbles.

They alone are alive who are close to God;
Being accepted by Him, they are His dear and beloved ones.

Far from God are those who are far from taqwâ [righteousness];
Every moment they are in the clutches of vanity, pride, and arrogance.

Taqwâ—O friends!—is indeed this, that you renounce vanity;
Shun the habit of pride, arrogance, and avarice.
Shun the love of this transient abode;
Abandon the path of luxury for the sake of that Beloved.

This is an accursed path, so let go of this curse,
Or else give up the thought of [finding] the Lord of Honour.

Accept a life that is arduous with sincerity
So that the angels from the high heavens descend upon you.

What is Islam? Self-annihilation for the sake of God;
To relinquish one’s own desire for the pleasure of God.

Those who die are the very ones in whose destiny is life—
In this path one does not attain life except through death.

Impertinence and pride are the traits of the Accursed Satan;
The seed of Adam is he who is humble.

O worm of dust! Abandon pride and arrogance;
Greatness only befits the Lord God, Jealous for His Honour.

Think of yourself as inferior to everyone else;
Perchance, thereby, you may enter the Place of Union.
Abandon pride and arrogance, for in this indeed is taqwā;
Become dust, for in this is God’s pleasure indeed.

The root of taqwā is humbling oneself for God,
Piety—which is the condition of faith—lies entirely in taqwā.

Those who make suspicion their habit,
Stray very far from the path of taqwā.

In an instant it displeases God—the Knower of everything.

With a single utterance they squander all their deeds;
And then sow the seeds of insolence every single moment.

These, our countrymen, have fallen into such a slumber
That they do not wake up, though we have adopted hundreds of strategies.

All [their] limbs have become lax—heedlessness has spread;
All their energy is concentrated in the tip of [their] tongue.
They either speak evil or they think evil;  
They care not for the condition of Islam.

Even when you see evil, avoid ill-thinking,  
Remaining fearful of the retribution of the God of the universe.

Perhaps your own eye may have erred;  
Perhaps he is not evil who seems evil to you.

Perhaps your own understanding is at fault;  
Perhaps it is a trial from the Forgiving Lord.

You would then have destroyed yourselves through your own ill-thinking,  
Bringing the wrath of the Holy God upon your own selves.

If such impertinences have left no sense of decency in you,  
What then is the meaning of righteousness? Just think about it.

Even Mūsā [Moses] was put to shame due to ill-thinking;  
Just read in the Quran what Khiḍr did.
There are a hundred thousand secrets of God in His servants;
You neither know, nor is their reality made known.

In short, you uttered just one word and ruined yourself;
What kind of intelligence was it that you opted for the dangerous path?

Most unfortunate of all the world is indeed he
Who uttered one thing and hurled himself into Hell.

Therefore, save your tongue from mischief;
Remain fearful of the punishment of the Lord of mankind.

Whoever safeguards two of his limbs out of fear
Will go straight to Paradise by the grace of God.

One is the tongue, the other the private parts;
This is the hadith of our Master—Sayyedul-Warâ [the Leader of Mankind].

But those who call me a liar and a charlatan,
And an impostor, a disbeliever, and an evildoer—
For them should suffice this very Sign from God; 
Namely, His graces that are upon me every moment.

Look, God has inclined the multitude [towards me];
Finding me unknown, [He] made me renowned throughout the world.

I was a poor man, and He gave me beyond measure.
Whatsoever I wished for, He bestowed it all.

There is absolutely nothing from among the blessings of this world
That He did not grant me through His favours.

That He should treat ‘evil’ people in this way,
Is this not something outside the practice and miracles [of God]?

Why this alliance with an ‘impostor’?
Can anyone recall a precedence of this kind of favour?

Everyone attacked me in their own way,
But they were ultimately humiliated at the end of the fray.
Everyone maligned me to their heart’s content
And all of them desired that I see the path of ruin.

They wanted to dispatch me to annihilation,
Or to destroy me by having me hanged through the rulers,
Or—at the very least—that I be imprisoned,
Or be brought down and humiliated by insults.

Or—by carrying tales—they might cause me to suffer some other calamity,
Or that some prayer [of theirs] may be heard.

So with such intentions they filed cases,
Seeking to turn my day into night.

Their efforts were such as never occurred in this world,
And so was their solidarity without parallel in the world.

In order to destroy me they all became one;
They deemed me evil and themselves as the righteous.
Ultimately, the God who is Benevolent and All-Powerful—
Who knows what is in the hearts and is All-Knowing, All-Aware—

Came down for my help, remembering [His] promise,
And they all ended up disgraced and frustrated.

Such was the grace manifested by the Lord of mankind—
Seeing which—all enemies were left bewildered.

His grace transformed a single drop of water into an ocean;
I was mere dust; He Himself transformed me into the Pleiades.

I was poor, helpless, unknown, and unskilled;
No one knew where Qadian was.

People did not look towards this direction at all;
No one knew even of my existence.

But now you see how the world has turned this way;
This very Qadian has become the rendezvous of the elect.

In their sight—my condition is displeasing.
In their sight and estimation I am an imposter;  
The good of the world lies in my death and decline.

In the Torah as well as in the Glorious Word [the Holy Quran],  
It has been decreed as severe chastisement,

That whoever speaks the least bit of a lie against God,  
Shall be killed—that is the only punishment for this crime.

Every day he fabricates a lie from himself  
And claims, 'God said this to me last night';
And yet He does not punish such an insolent man,  
As if He does not recall what He had previously said.

Again it is all the more strange that when the ‘helpers of the Faith’  
Try to kill or help bring about such a one’s murder;

He [God] does not help them at the time of their designs  
So that by the killing of the ‘impostor’ the whole story may come to an end,

Whilst His own promise lay totally abandoned on the shelf;  
He casts not even a glance upon the effort and exertion of others.

Is He not that God who is the God of the Furqān [Holy Quran]?  
Why then should He be so faithful to an ‘impostor’?

What—after all—is this? Here is an ‘impostor’  
Whom God acquits on every occasion!

When his enemies try to ensnare him with great effort—  
Effort so great they almost kill themselves in the process—
Conspiring together, they fabricate allegations,  
And accuse him of a hundred lies and deceptions—

Even then—they remain unsuccessful in their objectives,  
And that which they say a hundred times goes to no effect.

They desire disgrace; [while] here honour is bestowed.  
Is this the end that an impostor is supposed to meet?

O leaders of the nation! O 'helpers' of the Faith!  
Think! Why does God not help you?

You have no mercy, no justice, nor piety!  
So—for this reason—God is not with you.

You may well remember the time of [Henry Martyn] Clark,  
When he falsely accused me of murder by way of mischief,

When you conspired with him thinking  
That, with your help, you may facilitate his fight,  

But the God who is the God of the humble and the meek—  
He inclined the heart of the Magistrate towards me.
You were bent upon getting me killed,
And thought within your heart that this would be an easy task;

You wanted this man to be hoisted upon the cross
So that you might have this tale to exult about:

He was a liar, he was an impostor; wherefore, he received this punishment.

In the end, God Himself stood up in my support.

The entire account of [my] exoneration became evident to [the Magistrate, Captain] Douglas;
Thereupon, I was honourably acquitted from there.

I was accused of murder—a serious matter indeed!
This charge issued forth from a priest.

However many witnesses there were—they were all against me.
There was even a maulawi [religious cleric] who would boast this:

Look! This man will get his punishment now—
Now, he will not escape without severe punishment!
There are so many witnesses that his guilt has become evident;

One of two things is now certain—prison or the cross.'

Some even engaged in [praying for] curses with great enthusiasm—

So much prayer that their noses were worn down in prostration.

In short, they spared no effort whatsoever;

There was trickery on one side, while prayer and prostration on the other.

In the end, God delivered me from that fire;

However many enemies there were—He cared not one bit for them.

What is this [strange] kind of ‘grace’ visibly apparent from Him

That He has [now] become the Helper of an ‘impostor’!

It was His obligation that—remembering His promise—

He would Himself smite the neck of the ‘wicked liar’.

If He had fallen short of displaying His own hand,

Then at least He could have easily lent you a hand.
What happened that He remained aloof from you?
He granted you no help at all, nor heard any of your supplications.

He exonerated the one who was the ‘impostor’;
But laid to waste every endeavour of ‘His people’!

All their effort and exertion went in vain—
Whatever effort they made, was ruined.

Is not the ‘triumph of truth’ the promise of God?
Just open and see the Holy Word of the Mighty One!

Why, then, was this [promise] reversed only in my case?
Or was it that your own mantle of taqwā [righteousness] was rent asunder?

Is it not strange that despite you being [His] ‘friends’;
Everything transpires in my favour;

Again, it is not only this single instance;
At every step I am blessed with the favours of God.
Look at the man from Bheen, whose name is Karan Din—
Who even lost sleep in his fight with me—
For whose help there was great passion among the people,
Whose faults were glossed over by every enemy of truthfulness,
Who was supported by all unjust and erring people,
For whose help maulawis had come forward—
Among whom there were such who would come rushing forth,
And would display great cunning in presenting their testimonies.
The plaintiff, too, was displaying cleverness,
Fabricating hundreds of statements contrary to the facts.
He received the punishment in consequence of his evil deeds
Along with which, he was also labelled a liar.
’Great Liar’ remained his title in the official records;
The conceited cleverness that he boasted came to naught.
O people of sense and reason! Beware!
Cleverness is useless; taqwá accomplishes the tasks.
God Himself is the Helper of the one who is righteous;  
The end of the transgressors is the punishment of Hell-fire.

Piety is the root of all virtue and good fortune;  
In whomsoever this root remains intact—all his deeds remain intact.

It is indeed the believers who ultimately triumph;  
Exactly thus will you find in the Word of the Omnipotent One.

Now, show us any impostor in the world  
Upon whom is bestowed this grace, this favour, this bounty!

The punishment of this evil deed is death, not love!  
So how could God come to like this behaviour?

Was this treatment the reward for imposture?  
Was this the promise given regarding an impostor’?

Why is He such a friend of an ‘impostor’?  
Or is He unaware of the fault and has been deceived!
After all, there must be something which earned His friendship,
For no one loves an evildoer.

Having accused me of evil; even then you were seized.
These, too, are Signs that have been manifested.

Nevertheless, there are other Signs we possess,
Which we now set forth fearlessly with God's favour.

The heart in which His name is saturated with love
Is itself a Sign; moreover, all its works are Signs.

What insults have I not endured from this generation—
From men as well as from the uninformed womenfolk?

In their estimation, I have become evil and wretched,
In their eyes I have become a kāfīr [disbeliever] and a dājjāl [deceiver].

I even became an impostor in their sight;
Became faithless, corrupting the path of truth!
But may my life be sacrificed for such ‘kufr’ [disbelief],
From which is attained God—Creator of the world and mankind.

A hundred thanks that I have become the beloved of the Supreme [God].

Through this very path the Omnipotent God takes one by the hand;
How could those captivated by anecdotes know of its value?

God’s revelation is indeed obtained through this luminous path;
Through this very path is revealed the Beloved’s pristine beauty.

O accuser! The Omnipotent God is not with you;
This ‘kufr’ [of mine] is a thousand times better than your ‘faith’.

O God, O Helper in exigencies, Overlooker of faults and All-Powerful!
O my Beloved, my Benefactor, my Sustainer!

How should I—O Beneficent Lord!—express my gratitude to You?
From where should I acquire the tongue that would enable me to do this task?

You saved me from the ill-thinking deniers by testifying on my behalf Yourself,
With one strike You vanquished and humiliated the enemy.

Those who serve in Your cause find their reward;
What did You see in me that you bestowed such grace and blessing upon me again and again?

I am in awe of Your works, O my Benevolent [Lord]!
For what deed did You bestow upon me the robe of Your nearness and close relationship?
I am but a worm of the earth—my Beloved—not the progeny of Adam;

I am but a target of people's hatred and reproach.

It is sheer grace and favour that You chose me,

Whereas there was no shortage of servants in Your court.

All those who professed friendship have turned into enemies,

But You—O Fulfiler of my needs!—have never abandoned me.

O my Friend, the Unique! O Refuge of my life!

You are all I need and I cannot do without You.

I would have died and become dust had it not been for Your grace,

And then who knows where this dust would have been thrown away?

May my body, life, and heart be sacrificed in Your path,

For I have not found anyone as loving as You.

From the very beginning, my life was spent under Your care;

I remained in Your lap like a suckling infant.
In the progeny of man, I did not find the fidelity that You possess,
Apart from You, I have not seen any sympathetic friend.

People say that an unworthy one is not accepted,
I, however, found favour in Your court despite being unworthy.

So numerous were Your favours and blessings upon me,
That even till Doomsday it would be hard to count them.

You made the heavens a witness for me,
The moon and sun became dark and obscure for my sake.

You even sent the plague for my help,
To fulfil those Signs which are the basis of truth.

All schemes [of the opponents] came to naught when that calamity struck!
All plans were blown away like dust.

You bestowed fame upon me in the land of India,
That spread everywhere in an instant like lightening.
You have sent down Adam here again,
   So that the tree of truth may bear fruit in this land.

People may babble a hundred times, but Your will is different—
   Even the angels are not acquainted with Your secrets.

All loss and gain, all adversity and prosperity, is in Your hand,
   It is You indeed who makes someone helpless or mighty.

You seat whomsoever You will on the royal throne,
   And You dethrone whomsoever You will, with debasement.

I, too, am a Sign from among your Signs in the world,
   Whom you have made the pride of the nation and the Faith.

All kinds of tribulations befall the glory of mortals,
   It is Your kingdom alone, that endures forever.

Honour and dishonour are all dependent on Your command,
   By Your command comes the autumn and the breeze of spring.

You made one such as me shine in the world,
   Who, O my Master, can fathom the magnitude of Your secrets?
How wondrous are Your works, O my Sustainer!

You bestow the destined fruits, even by force—though one may flee from them.

From the very beginning I loved solitude,
I hated fame and disliked any kind of prominence.

But You Yourself made me known by Your own hand
I never asked for it, You indeed brought about all of this flourishing garden.

Why do they blame me for the command that I received?
And who am I to reject the command of the Sovereign Lord?

But, having once been commanded, I have to do His bidding,
Even though I am weak, helpless, and melancholy.

Inviting every vain talker to the truth is not an easy task,
At every step one encounters countless trials and hardships.

My supplications of day and night have reached heavens,
But my call could not penetrate the hearts of the ignorant.
Hearts are all in the hand of God’s decree; If God so wills—
He could turn them towards me, so that they are drawn irresistibly to me.

He could also—showing some miracles—suddenly soften
Those hearts as hard as the rocks of the mountains.

Alas! What did my people gain from their rejection?
Hundreds of homes were rendered like caves by the earthquakes.

Righteousness demanded that they cast a glance upon these times.
It also demanded that they should have waited for a while with patience.

Had they traversed all the stages of knowledge?
Was there not a dark and murky road before their eyes?

The longings that I entertained in my heart remained unfulfilled;
Those to whom I had looked for support again and again became my mortal enemies.

They have deteriorated so much that no improvement is in sight.
Alas! What were my expectations and what has come to pass!
To whom should I relate this story of my broken heart? 
For they hate the idea of even meeting me, let alone listening to me.

What should I do and how should I give away my life, 
So that they, who are so prejudiced, might pay attention to me?

So many Signs have been manifested by the grace of God 
That seeing them even Satan has become dejected.

But most of the opponents have no shame and modesty; 
They see hundreds of Signs, yet remain engrossed in abuse.

A heart that is pure does not require too many Signs; 
A single Sign is enough, if the heart is God-fearing.

The day dawns for the enemies of faith, but night descends upon me—
O my Sun! Rise forth, for I am restless.

O my Beloved! May every particle of my being be sacrificed for You; 
Do turn the tide in my favour, O Driving Force of the universe!
Pay some heed to who is bewailing in Your alley;  
This head will be lying in the dust if you do not come as my Friend.

Help me now with the hands of Your grace,  
So that the ark of Islam may safely weather this storm.

Do now please overlook my failings and shortcomings,  
So that the accursed enemy of the faith may not rejoice.

Apply a balm on my wounds, for I am stricken with grief;  
Hearken unto my supplications, for I am utterly mortified!

I cannot bear the sight of the fragile state of the religion of Muṣṭafā [the Chosen One];  
O my Sovereign Lord! Make me victorious and successful.

Will You let me be buried in the dust before the purpose is achieved?  
This is not what I hope from You, O my Refuge!

O my Lord! Bestow your grace on Islam and save it Yourself—  
Do now listen to the cries of Your servants on this tattered vessel.
Sin, transgression, and disobedience are rampant among the people of this nation;  
Clouds of gloom are spreading, and the night is pitch dark.

A whole world has died thirsting for Your water;  
Turn in this direction—O my Lord!—the flow of the river.

We are at the end of our wits, caught in these tribulations;  
Have mercy on Your servants so that they may be liberated.

How should we deal with things, for no plan seems to be working  
Against these calamities that abound all around?

Come—O my Saviour!—for this boat is about to sink;  
Autumn has overtaken this nation in the midst of spring.

The light has left their hearts, and their minds have turned obtuse;  
Every heart is relying on its own perverse thinking.

That which we thought was a pure and clear drop of water,  
When we looked at it carefully we found a thousand germs in it also.
The far-seeing telescope of cognizance found filth everywhere;   
This epidemic had eaten away the fruits of every branch of faith.

O God! How can this spiritual irrigation be effected without You;
   The garden of piety has all been burnt, and the remains serve merely as a shrine for the Faith.

If anything can be done—O my Beloved!—it is only with Your power;
   Otherwise, evil is forging ahead like a flood.

Show a Sign, for the Faith has vanished without a trace;
   Look this way so that we may have a glimpse of spring.

How can I describe the slumber that people of this world have fallen into;
   And how much they abhor truth and adore falsehood?

Their minds remain covered in veils even though they have seen hundreds of Signs;
   They have estranged themselves from Light and have opted for the Fire.

Had there not been such ill-thinking, disbelief would have vanished—
   Cursed be it, for it has corrupted even sensible people.
Ill-thinking can make a mountain out of a molehill,
And make a flock of ravens out of a single barb of a feather.

People! Why do you transgress beyond the limits? Pray have some fear of God;
Do you not witness the help of God coming again and again?

Has God stopped helping and assisting the righteous?
Why does He express love for a ‘sinner’ and an ‘infidel’?

So many Signs in support of an ‘evildoer’!
Why does He show these Signs? Is He, perchance, a relative of evildoers?

Is He now changing His ways and His laws,
To which He had adhered ever since eternity?

If eyes were blind, then were the ears deaf too?
Do you imagine that God is mistaken?—and you know all about me?

He whose claim is based entirely on falsehood—
If He should help such a one!—What, then, is the difference between truth and falsehood?
Has God remained forgetful, while you realized the truth?
Did He remain unaware, while you recognized my afflicted situation?

Ill-thinking has rendered you bereft of reason and sight,
Whereas there were countless arguments testifying to my truth.

The darkness of ignorance and the fierce winds of ill-thinking—
When these two come together—faith is blown away like dust.

What would be the result of taking poison other than death and destruction?

Ill-thinking is a poison, so shun it, O people of faith!

Thorns are sown in their own path by such ill-thinking people
Who are devoid of shame, modesty, and perseverance.

This misdeed is at the root of man's ill fortune,
But who has the power to change destiny?

We are a hardy group and are not concerned by anyone's ill-will;
We are stout of heart, and we can endure great pain.
It is not good to challenge the one who belongs to God;
Do not lay hands upon the lions, O weak and emaciated fox!

The Benevolent Lord Himself stands by me on this path,
Do not therefore try to block my way, O mischievous people!

It is the way of God that He Himself manifests the distinction,
So it may become clear who is pure and who eats carrion.

I see a Helper of mine behind the veil,
His sword is drawn for whoever tries to attack me.

If the heedless enemy were to see that Arm and that armour,
He would lose his senses and forget all animosity.

Does this world not have a Creator and a Judge?
Where, then, can the evil-minded transgressors find refuge?

Why are you surprised if I have come as the Messiah?
The very spring breeze breathes the Messianic spirit.

There is a fervour in heaven for inviting people towards the Truth,
And angels are descending upon the righteous souls.
The liberal-minded people of Europe are inclining to this way;
The pulse of the dead began suddenly to beat again like the living.

The intellectuals are now bidding farewell to the Trinity;
They are once again wholeheartedly devoting themselves to the fountain of God’s Oneness.

A beautiful flower has blossomed in the garden of this nation;
An intoxicating spring breeze is blowing from the garden.

I can now smell the fragrance of my ‘Yūsuf’ [Joseph];
I wait for him, even though you may call me insane.

Everywhere and in every land idol-worship is on the decline;
No longer is man-worship viewed with any honour and esteem.

A wind is blowing from heaven announcing the Oneness of the Creator;
Hearts are with us, no matter what the tongues may be endlessly chattering.

Hearken unto the call of Heaven: ‘The Messiah has come! The Messiah has come!’
And hearken unto the earth: ‘The victorious Imam has arrived!’
Heaven is showering Signs and the earth proclaims: ‘This is the time!’

These two witnesses are restlessly crying out in my favour.

Now—O people!—you will find peace and comfort in this garden alone;

There is still time. Hasten, O you who wander in the thorny wilderness!

After a long while has this cool breeze begun to blow;

Only God knows when such days and such a spring will come again.

O denier! Is there a limit to your denunciation?

How long will you go on adopting the habits of Satan?

The edifice of the dispensation of Ahmad—whose foundation was laid by the Lord—

Is today being completed, O my dear fellow countrymen!

The Garden of Ahmad is now home to the spring breeze;

With whose inspirations man is able to hear the discourses of the Beloved.
Otherwise, what is the worth of a religion or path, or doctrine, or faith,

Upon which the Light of Truth does not fall like the shining sun?

My heart bleeds at seeing the extent of people’s rancour;

They try thus to trample underfoot this shining, royal pearl.

We are—every instant—ascending to new heights,

While they beckon us to hide in a cave.

The light of the hearts has vanished and mere formalities of the Faith are all that remain,

And yet they say: ‘What is the need for anyone to reform the Faith?’

They sing a tune that the heavens do not sing;

Their intentions are contrary to those of the Sovereign Lord.

Alas! They have become a ‘serpent in the sleeve’ for the Faith;

They have grown fat, but the Faith has been rendered helpless and poor.

Friends! These troubles have bent my back!

I would have perished had it not been for the grace of God.
This passion of mine is fathomed only by the one who himself bears this passion;

This pain of mine is understood only by the one who himself is broken-hearted.

Who cries so that the heavens has also started crying with him,
And the eyes of the sun and moon have been darkened with sorrow?

They are not ashamed in calling me an impostor;
What kind of scholars are these that are ignorant of the other world!

How could another know the kind of bond I have with the Beloved?
He has become mine, and I am devoted to Him with my very life.

I am at times Adam, at times Mūsā [Moses], at times Ya'qūb [Jacob],
And at times I am Ibrāhīm [Abraham]; my progeny is countless.

I am the tree that bore fruits resembling Dāwūd [David];
I became Dāwūd and Jālūt [Goliath] is my prey.
Being the Messiah, I too would have been put on the cross
Had I not been named Ahmad, upon whom I place all my reliance.

O enemies! When every moment I am dying in His path,
What do you hope to achieve by waiting for my death?

Within me—from head to foot—is concealed that Beloved;
O my ill-wisher! Beware when you try to attack me!

How should I praise the charm of my Beloved and what should I write?
Whose single grace helped me traverse the flood of the base ego?

My cognition of God grew so immensely that
I was deemed an infidel in the eyes of those who are far removed from the courtyard of the Beloved.

That luminous Face illumined my eyes,
And the secrets of the Beloved were disclosed to me.

O people of my nation! Come hither for the Sun has risen—
Why do you languish day and night in the valley of darkness?
How strange that I am an ‘infidel’ and you are ‘believers’,
Yet, still, that Friend of the chosen supports this ‘infidel’!

How strange that God helps an ‘infidel’,
While in fact He should have been a friend to the believers!

Karam Din, who unjustly attacked me,
Was also a righteous man in your eyes;
I was not helpless, as the succour of the True God was with me,
And revelation of God promised me success again and again.

But he did not see me, for his eyes were closed;
He was then punished and earned a lasting shame.

He was written down as a great liar in the official records—
A label he can never erase till the end of days.

Tell me now: Who was granted help from the Holy Lord?
Why was the ‘righteous person’ of yours apprehended disgracefully?

Again, fear God, and look hither once more,
How my Friend saved me again and again.
The mischief-makers conspired to kill me and shot their scheming arrows;
They became the friends of Satan and his cunning progeny.

They came together as a horde, fighting down to their fingernails,
But none of their plans succeeded.

I was in their eyes a dajjala and a disbeliever;
Sparks of the fire of takfīr [declaration of disbelief] kept flying constantly.

Now just reflect upon this affair in all honesty and answer:
Whose hand is it that wards off the enemy’s onslaught?

Why do you not reflect, and what are these veils that cover your eyes?
Alas! My heart feels the utmost pain and anguish again and again!

Had this been the work of man—O weak of faith!—
God would have been sufficient to deal with such a liar.

There was no need for you nor for your machinations;
The Sovereign of the world would have destroyed me Himself.
He is Holy and Transcendent above all, He does not help the liars;  
Otherwise, all faith would be lost, and the truthful would be put to shame.

How can a liar be the recipient of such succour?  
Have you no fear that you attack me so brazenly?

Show me if there is an impostor in the world  
Who has been helped by God again and again like me.

The morning sun has risen, but these people slumber on;  
They hate the day and love the nights.

They barbour malice towards light and are devoted to darkness;  
You will not even find bats (so devoted to darkness) no matter how hard you look.

The sun shines above them but their eyes remain closed;  
They die of thirst though a refreshing stream is flowing by their door.

Strange is the state of those who rejected me;  
While their only job is to hurl abuse every moment, day and night.
But if you ask them to name some such liars
Whom God has been granting succour for years,
They fall silent like the dead and give no answer to this;
Their faces turn pale like one stricken with grief.

They do not have the good fortune to devote any time for the Faith;
Seeing the glitter of the world, they have become infatuated with it.

Is this an act of faith to shy away from the right path?
Is this piety and virtue; is this the way of the righteous?

Have they taken an oath or is their fortune twisted,
That they turn away from the bright day and opt for the dark night.

The proof, like that of the Prophets, was completed against them;
Their objections against me are such as would apply to all Prophets.

Whatever they say regarding me out of malice applies to all [Prophets],
So will they forsake them all and adopt disbelief?
By calling me a disbeliever, they put a seal on their own disbelief;  
This is their own true face, I merely show it to them like a mirror.

I am more than sixty years old now;  
It has been thirty years since I made my claim.

I was forty years in this transient abode
When I was honoured with revelation from the Lord God.

Did I live all this time as an impostor?  
Stranger still, oceans of divine succour were released for me.

At every step did my Lord grant me Signs;  
Every foe was struck down with the sword of arguments of the Truth.

My Lord granted me such favours by His grace,  
That they served to reveal the meaning of the verse ‘I have completed [My favours] upon you.’

Even one’s shadow disappears at the times of darkness,  
But in all dark hours He remained my Friend and Consoler.
A liar never receives help to such a degree;  
If you do not believe me, then bring forth a few precedents to the contrary.

But if, however, you fail to produce any such precedent,  
Then beware of the wrath of that Protector, the King of both worlds!

Who told you that you are free,  
And will not be held accountable even if you commit a thousand transgressions?

To proclaim, ‘We wronged ourselves’ is the way of the righteous;  
Do not spit venom from your mouths; you are not the progeny of snakes.

Scrubbing and cleaning of the body is not a hard task;  
Only those who cleanse their heart are righteous in the estimation of God.

Just lift the veil and take a look at the state of your faith  
Lest—in calling me an infidel—you yourself become deserving of the Fire.
Had they any decency, they would surely reflect what mystery it is
That they desire to debase me, yet I receive greater honour and renown.

What harm have their schemes caused me to this day?
They came like pythons but were reduced to lizards.

O scholars and divines! I do not understand
Your rancour and prejudice in the presence of this Sign of my truth.

But it is strange that, with all your knowledge and critical understanding of the Traditions,
You witness hundreds of Signs, yet you opt to shun and flee.

It is futile to debate with you if you do not possess
The spirit of fairness and the fear of God upon which hinges the Faith.

Do you forsake me for the glory of this world?
How long will worldly glory last when the world itself is transient!
Who is it that secretly grants me victory in every battle?
Who is it that always puts you to shame?

You said that I would soon be destroyed—
That I was but a meagre prey in your hands;
But what happened then, and who was it that so helped me
That you were frustrated and suffered loss while I succeeded?

There was a time when even my name was unknown,
And Qadian itself was hidden as though it was inside a cave.
No one knew me and I had no followers,
But now, look how my fame has spread all around.

At that time God gave me the news of this fame,
And it is now coming true after all this time.
Open and look Barâhin[-e-Ahmadiyya] which is my book,
Therein is this prophecy; do read it once.

Now just think: Can this be the work of man?
What mortal has control over such matters of the unseen?
There is a clear distinction between the power of the Gracious God and the machinations of man;

He who does not understand this is a fool—a dull donkey from head to toe!

Reflect—O you who would reflect!—for there is still time;

Let go of despair and become hopeful of mercy.

Just think! Whose hand was it which was with me?

By whose command was my purpose achieved and you were frustrated?

What kind of faith is this—Pray tell me, O friends!—

Whose fruit is despair and humiliation in every conflict?

They raise a clamour that I am a kāfīr [disbeliever] and a dājjāl [deceiver];

Indeed, I myself am averse to their beliefs and their doctrines.

If that which is evident from their character is indeed faith;

Take care! I would never buy it even for a penny.
I am devoted to the nation of Islam with all my heart and soul,
But this is not the path that can be traversed by those who hold rancour.

What fury of ignorance, and what colours has it manifested;
That causes them to attack blindly for the sake of falsehood!

Be not proud of your faith, for it is no faith;
Do not take it for a diamond, for it is a mere rock of a mountain.

You will beat your breasts with both hands and lament: O we are destroyed!
When the filthiness of your ‘faith’ will become exposed.

This house is about to fall; come quick—O arrogant one!—and see,
Lest your wife, children, and family should be buried under it.

Alas! What misfortune, that even after so much summoning,
Their intoxication from the wine of heedlessness does not wear off.

They do not come to their senses even after hundreds of attempts;
They have fallen into a sleep from which they cannot be awakened.
Evil days have come—famine and pestilence have joined forces—
Yet they fail to repent, so let us see what their end will be.

What an outrage! They say the revelation of God is now no more;
And now, till Doomsday, this Ummah has to make do with mere tales!

This belief is contrary to the Word of God,
But who can take off the garland which has hung around their necks for centuries?

Even today God raises whomsoever He wishes to the status of Kalim
[this one spoken to—as was Hazrat Musa];
Even today He speaks to the one whom He loves.

Why do you break the pearl of the revelation of God? Take heed,
For this alone is the source of all honour and prestige for Islam.

This is the flower the like of which there in no other in the garden;
This is the fragrance that even the musk of Tartar cannot match.

This is the key that opens the doors of Heaven;
This is the mirror that shows the face of the Beloved.
This alone is the weapon that will bring us victory;
This alone is the castle that is the citadel of security.

In Islam this alone is the means of knowing God;
Mere tales will help no one weather the storm.

Revelation from God is the only Sign of the cognizance of the Lord God;
Only those who partake of it fully find that Friend.

Strange is the garden of love, whose pathway is death;
The meeting of the Beloved is its fruit, but it is surrounded by thorns.

The eternal and everlasting curse is stamped upon the heart,
Which is not madly beside itself in search after Him.

But how would those who have become worms of the earth find Him?
Only those find faith who are restless to acquire it.

To call out in every direction is our mission today;
Those of righteous nature will ultimately join us.
Call to mind the days when the elders of the Faith used to say
That the Mahdi promised by God would now appear very soon—

Was there anyone who did not enthusiastically long for it?
Was there anyone who did not profess to love the one that was to come?

But, when the awaited days came and the fourteenth century arrived,
The first to deny were these elders, these 'minarets' of the Faith!

The customs of the Jews re-appeared among the priests;
These wearers of priestly garb became the enemies of the Messiah of the time.

This was written in the Scriptures from beginning to end;
How could it be averted—it is the mark of destiny, not a writing on the wall?

I came to this world in the manner of Ibn Maryam [the Son of Mary];
I was not ordained to wage Jihad and wars.
But if someone had come in keeping with their expectations—
Who waged wars and gave them the spoils of war in abundance;

The battlefield was wide open for such a Mahdi in our nation,
And hundreds of thousands would instantly gather around him,

But it was the mercy of God that I appeared;
Had I not come, fire would have spread and peace would have vanished.

But fire did descend when—despite witnessing so many Signs—
The nation called me an arch-liar and evildoer.

I am certain this fire is here to stay for some time to come,
Unless they repent with great humility and meekness.

Nor is this a matter of coincidence that could be remedied,
For all this death and destruction is by the will of God.

God, who made man and gave him faith,
Is not pleased to see them occupied in faithlessness.
Without God, without piety and righteousness, without honesty, without purification—

This abject world is a wilderness; the plague hunts in it freely.

Fall not as prey to the plague. Become fully righteous,
For mere verbal professions of faith are of no avail.

If you yourselves are not afraid of death, then at least have mercy on your children;

Walk upon the path of peace—do not adopt the way to the jungle.

O dwellers of the jungle! You certainly are not human beings;
Some are foxes, some swine, and some snakes.

O my Powerful God! Transform these hearts Yourself;
You are the Lord of the worlds and the Sovereign of all.

To destroy or to create is not impossible for You;
To join together or to rent asunder is in Your power.

When You bestow a glance of grace, You make whole that which is broken,
And then shatter it into pieces, pulling it out threadbare in an instant.
You set aright what is broken, or break it once it is made; None can fathom Your mysteries, no matter how much one reflects.

When a heart is afflicted with the darkness of sin, It cannot be enlightened without You, even if a thousand suns were to dawn.

Desire for freedom is of no avail in this world; Being held captive by Your love alone is what bestows salvation.

What is the heart that is empty of the fire of love? The true heart is that which cannot find rest without the Unique Beloved.

The first step on the spiritual journey is to negate one's self; So, for the sake of the Friend, trample the self under your feet.

The fruit is sour until it ripens; So is the faith arduous until love is perfected.

The longing for Your countenance has turned my heart upside down. O my Highest Paradise! Do now bestow upon me Your fruit.
O God! O Provider of remedy for pain! Save us, Yourself.
O the Balm of my wounds! Take a look at my wounded heart.

In the garden of Your love I have seen wonderful fruits;
Such apples and such pomegranates as are hard to come by.

Without you—O my Life!—this life is worthless;
It is better to die and become dust than to live such a life.

Without Your favour all worship is futile;
All efforts and deeds are dependent on Your grace.

Those upon whom You bestow Your favours are far from evil;
Their faculties march in file in the path of Truth.

Those held captive by Your love have been delivered from Satan;
Those who gave up everything for Your sake began to flourish.

The thirst to behold Your countenance is better than any other thirst;
One whose heart burns with it has found the waterfall.
He who zealously seeks You ultimately meets with You;
He who has this restlessness, will at last find peace.

It is a sign of love to weep and roam in the wilderness;
How blessed is the eye that sheds tears for You!

None returns from Your court empty-handed,
But the condition for this path is to persevere and to abandon even the trace of impatience.

I came with Your command, but, alas!
Such wind is blowing as hinders the advent of the spring.

People of the world have fallen for the carcass of the world;
Miserable indeed is the life of those who devour carrion.

Abandoning the Faith, one ultimately loses the world as well;
No one prospers but he who loves and adores the Beloved.

No colour is more beautiful than the colour of taqwā [righteousness];
This alone is the adornment of faith and this alone is the embellishment of religion.
A hundred suns may rise, but there can be no light without beholding the countenance of the Beloved;

This world, without union with the Beloved, is a pitch dark night.

O my Beloved! You alone are Peerless in the world;

Those who seek madly after You are the truly sane ones.

To turn away from this world is the trait of those madly in love with You;

They get their reward in cash whereas the others only hope for it.

Who is it whose deeds can be pure without the light of love?

Who can show fidelity other than he whose heart is in anguish?

Who would care to love someone unknown with all one's life?

Who would be the mad devotee in this path day and night?

Who would abandon comfortable sleep? Who would shun food and drink?

Love alone helps one traverse these dangerous jungles;

Love alone makes one bow one's head to the sharp sword.
Alas a thousand pities! They have inclined towards the world—
Those who used to say that the world is but a temporary abode.

Whoever you see these days is foremost in insolence.
Alas! Those of righteous disposition have all passed away.

Their sermons from the pulpits are full of vilification;
In their congregations they indulge only in abuse and backbiting.

Wherever you look, the world has become their sole objective;
From every direction, it is towards the world that they beckon again and again.

If they are pricked even by a single thorn in the path of religion,
They scream and run as a donkey flees from a lion.

They are ever lamenting their failures;
They care nothing for the Faith but are pining after the world.

I care not for what people talk about; mine is a different talk.
I remain devoted to the Friend even if a hundred thousand swords were drawn against me.
O my Beloved! Tell me how you would be pleased.
Blessed will be the day when I lay down my life for You.

Just as You are far away from the people, so am I:
There is no one who fathoms the secrets of my heart.

To think well of others is the way of the nation’s righteous,
But I am hidden from them in a hundred veils and am not open to their view.

They are both unaware: Those who call me a good man and those who call me a bad man;
For, of my inner self they haven’t the slightest knowledge.

I am Ibn Maryam [the Son of Mary], but I did not descend from the sky:
I am also the Mahdi, but I have no sword and no war to wage.

I am not concerned with the conquest of countries, nor is waging wars my task;
My mission is to conquer the hearts, not the countries.
May the Emperor be blessed—the throne and crown of India—for a long time,
For under his reign I find the comfort of life.

What have I to do with countries, for my country is separate from all others?
What have I to do with crowns, for my crown is in the pleasure of the Beloved?

We are the dwellers of heaven—what is this earth to us?
What enmity can the dwellers of heaven bear with the earth?

There is nothing like the sovereignty of the spiritual kingdom,
Even though the world has seen countless sovereigns and rulers.

Asking for honour and prestige of the world bears the stain of curse;
Whoever wants can smear himself with this stain.

What do I care for honour? What concern do I have with fame?
If He is pleased by dishonour, I would sacrifice all honour for Him.

I have become His alone Who has become mine;
Having shunned this wretched world I have found that Beloved.
I see my heart as the throne of the Lord of the worlds;  
I have attained such nearness that the Friend has descended into me.

Friendship is also a wonderful thing, indeed, that turns two into one;  
Love came to meet love riding on two hearts.

See how wonderful the power of love and affection is;  
One heart bows down to win the other.

There is no path shorter than the path of love;  
Through this path the seekers traverse a thousand thorny deserts.

That alone is the secret—O friends!—of finding Him;  
This is the alchemy by which one can acquire immeasurable wealth.

The arrow of love never goes amiss;  
Do not—O archers!—be lax in it, even for a moment.

This is the fire that will save you from the Fire;  
This is the water from which spring hundreds of waterfalls.
Through love the Eternal Friend will come to meet you Himself;
Through love you will wear the garlands of the cognition of Truth.

That Holy and Magnificent Book which is called the Furqān [Holy Quran],
Gives this very tiding to the seekers again and again.

Those who deny this are utterly ignorant;
How could they even be called human when they bear the stupidity of a donkey!

Is this the distinction of Islam over other faiths
That everything of faith ultimately rests on tales?

Is this unblessed abstinence the essence of the Holy Furqān?
Is this the mouse that you have found after digging this mountain?

If this is Islam, then, alas, the Ummah is all but finished;
How can one find one’s way when the Faith itself is steeped in darkness?

Why do you distort your face like the ones who have abandoned hope?
Spread your mantle [to collect], for the doors of grace are opening.
What kind of people are you that—despite seeing a hundred Signs—
You still maintain the same obstinacy and prejudice, and that
same rancour and ill-will?

All the Signs came to pass but you remained imperfect as ever,
Being inside the garden, yet you are not destined to taste the fruits
of Faith.

Look how all that was foretold has been fulfilled,
Even though their fulfilment was beyond human intellect, understand-
ing, and thought?

Just think of what I was at the time
When I had published the announcement of Barāhīn
[-e-Ahmadiyya].

And then consider how my fame has now spread;
And how quickly my fame has spread to every land.

Who knew me? What respect had I in the eyes of the public?
Which community held me in esteem or loved me?
The things that draw people are either wealth, knowledge, or wisdom; Belonging to a family of ascetics was also thought of as a source of honour and prestige;

But of these four I was deprived and destitute; I was but a man of little to no consequence.

To add to that, I was named an infidel and I became the target of people’s scorn,

And edicts of infidelity took away my credibility in people’s eyes.

And yet my God—remembering His promise—Made me the rallying point for the people of the world and the pivot for the Faith.

All the plots that were hatched to destroy me Were destroyed and reduced to dust by Him.

Just reflect whether this is the work of a man—Bring forth a precedent of this if you want to attack me.

One man can foil the schemes of another; But beware! Can anyone ever frustrate the designs of God?
An impostor is bound to be shamed in this world in the end,
   The enterprise based upon imposture is soon destroyed.

An impostor is never given respite so long
   As to equal the ministry of the Pride of the Prophets— the Pride of the Holy.

My heart is full of sorrow at why you have rejected me;
   These clouds come gathering again and again over me.

Strange are these eyes that cannot even see the sun;
   Envy has spared nothing of their reason, thought, and reflection.

The ill-fortune of these people has become manifest through their transgression;
   Nonetheless, only that which is destined comes to pass.

Among them I find those who are like the worms of the earth
   Whose only purpose in life is to indulge in licentiousness, drinking, and gambling.
Their whole livelihood revolves around deceit;
They are carried, like two palanquin-bearers, by Satan and their ego.

Their steps wobble when it comes to matters of the Faith;
But in mundane matters they are sharp and vibrant.

They care nothing for what is lawful or unlawful;
They would quietly swallow a dead body.

They parade virtue and piety, while their hearts are full of sin;
They profess decency and civility, while their hearts are ignoble within.

O dear ones! How long can a paper boat sail?
One day it is bound to sink with both eyes overflowing with tears.

Eternal life lies hidden in annihilation;
The path to the Beloved's garden is the thorny valley of lowliness.

O God! We are weak—lift us up with Your own hands;
We are frail—carry all our burden for us.
I witness the marvels of Your majesty every moment;

Having seen Your power, the world seems to me like a dead corpse.

The works that You manifested in my support
Revolve before my eyes every moment.

How You proved my truthfulness!
May I be sacrificed for You—my life is devoted to carrying out Your works.

There is a wondrous quality to Your beauty and charm,
Whose single manifestation has made me an ardent lover.

O my Beloved! My people are languishing in misguidance,
And it is not beyond Your power at all to bring them to the right path.

They call me an infidel, yet I would call them believers
Had it not been an article of faith to shun falsehood.

O preacher! The Beloved looked upon me with love and not upon you;
Woe upon the ‘faith’ to which ‘infidelity’ is a hundred thousand times better!
The garden of Adam was hitherto incomplete;  
With my coming it has been completed with all fruits and leaves.

God, who had given pure gold to the Prophet,  
Now does fashion ornaments for the Faith like a goldsmith.

He shows that there is no compulsion or coercion in religion;  
For it draws the hearts towards itself like a charming beloved.

This is the secret why He forbade the Jihad,  
So that He may lift the cloud that had obscured the path of the Faith;

So that He may reveal to the deniers the intrinsic excellences of Islam;  
So that those who attack Islam may be ashamed thereby.

The ignorant people of Europe say: ‘The Holy Prophet was not perfect,  
Spreading a religion among the savages was not a difficult task.’

However, transforming a savage into a man is [nothing short of] a miracle!  
And therein lies the secret of Prophethood.
He brought light from heaven, yet he was a light himself;
What does it matter if he was born among a savage people?

Vanquish the ego, for there is no enemy like unto it—
It ever so quietly creates the means of your destruction.

If they abuse you, pray for them; if they hurt you, comfort them;
If they show arrogance, you show humility.

Do not become perturbed if they constantly abuse you;
Leave them to their occupation of publishing such posters.
Remain silent upon seeing them persecute you through their publications;

Do not retaliate if they beat you and make your life miserable.

Seeing their anger and wrath, do not be sorrowful;
For it is the extremity of heat that beckons the refreshing rains of spring.

Fabrication—according to them—is my occupation.
This notion—Allāhu Akbar [Great is Allah]!—how immensely absurd it is!

I mortified myself for the sake of the whole humanity,
Even my ‘war’ was meant to bring about reconciliation and remove ill-will.

To mistrust a pious heart is a sign of misfortune;
Their eyes are closed for now, but they will ultimately see the truth.

Even though they say that a liar never flourishes; Yet, they call me a liar while they see me prosper!
Did your eyes remain blind even after witnessing all that?
Have some fear for the Day—O friends!—when you will be held to account.

You all have eyes—just reflect upon what this mystery is:
How is it possible that the Holy One be the Friend of a liar?

Why this favour upon me? There must be something to it—
All these dealings of the Creator are not without cause.

He Himself has bestowed upon me the Holy Fountain of Taubid [the Oneness of God],
So that He may once again plant tulips in the garden of the Faith.

Upon my shoulder rests the mantle granted to me by that Friend;
So [try to] remove this mantle—O denier!—if you even have the power to do so.

To be so suspicious with malevolence is not good,
In these days that so openly proclaim Doomsday.

A flood of divine wrath is raging;
Only those who board the ark of Nūh [Noah] will be saved.
Come to me with sincerity, for in this alone lies your good;  
Wild beasts abound in every direction—I am the Citadel of Security.

I am the Support of the wall of the Faith and the Refuge for Islam;  
The enemy's hand is incapable of breaching this wall.

Why has suspicion run so rampant among the ignorant?  
Evil days have befallen them or they have been smitten by a curse.

Would that they had understood anything [of what I had said]—this remained an unfulfilled wish in my heart.

O Satan! How have you victimized them.

O you who are ever so given to ill-thinking!  
Where has your other faculty disappeared, O you man of sanity!

If I am a liar, I will receive the punishment of liars;  
But if I am true, what excuse will you have on the Day of Judgment?

Just look at their bigotry: While my life is sacrificed for Islam,  
They—even then—call me a disbeliever time and time again!
I am the Water from Heaven sent at its appointed time;
    I am the Light of God through which the day is openly manifest.

Alas! Where lies concealed the taqwā [righteousness] that was so talked about!
    Oh, where has the driver of the evil-self led you!

The works that the Great Creator has shown in my support—
    Can an impostor who is a friend of Satan accomplish them?

With anguish I wept so much that my tunic dampened with my tears,
    Yet you remained unbled and wretched as ever!

Alas! What happened, how has their intellect become so buried under rocks
    That transformed the day into a pitch-dark night before their eyes?

Or, is it the evil consequence of some hidden sin
    Which made the faculty of reason useless—like a lifeless corpse?

The burden of sin of the masses, too, lies on them;
    Whose sermons clouded the hearts of people.
Such a slumber has seized them that they have not yet awakened;
So forgetful are they that forgetfulness hangs like a garland around their necks.

It is cruel to sow the seed of evil among people;
One who sows evil will reap that evil.

Forsaking the Furuqan, they have entrenched themselves on contradicting traditions,
Placing unjustified burden upon Muslim and Bukhari.

When there is the possibility of error and misguidance in the traditions,
It is foolish to rely wholly upon them.

When I have seen the light of truth with my own eye;
When the revelation of God has itself informed me time and again;

Why then should I abandon certainty and follow conjectures?
Tell me yourself: Is it better to see with one’s own eyes or trust in dubious traditions?
It is the profusion of traditions that has brought about discord in Islam; 

From this it is clear that the path of the traditions is unreliable.

The erroneous concept of the Messiah still being alive emerged from such traditions,

Through which the Faith [of ‘Islam’] became a helper of Christianity.

A thousand misfortunes descended upon Islam,

With the friends of Satan riding upon the neck of the Faith.

God had clearly testified to the death of ‘Isā,

What reliance, then, can be placed upon the āḥādīth [traditions] that claim to the contrary?

Even if deemed credible, they are liable to interpretation—

Can you attack the Furqān for the sake of the āḥādīth?

The God who bestowed upon me the medal of Signs

Is even now repeatedly supporting the Furqān.
Bang your heads! No one will now descend from the sky

Now that the age of the world has even reached the seventh millennium.

His arrival continues to be awaited—but the Faith's life is extinguished;

Will he come to see this Faith's tomb?

Without the grace of God, the ark of Islam is all but sunk;

O passion! Do something, for the intellects are of no avail.

Bestow upon me—O God!—extraordinary zeal and passion,

So that I may strive madly in the cause of the Faith.

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1. It is established from earlier Scriptures and authentic ahādīths that the age of this world from the time of Ḥaḍrat ʿĀdam, may peace be upon him, is 7,000 years. This is what the Holy Quran indicates in the verse:

[Sūrah al-Ḥajj, 22:48]

which means that a day with thy Lord is as a thousand years of your reckoning. And it was revealed to me by God that the time that had elapsed from Ḥaḍrat ʿĀdam to the Holy Prophet, may peace and blessings of Allah be upon him, was equivalent to the gematric value of the letters contained in Sūrah al-ʿAṣr. According to this reckoning, we are now in the seventh millennium after Ḥaḍrat ʿĀdam according to the lunar calendar, which points to the end of the world. The gematric value of the letters of Sūrah al-ʿAṣr almost completely conforms to the calculations made by the Jews and the Christians. Only the difference between the lunar and solar calendars needs to be borne in mind. It is also written in their books that the Promised Messiah must appear in the sixth millennium—which came to an end years ago. (Author)
Kindle in my heart such fire for the Faith  
Whose innumerable flames reach the heavens every moment.

O God! May every particle of my being be sacrificed for You!  
Show me the Faith revived afresh as spring, for I am in tears.

Look at our hapless state, O Knower of secrets!  
It is indeed Your work, but we are now restless [to see its success].

Do be gracious and turn the people towards the Furqân;  
And grant them the ability to think and ponder a bit.

The Furqân alone is beyond doubt and conjecture;  
Apart from this, the predominantly credible should be adopted.

And if I present such traditions as well,  
Then the opponents will have nowhere to turn.

The garden [of faith] had withered away, and all the fruits had fallen;  
I brought God's grace, and the fruit reappeared.
The ‘Ointment of Jesus’ had healed Jesus alone;  
My ‘ointment’ will heal every country and every land.

They used to glimpse at light from a hole in the wall;  
But when the doors were flung open, they became veritable bats.

The treasures that lay buried for thousands of years,  
Today I give them away if I find anyone who seeks them.

For Islam these people became ‘the serpent in the sleeve’;  
They please the enemy and displease the Friend.

They raise a clamour that I am a kāfir [disbeliever] and dajjāl [deceiver];  
They understand the pure to be impure, becoming scavengers of carrion.

Though, by calling me a disbeliever, they have removed themselves far away from me,  
I still feel sorrow and anguish for their sake.

But the spark of faith can emanate even from a stone.
No matter how hard-hearted they become, I do not despair;
The verse, lā tai‘asū ['despair not']\(^1\) gives strength to my heart.

Our task is to weep and supplicate before the Beneficent Lord;
The stream of these tears will ultimately cause these trees to bear fruit.

I do not say that I am holier than everyone;
I do not say that all these fruits are the result of my deeds.

Open and look at Barāhīn[-e-Ahmadiyya] that you might believe.

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1. The reference is to Sūrah Yūsuf, 12:88: ‘Despair not of the mercy of Allah.’

[Publisher]
Sufficient for me is that God—I have not the least desire for titles;  
Try yourself to become—if you can—the Mahdi by God’s command.

Imposture is a curse and every impostor is accursed;  
Moreover, he also is accursed who bears ill-will towards a truthful one.

What a pity! You sit thirsty at the bank of a sweet stream—  
A fresh stream is flowing in the land of India.

Ponder a little over these Signs: Whose works are they?  
What need is there for you to show insane fury?

O deniers! Do not needlessly become guilty before God,  
For this is the work of God; it is not that of an impostor.

1. Up to this time, God Almighty has manifested many thousands of Signs at my hand. Signs appeared for me from earth and from heaven; they appeared among my friends and among my enemies; and hundreds of thousands of people witnessed them. If each Sign was to be counted separately, they would add up to about a million. [So Allah be praised for all this]. (Author)
Such manifest victories! Such continuous flow of Signs [uninterrupted]!

Is it possible for man to bring them about; can they be the work of deceitful people?

This sudden fame spreading so fast, after so many years;

Does this not prove the truth of the word of God?

Th is sudden fame spreading so fast, after so many years;

Does this not prove the truth of the word of God?

Ponder somewhat over this sensibly: Is this something ordinary

That is on the tongue of every person in every land?

All your machinations came to naught, and the argument has been completed against you;

Now tell me—O deniers!—who has been smitten with curse?

I am a servant of the Royal Court [of God] and my job is to serve Him;

I have neither desire for victory nor fear of defeat.

Do not indulge in excessive foolish talk, for His eyes are upon the hearts;

He looks at the purity of hearts and not the smooth talk.
Alas! How your reason has been distorted—

The Faith is in the jaws of the wolf, yet you yourselves guard that wolf!

The faith of Ahmad⁴⁴ is being attacked with hatchets from all sides;

Do you not see those peoples and their assaults?

What eyes do not weep upon seeing this?

What hearts are not restless on account of this grief?

The Faith is being slapped today by nations,

And the lofty minaret of Islam is all shaken up.

Did the news of this calamity not reach the Throne of God?

Will this Sun of the Faith now disappear underground?

A spiritual battle is now being fought between this servant and Satan;

My heart sinks—O God!—for the battle is fierce.

All Prophets of their time gave news of this battle,

And they all prayed for it with tears of anguish.
O God! By Your grace, grant me victory over Satan,
Who is amassing his countless hordes.

This war is greater than the war between Russia and Japan;
I am helpless and stand against a formidable foe.

I lose control over my heart when I contemplate this arduous task;
O, the Refuge of my life! Send down the army of angels.

I know not the comfort of the bed in these days of anguish;
Sorrow has rendered each day worse than the darkest of nights.

The world has been encircled by the throngs of Satan;
The task has become daunting; display Your might, O my Friend!

It is now no use seeking help from the progeny of man;
We now present our entreaties in Your Court, O Lord!

And why indeed would people help me? What have they to gain
When I am declared a disbeliever before their eyes again and again?
I cannot but help wondering at these people—

Why do they not see what is so manifestly taking place?

God be thanked! My sighs have not been in vain.

For some were manifested in the form of plague, and some became the dust raised by earthquakes.

On the one hand, the blood-thirsty plague is devouring this country; Hundreds of thousands of people are falling its prey.

And secondly, the earthquake that occurred on Tuesday was the very picture of Doomsday with all its hue and cry.

Thousands were taken away from this world in an instant, and there is no counting the homes that were razed to the ground.

One moment they were lofty buildings—beautiful and elegant—And the next—lo!—they were but a pile of bricks and dust!

That which is called Doomsday was what occurred in an instant, The weeping and wailing of death coming from all around.
Many a town and village were buried beneath mountains;
Hundreds of thousands died and passed away from this world.

But even after seeing this Sign, hearts were not softened;
God only knows what greater calamity they await.

Those who were called Sufis surpassed all others in their malice;
Was this the example set by the Shaikh of Ghazni?

They boast to people: ‘We, too, are the best of the righteous,
And we also receive a sprinkling of revelation from the Gracious God.’

But it turned out that those very unintelligent ‘recipients of revelation’ were the first to become my enemies,
As though they were wired a ‘telegram’ from heaven declaring me a disbeliever.

All Signs proved of no use before their malice;
The arrow of prejudice pierced right through their hearts.
They never consider the power of the One who overlooks faults;
No matter what we say, they keep playing their own tunes.

O Sufis! Your ways are now as worthless as you are,
For heaven has borne witness for me time and time again.

It is God’s doing that you have also become my enemies;
So much love that once was has now turned into hatred.

You washed from your hearts the memory of the old companionship—
Having been a flower so long, you finally became thorns.

All the wealth of the companionship has been lost;
Oh, how heartbroken I am with what passes through my heart!

A tumult abounds in heaven yet you remain completely oblivious to it;
The day was bright but now it is obscured by dust and grime.

A Sign will appear some days hence;
Which shall overwhelm the countryside, the cities, and the meadows.
People will be seized with a revolution by the divine wrath
So suddenly that a naked one will have no time to secure his clothing.

All of a sudden, with a severe earthquake, all will be shaken up—
Be they humans, tree, mountains, or seas.

In the twinkling of an eye, the earth will be turned upside down;
Streams of blood shall flow like the flowing of a channel.

1. Divine revelation has repeatedly employed the word ‘earthquake’ and has indicated that the earthquake will present a spectacle of Doomsday, as described in the Sūrah:

[When the earth is shaken with her violent shaking (Sūrah az-Zilzāl, 99:2)].

But I still cannot say with certainty if it will, in fact, be an earthquake. It may not be an ordinary earthquake but some other dire calamity evoking the spectacle of Doomsday, the like of which would not have been witnessed by this age, and which would bring about great destruction of life and property. However, if no such extraordinary Sign appears and people do not openly reform themselves, then I shall prove to be a liar. I have also written time and again that the terrible calamity which God has given the name of ‘earthquake’ will not strike merely on account of religious differences, nor will the calamity befall anyone just because he is a Hindu or Christian, or because he has not pledged allegiance to me. All such people have nothing to fear. But everyone—regardless of which religion they belong to—who is a hardened criminal or is engrossed in sin and transgression, or anyone who is an adulterer, murderer, thief, oppressor, or unjustly ill-thinking, or foul of tongue and character; all such people should be fearful. And if they repent then they, too, have nothing to fear. This calamity can be averted through piety and righteousness and is not inevitable. (Author)
Those whose night garments were white as jasmine,
Will wake up in the morning as if clad in red, like the poplar tree.

Men and animals will go out of their minds;
All pigeons and nightingales will forget their songs.

That hour will bear heavily upon every traveller,
And those who are on a journey will lose their way in a fit of forgetfulness.

The flowing waters of mountain streams
Will run red, like red wine, with the blood of the dead.

Men, high and low, will be consumed with fear;
And the Czar himself will, at that hour, be in a pitiable state.

That divine Sign will be a specimen of terror;
Heaven will attack with a drawn dagger.

Hasten not to deny this—O ignorant fool!—
For my truthfulness depends entirely on the fulfilment of this Sign.
This is a prophecy based on revelation of God and will surely be fulfilled;

Wait, then, a while in righteousness and steadfastness.

Do not imagine that all your ill thinking will be forgiven;
It is a debt that will be repaid to you in full.

ADMONISHMENTS AGAINST JEALOUSY AND HATRED

Why do you care not for truth, O people?
It torments my heart greatly.

Malice and prejudice have increased so much
That it has caused to rot whatever little of faith remained.

Was this the very righteousness—the very Islam—
For which you were renowned?

Strange indeed were the arrows of Ilāhī Bakhsh,
For ultimately he himself became their prey.

His curse struck upon his very own self—
Will someone help me understand this mystery?

Arrogance does not lead one to the Beloved,
The one who adopts utter humility becoming even as lowly as dust
is the one who gets to meet the Beloved.

He who seeks the love of the Pure One,
Must first purify himself, for only then would be meet Him.

Humility He loves,
And self-abasement alone is the path to His court.

How foolish is he who is arrogant and misguided,
Who allows his self to stray and wander aimlessly!
ہے نظر یہ کی ہر دم نظر ہے
گرم این بہیہ سے نہ ہے

Who is always on the lookout for the faults of others,
But remains oblivious to his own misdeeds.

Humility & Repentance

Is divine punishment not warded off by supplication and repentance?
Show me quickly whose teaching this is.

O dear ones! Why have you become so shameless?
You believe in the Kalimah and therefore it is incumbent upon you to have at least some fear of God.

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Having witnessed the Sign, how long will you go on denying?
Remember, upon the liars another Doomsday is bound to appear!

What is this habit of yours? Why do you withhold true evidence?
O insolent one! One of these days, disgrace is bound to appear!

O ignorant ones! Your tricks can never harm me!
I will emerge safely, even if I am put into fire!

If you yet possess anything of religion, avert what I predict
That honour for me and rebuke for you is bound to appear!

You have indulged in tall talk while concealing the truth,
But remember this: One day regret is bound to appear!

God will disgrace you, whereas I shall be granted honour;
Hearken—O disbelievers! this miracle is now bound to appear!
God will manifest a Sign—awe-striking and stunning—
And from this Sign, the planting of firm faith within hearts is bound to appear!

The holy servants of God always prevail over others—
This Sign from God is about to appear for my sake!

PROPHECY
ABOUT THE WORLD WAR

The Sign of the earthquake that occurred on Tuesday,
Was but a morsel fed to you on empty stomach.

O heedless ones! A big feast is to be laid out in a few days;
Which the Gracious God speaks about repeatedly in the Quran.

It will become manifestly clear to the people as to whose faith is true;
They will learn whether the hallowed site of purification is Ka’bah or Haridwâr?

Though Divine revelation apparently speaks of an earthquake;
It may yet be that some other calamity is in store for you.

Whatever it may be, it will surely be unprecedented;
It will be out of the ordinary, and will present a spectacle of doomsday.
Such destruction will come upon towns and villages,  
The like of which has not been seen in the world.

In an instant, houses of mirth shall turn into houses of mourning;  
Those rejoicing shall beat their breasts in sorrow.

The high palaces and the lofty castles,  
Shall come tumbling down like caves.

In a single jolt, houses will be reduced to a heap of rubble,  
There will be no counting the dead.

‘But God is Merciful, and there is no fear’  
For those who bow to Him in humility.

It is happy indeed that everything lies in the Hand of the One,  
Who is slow to wrath and quick to forgive.

When exactly all this will happen, only God knows;  
But He did reveal to me that it would be in the days of spring.

‘The spring comes again, and God’s word is once again fulfilled;’  
These are the words of God, consider, O men of understanding!
Remember the words of the Quran, ‘When the earth is shaken with her violent shaking’;

What has been decreed in heaven will surely come to pass one day.

Those will be the days of great lamentation and distress,

But for the good they shall bring forth sweet fruits.

Of course it is fire, but all will be saved from it,

Who love the God of wonderful powers.

O ignorant ones, it is not good to bear malice towards Prophets,

Keep away, for this is the den of lions.

Notebook of the Promised Messiah; see also Durr-e-Thamin, p. 188–189, published by Lajnah Im‘illah Karachi, 2003; see also The Essence of Islam, vol. 5, p. 151–152, published by Islam International Publication Ltd. 2007
PRAYERS
FOR MUBARAK AHMAD

Epitaph of Mirza Mubarak Ahmad
(written in September 1907)

Mubarak Ahmad, the darling of my heart, pure of countenance, and pure of heart;
He has departed from us today making the heart sad.

He said ‘I feel sleepy’; those were his last words,
But so soundly he slept as could not be awakened,

He was eight years and a few months old when Allāh summoned him;
The Caller is, indeed, the Dearest, for Him alone O my heart, lay down your life.¹

The Essence of Islam, vol. 1, p. 185, published by Islam International Publication Ltd. 2004

¹ I am Ghulam Ahmad, the Promised Messiah raised by God Almighty. Mubarak Ahmad, mentioned above was my son who passed away in accordance with the revealed prophecy on 7 Sha’ban, 1325 AH corresponding to 16 September 1907, on Monday, at the time of the Morning Prayer. Allah the Exalted had made the words flow from my tongue that: He has come to the world by the Hand of God and would return to Him at young age. (Author)

As narrated by Ḥaḍrat Mir Muhammad Isma’īl, (Sirātul-Mahdī, Part 3, No. 528)
Admonition

TO SEEK THE ONE GOD

He watches over you while you set your heart upon others!
What does He lack which you seek to find in the idols?

Reflecting upon the sun, we did not find that light which is His;
When we turned to the moon, that too was not like the Beloved.

He is the One, has no partner, and is Imperishable;
All others are prey to death, He alone is Eternal.

All goodness lies in loving Him;
Seek Him alone, O friends, idols are unfaithful.

Why are you fond of this blighted abode?
This place is a veritable hell, not a garden!

**PROPHECY OF A MAJOR EARTHQUAKE**

Wake up quick, O you who sleep; for this is not the time for slumber, My heart is in anguish due to what Divine revelation has communicated to me.

I see the earth turned upside down by the earthquake; The time is very near and the flood is at the gates.

The Benevolent Master stands at the roadside for the righteous; The righteous have nothing to fear from the terrible storm.

No boat can save you from this flood; Every scheme has failed, and there remains only the One Who is Oft-Returning with compassion.

_Badr_, May 1905; see also *The Essence of Islam*, vol. 5, p. 150, published by Islam International Publication Ltd. 2007
Almighty is He. He sets aright a ruined business,  
And breaks up a running one. None has access to His secret.

_Badri_, 22 November, 1906, see also Rūhani Khaz‘in, vol. 22,  
p. 259, _Haqiqatul-Wahi_, p. 259; see also English translation,  
_Haqiqatul-Wahi—The Philosophy of Divine Revelation_, p. 319,  
published by Islam International Publication Ltd. 2018

Whoever gives his heart to that Holy One  
Must first purify himself, then will he find Him.

5, p. 204; see also English translation, _Bara‘in-e-Ahmadiyya_,  
Part 5, p. 283, published by Islam International Publication  
Ltd. 2018
God! My Lord! You make them understand Yourself;
Do manifest again a Sign from the heavens!


It is not easy to supplicate in that exalted threshold.
Supplication is veritable death; so first annihilate yourself, then go for supplication.

[Punjabi] If you will be devoted to Me, the whole world will be yours.

Revealed verse

The breeze of mercy is blowing,
All your supplications will be accepted today.
At the head of your path stands the One Who is your Benevolent Master.

Wherever I look, there You are all around.
The holy Muhammad, the Chosen one, Chief of the Prophets.

Beyond fancy and imagination is the glory of Ahmad[as],
Whose servant, you can see, is the Messiah of the age!
چمک دِکھلاؤں گا تم کو اِس نشان کی پنج بار۔

I shall demonstrate to you the flash of this earthquake five times.

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نکلا دُشمن کا بھی خوب وار

The enemy struck a strong blow,
Still our assault penetrated the target.

Meaning that the opponents are shouting that the prophecy has been proved false but intelligent people will soon realise the truth and the ignorant ones will be put to shame. (Author)

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al-Hakam, vol. 6, no. 16, p. 7, dated April 30, 1902; see also Tadbirah, (English translation), p. 185, published by Islam International Publication Ltd. 2018
Considering that it shows the path of salvation,
How wonderful it is that the year of publication [1297 AH] is represented by the phrase ‘Yā Ghafūr’² [O Forgiving Lord].


The spring has arrived again and with it the days of snow.


1. The word in the original _Barāhin-e-Ahmadiyya_ was تیکھلا (‘points to’). The word تیکھلا (‘shows’) as given in _Haqqatul-Wabi_, is a variation of the same with similar meanings. [Publisher]

2. In the Arabic _abjad_ system each letter in the alphabet corresponds to a numerical value. Using this system, the value of ‘Yā Ghafūr’ is 1,297. [Publisher]
کسیان گئیں بن میں شہنشاہ
Vessels sail so that there might be [naval] actions.


نینشا ہہ ہو ں کر کہ سش
[Punjabi] A saint is recognised by the shining of Divine love on his countenance.

You will remember my words when I am gone.

man is never appreciated during his lifetime—dear ones!
