Hymn to the sun

Nederhof - English

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Transliteration and translation for "Hymn to the sun", following De Buck (1948), pp. 113-115. This is the version of Suti and Hor (Brit. Mus. 826). Other versions are discussed by Assmann (1971). The transliteration throughout follows Hannig (1995).

For published translations, see Assmann (1975), number 89 (pp. 209-212, with comments on pp. 555-557); Davies (1994), number 732 (pp. 71-74); Helck (1961), number 732 (pp. 328-331); Lichtheim (1976), pp. 86-89; Wilson (1955).

Bibliography


Adoration of Amun, when he rises as Harakhti, by the overseer of the works of Amun, Suti,

and the overseer of the works of Amun, Hor. They say: 'Hail to you, Re,

beauty of every day, who rises in the morning without failing,

Khepri, who tires himself with labour! Your rays are on the face, but it isn't known.

Electrum doesn't match your splendour. I Self-made, you created your body,

creator who wasn't created, the only one of his kind, who passes eternity, chief of the roads,

with millions under his guidance. I Your splendour is like the splendour of heaven,

your color is brighter than its hues. When you cross the sky, everyone sees you.

When you set, you are hidden from their sight. Daily you present yourself in the morning.

Your sailing is steadfast under Your Majesty. In a brief day, you race a course

of millions and hundreds of thousands of miles. I To you, each day is a moment,

which has passed when you go down. Likewise you have completed the hours of the night.
You have regulated it without pause in your labour. Through you, every eye sees,

and they accomplish nothing when Your Majesty goes down.

When you awake early to rise in the morning, your light opens the eyes of the flock.

When you go down in the western mountain, then they sleep as in the state of death.

Hail to you, celestial disk of the day, creator of all who makes them live, great falcon,

brightly plumed, beetle who raised himself, who created himself, who wasn't created,

eldest Horus within lower heaven, acclaimed for his rising and setting,

creator of what the earth produces, Khnum and Amun of mankind,

who took possession of the Two Lands from great to small, beneficent mother

of gods and people, patient craftsman, who tires himself greatly

with making them countless, brave shepherd who drives his flock, their refuge

that keeps them alive, who hastens, who races, who runs, Khepri, distinguished of birth,
who developed his beauty in the body of Niut, who illumines the Two Lands with his disk,

the primeval one of the Two Lands, who created himself,

who sees all that he made, he alone, who reaches the ends of the earth every day,

seen by those who tread on it, who rises in the sky formed as Re!

He makes the seasons with the months, heat as he wishes and cold as he wishes.

He makes bodies weak and gathers them. Every land rejoices at his rising every day

to adore him.' The overseer of works, Suti, and the overseer of works, Hor, say:

`I was administrator in your harem, overseer of works in your very shrine,

made for you by your beloved son, the lord of the Two Land, Nebmaatre, given life.

My lord made me administrator of your monuments knowing my vigilance.

I was a dutiful administrator of your monuments, who acted justly as you wished,

for I knew that you are content with justice. You advance one who does it on earth.

I did it and you advanced me, you rewarded me on earth in Karnak,
while I was in your following when you appeared. I am a just person who shuns evil,

while I was in your following when you appeared. I am a just person who shuns evil,

I dissatisfied with any words of saying falsehood. But my brother, my likeness,

with his conduct I'm satisfied. He came from the womb with me on the same day.'

The overseer of the works of Amun in Luxor, Suti, and Hor:

`I was administrator of the west side, and he of the east side.

We administered great monuments in Karnak, at the front of Thebes, city of Amun.

May you grant me old age in your city, my eye beholding your beauty, a burial at the west,

a resting place, while I join the praised ones who went in peace.

May you give me a sweet breeze at landing, and wearing of fillets

on the day of the wag-feast.'