**Great Hymn to the Aten**

N.B.: The following text is derived from a source that is supposed to be currently clear of copyright.

Thou dost appear beautiful on the horizon of heaven,

0' living Aten, thou who wast the first to live.

When thou hast risen on the eastern horizon,

Thou hast filled every land with thy beauty.

Thou art fair, great, dazzling, high above every land;

Thy rays encompass the lands to the very limit of all thou hast made.

Being Re, thou dost reach to their limit

And curb them for thy beloved son;

Though thou art distant, they rays arc upon the earth;

Thou art in their faces, yet thy movements are unknown.

When thou dost set on the western horizon,

The earth is in darkness, resembling death.

Men sleep in the bed-chamber with their heads covered,

Nor does one eye behold the other.

Were all their goods stolen which are beneath their heads

They would not be aware of it.

Every lion has come forth from his den,

All the snakes bite.

Darkness prevails, and the earth is in silence,

Since he who made them is resting in his horizon,

At daybreak, when thou dost rise on the horizon,

Dost shine as Aten by day,

Thou dost dispel the darkness

And shed thy rays.

The two Lands are in a festive mood,

Awake, and standing on their feet,

For thou hast raised them up;

They cleanse their bodies and take their garments;

Their arms are lifted in adoration at thine appearing;

The whole land performs its labor.

All beasts are satisfied with their pasture;

Trees and plants are verdant.

The birds which fly from their nests,

Their wings are spread in adoration to thy soul;

All flocks skip with their feet;

All that fly up and alight

Live when thou has risen for them.

Ships sail upstream and downstream alike,

For every route is open at thine appearing.

The fish in the river leap before thee,

For thy rays are in the midst of the sea

Thou creator of issue in woman, who makest semen into mankind,

 And dost sustain the son in the mother's womb,

Who dost soothe him with that which stills his tears,

Thou nurse in the very womb, giving breath to sustain all thou dost make!

When he issues from the womb to breathe on the day of his birth,

Thou dost open his mouth completely and supply his needs.

when the chick in the egg cheeps inside the shell,

Thou givest it breath within it to sustain it.

Thou hast set it its appointed time in the egg to break it,

That it may emerge from the egg to cheep at its appointed time;

That it may walk with its feet when it emerges from it.

How manifold is that which thou hast made, hidden from view!

Thou sole god, there is no other like thee!

Thou didst create the earth according to thy will, being alone:

Mankind, cattle, all flocks, E

verything on earth which walks with its feet,

And what are on high, flying with their wings.

The foreign lands of Hurru and Nubia, the land of Egypt—

Thou dost set each man in his place and supply his needs;

Each one has his food, and his lifetime is reckoned.

Their tongues are diverse in speech and their natures likewise;

Their skins are varied, for thou dost vary the foreigners.

Thou dost make the Nile in the underworld,

And bringest it forth as thou desirest to sustain the people

As thou dost make them for thyself,

Lord of them all, who dost weary thyself with them,

Lord of every land, who dost rise for them,

Thou Ten of the day, great in majesty. A

s for all distant foreign lands, thou makest their life,

For thou hast set a Nile in the sky,

That it may descend for them,

That it may make waves on the mountains like the sea,

To water their fields amongst their towns.

How excellent are thy plans, thou lord of eternity!

The Nile in the sky is for the foreign peoples,

For the flocks of every foreign land that walk with their feet,

While the true Nile comes forth from the underworld for Egypt.

Thy rays suckle every field;

When thou dost rise, they live and thrive for thee.

Thou makest the seasons to nourish all that thou hast made:

The winter to cool them; the heat that they may taste thee.

Thou didst make the distant sky to rise in it,

To see all that thou hast made.

Being alone, and risen in thy form as the living Aten,

Whether appearing, shining, distant, or near.

Thou makest millions of forms from thyself alone:

Cities, towns, fields, road, and river. . .

For thou art the Aten of the day over the earth....

Thou are in my heart,

There is no other that knows thee,

Save thy son Akhenaten,

For thou hast made him skilled in thy plans and thy might.

The earth came into being by thy hand, just as thou didst make [mankind].

When thou hast risen, they live;

When thou dost set, they die.

For thou art lifetime thyself, one lives through thee;

Eyes arc upon thy beauty until thou dost set.

labor is put aside when thou dost set in the west;

When thou risest thou makest everything to flourish for the king.

As for all who hasten on foot,

Ever since thou didst fashion the earth,

Thou dost raise them up for thy son who came forth from thyself,

The King of Upper and Lower Egypt,

Akhenaten.