

Egypt

INCANTATION TO AMON-RA

629

Praise be to Amon-Ra, chief of all the Gods,
The giver of life and warmth to all beautiful cattle.
You are the Bull of the Gods,
The Lord of Mast,
The Creator of men and woman,
And You are the Maker of animals.
You are the Lord of all things that exist,
Producer of wheat and barley,
And you make the herb of the field which gives life to cattle.
The Gods acclaim You,
For You have made what is below and all things that are above.
You illumine the land and You sail over the sky in peace.
You make the colour of the skin of one race
To be different from that of another,
Until there is all the varieties of mankind,
But You make them all to live.
You hear the prayer of he who is oppressed,
And You are kind of heart to all who call on You.
You deliver those who are afraid from those who are violent,
And You judge between the strong and the weak.
You are the Lord of the mind.
Knowledge comes out of your mouth.
The Nile comes forth at Your will.
You are the Governor of the Ancestors of the Underworld.
Your Name is Hidden. Hail, Only One!
Men come out of Your eyes and the Gods from Your mouth.
You made the fish to live in the rivers,
And gave the breath of life to the egg and to the reptiles that crawl.
You allow the rat to dwell in it's hole
And the bird to sit on the green tree.
Your might has many forms.
You have spread the sky and founded the earth.
You are the Lord of grain and bring the cattle to graze in the hills.
Hail, Amon, Bull Who is beautiful of face,
Judge of Horus and Set!
You have created the mountain and the silver and the lapis-lazuli.
O Amon, Your rays shine on all faces.
No tongue can declare what You are.
You steer the way through untold spaces
Over millions of years and hundreds and thousands of years,
You travel across the watery abyss to the place You love,
And all this You do in one little moment of time before You rest,
Sink down, and make an end of the hours.



- from Soror Moonshee's notes
source probably Egyptian Book of the Dead