



PRAYER TO THE SUN

THE LORD has sent me; the great god Hea, has sent me.
Thou, in thy course thou directest the human race
Cast upon him a ray of peace, and let it cure his suffering.
The man, son of his god, has laid before him his shortcomings and transgressions; his feet and hands are in pain, grievously defiled by disease.
Sun, to the lifting up of my hands pay attention; eat his food, receive the victim, give his god, for a support, to his hand!
By his order let his shortcomings be pardoned! Let his transgressions be blotted out!
May his troubles leave him! May he recover from his disease!
Give back life to the King!
Then, on the day that he revives, may thy sublimity envelop him!
Direct the King who is in subjection to thee!
And me, the magician, thy humble servant, direct me!