

Their victim, cushioned on grass,
 ageless Purusha, they sprinkled with balm.
Those that slaughtered him were gods
 and heavenly beings and seers.

From that all-offering sacrifice
 the aspersed fat was gathered;
he formed creatures: those of the air,
 those of the wilds, those that are tame.

From that all-offering sacrifice
 praises and hymns came into being;
spells came into being from it
 and the prayer of sacrifice.

From it horses were born
 and cattle's molars
gritted with cud were born from it,
 from it goats and sheep were born.

When they cut Purusha up,
 how many sections were arrayed?
What did his mouth become, his arms?
 What would his legs be called, his feet?

The Brahman was his mouth,
 Ksatriyas were made from his arms;
his legs became Vaishyas;
 Sudras were born from his feet.

From his mind the moon was born,
 his eye gave shape to the sun;
Indra and Agni from his mouth;
 his breath gave birth to Vayu.