THE HYMN OF CREATION

(A translation of the Nâsadiya-Sukta, Rig-Veda, X. 129.)

Existence was not then, nor non-existence,

The world was not, the sky beyond was neither.

What covered the mist? Of whom was that?

What was in the depths of darkness thick?

Death was not then, nor immortality,

The night was neither separate from day,

But motionless did That vibrate

Alone, with Its own glory one —

Beyond That nothing did exist.

At first in darkness hidden darkness lay,

Undistinguished as one mass of water,

Then That which lay in void thus covered

A glory did put forth by Tapah!

First desire rose, the primal seed of mind,

(The sages have seen all this in their hearts

Sifting existence from non-existence.)

Its rays above, below and sideways spread.

Creative then became the glory,

With self-sustaining principle below.

And Creative Energy above.

Who knew the way? Who there declared

Whence this arose? Projection whence?

For after this projection came the gods.

Who therefore knew indeed, came out this whence?

This projection whence arose,

Whether held or whether not,

He the ruler in the supreme sky, of this

He, O Sharman! knows, or knows not

He perchance!