Translation

Tablet I

I will praise the lord of wisdom, the con[siderate] god,
   Angry at night but relenting at daybreak.
Marduk, the lord of wisdom, the considerate god,
   Angry at night but relenting at daybreak.

Who in his fury is like a violent storm, a wasteland,
   But whose blowing is pleasant, like a breeze at dawn.
Who in his anger is irresistible, his fury a flood,
   But his mind is merciful, his mood relenting.

The brunt of whose hands the heavens cannot bear,
   But whose palm is so gentle it rescues the dying.
Marduk, the brunt of whose hands the heavens cannot bear,
   But whose palm is so gentle it rescues the dying.

On account of whose wrath, graves are dug,
   Through his mercy he raises up the fallen from disaster.

He frowns: the divine guardian and protective spirit withdraw,
   He takes notice: his god turns back to the one he had rejected.
His grievous punishment is immediately overbearing,
   He shows pity and instantly becomes motherly.
He hastens to butt like a wild bull,
   But like a cow with a calf, he is ever attentive.

His beatings are barbed, they pierce the body,
   But his bandages mollify, they revive the dead.
He speaks and imputes guilt,
   But on the day of his offering liability and guilt are absolved.

He is the one who causes one to suffer from a demon and shivering,
   But with his incantation he expels chills and cold tremors.
The one who . . . the flood? of Adad, the blow of Erra,
   But who reconciles one’s enraged god and goddess.

The Lord, he sees everything in the heart of the gods,
   But no one among the gods knows his way.
Marduk, he sees everything in the heart of the gods,
   But no god can learn his counsel.

As heavy as is his hand, his heart is merciful.
   As murderous as are his weapons, his intention is life-sustaining.
Without his consent, who could assuage his striking?
   Apart from his intention, who could stay his hand?
I, who ate mud like a fish, will extol his anger,

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1 Variant: “diminish, discredit.”
He quickly bestowed favor on me, just as he revived the dead.
I will teach the people their plea for favor is near,
   May his favor[ble] invocation carry off their [sin].
From the day Bel2 punished me,
   And the hero Marduk3 was angry [wi]th me,
My god rejected me, he disappeared,
   My goddess left, she departed from my side.

The protective spirit of good fortune who was at my side [spl]it off,
   My divine guardian became terrified and sought out another.
My dignity [w]as taken, my masculine features obscured,
   My characteristic manner was cut off, it jumped for cover.

Portents of terror were established for me,
   I was expelled from my house, I wandered about outside.
My omens were confused, equivocal every day,
   My oracle was not decided by diviner and dream interpreter.
What I overheard (my egerrû) in the street portended evil for me,
   When I lay down at night, my dream was terrifying.

The king, the flesh of the gods, the sun of his people:
   His heart was angry with me and made forgiving me difficult.
Courtiers were plotting to slander me,
   They gathered themselves, they were inciting calumny.
If the first was saying, “I will make him pour out his life,”
   The second was saying, “I made him vacate his post.”
Likewise the third: “I will seize his office,”
   “I will take over his household,” says the fourth.
The fifth overturned the opinion of the fifty,
   The sixth and the seventh followed on his heels.

The band of seven gathered their pack,
   They were relentless as a devil, equal to a demon.
Their flesh was one, but each had a mouth,
   They unleashed their rage against me, they were set ablaze like fire.
They set slander and obstruction in alliance against me,
   My eloquent speech they hindered as with reins.
I, whose lips chattered constantly, turned into a mute,
   My resounding cries trailed off into silence.
My proud head bowed to the ground,
   Terror weakened my stout heart.

A lad turned back my burly chest,
   My arms, once far-reaching, were continually covered, they clutched each other.
I, who walked about as a lord, learned to slink,

2 Variant: “the lord.”
3 Variant: “Bel.”
I was once dignified, but I turned into a slave.
I became alienated from my extensive family.

When I walked through the street, fingers were pointed at me,
     When I entered the palace, eyes would squint at me in disapproval.
My city glared at me as an enemy,
     My country was hostile to me as if it were foreign.

My brother became a stranger,
     My friend became an enemy and a demon.
My comrade would denounce me furiously,
     My colleague dirtied his weapon for bloodshed.
My best friend would slander me,
     My slave openly cursed me in the assembly.
My slave girl defamed me before the crowd,
     When an acquaintance saw me, he hid.

My family rejected me as their own flesh and blood.

A grave lay open for one speaking well of me,
     The one uttering slander against me promoted.

The one speaking calumny against me: a god was his helper.
     For the one who said “mercy!”: death was hastened.

The one who did not help: life became his protective spirit,
     I had no one walking alongside me, I saw no mercy.
They distributed my things to the riff-raff,
     They ruined the opening of my canals with silt.

They drove out the work song from my fields,
     They silenced my city like an enemy city.⁴
They handed my cultic offices to another,
     And they installed an outsider in my cultic obligations.

The day was sighing, the night lamentation,
     Every month endless silence, the year misery.
Like a dove I would moan all my days,
     Like a singer I would wail my lamentation.⁵

With perpetual weeping my eyes . . . ,
     My cheeks burned with tears for a fifth time.
The apprehension of my heart darkened my countenance,
     Terror and panic turned my flesh⁶ pale.

My guts trembled in perpetual fear,
     They were hardened as with the burning of fire.
My prayer was as confused as a blazing flame,

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⁴ I.e., like a city that has been destroyed.
⁵ Variant: “I would make singers wail my lamentation.”
⁶ Variant: “skin.”
Like discord, my entreaty was a quarrel.
I sweetened my lips, but they were as obscure as darkness,
I would speak sharply, but my conversation was a stumbling block.
“Perhaps good fortune will arrive at daybreak,” I hoped,
“Or, when the new moon appears, maybe then my sun will shine on me.”

Tablet II

One year to the next, the allotted time passed.
I turned about and misery abounded,
My bad luck was increasing, I could not find prosperity.
I called to my god, but he did not pay attention to me,
I implored my goddess, but she paid me no heed.
The diviner could not determine the situation with divination,
The dream interpreter could not clarify my case with incense.
I prayed to the dream god, but he did not open my ear,
The exorcist with his rituals did not release the divine anger against me.

What strange conditions everywhere!
I looked behind me, harassment and trouble!

Like one who had not made a libation for his god,
And did not invoke his goddess with a food offering,
Who did not engage in prostration, was not seen bowing down,
From whose mouth prayers and supplications had ceased,
Who had abandoned the day of the god, disregarded the festival,
Become negligent and despised their rites,
Who had not taught his people to fear and pay heed to the gods,
Who did not invoke his god when he ate his (i.e., the god’s) food,
Who had abandoned his goddess, and did not bring a flour-offering,
Like the one who had gone mad and forgotten his lord,
Who had invoked the solemn oath of his god in vain, that is how I was treated.

But I was in fact attentive to prayers and supplications,
Prayer was common sense, sacrifice my rule.
The day to fear the gods was a delight to my heart,
The day of the goddess’s procession was wealth and weal.
The king’s prayer: it was a pleasure,
And his fanfare truly a delight.

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7 Lit. “come straight to me.”
8 Lit. “it is bad, it is bad.”
9 Variant: “their.”
10 Variant: “gods.”
11 Variant: “the rites of the gods.”
12 Lit. “looked upon.”
I taught my land to observe the rites of the god,\textsuperscript{13}
I instructed my people to revere the name of the goddess.
I made my praises of the king like a god’s,
And taught the masses fear for the palace.

Would that I knew these things were acceptable to the god\textsuperscript{14}!

That which is good to oneself may be a sacrilege to the god,
That which is wretched to one’s heart may be good to one’s god.

Who can learn the plan of the gods in the heavens?
Who understands the counsel of the deep?
Where did humanity learn the way of the gods?\textsuperscript{15}

The one who lived in strength died in distress.

In one moment a person is worried then suddenly becomes exuberant,
In one instant he sings with jubilation,
The next he groans like a mourner.

Their destiny changes in a blink of the eye.

When they are hungry, they turn into corpses,
When they are sated, they rival their god.

In the good times they speak of ascending to the heavens,
When they become distressed, they talk of descending to the netherworld.

I have . . . these things, but I have not learn[ed] their meaning.

[As for] me, the wear[ied one], a storm was driv[ing] me.

Debilitating sickness advanced against me,
Evil wind [from] the [hor]izon blew against me.
Headache cropped up from the surface of the netherworld,
A wicked demon/cough came forth from its Apsu.

An un[relen]ting ghost came forth from Ekur,
Lamashtu [am]e down from the midst of the mountain.
Shivering streamed in with the waters of the inundation,
Debility broke through the soil with the crops.

They [joined] their forces, together they approached me.

They stru[ck my head], they covered my skull,
[My countena]nce darkened, my eyes welled-up.
They strained my neck muscles, they made my neck slack,
They struck my chest, they beat my breast.

They attacked my back, they threw me into convulsions,
They kindled a fire in my chest.\textsuperscript{16}

\textsuperscript{13} Variant: “gods.”
\textsuperscript{14} Variant: “gods.” Likewise, lines 34–35.
\textsuperscript{15} Variant: “god.”
\textsuperscript{16} Lit. “in the head of my heart,” which is the epigastrium. The line suggests “heart burn.”
They roiled my innards, they twisted my guts,
They infected [my lungs] with coughing and phlegm,
They inflicted my limbs with li'bu, they made my belly feel queasy.
My high stature they demolished like a wall,
My broad build they leveled like rushes,
I was thrown down like an uliltu, cast down on my face.
A malevolent demon clothed my body as a garment,
Sleep covered me like a net.
They were staring, but my eyes could not see,
They were open, but my ears could not hear.
Numbness had seized my entire body,
Paralysis had fallen upon my flesh.
Stiffness had apprehended my arms,
Debility had fallen on my legs,
My feet forgot mobility.
A blow over took me, I choked like one fallen,
Death hastened to shroud my face.
[He was accusing me, but I could not answer the interrogator; “Wo! they were crying, but I could not control myself.
A trap was laid on my mouth,
And a bolt barred my lips.
My gate was bolted, my watering place sealed up,
If it was grain, I would swallow it like stinkweed,
Beer, the sustenance of people, had become displeasing to me.
Indeed, my sickness stretched on.
Through lack of food, my countenance changed,
My flesh had wasted away, my blood drained.
My bones became visible, covering my skin.
My tissues were inflamed, afflicted with jaundice.
I took to a sick-bed of confinement, going out was a hardship,
My house became my prison.
A fetter for my flesh, my arms were useless,
A shackle to my person, my feet were done for.
My afflictions were severe, the wound grave.
The whip that beat me was full of thorns,
A goad covered with thorns pricked me.
All day long a persecutor would pursue me.

\[17\] An undetermined ailment.
\[18\] An unidentified plant.
\[19\] Lit. “knees.”
\[20\] There is no agreement about the restoration of the first word of this line.
\[21\] Šāʾīlu in a general usage or perhaps an unrecognized šaʾīlu, “allegation,” should be preferred.
At night he did not let me breathe freely for a moment.
Through constant turning my sinews were loosened,
My limbs were splayed, just hanging apart.
I would spend the night in my own filth like an ox,
I would wallow in my own excrement like a sheep.
The exorcist was scared by my symptoms,
And the diviner confused my omens.\textsuperscript{22}
The exorcist could not reveal the nature of my illness,
And the diviner did not give the duration of my sickness.
My god did not rush in to help, he did not take my hand,
My goddess did not have mercy on me, she did not walk alongside.
My grave lay open, my funerary goods prepared,
Before my death, mourning for me was completed.
My entire land said about me, “How wronged is he!”
When my ill-wisher heard, his face brightened,
When they informed my nemesis, her mood became radiant.
The day grew dark for my entire family,
For those among my friends their sun darkened.

Tablet III

His hand\textsuperscript{23} was so heavy I could not bear it,\textsuperscript{24}
My dread of him was [ove]rwhelming, I [ . . ].
His furious [pun]ishment [ . . ] flood,
Whose advance was [aggres]sive, it [ . . ].
[Sev]ere, serious illness does not . . . [my] perso[n],
I forgot alertness, [ . . ] made me delirious.\textsuperscript{25}
[D]ay and night alike I would m[oan],
Dreaming and wakening moments both aff[lic]ted me.

There was a singular man, extraordinary in fo[rm],
Because I was just waking up, his outline la[cke]d form,
He was clad in radiance, clothed in aw[e].

[He en]tered and stood over [m]e,
When [I saw] him, [my] flesh was paralyzed.
[He said], “Your lord sent [me].”
[ . . ] he stood, they were suffering [ . . ].
“[Gath]er here, and I will speak their will.

\textsuperscript{22} Variant: “has forgotten.”
\textsuperscript{23} Variant: The line begins with “afterwards.”
\textsuperscript{24} Variant: “him.”
\textsuperscript{25} Lit. “made me wander.”
“The men [that] the king sent,
   “They were silent, [n]o [one] answered me,
   “I was looking at those who heard me.”

I s[aw] a dream a seco[nd t]ime.

In the dream I saw at nig[h]t,
   There was a singular purification priest bearing [a ritual water vessel],
   He was holding in [his ha]nd a purifying t[ama]risk rod.

25 “Laluralimma, resident of Nippur,
   Has sent m[e] to purify you,” he said.
He po[ured] the water that he was carrying over me,
   He pronounced the incantation of life and massaged [my bod]y.

I s[aw] a dream for a third time.

30 In the dream that I saw at ni[g]ht,
   There was a singu[lar] young woman, [whose] app[earance] was beautiful,
   [. . .] like a human but eq[ual] to a god.
A queen of people [. . .]
   She entered and sat [down beside me].

35 She ordered my deliverance: “He is utterly exhausted,
   “Do not fear,” she said, “I will [. . .],
   “And in whatever dream he saw [. . .].”
She spoke my deliverance, “He is greatly distr[essed],
   “Whoever he be who saw a vi[sion] in the night.”

40 In the dream was Ur-Nintinugga of [B]abyl[on . . .]
   A bearded man, crowned by his diadem,
   An exorcist, carrying a writing-[board].
He said, “Marduk sent m[e].
   I brought this band[age] to Šubši-mešrê-Šakkan.
From his pure hands he brought a band[age],
   He entr[usted] it into the hands of my ministrant.

45 [At] the time of waking he sent the mess[age],
   He rev[ealed] his favorable sign to my people.
From the protracted illness, a snake [. . .],
   The sickness cam[e to an] end quickly, [my] fe[tters] were broken.

50 After the heart of my lord was st[illed],
   The mind of merciful Marduk was app[eased],
   After [he accept]ed my prayers, my requests [. . .],
   And re[vealed] his sweet [benevolent a]ttention [. . .].

55 [After he order]ed my deliverance by saying “he is u[ttlerly exhaus]ted,”
   [Then . . .] to make manifest [. . .].
[. . .] to complete and [. . .]
[. . .] my sin [. . .]

26 Alternatively, the line could be reconstructed to end: “she stood over me” (see III 13).
He caused the wind to carry off my acts of negligence,27
my curse [. . .].

Lines 63–64 are missing. Lines 65–66 are too fragmentary to derive sense.

. . . like . . .

[He a]plied28 his spell, which d[rive]s away ev[il],
[He dr]ove the evil wind back to the horizon.

He expelled headache to the surface of the netherworld,
[He se]nt the wicked demon/cough back down to its Apsu.29

He returned the unrelenting ghost to Ekur,
He overthrew Lamaštu, he made her ta[ke to] the mountain.
He made the current of the waters receive my chills,
He tore out the root of debility like a plan[t].

Unpleasant sleep, the pouring out of slumber—
As though the heavens were filled with smoke—he sent away.
With “woe” and “alas” . . . and . . .,30
He made rise like fog, he re[moved]31 to the netherworld.

Constant headache, which was as hea[vy] as a [grind]ing stone—
He withdrew like the dew of ni[gh]t, he dr[ove] it away from me.
My blurred eyes, which were cov[er]ed with the pall of de[ath]—
He removed the pall far, far away, he brightened my vis[ion].

My ears, which were clogged, stopped up like a deaf man’s—
He removed their wax, he opened my hearing.
My nose, [whose br]eathing was blocked with the onset of fever—
He relieved its illness so that I could [soon] breathe freely.

My lips, which were raging and took [. . .]—
He wiped away their fear, he rel[eased] their bond.
My mouth, which was closed up so that speaking was diff[icu]lt,
He polished like copper, its dirt [. . .]

My [tee]th, which were clenched, bo[und] together—
He opened their binding and made their roots [. . .].
My tongue, which was bound so that it c[ould no]t move about—
He wiped away its thickness so that [my] speech became clear7.

My throat, which was constricted, blocked as with a lump,
He made well and caused it t[o sou]nd its songs like a reed flute.

__________________________

27 This line could be line 66 instead of line 61. The manuscript evidence is ambiguous.
28 Lit. “brought near.”
29 A subterranean, watery domain, here associated with the netherworld.
30 The second half of the line is preserved but not understood.
31 The only witness to this line has space for one sign in the break. I suggest uš-[riq] = ušriq.
My throat, which was swollen and would not accept food, its swelling went down, and he opened its stoppage.

My [. . .] are high, its rain [. . .], The heaped up [. . .] on high, [. . .] he poured out. [. . . which] was darkened, like . . .[. . .] of his, a song [. . .]
The large intestine, which was always empty due to hunger and woven together like a basket, [. . .] water, its swelling [. . .].
It accepts meals, it takes drink. [. . .] . . . I flourished.

Lines 108–110 are too fragmentary to translation. Lines 111–120 are still missing.

Lines from the Commentary

a My neck, which was loose and twisted at its base?
b He strengthened as a mountain, he planted it erect like a tree?.
c He made my physique like one perfect in strength.34
d Like expelling nākimtu-disease?, he trimmed? my nails.35
e He dispelled their fatigue, their . ? . he made well.

Tablet IV36

Section A

[f] [. . .]ike a towe[r . . .]
Interi[or . . .] . . .
f My knees, which were bound and [restrain]ed li[ke] a būšu-bird’s—
My leg [he has straight]ened li[ke . . .].
g My feet, which had become a ruin, [. . .]
My strength . ? . [. . .]
My limbs [. . .]
The form of my body . ? . [. . .]
My [bo]dy, my members [. . .]
He clothed like [. . .]

32 Alternate restoration: “[wind].”
33 The first group of lettered lines are divided up between the end of Tablet III and the beginning of Tablet IV. We are not certain where the separation occurred. We do not always know how many lines are missing between them.
34 Gāmir abāri also designates a wrestler.
35 The line is obscure and the words poorly understood.
36 The sources that comprise this Tablet are uncertain. In fact, the Tablet itself has only recently been suggested to exist within the poem. See Oshima 2014, 6–7, 102–105, 423–428.
[What came out of [. . .]
[

Lines from the Commentary\textsuperscript{37}

\(h\) He wiped clean the dirt\textsuperscript{38}, he cleaned its filth.

\(i\) My overshadowed features have become brilliant again.

\(j\) On the bank of the River, where the case of the people is decided.

Section B

\(s'\) [. . .] . . .
\(s'\) . . .
\(s'\) god[s] . . .
\(s'\) goddesses . . .
\(s'\) them . . .
\(s'\) both . . .
\(s'\) . . . I was tormented . . .
\(s'\) wit[h] him restoring to health, . . . is established [. . .]
\(s'\) he restored me, h[is] penalty . . .

\(10'\) I was struck on the forehead, I was released from slavery.\textsuperscript{39}
\(10'\) . . .
\(10'\) . . . belt/snake\textsuperscript{3} . . .
\(10'\) bowed down . . .
\(10'\) in Esagila [I said] a shig\textsuperscript{40}-prayer.

\(15'\) my . . . shigû-prayer . . .

\(o\) I walked along the street [Kunush-k]adru\textsuperscript{41} released.\textsuperscript{42}

[

Section C

\(1'\) To Zarpanitu . . .
\(1'\) To [my] god [. . .]
\(1'\) To [my] goddess [. . .]

\(5'\) The one who does not fear [his] god . . .

\(5'\) The one who does not fear [his] goddess . . .

\(p\) Let the one who was negligent of Esagil learn from my example.

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\textsuperscript{37} The second group of lettered lines are probably part of Tablet IV.

\textsuperscript{38} Lit. “frost” but the ancient commentary associates the word with “rust, patina.”

\textsuperscript{39} Lit. “from the slave hair style,” which metonymically stands for the institution of slavery. Lines l and m in the Commentary are entirely missing. Line n is too fragmentary to translate. These would have to fit somewhere between lines k and o in the present reconstruction.

\textsuperscript{40} A kind of penitential prayer.

\textsuperscript{41} A street in Babylon, whose name means “bow, O fierce one.”

\textsuperscript{42} Lit. “in release.”
The one who [. . .] to Babylon [. . .].
Distress, de[ed . . .]
Penalties? [. . .]
Tab [e V]

My [lo]rd [soo]thed me,
My [lo]rd bandaged me.
My [lo]rd removed affliction from me,
My [lo]rd revived me.

[From the pi]t he rescued me,
[. . . he g]athered me up.
[From disas]ter he raised me up,
He pulled me out of the Hubur River.

He held my hand through adversity.

He struck me on the right,
And raised my head on the left.
He struck the hand of my striker,
Marduk made him throw down his weapon.

On the mouth of the lion eating me,
Marduk put a muzzle.
Marduk, that of my pursuer,
Snatched his sling, turned back his sling stone.

He snatched the shovel from the hands of my grave-digger.

He forced the harp from the hands of the male-wailer,
He made the mouth of my female-mourner cease lamentation.
He fille[d] the mouth of my male-gloater with woe,
The mouth of my female-gloater [. . .].

He recited a mourning rite [. . .].

[. . .][. . .]

He took me [. . .] to the city square,
He brought me into the presence of [. . .].
[. . .][. . .] Marduk,

Who might it have been? The lord released m[e].[46]

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[43] Lines 1–4 each consist of only two words.

[44] Zarpanitu is Marduk’s female consort.

[45] The derivation of †ú†-kaš-šú is unclear. It could be from kašû, “to make strong,” or kâšu (A), “to delay,” or kâšu (B), “to help.” For the last of these, see Ludlul 1 12.

Had my life quickly come to an end? Yes.
Was I not descending to the netherworld? Yes.
Had I turned into a ghost? Yes.

Who might it have been? Marduk spared me.

I was reckoned as the flesh of an asakku-demon.47
A corpse . . . I walked . . .

They purified me by washing my matted hair,
My ablution and renewal . . .
And he swore that he heard in my prayer . . .

[. . .] 40  I went up to Esagil for prostration and supplication.

I, who was from the grave, entered the Gate of [the Rising Sun] again.48

In the Gate of Prosperity, prosperity . . .
In the Gate of . . . the Divine Guardian, a divine guardian approached me.
In the Gate of Well-Being, I looked upon well-being.

In the Gate of Life, I was granted life.

In the Gate of the Rising Sun, I was counted among the living.
In the Gate of Brilliant Astonishment, my signs became clear.
In the Gate of the Releasing of Guilt, my bond was released.

In the Gate of Praise, my mouth inquired.

In the Gate of Releasing Sighing, my sighing was released.
In the Gate of Pure Water, I was sprinkled with water of purification.
In the Gate of Well-being, I was seen with Marduk.
In the Gate Sprinkled with Luxury, I kissed the feet of Zarpanitu.

I continually prayed before them with entreaties and intense supplication.

I offered 49 fragrant incense before them,
I presented an offering, a gift, heaped up donations.
I sacrificed fattened bulls, slaughtered prime sheep(?),
I continually poured out sweet karamu-beer and pure wine.

As for the protective spirit and divine guardian, the divine attendants of the brickwork of Esagil,

[With] a libation I brightened their mood,
[With] an opulent meal I made their heart rejoice.

[The door jamb, the bolt socket, the bar of the doors,
[. . .] sesame oil, ghee, and the abundance of grain.
[. . .] to Ezida?, to the rites (ordinance)50 of the temple,
. . . red-gold grain . . .
I continuously sprinkled fragrant cedar-oil on them . . .

The citizens of Babylon [ . . .] a feast,
The people made/performed his house of burying at the feast. The citizens of Babylon saw how he (i.e., Marduk) revived [his] servant, Every one of their mouths extolled [his] greatness, saying:

"Who thought he would see the light of his sun again? "Who imagined he would stroll along his street again? "Who but Marduk could restore him from the dead? Which goddess but Zarpanitu could give him his life? "Marduk is able to revive from the grave, "Zarpanitu is experienced at sparing from disaster.

"Wherever the earth is established, the heavens stretched out, "The sun shines and fire blazes, "Wherever water flows and wind blows, "Those whose lump of clay Aruru pinched off, "[Living beings, who walk along, "As many [people as there are, praise Marduk!"

[. . .] I have answered [. . .], those who were established by testimony, [. . .] may he rule over [all] the people.
[. . .] [she]pherd of all the inhabited world, [. . .] the floods from the d[ee]p [. . .].
[. . .] sanctuary of the gods [. . .]
[. . .] the extent of the heavens and the [earth]
[. . .] help [. . .] [. . .]
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[...] ... heavens ... may he possess.
[...] may he satisfy his desire.
[...] over his subjects

[...] Shubshi-meshre-Shakkan
[...] Sumer and Akkad, who governs the land
[The one who] experienced [trouble], let his sin be released,
[...] may his fatigue be put to rest.
[...] may his goddess treat him with honor,
[...] may his people become healthy/in peace.
[...] may his goddess treat him with honor,
[...] may he stroll along [in ...] and happiness of heart daily.
[...] the song [...] Shubshi-meshre-Shakkan,
[...] He sang [your] praises (...) ?, your praise is sweet.

\[55\] One MS adds “and king.”