

The Rig

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THE RIG VEDA

THE RIG VEDA BOOK1

HYMN I. Agni.

- 1 I Laud Agni, the chosen Priest, God, minister of sacrifice,
The hotar, lavishest of wealth.
- 2 Worthy is Agni to be praised by living as by ancient seers.
He shall bring. hitherward the Gods.
- 3 Through Agni man obtaineth wealth, yea, plenty waxing day by day,
Most rich in heroes, glorious.
- 4 Agni, the perfect sacrifice which thou encompassest about
Verily goeth to the Gods.
- 5 May Agni, sapient-minded Priest, truthful, most gloriously great,
The God, come hither with the Gods.
- 6 Whatever blessing, Agni, thou wilt grant unto thy worshipper,
That, Angiras, is indeed thy truth.
- 7 To thee, dispeller of the night, O Agni, day by day with prayer
Bringing thee reverence, we come
- 8 Ruler of sacrifices, guard of Law eternal, radiant One,
Increasing in thine own abode.
- 9 Be to us easy of approach, even as a father to his son:
Agni, be with us for our weal.

HYMN II. Vayu.

- 1 BEAUTIFUL Vayu, come, for thee these Soma drops have been prepared:
Drink of them, hearken to our call.
- 2 Knowing the days, with Soma juice poured forth, the singers glorify
Thee, Vayu, with their hymns of praise.
- 3 Vayu, thy penetrating stream goes forth unto the worshipper,
Far-spreading for the Soma draught.
- 4 These, Indra-Vayu, have been shed; come for our offered dainties' sake:
The drops are yearning for you both.
- 5 Well do ye mark libations, ye Vayu and Indra, rich in spoil
So come ye swiftly hitherward.
- 6 Vayu and Indra, come to what the Soma. presser hath prepared:
Soon, Heroes, thus I make my prayer.

7 Mitra, of holy strength, I call, and foe-destroying Varuna,
Who make the oil-fed rite complete.
8 Mitra and Varuna, through Law, lovers and cherishers of Law,
Have ye obtained your might power
9 Our Sages, Mitra-Varuna, wide dominion, strong by birth,
Vouchsafe us strength that worketh well.

HYMN III. Asvins

1 YE Asvins, rich in treasure, Lords of splendour, having nimble hands,
Accept the sacrificial food.
2 Ye Asvins, rich in wondrous deeds, ye heroes worthy of our praise,
Accept our songs with mighty thought.
3 Nisatyas, wonder-workers, yours are these libations with clipt grass:
Come ye whose paths are red with flame.
4 O Indra marvellously bright, come, these libations long for thee,
Thus by fine fingers purified.
5 Urged by the holy singer, sped by song, come, Indra, to the prayers,
Of the libation-pouring priest.
6 Approach, O Indra, hasting thee, Lord of Bay Horses, to the prayers.
In our libation take delight.
7 Ye Visvedevas, who protect, reward, and cherish men, approach
Your worshipper's drink-offering.
8 Ye Visvedevas, swift at work, come hither quickly to the draught,
As milch-kine hasten to their stalls.
9 The Visvedevas, changing shape like serpents, fearless, void of guile,
Bearers, accept the sacred draught
10 Wealthy in spoil, enriched with hymns, may bright Sarsavad desire,
With eager love, our sacrifice.
11 Inciter of all pleasant songs, inspirer of all gracious thought,
Sarasvati accept our rite
12 Sarasvati, the mighty flood, - she with be light illuminates,
She brightens every pious thought.

HYMN IV. Indri

1 As a good cow to him who milks, we call the doer of fair deeds,
To our assistance day by day.
2 Come thou to our libations, drink of Soma; Soma-drinker thou!
The rich One's rapture giveth kine.
3 So may we be acquainted with thine innermost benevolence:
Neglect us not, come hitherward.
4 Go to the wise unconquered One, ask thou of Indra, skilled in song,
Him who is better than thy friends.
5 Whether the men who mock us say, Depart unto another place,
Ye who serve Indra and none else;
6 Or whether, God of wondrous deeds, all our true people call us blest,
Still may we dwell in Indra's care.
7 Unto the swift One bring the swift, man-cheering, grace of sacrifice,
That to the Friend gives wings and joy.
8 Thou, Satakratu, drankest this and wast the Vrtras' slayer; thou

Helpst the warrior in the fray.

9 We strengthen, Satakratu, thee, yea, thee the powerful in fight,
That, Indra, we may win us wealth.

10 To him the mighty stream of wealth, prompt friend of him who pours the juice,
yea, to this Indra sing your song.

HYMN V. Indra.

1 O COME ye hither, sit ye down: to Indra sing ye forth, your song,
companions, bringing hymns of praise.

2 To him the richest of the rich, the Lord of treasures excellent,
Indra, with Soma juice outpoured.

3 May he stand by us in our need and in abundance for our wealth:
May he come nigh us with his strength.

4 Whose pair of tawny horses yoked in battles foemen challenge not:
To him, to Indra sing your song.

5 Nigh to the Soma-drinker come, for his enjoyment, these pure drops,
The Somas mingled with the curd.

6 Thou, grown at once to perfect strength, wast born to drink the Soma juice,
Strong Indra, for preeminence.

7 O Indra, lover of the song, may these quick Somas enter thee:
May they bring bliss to thee the Sage.

8 Our chants of praise have strengthened thee, O Satakratu, and our lauds
So strengthen thee the songs we sing.

9 Indra, whose succour never fails, accept these viands thousandfold,
Wherein all manly powers abide.

10 O Indra, thou who lovest song, let no man hurt our bodies, keep
Slaughter far from us, for thou canst.

HYMN VI. Indra.

1 They who stand round him as he moves harness the bright, the ruddy Steed
The lights are shining in the sky.

2 On both sides to the car they yoke the two bay coursers dear to him,
Bold, tawny, bearers of the Chief.

3 Thou, making light where no light was, and form, O men: where form was not,
Wast born together with the Dawns.

4 Thereafter they, as is their wont, threw off the state of babes unborn,
Assuming sacrificial names.

5 Thou, Indra, with the Tempest-Gods, the breakers down of what is firm '
Foundest the kine even in the cave.

6 Worshipping even as they list, singers laud him who findeth wealth,
The far-renowned, the mighty One.

7 Mayest thou verily be seen coming by fearless Indra's side:
Both joyous, equal in your sheen.

8 With Indra's well beloved hosts, the blameless, hastening to heaven,
The sacrificer cries aloud.

9 Come from this place, O Wanderer, or downward from the light of heaven:
Our songs of praise all yearn for this.

10 Indra we seek to give us help, from here, from heaven above the earth,

Or from the spacious firmament.

HYMN VII. Indra.

1 INDRA the singers with high praise, Indra
reciters with their lauds,
Indra the choirs have glorified.
2 Indra hath ever close to him his two bay
steeds and word-yoked car,
Indra the golden, thunder-armed.
3 Indra hath raised the Sun on high in heaven,
that he may see afar:
He burst the mountain for the kine.
4 Help us, O Indra, in the frays, yea, frays,
where thousand spoils are gained,
With awful aids, O awful One.
5 In mighty battle we invoke Indra, Indra in
lesser fight,
The Friend who bends his bolt at fiends.
6 Unclose, our manly Hero, thou for ever
bounteous, yonder cloud,

For us, thou irresistible.
7 Still higher, at each strain of mine, thunder-
armed Indra's praises rise:
I find no laud worthy of him.
8 Even as the bull drives on the herds, he drives
the people with his might,
The Ruler irresistible:
9 Indra who rules with single sway men, riches,
and the fivefold race
Of those who dwell upon the earth.
10 For your sake from each side we call Indra
away from other men:
Ours, and none others', may he be.

HYMN VIII. Indra.

1 INDRA, bring wealth that gives delight, the
victor's ever-conquering wealth,
Most excellent, to be our aid;
2 By means of which we may repel our foes in
battle hand to hand,
By thee assisted with the car.
3 Aided by thee, the thunder-armed, Indra, may
we lift up the bolt,
And conquer all our foes in fight.
4 With thee, O India, for ally with missile-
darting heroes, may
We conquer our embattled foes.
5 Mighty is Indra, yea supreme; greatness be
his, the Thunderer:
Wide as the heaven extends his power
6 Which aideth those to win them sons, who
come as heroes to the fight,
Or singers loving holy thoughts.
7 His belly, drinking deepest draughts of Soma,
like an ocean swells,
Like wide streams from the cope of heaven.
8 So also is his excellence, great, vigorous, rich
in cattle, like
A ripe branch to the worshipper.
9 For verily thy mighty powers, Indra, are
saving helps at once
Unto a worshipper like me.
10 So are his lovely gifts; let lauds and praises
be to Indra sung,
That he may drink the Soma juice.

HYMN IX. Indra.

1 COME, Indra, and delight thee with the juice
at all the Soma feasts,

Protector, mighty in thy strength.
2 To Indra pour ye forth the juice, the active
gladdening juice to him
Ile gladdening, omnific God.
3 O Lord of all men, fair of cheek, rejoice thee
in the gladdening lauds,
Present at these drink-offerings.
4 Songs have outpoured themselves to thee,
Indra, the strong, the guardian Lord,
And raised themselves unsatisfied.
5 Send to us bounty manifold, O Indra, worthy
of our wish,
For power supreme is only thine.
6 O Indra, stimulate thereto us emulously fain
for wealth,
And glorious, O most splendid One.
7 Give, Indra, wide and lofty fame, wealthy in
cattle and in strength,
Lasting our life-time, failing not.
8 Grant us high fame, O Indra, grant riches
bestowing thousands, those
Fair fruits of earth borne home in wains.
9 Praising with songs the praise-worthy who
cometh to our aid, we call
Indra, the Treasure-Lord of wealth.
10 To lofty Indra, dweller by each libation, the
pious man
Sings forth aloud a strengthening hymn.

HYMN X. Indra.

1 THE chanters hymn thee, they who say the
word of praise magnify thee.
The priests have raised thee up on high, O
Satakratu, like a pole.
2 As up he clomb from ridge to ridge and
looked upon the toilsome task,
Indra observes this wish of his, and the Rain
hastens with his troop.
3 Harness thy pair of strong bay steeds, long-
maned, whose bodies fill the girths,
And, Indra, Soma-drinker, come to listen to our
songs of praise.
4 Come hither, answer thou the song, sing in
approval, cry aloud.
Good Indra, make our prayer succeed, and
prosper this our sacrifice.
5 To Indra must a laud be said, to strengthen
him who freely gives,

That Sakra may take pleasure in our friendship
and drink-offerings.

6 Him, him we seek for friendship, him for
riches and heroic might.

For Indra, he is Sakra, he shall aid us while he
gives us wealth.

7 Easy to turn and drive away, Indra, is spoil
bestowed by thee.

Unclose the stable of the kine, and give us
wealth O Thunder-armed

8 The heaven and earth contain thee not,
together, in thy wrathful mood.

Win us the waters of the sky, and send us kine
abundantly.

9 Hear, thou whose ear is quick, my call; take to
thee readily my songs

O Indra, let this laud of mine come nearer even
than thy friend.

10 We know thee mightiest of all, in battles
hearer of our cry.

Of thee most mighty we invoke the aid that
giveth thousandfold.

11 O Indra, Son of Kusika, drink our libation
with delight.

Prolong our life anew, and cause the seer to win
a thousand gifts.

12 Lover of song, may these our songs on every
side encompass thee:

Strengthening thee of lengthened life, may they
be dear delights to thee.

HYMN XI. Indra.

1 ALL sacred songs have magnified Indra
expansive as the sea,

The best of warriors borne on cars, the Lord, the
very Lord of strength.

2 Strong in thy friendship, Indra, Lord of power
and might, we have no fear.

We glorify with praises thee, the never-
conquered conqueror.

3 The gifts of Indra from of old, his saving
succours, never fail,

When to the praise-singers he gives the boon of
substance rich in kine.

4 Crusher of forts, the young, the wise, of
strength unmeasured, was he born

Sustainer of each sacred rite, Indra, the
Thunderer, much-extolled.

5 Lord of the thunder, thou didst burst the cave
of Vala rich in cows.

The Gods came pressing to thy side, and free
from terror aided thee,

6 I, Hero, through thy bounties am come to the
flood addressing thee.

Song-lover, here the singers stand and testify to
thee thereof.

7 The wily Susna, Indra! thou o'er-threwest with
thy wondrous powers.

The wise beheld this deed of thine: now go
beyond their eulogies.

8 Our songs of praise have glorified Indra who
ruleth by his might,

Whose precious gifts in thousands come, yea,
even more abundantly.

HYMN XII. Agni.

1 WE choose Agni the messenger, the herald,
master of all wealth,

Well skilled in this our sacrifice.

2 With callings ever they invoke Agni, Agni,
Lord of the House,

Oblation-bearer, much beloved.

3 Bring the Gods hither, Agni, born for him who
strews the sacred grass:

Thou art our herald, meet for praise.

4 Wake up the willing Gods, since thou, Agni,
performest embassy:

Sit on the sacred grass with Gods.

5 O Agni, radiant One, to whom the holy oil is
poured, bum up

Our enemies whom fiends protect.

6 By Agni Agni is inflamed, Lord of the House,
wise, young, who bears

The gift: the ladle is his mouth.

7 Praise Agni in the sacrifice, the Sage whose
ways are ever true,

The God who driveth grief away.

8 God, Agni, be his strong defence who lord of
sacrificial gifts,

Worshippeth thee the messenger.

9 Whoso with sacred gift would fain call Agni
to the feast of Gods,

O Purifier, favour him.

10 Such, Agni, Purifier, bright, bring hither to
our sacrifice,

To our oblation bring the Gods.

11 So lauded by our newest song of praise bring
opulence to us,
And food, with heroes for our sons.
12 O Agni, by effulgent flame, by all invokings
of the Gods,
Show pleasure in this laud of ours.

HYMN XIII. Agni

1 AGNI, well-kindled, bring the Gods for him
who offers holy gifts.
Worship them, Purifier, Priest.
2 Son of Thyself, present, O Sage, our sacrifice
to the Gods today.
Sweet to the taste, that they may feast.
3 Dear Narasamsa, sweet of tongue, the giver of
oblations, I
Invoke to this our sacrifice.
4 Agni, on thy most easy car, glorified, hither
bring the Gods:
Manu appointed thee as Priest.
5 Strew, O ye wise, the sacred grass that drips
with oil, in order due,
Where the Immortal is beheld.
6 Thrown open be the Doors Divine, unfailing,
that assist the rite,
For sacrifice this day and now.
7 I call the lovely Night and Dawn to seat them
on the holy grass
At this our solemn sacrifice.
8 The two Invokers I invite, the wise, divine and
sweet of tongue,
To celebrate this our sacrifice.
9 Ila, Sarasvati, Mahi, three Goddesses who
bring delight,
Be seated, peaceful, on the grass.
10 Tvastar I call, the earliest born, the wearer of
all forms at will:
May he be ours and curs alone.
11 God, Sovran of the Wood, present this our
oblation to the Gods,
And let the giver be renowned.
12 With Svaha. pay the sacrifice to Indra in the
offerer's house:
Thither I call the Deities.

HYMN XIV. Visvedevas.

1 To drink the Soma, Agni, come, to our service
and our songs.
With all these Gods; and worship them.

2 The Kanvas have invoked thee; they, O
Singer, sing thee songs of praise
Agni, come hither with the Gods;
3 Indra, Vayu, Brhaspati, Mitra, Agni, Pusan,
Bhaga,
Adityas, and the Marut host.
4 For you these juices are poured forth that
gladden and exhilarate,
The meath-drops resting in the cup.
5 The sons of Kanva fain for help adore thee,
having strewn the grass,
With offerings and all things prepared.
6 Let the swift steeds who carry thee, thought-
yoked and dropping holy oil,
Bring the Gods to the Soma draught.
7 Adored, the strengtheners of Law, unite them,
Agni, with their Dames:
Make them drink meath, O bright of tongue.
8 Let them, O Agni, who deserve worship and
praise drink with thy tongue
The meath in solemn sacrifice.
9 Away, from the Sun's realm of light, the wise
invoking Priest shall bring
All Gods awaking with the dawn.
10 With all the Gods, with Indra, with Vayu,
and Mitra's splendours, drink,
Agni, the pleasant Soma juice.
11 Ordained by Manu as our Priest, thou sittest,
Agni, at each rite:
Hallow thou this our sacrifice.
12 Harness the Red Mares to thy car, the Bays,
O God, the flaming ones:
With those bring hitherward the Gods.

HYMN XV. RTU.

1 O INDRA drink the Soma juice with Rtu; let
the cheering drops
Sink deep within, which settle there.
2 Drink from the Purifier's cup, Maruts, with
Rtu; sanctify
The rite, for ye give precious gifts.
3 O Nestar, with thy Dame accept our sacrifice;
with Rtu drink,
For thou art he who giveth wealth.
4 Bring the Gods, Agni; in the three appointed
places set them down:
Surround them, and with Rtu drink.
5 Drink Soma after the Rtus, from the

Brahmana's bounty: undissolved,
O Indra, is thy friendship's bond.
6 Mitra, Varuna, ye whose ways are firm - a
Power that none deceives-,
With Rtu ye have reached the rite.
7 The Soma-pressers, fain for wealth, praise the
Wealth-giver in the rite,
In sacrifices praise the God.
8 May the Wealth-giver grant to us riches that
shall be far renowned.
These things we gain, among the Gods.
9 He with the Rtu fain would drink, Wealth-
giver, from the Nestar's bowl.
Haste, give your offering, and depart.
10 As we this fourth time, Wealth-giver, honour
thee with the Rtus, be
A Giver bountiful to us.
11 Drink ye the meath, O Asvins bright with
flames, whose acts are pure. who with
Rtus accept the sacrifice.
12 With Rtu, through the house-fire, thou, kind
Giver, guidest sacrifice:
Worship the Gods for the pious man.

HYMN XVI. Indra.

1 LET thy Bay Steeds bring thee, the Strong,
hither to drink the Soma draught-
Those, Indra, who are bright as suns.
2 Here are the grains bedewed with oil: hither
let the Bay Coursers bring
Indra upon his easiest car.
3 Indra at early morn we call, Indra in course of
sacrifice,
Indra to drink the Soma juice.
4 Come hither, with thy long-maned Steeds, O
Indra, to- the draught we pour
We call thee wher, the juice is shed.
5 Come thou to this our song of praise, to the
libation poured for thee
Drink of it like a stag athirst.
6 Here are the drops of Soma juice expressed on
sacred grass: thereof
Drink, Indra, to increase thy might.
7 Welcome to thee be this our hymn, reaching
thy heart, most excellent:
Then drink the Soma juice expressed.
8 To every draught of pressed-out juice Indra,
the Vrtra-slayer, comes,

To drink the Soma for delight.
9 Fulfil, O Satakratu, all our wish with horses
and with kine:
With holy thoughts we sing thy praise.

HYMN XVII Indra-Varuna

1 I CRAVE help from the Imperial Lords, from
Indra-Varuna; may they
Both favour one of us like me.
2 Guardians of men, ye ever come with ready
succour at the call
Of every singer such as I.
3 Sate you, according to your wish, O Indra-
Varuna, with wealth:
Fain would we have you nearest us.
4 May we be sharers of the powers, sharers of
the benevolence
Of you who give strength bounteously.
5 Indra and Varuna, among givers of thousands,
meet for praise,
Are Powers who merit highest laud.
6 Through their protection may we gain great
store of wealth, and heap it up
Enough and still to spare, be ours.
7 O Indra-Varuna, on you for wealth in many a
form I call:
Still keep ye us victorious.
8 O Indra-Varuna, - through our songs that seek
to win you to ourselves,
Give us at once your sheltering help.
9 O Indra-Varuna, to you may fair praise which
I offer come,
joint eulogy which ye dignify.

HYMN XVIII. Brahmanaspati.

1 O BRAHMANAPSATI, make him who
presses Soma glorious,
Even Kaksivan Ausija.
2 The rich, the healer of disease, who giveth
wealth, increaseth store,
The prompt,-may he be with us still.
3 Let not the foeman's curse, let not a mortal's
onslaught fall on us
Preserve us, Brahmanaspati.
4 Ne'er is the mortal hero harmed whom Indra,
Brahmanaspati,

And Soma graciously inspire.
5 Do, thou, O Brahmanaspati, and Indra, Soma,
Daksina,
Preserve that mortal from distress.
6 To the Assembly's wondrous Lord, to Indra's
lovely Friend who gives
Wisdom, have I drawn near in prayer.
7 He without whom no sacrifice, e'en of the
wise man, prospers; he
Stirs up the series of thoughts.
8 He makes the oblation prosper, he promotes
the course of sacrifice:
Our voice of praise goes to the Gods.
9 I have seen Narasamsa, him most resolute,
most widely famed,
As 'twere the Household Priest of heaven.

HYMN XIX. Agni, Maruts.

1 To this fair sacrifice to drink the milky
draught thou art invoked:
O Agni, with the Maruts come.
2 No mortal man, no God exceeds thy mental
power, O Mighty one -
O Agni, with the Maruts come
3 All Gods devoid of guile, who know the
mighty region of mid-air:
O Agni, with those Maruts come.
4 The terrible, who sing their song, not to be
overcome by might:
O Agni, with those Maruts come.
5 Brilliant, and awful in their form, mighty,
devourers of their foes':
O Agni, with those Maruts come.
6 Who sit as Deities in heaven, above the sky-
vault's luminous sphere:
O Agni, with those Maruts come.
7 Who scatter clouds about the sky, away over
the billowy sea:
O Agni, with those Maruts come.
8 Who with their bright beams spread them
forth over the ocean in their might
O Agni, with those Maruts come.
9 For thee, to be thine early draught, I pour the
Soma-mingled meath:
O Agni, with the Maruts come.

HYMN XX Rbhus.

1 FOR the Celestial Race this song of praise
which gives wealth lavishly

Was made by singers with their lips.
2 They who for Indra, with their mind, formed
horses harnessed by a word,
Attained by works to sacrifice.
3 They for the two Nasatyas wrought a light car
moving every way:
They formed a nectar-yielding cow.
4 The Rbhus with effectual prayers, honest, with
constant labour, made
Their Sire and Mother young again.
5 Together came your gladdening drops with
Indra by the Maruts girt,
With the Adityas, with the Kings.
6 The sacrificial ladle, wrought newly by the
God Tvastar's hand-
Four ladles have ye made thereof.
7 Vouchsafe us wealth, to him who pours thrice
seven libations, yea, to each
Give wealth, pleased with our eulogies.
8 As ministering Priests they held, by pious acts
they won themselves,
A share in sacrifice with Gods.

HYMN XXI. Indra-Agni.

1 INDRA and Agni I invoke fain are we for
their song of praise
Chief Soma-drinkers are they both.
2 Praise ye, O men, and glorify Indra-Agni in
the holy rites:
Sing praise to them in sacred songs.
3 Indra and Agni we invite, the Soma-drinkers,
for the fame
Of Mitra, to the Soma-draught.
4 Strong Gods, we bid them come to this
libation that stands ready here:
Indra and Agni, come to us.
5 Indra and Agni, mighty Lords of our
assembly, crush the fiends:
Childless be the devouring ones.
6 Watch ye, through this your truthfulness, there
in the place of spacious view
Indra and Agni, send us bliss.

HYMN XXII Asvins and Others

1 WAKEN the Asvin Pair who yoke their car at
early morn: may they
Approach to drink this Soma juice.
2 We call the Asvins Twain, the Gods borne in a
noble car, the best

Of charioteers, who reach the heavens.
3 Dropping with honey is your whip, Asvins,
and full of pleasantness
Sprinkle therewith the sacrifice.
4 As ye go thither in your car, not far, O Asvins,
is the home
Of him who offers Soma juice.
5 For my protection I invoke the golden-handed
Savitar.
He knoweth, as a God, the place.
6 That he may send us succour, praise the
Waters' Offspring Savitar:
Fain are we for his holy ways.
7 We call on him, distributor of wondrous
bounty and of wealth,
On Savitar who looks on men.
8 Come hither, friends, and seat yourselves
Savitar, to be praised by us,
Giving good gifts, is beautiful.
9 O Agni, hither bring to us the willing Spouses
of the Gods,
And Tvastar, to the Soma draught.
10 Most youthful Agni, hither bring their
Spouses, Hotra, Bharati,
Varutri, Dhisana, for aid.
11 Spouses of Heroes, Goddesses, with whole
wings may they come to us
With great protection and with aid.
12 Indrani, Varunani, and Agnaya hither I invite,
For weal, to drink the Soma juice.
13 May Heaven and Earth, the Mighty Pair,
bedew for us our sacrifice,
And feed us full with nourishments.
14 Their water rich with fatness, there in the
Gandharva's steadfast place,
The singers taste through sacred songs.
15 Thornless be thou, O Earth, spread wide
before us for a dwelling-place:
Vouchsafe us shelter broad and sure.
16 The Gods be gracious unto us even from the
place whence Visnu strode
Through the seven regions of the earth!
17 Through all this world strode Visnu; thrice
his foot he planted, and the whole
Was gathered in his footstep's dust.
18 Visnu, the Guardian, he whom none
deceiveth, made three steps; thenceforth
Establishing his high decrees.

19 Look ye on Visnu's works, whereby the
Friend of Indra, close-allied,
Hath let his holy ways be seen.
20 The princes evermore behold that loftiest
place where Visnu is,
Laid as it were an eye in heaven.
21 This, Vishnu's station most sublime, the
singers, ever vigilant,
Lovers of holy song, light up.

HYMN XXIII. Vayu and Others.

1 STRONG are the Somas; come thou nigh;
these juices have been mixt with milk:
Drink, Vayu, the presented draughts.
2 Both Deities who touch the heaven, Indra and
Vayu we invoke
To drink of this our soma juice.
3 The singers' for their aid, invoke Indra and
Vayu, swift as mind,
The thousand-eyed, the Lords of thought.
4 Mitra and Varupa, renowned as Gods of
consecrated might,
We call to drink the Soma juice.
5 Those who by Law uphold the Law, Lords of
the shining light of Law,
Mitra I call, and Varuna.
6 Let Varuna be our chief defence, let Mitra
guard us with all aids
Both make us rich exceedingly.
7 Indra, by Maruts girt, we call to drink the
Soma juice: may he
Sate him in union with his troop.
8 Gods, Marut hosts whom Indra leads,
distributers of Pusan's gifts,
Hearken ye all unto my cry.
9 With conquering Indra for ally, strike Vrtra
down, ye bounteous Gods
Let not the wicked master us.
10 We call the Universal Gods, and Maruts to
the Soma draught,
For passing strong are Prsni's Sons.
11 Fierce comes the Maruts' thundering voice,
like that of conquerors, when ye go
Forward to victory, O Men.
12 Born of the laughing lightning. may the
Maruts guard us everywhere
May they be gracious unto Us.
13 Like some lost animal, drive to us, bright

Pusan, him who bears up heaven,
Resting on many-coloured grass.
14 Pusan the Bright has found the King,
concealed and bidden in a cave,
Who rests on grass of many hues.
15 And may he. duly bring to me the six bound
closely, through these drops,
As one who ploughs with steers brings corn.
16 Along their paths the Mothers go, Sisters of
priestly ministrants,
Mingling their sweetness with the milk.
17 May Waters gathered near the Sun, and those
wherewith the Sun is joined,
Speed forth this sacrifice of ours.
18 I call the Waters, Goddesses, wherein our
cattle quench their thirst;
Oblations to the Streams be given.
19 Amrit is in the Waters in the Waters there is
healing balm
Be swift, ye Gods, to give them praise.
20 Within the Waters-Soma thus hath told me-
dwell all balms that heal,
And Agni, he who blesseth all. The Waters hold
all medicines.
21 O Waters, teem with medicine to keep my
body safe from harm,
So that I long may see the Sun.
22 Whatever sin is found in me, whatever evil I
have wrought.
If I have lied or falsely sworn, Waters, remove it
far from me.
23 The Waters I this day have sought, and to
their moisture have we come:
O Agni, rich in milk, come thou, and with thy
splendour cover me.
24 Fill me with splendour, Agni; give offspring
and length of days; the Gods
Shall know me even as I am, and Indra with the
Rsis, know.

HYMN XXIV. Varuna and Others.

1 WHO now is he, what God among Immortals,
of whose auspicious name we may bethink us?
Who shall to mighty Aditi restore us, that I may
see my Father and my Mother?
2 Agni the God the first among the Immortals, -
of his auspicious name let us bethink us.
He shall to mighty Aditi restore us, that I may

see my Father and my Mother.
3 To thee, O Savitar, the Lord of precious
things, who helpest us
Continually, for our share we come-
4 Wealth, highly lauded ere reproach hath fallen
on it, which is laid,
Free from all hatred, in thy hands
5 Through thy protection may we come to even
the height of affluence
Which Bhaga hath dealt out to us.
6 Ne'er have those birds that fly through air
attained to thy high dominion or thy might or
spirit;
Nor these the waters that flow on for ever, nor
hills, abaters of the wind's wild fury.
7 Varuna, King, of hallowed might, sustaineth
erect the Tree's stem in the baseless region.
Its rays, whose root is high above, stream
downward. Deep may they sink within us, and
be hidden.
8 King Varuna hath made a spacious pathway, a
pathway for the Sun wherein to travel.
Where no way was he made him set his
footstep, and warned afar whate'er afflicts the
spirit.
9 A hundred balms are thine, O King, a
thousand; deep and wide-reaching also be thy
favours.
Far from us, far away drive thou Destruction.
Put from us e'en the sin we have committed.
10 Whither by day depart the constellations that
shine at night, set high in heaven above us?
Varuna's holy laws remain unweakened, and
through the night the Moon moves on in
splendor
11 I ask this of thee with my prayer adoring; thy
worshipper craves this with his oblation.
Varuna, stay thou here and be not angry; steal
not our life from us, O thou Wide-Ruler.
12 Nightly and daily this one thing they tell me,
this too the thought of mine own heart repeateth.
May he to whom prayed fettered Sunahsepa,
may he the Sovran Varuna release us.
13 Bound to three pillars captured Sunahsepa
thus to the Aditya made his supplication.
Him may the Sovran Varuna deliver, wise, ne'er
deceived, loosen the bonds that bind him.
14 With bending down, oblations, sacrifices, O

Varuna, we deprecate thine anger:
Wise Asura, thou King of wide dominion,
loosen the bonds of sins by us committed.
15 Loosen the bonds, O Varuna, that hold me,
loosen the bonds above, between, and under.
So in thy holy law may we made sinless belong
to Aditi, O thou Aditya.

HYMN XXV. Varuna.

I WHATEVER law of thine, O God, O Varuna,
as we are men,
Day after day we violate.
2 give us not as a prey to death, to be destroyed
by thee in wrath,
To thy fierce anger when displeased.
3 To gain thy mercy, Varuna, with hymns we
bind thy heart, as binds
The charioteer his tethered horse.
4 They flee from me dispirited, bent only on
obtaining wealths
As to their nests the birds of air.
5 When shall we bring, to be appeased, the
Hero, Lord of warrior might,
Him, the far-seeing Varuna?
6 This, this with joy they both accept in
common: never do they fail
The ever-faithful worshipper.
7 He knows the path of birds that fly through
heaven, and, Sovran of the sea,
He knows the ships that are thereon.
8 True to his holy law, he knows the twelve
moons with their progeny:
He knows the moon of later birth.
9 He knows the pathway of the wind, the
spreading, high, and mighty wind
He knows the Gods who dwell above.
10 Varuna, true to holy law, sits down among
his people; he,
Most wise, sits there to govern. all.
11 From thence percerving he beholds all
wondrous things, both what hath been,
And what hereafter will be done.
12 May that Aditya, very -wise, make fair paths
for us all our days:
May lie prolong our lives for us.
13 Varuna, wearing golden mail, hath clad him
in a shining robe.
His spies are seated found about.

14 The God whom enemies threaten not, nor
those who tyrannize o'er men,
Nor those whose minds are bent on wrong.
15 He who gives glory to mankind, not glory
that is incomplete,
To our own bodies giving it.
16 Yearning for the wide-seeing One, my
thoughts move onward unto him,
As kine unto their pastures move.
17 Once more together let us speak, because my
meath is brought: priest-like
Thou eatest what is dear to thee.
18 Now saw I him whom all may see, I saw his
car above the earth:
He hath accepted these my songs.
19 Varuna, hear this call of mine: be gracious
unto us this day
Longing for help I cried to thee.
20 Thou, O wise God, art Lord of all, thou art
the King of earth and heaven
Hear, as thou goest on thy way.
21 Release us from the upper bond, untie the
bond between, and loose
The bonds below, that I may live.

HYMN XXVI. Agni.

1 O WORTHY of oblation, Lord of prospering
powers, assume thy robes,
And offer this our sacrifice.
2 Sit ever to be chosen, as our Priest., most
youthful, through our hymns,
O Agni, through our heavenly word.
3 For here a Father for his son, Kinsman for
kinsman worshippeth,
And Friend, choice-worthy, for his friend.
4 Fiere let the foe-destroyers sit, Varuna, Mitra,
Aryaman,
Like men, upon our sacred grass.
5 O ancient Herald, be thou glad in this our rite
and fellowship:
Hearken thou well to these our songs.
6 Whate'er in this perpetual course we sacrifice
to God and God,
That gift is offered up in thee
7 May he be our dear household Lord, Priest,
pleasant and, choice-worthy may
We, with bright fires, be dear to him.
8 The Gods, adored with brilliant fires. have

granted precious wealth to us
So, with bright fires, we pray to thee.
9 And, O Immortal One, so may the eulogies of
mortal men
Belong to us and thee alike.
10 With all thy fires, O Agni, find pleasure in
this our sacrifice,
And this our speech, O Son of Strength.

HYMN XXVII. Agni.

1 WITH worship will I glorify thee, Agni, like a
long-tailed steed,
Imperial Lord of sacred rites.
2 May the far-striding Son of Strength, bringer
of great felicity,
Who pours his gifts like rain, be ours.
3 Lord of all life, from near; from far, do thou,
O Agni evermore
Protect us from the sinful man.
4 O Agni, graciously announce this our oblation
to the Gods,
And this our newest song of praise.
5 Give us a share of strength most high, a share
of strength that is below,
A share of strength that is between.
6 Thou dealest gifts, resplendent One; nigh, as
with waves of Sindhu, thou
Swift streamest to the worshipper.
7 That man is lord of endless strength whom
thou protectest in the fight,
Agni, or urgest to the fray.
8 Him, whosoever he may be, no man may
vanquish, mighty One:
Nay, very glorious power is his.
9 May he who dwells with all mankind bear us
with war-steeds through the fight,
And with the singers win the spoil.
10 Help, thou who knowest lauds, this work,
this eulogy to Rudra, him
Adorable in every house.
11 May this our God, great, limitless, smoke-
bannered excellently bright,
Urge us to strength and holy thought.
12 Like some rich Lord of men may he, Agni
the banner of the Gods,
Refulgent, hear us through our lauds.
13 Glory to Gods, the mighty and the lesser
glory to Gods the younger and the elder!

Let us, if we have power, pay the God worship:
no better prayer than this, ye Gods,
acknowledge.

HYMN XXVIII Indra, Etc.

1 THERE where the broad-based stone raised
on high to press the juices out,
O Indra, drink with eager thirst the droppings
which the mortar sheds.
2 Where, like broad hips, to hold the juice the
platters of the press are laid,
O Indra, drink with eager thirst the droppings
which the mortar sheds.
3 There where the woman marks and leans the
pestle's constant rise and fall,
O Indra, drink with eager thirst the droppings
which the mortar sheds.
4 Where, as with reins to guide a horse, they
bind the churning-staff with cords,
O Indra, drink with eager thirst the droppings
which the mortar sheds.
5 If of a truth in every house, O Mortar thou art
set for work,
Here give thou forth thy clearest sound, loud as
the drum of conquerors.
6 O Sovran of the Forest, as the wind blows soft
in front of thee,
Mortar, for Indra press thou forth the Soma
juice that he may drink.
7 Best strength-givers, ye stretch wide jaws, O
Sacrificial Implements,
Like two bay horses champing herbs.
8 Ye Sovrans of the Forest, both swift, with
swift pressers press to-day
Sweet Soma juice for Indra's drink.
9 Take up in beakers what remains: the Soma on
the filter pour,
and on the ox-hide set the dregs.

HYMN XXIX. Indra.

1 O SOMA DRINKER, ever true, utterly
hopeless though we be,
Do thou, O Indra, give us hope of beauteous
horses and of kine,
In thousands, O most wealthy One.
2 O Lord of Strength, whose jaws are strong,
great deeds are thine, the powerful:

Do thou, O Indra, give us hope of beauteous
horses and of kine,
In thousands, O most wealthy One.
3 Lull thou asleep, to wake no more, the pair
who on each other look
Do thou, O Indra, give us, help of beauteous
horses and of kine,
In thousands, O most wealthy One.
4 Hero, let hostile spirits sleep, and every
gentler genius wake:
Do thou, O Indra,. give us hope of beauteous
horses and of kine,
In thousands, O most wealthy One.
5 Destroy this ass, O Indra, who in tones
discordant brays to thee:
Do thou, O Indra, give us hope of beauteous
horses and of kine,
In thousands, O most wealthy One.
6 Far distant on the forest fall the tempest in a
circling course!
Do thou, O Indra, give us hope of beauteous
horses and of kine,
In thousands, O most wealthy One.
7 Slay each reviler, and destroy him who in
secret injures us:
Do thou, O Indra, give us hope of beauteous
horses and of kine
In thousands, O most wealthy One.

HYMN XXX. Indra.

1 WE seeking strength with Soma-drops fill full
your Indra like a well,
Most liberal, Lord of Hundred Powers,
2 Who lets a hundred of the pure, a thousand of
the milk-blent draughts
Flow, even as down a depth, to him;
3 When for the strong, the rapturous joy he in
this manner hath made room
Within his belly, like the sea.
4 This is thine own. Thou drawest near, as turns
a pigeon to his mate:
Thou carest too for this our prayer.
5 O Hero, Lord of Bounties, praised in hymns,
may power and joyfulness
Be his who sings the laud to thee.
6 Lord of a Hundred Powers, stand up to lend us
succour in this fight
In others too let us agree.

7 In every need, in every fray we call as friends
to succour us
Indra the mightiest of all.
8 If he will hear us let him come with succour of
a thousand kinds,
And all that strengthens, to our call.
9 I call him mighty to resist, the Hero of our
ancient home,
Thee whom my sire invoked of old.
10 We pray to thee, O much-invoked, rich in all
precious gifts, O Friend,
Kind God to those who sing thy praise.
11 O Soma-drinker, Thunder-armed, Friend of
our lovely-featured dames
And of our Soma-drinking friends.
12 Thus, Soma-drinker, may it be; thus, Friend,
who wieldest thunder, act
To aid each wish as we desire.
13 With Indra splendid feasts be ours, rich in all
strengthening things wherewith,
Wealthy in food, we may rejoice.
14 Like thee, thyself, the singers' Friend, thou
movest, as it were, besought,
Bold One, the axle of the car.
15 That, Satakratu, thou to grace and please thy
praisers, as it were,
Stirrest the axle with thy strength.
16 With champing, neighing loudly-snorting
horses Indra hath ever won himself great
treasures
A car of gold hath he whose deeds are wondrous
received from us, and let us too receive it.
17 Come, Asvins, with enduring strength
wealthy in horses and in kine,
And gold, O ye of wondrous deeds.
18 Your chariot yoked for both alike, immortal,
ye of mighty acts,
Travels, O Aivins, in the sea.
19 High on the forehead of the Bull one chariot
wheel ye ever keep,
The other round the sky revolves.
20 What mortal, O immortal Dawn, enjoyeth
thee? Where lovest thou?
To whom, O radiant, dost thou go?
21 For we have had thee in our thoughts
whether anear or far away,
Red-hued and like a dappled mare.
22 Hither, O Daughter of the Sky, come thou

with these thy strengthenings,
And send thou riches down to us.

HYMN XXXI. Agni.

1 Thou, Agni, wast the earliest Angiras, a Seer;
thou wast, a God thyself, the Gods' auspicious
Friend.

After thy holy ordinance the Maruts, sage,
active through wisdom, -with their glittering
spears, were born.

2 O Agni, thou, the best and earliest Angiras,
fulfillest as a Sage the holy law of Gods.

Sprung from two mothers, wise, through all
existence spread, resting in many a place for
sake of living man.

3 To Matarisvan first thou, Agni, wast
disclosed, and to Vivasvan through thy noble
inward power.

Heaven and Earth, Vasu! shook at the choosing
of the Priest: the burthen thou didst bear, didst
worship mighty Gods.

4 Agni thou madest heaven to thunder for
mankind; thou, yet more pious, for pious
Pururavas.

When thou art rapidly freed from thy parents,
first eastward they bear thee round, and, after, to
the west.

5 Thou, Agni, art a Bull who makes our store
increase, to be invoked by him who lifts the
ladle up.

Well knowing the oblation with the hallowing
word, uniting all who live, thou lightenest first
our folk

6 Agni, thou savest in the synod when pursued
e'en him, farseeing One! who walks in evil
ways.

Thou, when the heroes fight for spoil which
men rush, round, slayest in war the many by the
hands of few.

7 For glory, Agni, day by day, thou liftest up the
mortal man to highest immortality,
Even thou who yearning for both races givest
them great bliss, and to the prince grantest
abundant food.

8 O Agni, highly lauded, make our singer
famous that he may win us store of riches:
May we improve the rite with new performance.
O Earth and Heaven, with all the Gods, protect

us.

9 O blameless Agni lying in thy Parents' lap, a
God among the Gods, be watchful for our good.
Former of bodies, be the singer's Providence: all
good things hast thou sown for him, auspicious
One!

10 Agni, thou art our Providence, our Father
thou - we are thy brethren and thou art our
spring of life. in thee, rich in good heroes, guard
of high decrees, meet hundred, thousand
treasures, O infallible!

11 Thee, Agni, have the Gods made the first
living One for living man, Lord of the house of
Nahusa.

Ila they made the teacher of the sons of men,
what time a Son was born to the father of my
race.

12 Worthy to be revered, O Agni, God, preserve
our wealthy patrons with thy succours, and
ourselves.

Guard of our seed art thou, aiding our cows to
bear, incessantly protecting in thy holy way.

13 Agni, thou art a guard close to the pious
man; kindled art thou, four-eyed! for him who is
unarmed.

With fond heart thou acceptest e'en the poor
man's prayer, when he hath brought his gift to
gain security.

14 Thou, Agni gainest for the loudly-praising
priest the highest wealth, the object of a man's
desire.

Thou art called Father, caring even for the
weak, and wisest, to the simple one thou
teachest lore.

15 Agni, the man who giveth guerdon to the
priests, like well-sewn armour thou guardest on
every side.

He who with grateful food shows kindness in
his house, an offerer to the living, is the type of
heaven.

16 Pardon, we pray, this sin of ours, O Agni, --
the path which we have trodden, widely
straying,

Dear Friend and Father, caring for the pious,
who speedest nigh and who inspirest mortals.

17 As erst to Manus, to Yayiti, Angiras, so
Angiras! pure Agni! come thou to our hall
Bring hither the celestial host and seat them

here upon the sacred grass, and offer what they love.

18 By this our prayer be thou, O Agni, strengthened, prayer made by us after our power and knowledge.

Lead thou us, therefore, to increasing riches; endow us with thy strength-bestowing favour.

HYMN XXXII. Indra.

1 I WILL declare the manly deeds of Indra, the first that he achieved, the Thunder-wielder.

He slew the Dragon, then disclosed the waters, and cleft the channels of the mountain torrents.

2 He slew the Dragon lying on the mountain: his heavenly bolt of thunder Tvastar fashioned.

Like lowing kine in rapid flow descending the waters glided downward to the ocean.

3 Impetuous as a bull, he chose the Soma and in three sacred beakers drank the juices.

Maghavan grasped the thunder for his weapon, and smote to death this firstborn of the dragons.

4 When, Indra, thou hadst slain the dragon's firstborn, and overcome the charms of the enchanters,

Then, giving life to Sun and Dawn and Heaven, thou foundest not one foe to stand against thee.

5 Indra with his own great and deadly thunder smote into pieces Vrtra, worst of Vrtras.

As trunks of trees, what time the axe hath felled them, low on the earth so lies the prostrate Dragon.

6 He, like a mad weak warrior, challenged Indra, the great impetuous many-slaying Hero.

He, brooking not the clashing of the weapons, crushed-Indra's foe-the shattered forts in falling.

7 Footless and handless still he challenged Indra, who smote him with his bolt between the shoulders.

Emasculate yet claiming manly vigour, thus Vrtra lay with scattered limbs dissevered.

8 There as he lies like a bank-bursting river, the waters taking courage flow above him.

The Dragon lies beneath the feet of torrents which Vrtra with his greatness had encompassed.

9 Then humbled was the strength of Vrtra's mother: Indra hath cast his deadly bolt against her.

The mother was above, the son was under and
like a cow beside her calf lay Danu.

10 Rolled in the midst of never-ceasing currents
flowing without a rest for ever onward.

The waters bear off Vrtra's nameless body: the
foe of Indra sank to during darkness.

11 Guarded by Ahi stood the thralls of Dasas,
the waters stayed like kine held by the robber.
But he, when he had smitten Vrtra, opened the
cave wherein the floods had been imprisoned.

12 A horse's tail wast thou when he, O Indra,
smote on thy bolt; thou, God without a second,
Thou hast won back the kine, hast won the
Soma; thou hast let loose to flow the Seven
Rivers.

13 Nothing availed him lightning, nothing
thunder, hailstorm or mist which had spread
around him:

When Indra and the Dragon strove in battle,
Maghavan gained the victory for ever.

14 Whom sawest thou to avenge the Dragon,
Indra, that fear possessed thy heart when thou
hadst slain him;

That, like a hawk affrighted through the regions,
thou crossedst nine-and-ninety flowing rivers?

15 Indra is King of all that moves and moves
not, of creatures tame and horned, the Thunder-
wielder.

Over all living men he rules as Sovran,
containing all as spokes within the felly.

HYMN XXXIII. Indra.

1 Come, fain for booty let us seek to Indra: yet
more shall he increase his care that guides us.

Will not the Indestructible endow us with
perfect knowledge of this wealth, of cattle?

2 I fly to him invisible Wealth-giver as flies the
falcon to his cherished eyrie,

With fairest hymns of praise adoring Indra,
whom those who laud him must invoke in
battle.

3 Mid all his host, he bindeth on the quiver he
driveth cattle from what foe he pleaseth:

Gathering up great store of riches, Indra. be
thou no trafficker with us, most mighty.

4 Thou slewest with thy bolt the wealthy Dasyu,
alone, yet going with thy helpers, Indra!
Far from the floor of heaven in all directions,

the ancient riteless ones fled to destruction.

5 Fighting with pious worshippers, the riteless
turned and fled, Indra! with averted faces.

When thou, fierce Lord of the Bay Steeds, the
Stayer, blewest from earth and heaven and sky
the godless.

6 They met in fight the army of the blameless.
then the Navagvas put forth all their power.
They, like emasculates with men contending,
fled, conscious, by steep paths from Indra,
scattered.

7 Whether they weep or laugh, thou hast
o'erthrown them, O Indra, on the sky's extremest
limit.

The Dasyu thou hast burned from heaven, and
welcomed the prayer of him who pours the juice
and lauds thee.

8 Adorned with their array of gold and jewels,
they o'er the earth a covering veil extended.
Although they hastened, they o'ercame not
Indra: their spies he compassed with the Sun of
morning.

9 As thou enjoyest heaven and earth, O Indra,
on every side surrounded with thy greatness,
So thou with priests bast blown away the Dasyu,
and those who worship not with those who
worship.

10 They who pervaded earth's extremest limit
subdued not with their charms the Wealth-
bestower:

Indra, the Bull, made his ally the thunder, and
with its light milked cows from out the
darkness.

11 The waters flowed according to their nature;
he raid the navigable streams waxed mighty.
Then Indra, with his spirit concentrated, smote
him for ever with his strongest weapon.

12 Indra broke through Ilibisa's strong castles,
and Suspa with his horn he cut to pieces:
Thou, Maghavan, for all his might and
swiftness, slewest thy fighting foeman with thy
thunder

13 Fierce on his enemies fell Indra's weapon:
with. his sharp bull he rent their forts in pieces.
He with his thunderbolt dealt blows on Vrtra;
and conquered, executing all his purpose.

14 Indra, thou helpest Kutsa whom thou lovedst,
and guardedst brave Dagadyu when he battled,

The dust of trampling horses rose to heaven, and
Svitri's son stood up again for conquest.

15 Svitra's mild steer, O Maghavan thou helpest
in combat for the land, mid Tugra's houses.

Long stood they there before the task was
ended: thou wast the master of the foemen's
treasure.

HYMN XXXIV. Asvins.

1 Ye who observe this day be with us even
thrice: far-stretching is you bounty, Asvins and
your course.

To you, as to a cloak in winter, we cleave close:
you are to be drawn nigh unto us by the wise.

2 Three are the fellies in your honey-bearing
car, that travels after Soma's loved one, as all
know.

Three are the pillars set upon it for support:
thrice journey ye by night, O Asvins, thrice by
day.

3 Thrice in the self-same day, ye Gods who
banish want, sprinkle ye thrice to-day our
sacrifice with meath;

And thrice vouchsafe us store of food with
plenteous strength, at evening, O ye Asvins, and
at break of day.

4 Thrice come ye to our home, thrice to the
righteous folk, thrice triply aid the man who
well deserves your help.

Thrice, O ye Asvins, bring us what shall make
us glad; thrice send us store of food as
nevermore to fail.

5 Thrice, O ye Asvins, bring to us abundant
wealth: thrice in the Gods' assembly, thrice
assist our thoughts.

Thrice, grant ye us prosperity, thrice grant us
fame; for the Sun's daughter hath mounted your
three-wheeled car.

6 Thrice, Asvins, grant to us the heavenly
medicines, thrice those of earth and thrice those
that the waters hold,

Favour and health and strength bestow upon my
son; triple protection, Lords of Splendour, grant
to him.

7 Thrice are ye to be worshipped day by day by
us: thrice, O ye Asvins, ye travel around the
earth.

Car-borne from far away, O ye Nasatyas, come,

like vital air to bodies, come ye to the three.

8 Thrice, O ye Asvins, with the Seven Mother Streams; three are the jars, the triple offering is prepared.

Three are the worlds, and moving on above the sky ye guard the firm-set vault of heaven through days and nights.

9 Where are the three wheels of your triple chariot, where are the three seats thereto firmly fastened?

When will ye yoke the mighty ass that draws it, to bring you to our sacrifice. Nasatyas?

10 Nasatyas, come: the sacred gift is offered up; drink the sweet juice with lips that know the sweetness well.

Savitar sends, before the dawn of day, your car, fraught with oil, various-coloured, to our sacrifice.

11 Come, O Nasatyas, with the thrice-eleven Gods; come, O ye Asvins, to the drinking of the meath.

Make long our days of life, and wipe out all our sins: ward off our enemies; be with us evermore.

12 Borne in your triple car, O Asvins, bring us present prosperity with noble offspring.

I cry to you who hear me for protection be ye our helpers where men win the booty.

HYMN XXXV. Savitar.

1 AGNI I first invoke for our prosperity; I call on Mitra, Varuna, to aid us here.

I call on Night who gives rest to all moving life; I call on Savitar the God to lend us help.

2 Throughout the dusky firmament advancing, laying to rest the immortal and the mortal, Borne in his golden chariot he cometh, Savitar, God who looks on every creature.

3 The God moves by the upward path, the downward; with two bright Bays, adorable, he journeys.

Savitar comes, the God from the far distance, and chases from us all distress and sorrow.

4 His chariot decked with pearl, of various colours, lofty, with golden pole, the God hath mounted,

The many-rayed One, Savitar the holy, bound, bearing power and might, for darksome regions.

5 Drawing the gold-yoked car his Bays, white-footed, have manifested light to all the peoples. Held in the lap of Savitar, divine One, all men, all beings have their place for ever.

6 Three heavens there are; two Savitar's, adjacent: in Yama's world is one, the home of heroes,

As on a linch-pin, firm, rest things immortal: he who hath known it let him here declare it.

7 He, strong of wing, hath lightened up the regions, deep-quivering Asura, the gentle Leader.

Where now is Surya, where is one to tell us to what celestial sphere his ray hath wandered?

8 The earth's eight points his brightness hath illumined, three desert regions and the Seven Rivers.

God Savitar the gold-eyed hath come hither, giving choice treasures unto him who worships.

9 The golden-handed Savitar, far-seeing, goes on his way between the earth and heaven, Drives away sickness, bids the Sun approach us, and spreads the bright sky through the darksome region.

10 May he, gold-handed Asura, kind Leader, come hither to us with his help and favour. Driving off Raksasas and Yatudhanas, the God is present, praised in hymns at evening.

11 O Savitar, thine ancient dustless pathways are well established in the air's midregion: O God, come by those paths so fair to travel, preserve thou us from harm this day, and bless us.

HYMN XXXVI. Agni.

1 WITH words sent forth in holy hymns, Agni we supplicate, the Lord Of many families who duly serve the Gods, yea, him whom others also praise.

2 Men have won Agni, him who makes their strength abound: we, with oblations, worship thee.

Our gracious-minded Helper in our deeds of might, be thou, O Excellent, this day.

3 Thee for our messenger we choose, thee, the Omniscient, for our Priest.

The flames of thee the mighty are spread wide around: thy splendour reaches to the sky.

4 The Gods enkindle thee their ancient
messenger, - Varuna, Mitra, Aryaman.
That mortal man, O Agni, gains through thee all
wealth, who hath poured offerings unto thee.
5 Thou, Agni, art a cheering Priest, Lord of the
House, men's messenger:
All constant high decrees established by the
Gods, gathered together, meet in thee.
6 In thee, the auspicious One, O Agni,
youthfullest, each sacred gift is offered up:
This day, and after, gracious, worship thou our
Gods, that we may have heroic sons.
7 To him in his own splendour bright draw near
in worship the devout.
Men kindle Agni with their sacrificial gifts,
victorious o'er the enemies.
8 Vrtra they smote and slew, and made the earth
and heaven and firmament a wide abode.
The glorious Bull, invoked, hath stood at
Kanva's side: loud neighed the Steed in frays for
kine.
9 Seat thee, for thou art mighty; shine, best
entertainer of the Gods.
Worthy of sacred food, praised Agni! loose the
smoke, ruddy and beautiful to see.
10 Bearer of offerings, whom, best sacrificing
Priest, the Gods for Manu's sake ordained;
Whom Kanva, whom Medhyatithi made the
source of wealth, and Vrsan and Upastuta.
11 Him, Agni, whom Medhyatithi, whom
Kanva kindled for his rite,
Him these our songs of praise, him, Agni, we
extol: his powers shine out preeminent.
12 Make our wealth perfect thou, O Agni, Lord
divine: for thou hast kinship with the Gods.
Thou rulest as a King o'er widely-famous
strength: be good to us, for thou art great.
13 Stand up erect to lend us aid, stand up like
Savitar the God:
Erect as strength-bestower we call aloud, with
unguents and with priests, on thee.
14 Erect, preserve us from sore trouble; with thy
flame burn thou each ravening demon dead.
Raise thou us up that we may walk and live. so
thou shalt find our worship mid the Gods.
15 Preserve us, Agni, from the fiend, preserve
us from malicious wrong.
Save us from him who fain would injure us or

slay, Most Youthful, thou with lofty light.

16 Smite down as with a club, thou who hast
fire for teeth, smite thou the wicked, right and
left.

Let not the man who plots against us in the
night, nor any foe prevail o'er us.

17 Agni hath given heroic might to Kainva, and
felicity:

Agni hath helped our friends, hath helped
Medhyitithi, hath helped Upastuta to win.

18 We call on Ugradeva, Yadu, Turvasa, by
means of Agni, from afar;

Agni, bring Navavastva and Brhadratba, Turviti,
to subdue the foe.

19 Manu hath stablished thee a light, Agni, for
all the race of men:

Sprung from the Law, oil-fed, for Kanva hast
thou blazed, thou whom the people reverence.

20 The flames of Agni full of splendour and of
might are fearful, not to be approached.

Consume for ever all demons and sorcerers,
consume thou each devouring fiend.

HYMN XXXVII. Maruts.

1 SING forth, O Kanvas, to your band of Maruts
unassailable,

Sporting, resplendent on their car

2 They who, self-luminous, were born together,
with the spotted deer,

Spears, swords, and glittering ornaments.

3 One hears, as though 'twere close at hand, the
cracking of the whips they hold

They gather glory on their way.

4 Now sing ye forth the God-given hymn to
your exultant Marut host,

The fiercely-vigorous, the strong.

5 Praise ye the Bull among the cows; for 'tis the
Maruts' sportive band:

It strengthened as it drank the rain.

6 Who is your mightiest, Heroes, when, O
shakers of the earth and heaven,

Ye shake them like a garment's hem?

7 At your approach man holds him down before
the fury of your wrath:

The rugged-jointed mountain yields.

8 They at whose racings forth the earth, like an
age-weakened lord of men,

Trembles in terror on their ways.

9 Strong is their birth: vigour have they to issue
from their Mother; strength,
Yea, even twice enough, is theirs.
10 And these, the Sons, the Singers, in their
racings have enlarged the bounds,
So that the kine must walk knee-deep.
11 Before them, on the ways they go, they drop
this offspring of the cloud,
Long, broad, and inexhaustible.
12 O Maruts, as your strength is great, so have
ye cast men down on earth,
So have ye made the mountains fall.
13 The while the Maruts pass along, they talk
together on the way:
Doth any hear them as they speak?
14 Come quick with swift steeds, for ye have
worshippers among Kanva's sons
May you rejoice among them well.
15 All is prepared for your delight. We are their
servants evermore,
To live as long as life may last.

HYMN XXXVIII. Maruts.

I WHAT now? When will ye take us by both
hands, as a dear sire his son,
Gods, for whom sacred grass is clipped?
2 Now whither? To what goal of yours go ye in
heaven, and not on earth?
Where do your cows disport themselves?
3 Where are your newest favours shown?
Where, Maruts, your prosperity?
Where all your high felicities?
4 If, O ye Maruts, ye the Sons whom Prsni bore,
were mortal, and
Immortal he who sings your praise.
5 Then never were your praiser loathed like a
wild beast in pasture-land,
Nor should he go on Yama's path.
6 Let not destructive plague on plague hard to
be conquered, strike its down:
Let each, with drought, depart from us.
7 Truly, they the fierce and mighty Sons of
Rudra send their windless
Rain e'en on the desert places.
8 Like a cow the lightning lows and follows,
motherlike, her youngling,
When their rain-flood hath been loosened.
9 When they inundate the earth they spread

forth darkness e'en in day time,
With the water-laden rain-cloud.
10 O Maruts, at your voice's sound this earthly
habitation shakes,
And each man reels who dwells therein.
11 O Maruts, with your strong-hoofed steeds,
unhindered in their courses, haste
Along the bright embanked streams.
12 Firm be the fellies of your wheels, steady
your horses and your cars,
And may your reins be fashioned well.
13 Invite thou hither with this song, for praise,
Agni the Lord of Prayer,
Him who is fair as Mitra is.
14 Form in thy mouth the hymn of praise
expand thee like, a rainy cloud
Sing forth the measured eulogy.
15 Sing glory to the Marut host, praiseworthy,
tuneful, vigorous:
Here let the Strong Ones dwell with us.

HYMN XXXIX Maruts.

1 WHEN thus, like flame, from far away,
Maruts, ye cast your measure forth,
To whom go Ye, to whom, O shakers of the
earth, moved by whose wisdom, whose design?
2 Strong let your weapons be to drive away your
foes, firm for resistance let them be.
Yea, passing glorious must be your warrior
might, not as a guileful mortal's strength.
3 When what is strong ye overthrow, and whirl
about each ponderous thing,
Heroes, your course is through the forest trees
of earth, and through the fissures of the rocks.
4 Consumers of your foes, no enemy of yours is
found in heaven or on the earth:
Ye Rudras, may the strength, held in this bond,
be yours, to bid defiance even now.
5 They make the mountains rock and reel, they
rend the forest-kings apart.
onward, ye Maruts, drive, like creatures drunk
with wine, ye, Gods with all your company.
6 Ye to your chariot have yoked the spotted
deer: a red deer, as a leader, draws.
Even the Earth herself listened as ye came near,
and men were sorely terrified.
7 O Rudras, quickly we desire your succour for

this work of ours.

Come to us with your aid as in the days of old,
so now for frightened Kanva's sake.

8 Should any monstrous foe, O Maruts, sent by
you or sent by mortals threaten us,
Tear ye him from us with your power and with
your might, and with the succours that are
yours.

9 For ye, the worshipful and wise, have guarded
Kanva perfectly.

O Maruts, come to us with full protecting help,
as lightning flashes seek the rain.

10 Whole strength have ye, O Bounteous Ones;
perfect, earth-shakers, is your might.
Maruts, against the poet's wrathful enemy send
ye an enemy like a dart.

HYMN XL. Brahmanaspati

1 O BRAMANASPATI, stand up: God-serving
men we pray to thee.

May they who give good gifts, the Maruts,
come to us. Indra, most swift, be thou with
them.

2 O Son of Strength, each mortal calls to thee
for aid when spoil of battle waits for him.

O Maruts, may this man who loves you well
obtain wealth of good steeds and hero might.

3 May Brahmanaspati draw nigh, may Sunrta
the Goddess come,

And Gods bring to this rite which gives the five-
fold gift the Hero, lover of mankind.

4 He who bestows a noble guerdon on the priest
wins fame that never shall decay.

For him we offer sacred hero-giving food,
peerless and conquering easily.

5 Now Brahmanaspati speaks forth aloud the
solemn hymn of praise,

Wherein Indra and Varuna, Mitra, Aryaman, the
Gods, have made their dwelling place.

6 May we in holy synods, Gods! recite that
hymn, peerless, that brings felicity.

If you, O Heroes, graciously accept this word,
may it obtain all bliss from you.

7 Who shall approach the pious? who the man
whose sacred grass is trimmed?

The offerer with his folk advances more and
more: he fills his house with precious things.

8 He amplifies his lordly might, with kings he

slays: e'en mid alarms he dwells secure
In great or lesser fight none checks him, none
subdues,-the wielder of the thunderbolt.

HYMN XLI. Varuna, Mitra, Aryaman.

1 NE'ER is he injured whom the Gods Varuna,
Mitra, Aryaman,
The excellently wise, protect.
2 He prospers ever, free from scathe, whom
they, as with full hands, enrich,
Whom they preserve from every foe.
3 The Kings drive far away from him his
troubles and his enemies,
And lead him safely o'er distress.
4 Thornless, Adityas, is the path, easy for him
who seeks the Law:
With him is naught to anger you.
5 What sacrifice, Adityas, ye Heroes guide by
the path direct,-
May that come nigh unto your thought.
6 That mortal, ever unsubdued, gains wealth and
every precious thing,
And children also of his own.
7 How, my friends, shall we prepare Aryaman's
and Mitra's laud,
Glorious food of Varuna?
8 I point not out to you a man who strikes the
pious, or reviles:
Only with hymns I call you nigh.
9 Let him not love to speak ill words: but fear
the One who holds all four
Within his hand, until they fall.

HYMN XLII. Pusan.

I SHORTEN our ways, O Pusan, move aside
obstruction in the path:
Go close before us, cloud-born God.
2 Drive, Pusan, from our road the wolf, the
wicked inauspicious wolf,
Who lies in Wait to injure us.
3 Who lurks about the path we take, the robber
with a guileful heart:
Far from the road chase him away.
4 Tread with thy foot and trample out the
firebrand of the wicked one,
The double-tongued, whose'er he be.
5 Wise Pusan, Wonder-Worker, we claim of
thee now the aid wherewith
Thou furtheredst our sires of old.

6 So, Lord of all prosperity, best wielder of the
golden sword,
Make riches easy to be won.
7 Past all pursuers lead us, make pleasant our
path and fair to tread:
O Pusan, find thou power for this.
8 Lead us to meadows rich in grass: send on our
way no early heat:
O Pusan, find thou power for this.
9 Be gracious to us, fill us full, give, feed us,
and invigorate:
O Pusan, find thou power for this.
10 No blame have we for Pusan; him we
magnify with songs of praise:
We seek the Mighty One for wealth.

HYMN XLIII. Rudra.

1 WHAT shall we sing to Rudra, strong, most
bounteous, excellently wise,
That shall be dearest to his heart?
2 That Aditi may grant the grace of Rudra to our
folk, our kine,
Our cattle and our progeny;
3 That Mitra and that Varuna, that Rudra may
remember us,
Yea, all the Gods with one accord.
4 To Rudra Lord of sacrifice, of hymns and
balmy medicines,
We pray for joy and health and strength.
5 He shines in splendour like the Sun, refulgent
as bright gold is he,
The good, the best among the Gods.
6 May he grant health into our steeds, wellbeing
to our rams and ewes,
To men, to women, and to kine.
7 O Soma, set thou upon us the glory of a
hundred men,
The great renown of mighty chiefs.
8 Let not malignities, nor those who trouble
Soma, hinder us.
Indu, give us a share of strength.
9 Soma! head, central point, love these; Soma!
know these as serving thee,
Children of thee Immortal, at the highest place
of holy law.

HYMN XLIV. Agni.

I IMMORTAL Jatavedas, thou many-hued
fulgent gift of Dawn,

Agni, this day to him who pays oblations bring
the Gods who waken with the morn.
2 For thou art offering-bearer and loved
messenger, the charioteer of sacrifice:
Accordant with the Asvins and with Dawn grant
us heroic strength and lofty fame.
3 As messenger we choose to-day Agni the
good whom many love,
Smoke-bannered spreader of the light, at break
of day glory of sacrificial rites.
4 Him noblest and most youthful, richly
worshipped guest, dear to the men who offer
gifts,
Him, Agni Jatavedas, I beseech at dawn that he
may bring the Gods to us.
5 Thee, Agni, will I glorify, deathless nourisher
of the world,
Immortal, offering-bearer, meet for sacred food,
preserver, best at sacrifice.
6 Tell good things to thy praiser, O most
youthful God, as richly worshipped, honey-
tongued,
And, granting to Praskanva lengthened days of
life, show honour to the Heavenly Host.
7 For the men, Agni, kindle thee as all possessor
and as Priest;
So Agni, much-invoked, bring hither with all
speed the Gods, the excellently wise,
8 At dawn of day, at night, Usas and Savitar, the
Asvins, Bhaga, Agni's self:
Skilled in fair rites, with Soma poured, the
Kanvas light thee, the oblation-wafting God.
9 For, Agni, Lord of sacrifice and messenger of
men art thou:
Bring thou the Gods who wake at dawn who see
the light, this day to drink the Soma juice.
10 Thou shonest forth, O Agni, after former
dawns, all visible, O rich in light.
Thou art our help in battle-strife, the Friend of
inan, the great high priest in sacrifice.
11 Like Manu, we will stablish thee, Agni,
performer of the rite,
Invoker, ministering Priest, exceeding wise, the
swift immortal messenger.
12 When as the Gods' High Priest, by many
loved, thou dost their mission as their nearest
Friend,
Then, like the far-resounding billows of the

flood, thy flames, O Agni, roar aloud.
13 Heat-, Agni, who hast ears to hear, with all
thy train of escort Gods;
Let Mitra, Aryaman,- seeking betimes our rite,
seat them upon the sacred grass.
14 Let those who strengthen Law, who
bountifully give, the life-tongued Maruts, hear
our praise.
May Law-supporting Varuna with the Asvins
twain and Usas, drink the Soma juice.

HYMN XLV Agni.

I WORSHIP the Vasus, Agni! here, the Rudras,
the Adityas, all
Who spring from Manu, those who know fair
rites, who pour their blessings down.
2 Agni, the Gods who understand give ear unto
the worshipper:
Lord of Red Steeds, who lovest song, bring thou
those Three-and-Thirty Gods.
3 O Jatavedas, great in act, hearken thou to
Praskanva's call,
As Priyamedha erst was heard, Atri, Virupa,
Angiras.
4 The sons of Priyamedha skilled in lofty praise
have called for help
On Agni who with fulgent flame is Ruler of all
holy rites.
5 Hear thou, invoked with holy oil, bountiful
giver of rewards,
These eulogies, whereby the sons of Kanva call
thee to their aid.
6 O Agni, loved by many, thou of fame most
wondrous, in their homes
Men call on thee whose hair is flame, to be the
bearer of their gifts.
7 Thee, Agni, best to find out wealth, most
widely famous, quick to hear,
Singers have stablished in their rites Herald and
ministering Priest.
8 Singers with Soma pressed have made thee,
Agni, hasten to the feast,
Great light to mortal worshipper, what time they
bring the sacred gift.
9 Good, bounteous, Son of Strength, this day
seat here on sacred grass the Gods
Who come at early morn, the host of heaven, to
drink the Soma juice

10 Bring with joint invocations thou, O Agni,
the celestial host:
Here stands the Soma, bounteous Gods drink
this expressed ere yesterday.

HYMN XLVI. Asvins.

1 Now Morning with her earliest light shines
forth, dear Daughter of the Sky:
High, Asvins, I extol your praise,
2 Sons of the Sea, mighty to save discoverers of
riches, ye
Gods with deep thought who find out wealth.
3 Your giant coursers hasten on over the region
all in flames, -
When your car flies with winged steeds.
4 He, liberal, lover of the flood, Lord of the
House, the vigilant,
Chiefs! with oblations feeds you full.
5 Ye have regard unto our hymns, Nasatyas,
thinking of our words:
Drink boldly of the Soma juice.
6 Vouchsafe to us, O Asvin Pair, such strength
as, with attendant light,
May through the darkness carry us.
7 Come in the ship of these our hymns to bear
you to the hither shore
O Asvins, harness ye the car.
8 The heaven's wide vessel is your own on the
flood's shore your chariot waits
Drops, with the hymn, have been prepared.
9 Kanvas, the drops are in the heaven; the
wealth is at the waters' place:
Where will ye manifest your form?
10 Light came to lighten up the branch, the Sun
appeared as it were gold:
And with its-tongue shone forth the dark.
11 The path of sacrifice was made to travel to
the farther goal:
The road of heaven was manifest.
12 The singer of their praise awaits whatever
grace the Asvins give,
who save when Soma gladdens them.
13 Ye dwellers with Vivasvan come,
auspicious, as to Manu erst;
come to the Soma and our praise.
14 O circumambient Asvins, Dawn follows the
brightness of your way:
Approve with beams our solemn rites.

15 Drink ye of our libations, grant protection, O
ye Asvins Twain,
With aids which none may interrupt.

HYMN XLVII. Asvins.

1 ASVINS, for you who strengthen Law this
sweetest Soma hath been shed.

Drink this expressed ere yesterday and give
riches to him who offers it.

2 Come, O ye Asvins, mounted on your triple
car three-seated, beautiful of form

To you at sacrifice the Kanvas send the prayer:
graciously listen to their call.

3 O Asvins, ye who strengthen Law, drink ye
this sweetest Soma juice.

Borne on your wealth-fraught car come ye this
day to him who offers, ye of wondrous deeds.

4 Omniscient Asvins, on the thrice-heaped grass
bedew with the sweet juice the sacrifice.

The sons of Kanva, striving heavenward, call on
you with draughts of Soma juice out-poured.

5 O Asvins, with those aids wherewith ye
guarded Kanva carefully,

Keep us, O hords of Splendour: drink the Soma
juice, ye strengtheners of holy law.

6 O Mighty Ones, ye gave Sudas abundant food,
brought on your treasure-laden car;

So now vouchsafe to us the wealth which many
crave, either from heaven or from the sea.

7 Nasatyas, whether ye be far away or close to
Turvasa,

Borne on your lightly-rolling chariot come to
us, together with the sunbeams come.

8 So let your coursers, ornaments of sacrifice,
bring you to our libations here.

Bestowing food on him who acts and gives
aright, sit, Chiefs, upon the sacred grass.

9 Come, O Nasatyas, on your car decked with a
sunbright canopy,

Whereon ye ever bring wealth to the
worshipper, to drink the Soma's pleasant juice.

10 With lauds and songs of praise we call them
down to us, that they, most rich, may succour
us;

For ye have ever in the Kanvas' well-loved
house, O Asvins, drunk the Soma juice.

HYMN XLVIII. Dawn.

1 DAWN on us with prosperity, O Usas,

Daughter of the Sky,
Dawn with great glory, Goddess, Lady of the
Light, dawn thou with riches, Bounteous One.
2 They, bringing steeds and kine, boon-givers of
all wealth, have oft sped forth to lighten us.
O Usas, waken up for me the sounds of joy:
send us the riches of the great.
3 Usas hath dawned, and now shall dawn, the
Goddess, driver forth of cars
Which, as she cometh nigh, have fixed their
thought on her, like glory-seekers on the flood.
4 Here Kanva, chief of Kanva's race, sings forth
aloud the glories of the heroes' names,-
The. princes who, O Usas, as thou comest near,
direct their thoughts to liberal gifts.
5 Like a good matron Usas comes carefully
tending everything:
Rousing all life she stirs all creatures that have
feet, and makes the birds of air fly up.
6 She sends the busy forth, each man to his
pursuit: delay she knows not as she springs.
O rich in opulence, after thy dawning birds that
have flown forth no longer rest.
7 This Dawn hath yoked her steeds afar, beyond
the rising of the Sun:
Borne on a hundred chariots she, auspicious
Dawn, advances on her way to Men.
8 To meet her glance all living creatures bend
them down: Excellent One, she makes the light.
Usas, the Daughter of the Sky, the opulent,
shines foes and enmities away.
9 Shine on us with thy radiant light, O Usas,
Daughter of the Sky,
Bringing to us great store of high felicity, and
bearing on our solemn rites.
10 For in thee is each living creature's breath
and life, when, Excellent! thou dawnest forth.
Borne on thy lofty car, O Lady of the Light,
hear, thou of wondrous wealth, our call.
11 O Usas, win thyself the strength which
among men is wonderful.
Bring thou thereby the pious unto holy rites,
those who as priests sing praise to thee.
12 Bring from the firmament, O Usas, all the
Gods, that they may drink our Soma juice,
And, being what thou art, vouchsafe us kine and
steeds, strength meet for praist and hero might.
13 May Usas whose auspicious rays are seen

resplendent round about,
Grant us great riches, fair in form, of all good
things, wealth which light labour may attain.
14 Mighty One, whom the Rsis of old time
invoked for their protection and their help,
O Usas, graciously answer our songs of praise
with bounty and with brilliant
light.

15 Usas, as thou with light to day hast opened
the twin doors of heaven,
So grant thou us a dwelling wide and free from
foes. O Goddess, give us food with kine.
16 Bring us to wealth abundant, sent in every
shape, to plentiful refreshing food,
To all-subduing splendour, Usas, Mighty One,
to strength, thou rich in spoil and wealth.

HYMN XLIX. Dawn.

1 E'EN from above the sky's bright realm come,
Usas, by auspicious ways:
Let red steeds bear thee to the house of him who
pours the Soma, juice.
2 The chariot which thou mountest, fair of
shape, O Usas light to move,-
Therewith, O Daughter of the Sky, aid men of
noble fame today.
3 Bright Usas, when thy times return, all
quadrupeds and bipeds stir,
And round about flock winged birds from all
the boundaries of heaven.
4 Thou dawning with thy beams of light
illumest all the radiant realm.
Thee, as thou art, the Kanvas, fain for wealth,
have called with sacred songs.

HYMN L. Surya.

1 HIS bright rays bear him up aloft, the God
who knoweth all that lives,
Surya, that all may look on him.
2 The constellations pass away, like thieves,
together with their beams,
Before the all-beholding Sun'
3 His herald rays are seen afar refulgent o'er the
world of men,
Like flames of fire that burn and blaze.
4 Swift and all beautiful art thou, O Surya,
maker of the light,
Illuming all the radiant realm.
5 Thou goest to the hosts of Gods, thou comest

hither to mankind,
Hither all light to be belied.
6 With that same eye of thine wherewith thou
lookest brilliant Varuna,
Upon the busy race of men,
7 Traversing sky and wide mid-air, thou metest
with thy beams our days,
Sun, seeing all things that have birth.
8 Seven Bay Steeds harnessed to thy car bear
thee, O thou farseeing One,
God, Surya, with the radiant hair.
9 Surya hath yoked the pure bright Seven, the
daughters of the car; with these,
His own dear team, he goeth forth.
10 Looking upon the loftier light above the
darkness we have come
To Surya, God among the Gods, the light that is
most excellent.
11 Rising this day, O rich in friends, ascending
to the loftier heaven,
Surya remove my heart's disease, take from me
this my yellow hue.
12 To parrots and to starlings let us give away
my yellowness,
Or this my yellowness let us transfer to Haritala
trees.
13 With all his conquering vigour this Aditya
hath gone up on high,
Giving my foe into mine hand: let me not be my
foeman's prey.

HYMN LI. Indra.

1 MAKE glad with songs that Ram whom many
men invoke, worthy of songs of praise, Indra,
the sea of wealth;
Whose gracious deeds for men spread like the
heavens abroad: sing praise to him the Sage,
most liberal for our good.
2 As aids the skilful Rbhus yearned to Indra
strong to save, who fills mid-air, encompassed
round with might,
Rushing in rapture; and -o'er Satakratu came the
gladdening shout that urged him on to victory.
3 Thou hast disclosed the kine's stall for the
Angirases, and made a way for Atri by a
hundred doors.
On Vimada thou hast bestowed both food and
wealth, making thy bolt dance in the sacrificer's

fight.

4 Thou hast unclosed the prisons of the waters;
thou hast in the mountain seized the treasure
rich in gifts.

When thou hadst slain with might the dragon
Vrtra, thou, Indra, didst raise the Sun in heaven
for all to see.

5 With wondrous might thou blewest enchanter
fiends away, with powers celestial those who
called on thee in jest.

Thou, hero-hearted, hast broken down Pipru's
forts, and helped Rjisvan when the Dasyus were
struck dead.

6 Thou savedst Kutsa when Susna was smitten
down; to Atithigva gavest Sambara for a prey.
E'en mighty Arbuda thou trodest under foot:
thou from of old wast born to strike the Dasyus
dead.

7 All power and might is closely gathered up in
thee; thy bounteous spirit joys in drinking Soma
juice.

Known is the thunderbolt that lies within thine
arms: rend off therewith all manly prowess of
our foe.

8 Discern thou well Aryas and Dasyus;
punishing the lawless give them up to him
whose grass is strewn.

Be thou the sacrificer's strong encourager all
these thy deeds are my delight at festivals.

9 Indra gives up the lawless to the pious man,
destroying by the Strong Ones those who have
no strength.

Vamra when glorified destroyed the gathered
piles of the still waxing great one who would
reach the heaven.

10 The might which Usana hath formed for thee
with might rends in its greatness and with
strength both worlds apart.

O Hero-souled, the steeds of Vata, yoked by
thought, have carried thee to fame while thou art
filled with power.

11 When Indra hath rejoiced with Kavya Usana,
he mounts his steeds who swerve wider and
wider yet.

The Strong hath loosed his bolt with the swift
rush of rain, and he hath rent in pieces Susna's
firm-built forts.

12 Thou mountest on thy car amid strong Soma

draughts: Saryata brought thee those in which
thou hast delight.

Indra, when thou art pleased with men whose
Soma flows thou risest to unchallenged glory in
the sky.

13 To old Kaksivin, Soma-presser, skilled in
song, O Indra, thou didst give the youthful
Vrcaya.

Thou, very wise, wast Mena, Vrsanaiva's child:
those deeds of thine must all be told at Soma
feasts.

14 The good man's refuge in his need is Indra,
firm as a doorpost, praised among the Pajras.
Indra alone is Lord of wealth, the Giver, lover
of riches, chariots, kine, and horses.

15 To him the Mighty One, the self-resplendent,
verily strong and great, this praise is uttered.
May we and all the heroes, with the princes, be,
in this fray, O Indra, in thy keeping.

HYMN LII. Indra.

1 I GLORIFY that Ram who finds the light of
heaven, whose hundred nobly-natured ones go
forth with him.

With hymns may I turn hither Indra to mine
aid,-the Car which like a strong steed hasteth to
the call.

2 Like as a mountain on firm basis, unremoved,
he, thousandfold protector, waxed in mighty
strength,

When Indra, joying in the draughts of Soma
juice, forced the clouds, slaying Vrtra stayer of
their flow.

3 For he stays e'en the stayers, spread o'er laden
cloud, rooted in light, strengthened in rapture by
the wise.

Indra with thought, with skilled activity, I call,
most liberal giver, for he sates him with the
juice.

4 Whom those that flow in heaven on sacred
grass, his own assistants, nobly-natured, fill full
like the sea,-

Beside that Indra when he smote down Vrtra
stood his helpers, straight in form, mighty,
invincible.

5 To him, as in wild joy he fought with him who
stayed the rain, his helpers sped like swift
streams down a slope,

When Indra, thunder-armed, made bold by
Soma draughts, as Trta cleaveth Vala's fences,
cleft him through.

6 Splendour encompassed thee, forth shone thy
warrior might: the rain-obstructor lay in mid-
air's lowest deep,

What time, O Indra, thou didst cast thy thunder
down upon the jaws of Vritra hard to be
restrained.

7 The hymns which magnify thee, Indra, reach
to thee even as water-brooks flow down and fill
the lake.

Tvastar gave yet more force to thine appropriate
strength, and forged thy thunderbolt of
overpowering might.

8 When, Indra, thou whose power is linked with
thy Bay Steeds hadst smitten Vrtra, causing
floods to flow for man,

Thou heldst in thine arms the metal thunderbolt,
and settest in the heaven the Sun for all to see.

9 In fear they raised the lofty self-resplendent
hymn, praise giving and effectual, leading up to
heaven,

When Indra's helpers fighting for the good of
men, the Maruts, faithful to mankind, joyed in
the light.

10 Then Heaven himself, the mighty, at that
Dragon's roar reeled back in terror when, Indra,
thy thunderbolt

In the wild joy of Soma had struck off with
might the head of Vrtra, tyrant of the earth and
heaven.

11 O Indra, were this earth extended forth
tenfold, and men who dwell therein multiplied
day by day,

Still here thy conquering might, Maghavan,
would be famed: it hath waxed vast as heaven in
majesty and power.

12 Thou, bold of heart, in thine own native
might, for help, upon the limit of this mid-air
and of heaven,

Hast made the earth to be the pattern of thy
strength: embracing flood and light thou
reacheest to the sky.

13 Thou art the counterpart of earth, the Master
of lofty heaven with all its mighty Heroes:
Thou hast filled all the region with thy
greatness: yea, of a truth there is none other like

thee.

14 Whose amplitude the heaven and earth have
not attained, whose bounds the waters of mid-
air have never reached,-

Not, when in joy he fights the stayer of the rain:
thou, and none else, hast made all things in
order due.

15 The Maruts sang thy praise in this encounter,
and in thee all the Deities delighted,
What time thou, Indra, with thy spiky weapon,
thy deadly bolt, smotest the face of Vrtra.

HYMN LIII. Indra.

I WE will present fair praise unto the Mighty
One, our hymns to Indra in Vivasvdn's
dwelling-place;

For he hath ne'er found wealth in those who
seem to sleep: those who give wealth to men
accept no paltry praise.

2 Giver of horses, Indra, giver, thou, of kine,
giver of barley, thou art Lord and guard of
wealth:

Man's helper from of old, not disappointing
hope, Friend of our friends, to thee ,as such we
sing this praise.

3 Indra, most splendid, powerful, rich in mighty
deeds, this treasure spread around is known to
be thine own.

Gather therefrom, O Conqueror, and bring to us:
fail not the hope of him who loves and sings to
thee.

4 Well pleased with these bright flames and
with these Soma drops, take thou away our
poverty with seeds and kine.

With Indra scattering the Dasyu through these
drops, freed from their hate may we obtain
abundant food.

5 Let us obtain, O Indra, plenteous wealth and
food, with strength exceeding glorious, shining
to the sky:

May we obtain the Goddess Providence, the
strength of heroes, special source of cattle, rich
in steeds.

6 These our libations strength-inspiring, Soma
draughts, gladdened thee in the fight with Vrtra,
Hero Lord,

What time thou slewest for the singer with
trimmed grass ten thousand Vrtras, thou

resistless in thy might.

7 Thou goest on from fight to fight intrepidly,
destroying castle after castle here with strength.
Thou, Indra, with thy friend who makes the foe
bow down, slewest from far away the guileful
Namuci.

8 Thou hast struck down in death Karanja,
Parnaya, in Atithigva's very glorious going
forth.

Unyielding, when Rjisvan compassed them with
siege, thou hast destroyed the hundred forts of
Vangrida.

9 With all-outstripping chariot-wheel, O Indra,
thou far-famed, hast overthrown the twice ten
Kings of men,

With sixty thousand nine-and-ninety followers,
who came in arms to fight with friendless
Susravas.

10 Thou hast protected Susravas with succour,
and Turvayana with thine aid, O Indra.

Thou madest Kutsa, Atithigva, Ayu, subject
unto this King, the young, the mighty.

11 May we protected by the Gods hereafter
remain thy very prosperous friends, O Indra.
Thee we extol, enjoying through thy favour life
long and joyful and with store of heroes.

HYMN LIV. Indra.

1 URGE us not, Maghavan, to this distressful
fight, for none may comprehend the limit of thy
strength.

Thou with fierce shout hast made the woods and
rivers roar: did not men run in crowds together
in their fear?

2 Sing hymns of praise to Sakra, Lord of power
and might; laud thou and magnify Indra who
heareth thee,

Who with his daring might, a Bull exceeding
strong in strength, maketh him master of the
heaven and earth.

3 Sing forth to lofty Dyaus a strength-bestowing
song, the Bold, whose resolute mind hath
independent sway.

High glory hath the Asura, compact of strength,
drawn on by two Bay Steeds: a Bull, a Car is he.

4 The ridges of the lofty heaven thou madest
shake; thou, daring, of thyself smotest through
Sambara,

When bold with gladdening juice, thou warredst
with thy bolt, sharp and twoedged, against the
banded sorcerers.

5 When with a roar that fills the woods, thou
forcest down on wind's head the stores which
8usga kept confined,

Who shall have power to stay thee firm and
eager-souled from doing still this day what thou
of old hast done?

6 Thou helpest Narya, Turvasa, and Yadu, and
Vayya's son Turviti, Satakratu!

Thou helpest horse and car in final battle thou
breakest down the nine-and-ninety castles.

7 A hero-lord is he, King of a mighty folk, who
offers free oblations and promotes the Law,

Who with a bounteous guerdon welcomes
hymns of praise: for him flows down the
abundant stream below the sky.

8 His power is matchless, matchless is his
wisdom; chief, through their work, be some who
drink the Soma,

Those, Indra, who increase the lordly power, the
firm heroic strength of thee the Giver.

9 Therefore for thee are these abundant beakers
Indra's drink, stone-pressed juices held in ladles.

Quaff them and satisfy therewith thy longing;
then fix thy mind upon bestowing treasure.

10 There darkness stood, the vault that stayed
the waters' flow: in Vrtra's hollow side the rain-
cloud lay concealed.

But Indra smote the rivers which the obstructor
stayed, flood following after flood, down steep
declivities.

11 So give us, Indra, bliss-increasing glory give
us great sway and strength that conquers people.

Preserve our wealthy patrons, save our princes;
vouchsafe us wealth and food with noble
offspring.

HYMN LV. Indra.

1 THOUGH e'en this heaven's wide space and
earth have spread them out, nor heaven nor
earth may be in greatness Indra's match.

Awful and very mighty, causing woe to men, he
whets his thunderbolt for sharpness, as a bull.

2 Like as the watery ocean, so doth he receive
the rivers spread on all sides in their ample
width.

He bears him like a bull to drink of Soma juice,
and will, as Warrior from of old, be praised for
might.

3 Thou swayest, Indra, all kinds of great manly
power, so as to bend, as't were, even that famed
mountain down.

Foremost among the Gods is he through hero
might, set in the van, the Strong One, for each
arduous deed.

4 He only in the wood is praised by
worshippers, when he shows forth to men his
own fair Indra-power.

A friendly Bull is he, a Bull to be desired when
Maghavan auspiciously sends forth his voice.

5 Yet verily the Warrior in his vigorous strength
stirreth up with his might great battles for
mankind;

And men have faith in Indra, the resplendent
One, what time he hurleth down his bolt, his
dart of death.

6 Though, fain for glory, and with strength
increased on earth, he with great might destroys
the dwellings made with art,

He makes the lights of heaven shine forth
secure, he bids, exceeding wise, the floods flow
for his worshipper.

7 Drinker of Soma, let thy heart incline to give;
bring thy Bays hitherward, O thou who hearest
praise.

Those charioteers of thine, best skilled to draw
the rein, the rapid sunbeams, Indra, lead thee not
astray.

8 Thou bearest in both hands treasure that never
fails; the famed One in his body holds
unvanquished might.

O Indra, in thy members many powers abide,
like wells surrounded by the ministering priests.

HYMN LVI. Indra.

I FOR this man's full libations held in ladles, he
hath roused him, eager, as a horse to meet the
mare.

He stays his golden car, yoked with Bay Horses,
swift, and drinks the Soma juice which
strengthens for great deeds.

2 To him the guidance-following songs of praise
flow full, as those who seek gain go in company
to the flood.

To him the Lord of power, the holy synod's
might, as to a hill, with speed, ascend the loving
ones.

3 Victorious, great is he; in manly battle shines,
unstained with dust, his might, as shines a
mountain peak;

Wherewith the iron one, fierce e'en against the
strong, in rapture, fettered wily Sushna fast in
bonds.

4 When Strength the Goddess, made more
strong for help by thee, waits upon Indra as the
Sun attends the Dawn,

Then. he who with his might unflinching kills
the gloom stirs up the dust aloft, with joy and
triumphing.

5 When thou with might, upon the framework of
the heaven, didst fix, across, air's region firmly,
unremoved,

In the light-winning war, Indra, in rapturous joy,
thou smotest Vrtra dead and broughtest floods
of rain.

6 Thou with thy might didst grasp, the holder-up
of heaven, thou who art mighty also in the seats
of earth.

Thou, gladdened by the juice, hast set the waters
free, and broken Vrtra's stony fences through
and through.

HYMN LVII. Indra.

I To him most liberal, lofty Lord of lofty wealth,
verily powerful and strong, I bring my hymn,-
Whose checkless bounty, as of waters down a
slope, is spread abroad for all that live, to give
them strength.

2 Now all this world, for worship, shall come
after thee-the offerer's libations like floods to
the depth,

When the well-loved one seems to rest upon the
hill, the thunderbolt of Indra, shatterer wrought
of gold.

3 To him the terrible, most meet for lofty praise,
like bright Dawn, now bring gifts with
reverence in this rite,

Whose being, for renown, yea, Indra-power and
light, have been created, like bay steeds, to
move with speed.

4 Thine, Indra, praised by many, excellently
rich! are we who trusting in thy help draw near

to thee.

Lover of praise, none else but thou receives our
laud: as earth loves all her creatures, love thou
this our hymn.

5 Great is thy power, O Indra, we are thine.
Fulfil, O Maghavan, the wish of this thy
worshipper.

After thee lofty heaven hath measured out its
strength: to thee and to thy power this earth hath
bowed itself.

6 Thou, who hast thunder for thy weapon, with
thy bolt hast shattered into pieces this broad
massive cloud.

Thou hast sent down the obstructed floods that
they may flow: thou hast, thine own for ever, all
victorious might.

HYMN LVIII., Agni.

I NE'ER waxeth faint the Immortal, Son of
Strength, since he, the Herald, hath become
Vivasvan's messenger.

On paths most excellent he measured out mid-
air: he with oblation calls to service of the Gods.

2 Never decaying, seizing his appropriate food,
rapidly, eagerly through the dry wood he
spreads.

His back, as he is sprinkled, glistens like a
horse: loud hath he roared and shouted like the
heights of heaven?

3 Set high in place o'er all that Vasus, Rudras
do, immortal, Lord of riches, seated as High
Priest;

Hastening like a car to men, to those who live,
the God without delay gives boons to be
desired.

4 Urged by the wind he spreads through dry
wood as he lists, armed with his tongues for
sickles, with a mighty roar.

Black is thy path, Agni, changeless, with
glittering waves! when like a bull thou rushest
eager to the trees.

5 With teeth of flame, wind-driven, through the
wood he speeds, triumphant like a bull among
the herd of cows,

With bright strength roaming to the everlasting
air: things fixed, things moving quake before
him as he flies.

6 The Bhrgus established thee among mankind

for men, like as a treasure, beauteous, easy to
invoke;

Thee, Agni, as a herald and choice-worthy
guest, as an auspicious Friend to the Celestial
Race.

7 Agni, the seven tongues' deftest Sacrificer,
him whom the priests elect at solemn worship,
The Herald, messenger of all the Vasus, I serve
with dainty food, I ask for riches.

8 Grant, Son of Strength, thou rich in friends, a
refuge without a flaw this day to us thy praisers.
O Agni, Son of Strength, with forts of iron
preserve thou from distress the man who lauds
thee.

9 Be thou a refuge, Bright One, to the singer, a
shelter, Bounteous Lord, to those who worship.
Preserve the singer from distress, O Agni. May
he, enriched with prayer, come soon and early.

HYMN LIX. Agni.

1 THE other fires are, verily, thy branches; the
Immortals all rejoice in thee, O Agni.

Centre art thou, Vaigvānara, of the people,
sustaining men like a deep-founded pillar.

2 The forehead of the sky, earth's centre, Agni
became the messenger of earth and heaven.

Vaisvanara, the Deities produced thee, a God, to
be a light unto the Arya.

3 As in the Sun firm rays are set for ever,
treasures are in Vaisvanara, in Agni.

Of all the riches in the hills, the waters, the
herbs, among mankind, thou art the Sovran.

4 As the great World-halves, so are their Son's
praises; skilled, as a man, to act, is he the
Herald.

Vaisvanara, celestial, truly mighty, most manly
One, hath many a youthful consort.

5 Even the lofty heaven, O Jatavedas
Vaisvanara, hath not attained thy greatness.
Thou art the King of lands where men are
settled, thou hast brought comfort to the Gods in
battle.

6 Now will I tell the greatness of the Hero
whom Prati's sons follow as Vṛtra's slayer:
Agni Vaisvanara struck down the Dasyu, cleave
Sambara through and shattered down his fences.

7 Vaisvanara, dwelling by his might with all
men, far-shining, holy mid the Bharadvajas,

Is lauded, excellent, with hundred praises by
Purunitha, son of Satavani.

HYMN LX. Agni.

1 As 'twere Some goodly treasure Matarisvan
brought, as a gift, the glorious Priest to Bhrgu,
Banner of sacrifice, the good Protector, child of
two births, the swiftly moving envoy.

2 Both Gods and men obey this Ruler's order,
Gods who are worshipped, men who yearn and
worship.

As Priest he takes his seat ere break of morning,
House-Lord, adorable with men, Ordainer.

3 May our fair praise, heart-born, most recent,
reach him whose tongue, e'en at his birth, is
sweet as honey;

Whom mortal priests, men, with their strong
endeavour, supplied with dainty viands, have
created.

4 Good to mankind, the yearning Purifier hath
among men been placed as Priest choice-
worthy.

May Agni be our Friend, Lord of the
Household, protector of the riches in the
dwelling.

5 As such we Gotamas with hymns extol thee,
O Agni, as the guardian Lord of riches,
Decking thee like a horse, the swift prizewinner.
May he, enriched with prayer, come soon and
early.

HYMN LXI Indra.

1 EVEN to him, swift, strong and high. exalted,
I bring my song of praise as dainty viands,
My thought to him resistless, praise-deserving,
prayers offered most especially to Indra.

2 Praise, like oblation, I present, and utter aloud
my song, my fair hymn to the Victor.

For Indra, who is Lord of old, the singers have
decked their lauds with heart and mind and
spirit.

3 To him then with my lips mine adoration,
winning heaven's light, most excellent, I offer,
To magnify with songs of invocation and with
fair hymns the Lord, most bounteous Giver.

4 Even for him I frame a laud, as fashions the
wright a chariot for the man who needs it,-
Praises to him who gladly hears our praises, a
hymn well-formed, all-moving, to wise Indra.

5 So with my tongue I deck, to please that Indra,
my hymn, as 'twere a horse, through love of
glory,

To reverence the Hero, bounteous Giver, famed
far and wide, destroyer of the castles.

6 Even for him hath Tvastar forged the thunder,
most deftly wrought, celestial, for the battle,
Wherewith he reached the vital parts of Vrtra,
striking-the vast, the mighty with the striker.

7 As soon as, at libations of his mother, great
Visnu had drunk up the draught, he plundered.
The dainty cates, the cooked mess; but One
stronger transfix'd the wild boar, shooting
through the mountain.

8 To him, to Indra, when he slew the Dragon,
the Dames, too, Consorts of the Goda, wove
praises.

The mighty heaven and earth hath he
encompassed: thy greatness heaven and earth,
combined, exceed not.

9 Yea, of a truth, his magnitude surpasseth the
magnitude of earth, mid-air, and heaven.

Indra, approved by all men, self-resplendent,
waxed in his home, loud-voiced and strong for
battle.

10 Through his own strength Indra with bolt of
thunder cut piece-meal Vrtra, drier up of waters.
He let the floods go free, like cows imprisoned,
for glory, with a heart inclined to bounty.

11 The rivers played, through his impetuous
splendour, since with his bolt he compassed
them on all sides.

Using his might and favouring him who
worshipped, he made a ford, victorious, for
Turviti.

12 Vast, with thine ample power, with eager
movement, against this Vrtra cast thy bolt of
thunder.

Rend thou his joints, as of an ox, dissevered,
with bolt oblique, that floods of rain may
follow.

13 Sing with new lauds his exploits wrought
aforetime, the deeds of him, yea, him who
moveth swiftly,

When, hurling forth his weapons in the battle,
he with impetuous wrath lays low the foemen.

14 When he, yea, he, comes forth the firm. Set
mountains and the whole heaven and earth,

tremble for terror.

May Nodhas, ever praising the protection of that
dear Friend, gain quickly strength heroic.

15 Now unto him of these things hath been
given what he who rules alone o'er much,
electeth.

Indra hath helped Etasa, Soma-presser,
contending in the race of steeds with Sarya.

16 Thus to thee, Indra, yoker of Bay Coursers,
the Gotamas have brought their prayers to
please thee.

Bestow upon them thought, decked with all
beauty. May he, enriched with prayer, come
soon and early.

HYMN LXII. Indra.

1. LIKE Angiras a gladdening laud we ponder
to him who loveth song, exceeding mighty.
Let us sing glory to the far-famed Hero who
must be praised with fair hymns by the singer.

2 Unto the great bring ye great adoration, a
chant with praise to him exceeding mighty,
Through whom our sires, Angirases, singing
praises and knowing well the places, found the
cattle.

3 When Indra and the Angirases desired it,
Sarama found provision for her offspring.
Brhaspati cleft the mountain, found the cattle:
the heroes shouted with the kine in triumph.

4 Mid shout, loud shout, and roar, with the
Navagvas, seven singers, hast thou, heavenly,
rent the mountain;

Thou hast, with speeders, with Dasagvas, Indra,
Sakra, with thunder rent obstructive Vala.

5 Praised by Angirases, thou, foe-destroyer,
hast, with the Dawn, Sun, rays, dispelled the
darkness.

Thou Indra, hast spread out the earths high
ridges, and firmly fixed the region under
heaven.

6 This is the deed most worthy of all honour, the
fairest marvel of the Wonder-Worker,
That, nigh where heaven bends down, he made
four rivers flow full with waves that carry down
sweet water.

7 Unwearied, won with lauding hymns, he
parted of old the ancient Pair, united ever.
In highest sky like Bhaga, he the doer of

marvels set both Dames and earth and heaven.
8 Still born afresh, young Dames, each in her
manner, unlike in hue, the Pair in alternation
Round heaven and earth from ancient time have
travelled, Night with her dark limbs, Dawn with
limbs of splendour.

9 Rich in good actions, skilled in operation, the
Son with might maintains his perfect friendship.
Thou in the raw cows, black of hue or ruddy,
storest the ripe milk glossy white in colour.

10 Their paths, of old connected, rest uninjured;
they with great might preserve the immortal
statutes.

For many thousand holy works the Sisters wait
on the haughty Lord like wives and matrons.

11 Thoughts ancient, seeking wealth, with
adoration, with newest lauds have sped to thee,
O Mighty.

As yearning wives cleave to their yearning
husband, so cleave our hymns to thee, O Lord
most potent.

12 Strong God, the riches which thy hands have
holden from days of old have perished not nor
wasted.

Splendid art thou, O Indra, wise,
unbending:strengthen us with might, O Lord of
Power.

13 O mighty Indra, Gotama's son Nodhas hath
fashioned this new prayer to thee Eternal,
Sure leader, yoker of the Tawny Coursers. May
he, enriched with prayer, come soon and early.

HYMN LXIII. Indra.

1. THOU art the Mighty One; when born, O
Indra, with power thou terrifiedst earth and
heaven -

When, in their fear of thee, all firm-set
mountains and monstrous creatures shook like
dust before thee.

2 When thy two wandering Bays thou drawest
hither, thy praiser laid within thine arms the
thunder,

Wherewith, O Much-invoked, in will resistless,
thou smitest foemen down and many a castle.

3 Faithful art thou, these thou defiest, Indra;
thou art the Rbhus' Lord, heroic, victor.

Thou, by his side, for young and glorious Kutsa,
with steed and car in battle slewest Susna,

4 That, as a friend, thou furtheredst, O Indra,
when, Thundrer, -strong in act, thou crushedst
Vrtra;

When, Hero, thou, great-souled, with easy
conquest didst rend the Dasyus in their
distant dwelling.

5 This doest thou, and art not harmed, O Indra,
e'en in the anger of the strongest mortal.

Lay thou the race-course open for our horses: as
with a club, slay, Thunderarmed I our foemen.

6 Hence men invoke thee, Indra, in the tumult of
battle, in the light-bestowing conflict.

This aid of thine, O Godlike One, was ever to be
implored in deeds of might in combat.

7 Warring for Purukutsa thou, O Indra,
Thunder-armed I breakest down the seven
castles;

Easily, for Sudis, like grass didst rend them, and
out of need, King, broughtest gain to Puru.

8 O Indra, God who movest round about us,
feed us with varied food plenteous as water-
Food wherewithal, O Hero, thou bestowest
vigour itself to flow to us for ever.

9 Prayers have been made by Gotamas, O Indra,
addressed to thee, with laud for thy Bay Horses.
Bring us in noble shape abundant riches. May
he, enriched with prayer, come soon and early.

HYMN LXIV. Maruts.

1. BRING for the manly host, wise and
majestical, O Nodhas, for the Maruts bring thou
a pure gift.

I deck my songs as one deft-handed, wise in
mind prepares the water that hath power in
solemn rites.

2 They spring to birth, the lofty Ones, the Bulls
of Heaven, divine, the youths of Rudra, free
from spot and stain;

The purifiers, shining brightly even as suns,
awful of form like giants, scattering rain-drops
down.

3 Young Rudras, demon-slayers, never growing
old, they have waxed, even as mountains,
irresistible.

They make all beings tremble with their mighty
strength, even the very strongest, both of earth
and heaven.

4 With glittering ornaments they deck them

forth for show; for beauty on their breasts they
bind their chains of gold.

The lances on their shoulders pound to pieces;
they were born together, of themselves, the Men
of Heaven.

5 Loud roarers, giving strength, devourers of the
foe, they make the winds, they make the
lightnings with their powers.

The restless shakers drain the udders of the sky,
and ever wandering round fill the earth full with
milk.

6 The bounteous Maruts with the fatness
dropping milk fill full the waters which avail in
solemn rites.

They lead, as 'twere, the Strong Horse forth, that
it may rain: they milk the thundering, the never-
failing spring.

7 Mighty, with wondrous power and
marvellously bright, selfstrong like mountains,
ye glide swiftly on your way.

Like the wild elephants ye eat the forests up
when ye assume your strength among the bright
red flames.

8 Exceeding wise they roar like lions mightily,
they, all-possessing, are beautiful as antelopes;
Stirring the darkness with lances and spotted
deer, combined as priests, with serpents' fury
through their might.

9 Heroes who march in companies, befriending
man, with serpents' ire through strength, ye
greet the earth and heaven.

Upon the seats, O Maruts, of your chariots,
upon the cars stands lightning visible as light.

10 Lords of all riches, dwelling in the home of
wealth, endowed with mighty vigour, singers
loud of voice,

Heroes, of powers infinite, armed with strong
men's rings, the archers, they have laid the
arrow on their arms.

11 They who with golden bellies make the rain
increase drive forward the big clouds like
wanderers on the way.

Self-moving, brisk, unwearied, they overthrow
the firm; the Maruts with bright lances make all
things to reel.

12 The progeny of Rudra we invoke with
prayer, the brisk, the bright, the worshipful, the
active Ones

To the strong band of Maruts cleave for
happiness, the chasers of the sky, impetuous,
vigorous.

13 Maruts, the man whom ye have guarded with
your help, he verily in strength surpasseth all
mankind.

Spoil with his steeds he gaineth, treasure with
his men; he winneth honourable strength and
prospereth.

14 O Maruts, to the worshippers give glorious
strength invincible in battle, brilliant, bringing
wealth,

Praiseworthy, known to all men. May we foster
well, during a hundred winters, son and
progeny.

15 Will ye then, O ye Maruts, grant us riches,
durable, rich in men, defying onslaught.

A hundred, thousandfold, ever increasing? May
he, enriched with prayer, come soon and early.

HYMN LXV. Agni.

1 ONE-MINDED, wise, they tracked thee like a
thief lurking in dark cave with a stolen cow:

Thee claiming worship, bearing it to Gods -
there nigh to thee sate all the Holy Ones.

2 The Gods approached the ways of holy Law;
there was a gathering vast as heaven itself.

The waters feed with praise the growing Babe,
born nobly in the womb, the seat of Law.

3 Like grateful food, like some wide dwelling
place, like a fruit-bearing hill, a wholesome
stream.

Like a steed urged to run in swift career, rushing
like Sindhu, who may check his course?

4 Kin as a brother to his sister floods, he cats the
woods as a King eats the rich.

When through the forest, urged by wind, he
spreads, verily Agni shears the hair of earth.

5 Like a swan sitting in the floods he pants
wisest in mind mid men he wakes at morn.

A Sage like Soma, sprung from Law, he grew
like some young creature, mighty, shining far.

HYMN LXVI. Agni.

1. LIKE the Sun's glance, like wealth of varied
sort, like breath which is the life, like one's own
son,

Like a swift bird, a cow who yields her milk,
pure and refulgent to the wood he speeds.

2 He offers safety like a pleasant home, like
 ripened corn, the Conqueror of men.
 Like a Seer lauding, famed among the folk; like
 a steed friendly he vouchsafes us power.
 3 With flame insatiate, like eternal might; caring
 for each one like a dame at home;
 Bright when he shines forth, whitish mid the
 folk, like a car, gold-decked, thundering to the
 fight.
 4 He strikes with terror like a dart shot forth,
 e'en like an archer's arrow tipped with flame;
 Master of present and of future life, the
 maidens' lover and the matrons' Lord.
 5 To him lead all your ways: may we attain the
 kindled God as cows their home at eve.
 He drives the flames below as floods their
 swell: the rays rise up to the fair place of
 heaven.

HYMN LXVII. Agni.

1. VICTORIOUS in the wood, Friend among
 men, ever he claims obedience as a King.
 Gracious like peace, blessing like mental power,
 Priest was he, offering-bearer, full of thought.
 2 He, bearing in his hand all manly might,
 crouched in the cavern, struck the Gods with
 fear.
 Men filled with understanding find him there,
 when they have stung prayers formed within
 their heart.
 3 He, like the Unborn, holds the broad earth up;
 and with effective utterance fixed the sky.
 O Agni, guard the spots which cattle love: thou,
 life of all, hast gone from lair to lair.
 4 Whoso hath known him dwelling in his lair,
 and hath approached the stream of holy Law,-
 They who release him, paying sacred rites,
 -truly to such doth he announce great wealth.
 5 He who grows mightily in herbs, within each
 fruitful mother and each babe she bears,
 Wise, life of all men, in the waters' home,-for
 him have sages built as 'twere a seat.

HYMN LXVIII. Agni.

1. COMMINGLING, restless, he ascends the
 sky, unveiling nights and all that stands or
 moves,
 As he the sole God is preeminent in greatness
 among all these other Gods.

2 All men are joyful in thy power, O God, that
living from the dry wood thou art born.

All truly share thy Godhead while they keep, in
their accustomed ways, eternal Law.

3 Strong is the thought of Law, the Law's
behest; all works have they performed; he
quicken all.

Whoso will bring oblation, gifts to thee, to him,
bethinking thee, vouchsafe thou wealth.

4 Seated as Priest with Manu's progeny, of all
these treasures he alone is Lord.

Men yearn for children to prolong their line, and
are not disappointed in their hope.

5 Eagerly they who hear his word fulfil his wish
as sons obey their sire's behest.

He, rich in food, unbars his wealth like doors:
he, the House-Friend, bath decked heaven's
vault with stars.

HYMN LXIX. Agni.

1. BRIGHT, splendid, like Dawn's lover, he
bath filled the two joined worlds as with the
light of heaven.

When born, with might thou hast encompassed
them: Father of Gods, and yet their Son wast
thou.

2 Agni, the Sage, the humble, who discerns like
the cow's udder, the sweet taste of food,
Like a bliss-giver to be drawn to men, sits
gracious in the middle of the house.

3 Born in the dwelling like a lovely son,
pleased, like a strong steed, he bears on the folk.
What time the men and I, with heroes, call, may
Agni then gain all through Godlike power.

4 None breaks these holy laws of thine when
thou hast granted audience to these chieftains
here.

This is thy boast, thou smotest with thy peers,
and joined with heroes dravest off disgrace.

5 Like the Dawn's lover, spreading light, well-
known as hued like morn, may he remember
me.

They, bearing of themselves, unbar the doors:
they all ascend to the fair place of heaven.

HYMN LXX. Agni.

1. MAY we, the pious, win much food by
prayer, may Agni with fair light pervade each
act,-

He the observer of the heavenly laws of Gods,
and of the race of mortal man.
2 He who is germ of waters, germ of woods,
germ of all things that move not and that move,-
To him even in the rock and in the house:
Immortal One, he cares for all mankind.
3 Agni is Lord of riches for the man who serves
him readily with sacred songs.
Protect these beings thou with careful thought,
knowing the races both of Gods and men.
4 Whom many dawns and nights, unlike, make
strong, whom, born in Law, all things that move
and stand,-
He hath been won, Herald who sits in light,
making effectual all our holy works.
5 Thou settest value on our cows and woods: all
shall bring tribute to us to the light.
men have served thee in many and sundry spots,
parting, as 'twere, an aged father's wealth.
6 Like a brave archer, like one skilled and bold,
a fierce avenger, so he shines in fight.

HYMN LXXI. Agni.

1. LOVING the loving One, as wives their
husband, the sisters of one home have urged
him forward,
Bright-coloured, even, as the cows love
morning, dark, breaking forth to view, and redly
beaming.
2 Our sires with lauds burst e'en the firmset
fortress, yea, the Angirases, with roar, the
mountain.
They made for us a way to reach high heaven,
they found us day, light, day's sign, beams of
morning.
3 They stablished order, made his service
fruitful; then parting them among the longing
faithful,
Not thirsting after aught, they come, most
active, while with sweet food the race of Gods
they strengthen.
4 Since Matarisvan, far-diffused, hath stirred
him, and he in every house grown bright and
noble,
He, Bhrgu-like I hath gone as his companion, as
on commission to a greater Sovran.
5 When man poured juice to Heaven, the mighty
Father, he knew and freed himself from close

embracement.

The archer boldly shot at him his arrow, and the
God threw his splendour on his Daughter.

6 Whoso, bath flames for thee within his
dwelling, or brings the worship which thou
lovest daily,

Do thou of double might increase his substance:
may he whom thou incitest meet with riches.

7 All sacrificial viands wait on Agni as the
Seven mighty Rivers seek the ocean.

Not by our brethren was our food discovered:
find with the Gods care for us, thou who
knowest.

8 When light bath filled the Lord of men for
increase, straight from the heaven descends the
limpid moisture.

Agni bath brought to light and filled with spirit
the youthful host blameless and well providing.

9 He who like thought goes swiftly on his
journey, the Sun, alone is ever Lord of riches.

The Kings with fair hands, Varuna and Mitra,
protect the precious nectar in our cattle.

10 O Agni, break not our ancestral friendship,
Sage as thou art, endowed with deepest
knowledge.

Old age, like gathering cloud, impairs the body:
before that evil be come nigh protect me.

HYMN LXXII. Agni.

1. THOUGH holding many gifts for men, he
humbleth the higher powers of each wise
ordainer.

Agni is now the treasure-lord of treasures, for
ever granting all immortal bounties.

2 The Gods infallible all searching found not
him, the dear Babe who still is round about us.
Worn weary, following his track, devoted, they
reached the lovely highest home of Agni.

3 Because with holy oil the pure Ones, Agni,
served thee the very pure three autumn seasons,
Therefore they won them holy names for
worship, and nobly born they dignified their
bodies.

4 Making them known to spacious earth and
heaven, the holy Ones revealed the powers of
Rudra.

The mortal band, discerning in the distance,
found Agni standing in the loftiest station.

5 Nigh they approached, one-minded, with their
spouses, kneeling to him adorable paid worship.
Friend finding in his own friend's eye
protection, they made their own the bodies
which they chastened.

6 Soon as the holy beings had discovered the
thrice-seven mystic things contained within
thee,

With these, one-minded., they preserve the
Amrta: guard thou the life of all their plants and
cattle.

7 Thou, Agni, knower of men's works, hast sent
us good food in constant course for our
subsistence:

Thou deeply skilled in paths of Gods becamest
an envoy never wearied, offeringbearer.

8 Knowing the Law, the seven strong floods
from heaven, full of good thought, discerned the
doors of riches.

Sarama found the cattle's firm-built prison
whereby the race of man is still supported.

9 They who approached all noble operations
making a path that leads to life immortal,
To be the Bird's support, the spacious mother,
Aditi, and her great Sons stood in power.

10 When Gods immortal made both eyes of
heaven, they gave to him the gift of beauteous
glory.

Now they flow forth like rivers set in motion:
they knew the Red Steeds coming down, O
Agni.

HYMN LXXIII. Agni.

I. HE who gives food, like patrimonial riches
and guides aright like some wise man's
instruction,

Loved like a guest who lies in pleasant lodging,-
may he, as Priest, prosper his servant's dwelling.

2 He who like Savitar the God, true-minded
protecteth with his power. all acts of vigour,
Truthful, like splendour, glorified by many,
like breath joy-giving,-all must strive to win
him.

3 He who on earth dwells like a king surrounded
by faithful friends, like a God all-sustaining,
Like heroes who preside, who sit in safety: like
as a blameless dame dear to her husband.

4 Thee, such, in settlements secure, O Agni, our

men serve ever kindled in each dwelling.
 On him have they laid splendour in abundance:
 dear to all men, bearer be he of riches.
 5 May thy rich worshippers win food, O Agni,
 and princes gain long life who bring oblation.
 May we get booty from our foe in battle,
 presenting to the Gods their share for glory.
 6 The cows of holy law, sent us by Heaven,
 have swelled with laden udders, loudly lowing;
 Soliciting his favour, from a distance the rivers
 to the rock have flowed together.
 7 Agni, with thee, soliciting thy favour, the holy
 Ones have gained glory in heaven.
 They made the Night and Dawn of different
 colours, and set the black and purple hues
 together.
 8 May we and those who worship be the mortals
 whom thou, O Agni, leadest on to riches.
 Thou hast filled earth and heaven and air's mid-
 region, and followest the whole world like a
 shadow.
 9 Aided by thee, O Agni, may we conquer
 steeds with steeds, men with men, heroes with
 heroes,
 Lords of the wealth transmitted by our fathers:
 and may our princes live a hundred winters.
 10 May these our hymns of praise, Agni,
 Ordainer, be pleasant to thee in thy heart and
 spirit.
 May we have power to hold thy steeds of riches,
 laying on thee the God-sent gift of glory.

HYMN LXXIV. Agni.

1. As forth to sacrifice we go, a hymn to a hymn
 let us say,
 Who hears us even when afar;
 2 Who, from of old, in carnage, when the people
 gathered, hath preserved
 His household for the worshipper.
 3 And let men say, Agni is born, e'en he who
 slayeth Vrtra, he
 Who winneth wealth in every fight.
 4 Him in whose house an envoy thou lovest to
 taste his offered gifts,
 And strengthenest his sacrifice,
 5 Him, Angiras, thou Son of Strength, all men
 call happy in his God,
 His offerings, and his sacred grass.

6 Hitherward shalt thou bring these Gods to our
laudation and to taste.

These offered gifts, fair-shining One.

7 When, Agni, on thine embassy thou goest
not a sound is heard of steed or straining of thy
car.

8 Aided by thee uninjured, strong, one after
other, goes he forth:

Agni, the offerer forward steps.

9 And splendid strength, heroic, high, Agni,
thou grantest from the Gods,

Thou God, to him who offers gifts.

HYMN LXXV. Agni.

1. ACCEPT our loudest-sounding hymn, food
most delightful to the Gods,

Pouring our offerings in thy mouth.

2 Now, Agni, will we say to thee, O wisest and
best Afigiras,

Our precious, much-availing prayer.

3 Who, Agni, is thy kin, of men? who is thy
worthy worshipper?

On whom dependent? who art thou?

4 The kinsman, Agni, of mankind, their well
beloved Friend art thou,

A Friend whom friends may supplicate.

5 Bring to us Mitra, Varuna, bring the Gods to
mighty sacrifice.

Bring them, O Agni, to thine home.

HYMN LXXVI. Agni.

1. How may the mind draw nigh to please thee,
Agni? What hymn of praise shall bring us
greatest blessing?

Or who hath gained thy power by sacrifices? or
with what mind shall we bring thee oblations?

2 Come hither, Agni; sit thee down as Hotar; be
thou who never wast deceived our leader.

May Heaven and Earth, the all-pervading, love
thee: worship the Gods to win for us their
favour.

3 Burn thou up all the Rikshas, O Agni; ward
thou off curses from our sacrifices.

Bring hither with his Bays the Lord of Soma:
here is glad welcome for the Bounteous Giver.

4 Thou Priest with lip and voice that bring us
children hast been invoked. Here with the Gods
be seated.

Thine is the task of Cleanser and Presenter:

waken us, Wealth-bestower and Producer.
5 As with oblations of the priestly Manus thou
worshippedst the Gods, a Sage with sages,
So now, O truthfullest Invoker Agni, worship
this day with joy-bestowing ladle.

HYMN LXXVII. Agni.

1. How shall we pay oblation unto Agni? What
hymn, Godloved, is said to him refulgent?
Who, deathless, true to Law, mid men a herald,
bringeth the Gods as best of sacrificers?
2 Bring him with reverence hither, most
propitious in sacrifices, true to Law, the herald;
For Agni, when he seeks the Gods for mortals,
knows them full well and worships them in
spirit.
3 For he is mental power, a man, and perfect; he
is the bringer, friend-like, of the wondrous.
The pious Aryan tribes at sacrifices address
them first to him who doeth marvels.
4 May Agni, foe-destroyer, manliest Hero,
accept with love our hymns and our devotion.
So may the liberal lords whose strength is
strongest, urged by their riches, stir our thoughts
with vigour.
5 Thus Agni Jatavedas, true to Order, hath by
the priestly Gotamas been lauded.
May he augment in them splendour and vigour:
observant, as he lists, he gathers increase.

HYMN LXXVIII. Agni.

1. O JATAVEDAS, keen and swift, we
Gotamas with sacred song exalt thee for thy
glories' sake.
2 Thee, as thou art, desiring wealth Gotama
worships with his song:
We laud thee for thy glories' sake.
3 As such, like Angiras we call on thee best
winner of the spoil:
We laud thee for thy glories' sake.
4 Thee, best of Vrtra-slayers, thee who shakest
off our Dasyu foes:
We laud thee for thy glories' sake.
5 A pleasant song to Agni we, sons of
Rahugana, have sung:
We laud thee for thy glories' sake.

HYMN LXXIX. Agni.

1. HE in mid-air's expanse hath golden tresses; a

raging serpent, like the rushing tempest:
Purely refulgent, knowing well the morn. ing;
like honourable dames, true, active workers.
2 Thy well-winged flashes strengthen in their
manner, when the black Bull hath bellowed
round about us.

With drops that bless and seem to smile he
cometh: the waters fall, the clouds utter their
thunder.

3 When he comes streaming with the milk of
worship, conducting by directest paths of Order
Aryaman, Mitra, Varuna, Parijman fill the hide
full where lies the nether press-stone.

4 O Agni, thou who art the lord of wealth in
kine, thou Son of Strength,
Vouchsafe to us, O Jatavetlas, high renown.

5 He, Agni, kindled, good and wise, must be
exalted in our song:
Shine, thou of many forms, shine radiantly on
us.

6 O Agni, shining of thyself by night and when
the morning breaks,
Burn, thou whose teeth are sharp, against the
Raksasas.

7 Adorable in all our rites, favour us, Agni, with
thine.aid,
When the great hymn is chanted forth.

8 Bring to us ever-conquering wealth, wealth,
Agni, worthy of our choice,
In all our frays invincible.

9 Give us, O Agni, through thy grace wealth
that supporteth all our life,
Thy favour so that we may live.

10 O Gotama, desiring bliss present thy songs
composed with care
To Agni of the pointed flames.

11 May the man fall, O Agni, who near or afar
assaileth us:

Do thou increase and prosper us.

12 Keen and swift Agni, thousand-eyed, chaseth
the Raksasas afar:
He singeth, herald meet for lauds.

HYMN LXXX. Indra.

1. THUS in the Soma, in wild joy the Brahman
hath exalted thee:

Thou, mightiest It thunder-armed, hast driven
by force he Dragon from the earth, lauding thine

own imperial sway.

2 The mighty flowing Soma-draught, brought
by the Hawk, hath gladdened thee,
That in thy strength, O Thunderer, thou hast
struck down Vrtra from the floods, lauding thine
own imperial sway.

3 Go forward, meet the foe, be bold; thy bolt of
thunder is not checked.

Manliness, Indra, is thy might: stay Vrtra, make
the waters thine, lauding thine own imperial
sway.

4 Thou smotest Vrtra from the earth, smotest
him, Indra, from the sky.

Let these life-fostering waters flow attended by
the Marut host, lauding thine own imperial
sway.

5 The wrathful Indra with his bolt of thunder
rushing on the foe,
Smote fierce on trembling Vrtra's back, and
loosed the waters free to run, lauding his own
imperial sway.

6 With hundred-jointed thunderbolt Indra hath
struck him on the back,
And, while rejoicing in the juice, seeketh
prosperity for friends, lauding his own imperial
sway.

7 Indra, unconquered might is thine, Thunderer,
Caster of the Stone;

For thou with thy surpassing power smotest to
death the guileful beast, lauding thine own
imperial sway.

8 Far over ninety spacious floods thy
thunderbolts were cast abroad:
Great, Indra, is thy hero might, and strength is
seated in thine arms, lauding thine own imperial
sway.

9 Laud him a thousand all at once, shout twenty
forth the hymn of praise.

Hundreds have sung aloud to him, to Indra hath
the prayer been raised, lauding his own imperial
sway.

10 Indra hath smitten down the power of Vrtra,-
might with stronger might.

This was his manly exploit, he slew Vrtra and
let loose the floods, lauding his own imperial
sway.

11 Yea, even this great Pair of Worlds trembled
in terror at thy wrath,

When, Indra, Thunderer, Marut-girt, thou
slewest Vrtra in thy strength, lauding thine own
imperial sway.

12 But Vrtra scared not Indra with his shaking
or his thunder roar.

On him that iron thunderbolt fell fiercely with
its thousand points, lauding his own imperial
sway.

13 When with the thunder thou didst make thy
dart and Vrtra meet in war,

Thy might, O Indra, fain to slay the Dragon,
was set firm in heaven, lauding thine own
imperial sway.

14 When at thy shout, O Thunder-armed, each
thing both fixed and moving shook,

E'en Tvastar trembled at thy wrath and quaked
with fear because of thee, lauding thine own
imperial sway.

15 There is not, in our knowledge, one who
passeth Indra in his strength:

In him the Deities have stored manliness,
insight, power and might, lauding his own
imperial sway.

16 Still as of old, whatever rite Atharvan,
Manus sire of all,

Dadhyaach performed, their prayer and praise
united in that Indra meet, lauding his own
imperial sway.

HYMN LXXXI. Indra.

1. THE men have lifted Indra up, the Vrtra
slayer, to joy and strength:

Him, verily, we invoke in battles whether
great or small: be he our aid in deeds of might.

2 Thou, Hero, art a warrior, thou art giver of
abundant spoil.

Strengthening e'en the feeble, thou aidest the
sacrificer, thou givest the offerer ample wealth.

3 When war and battles are on foot, booty is laid
before the bold.

Yoke thou thy wildly-rushing Bays. Whom wilt
thou slay and whom enrich? Do thou, O Indra,
make us rich.

4 Mighty through wisdom, as he lists, terrible,
he hath waxed in strength.

Lord of Bay Steeds, strong-jawed, sublime, he
in joined hands for glory's sake hath grasped his
iron thunderbolt.

5 He filled the earthly atmosphere and pressed
against the lights in heaven.

None like thee ever hath been born, none, Indra,
will be born like thee. Thou hast waxed mighty
over all.

6 May he who to the offerer gives the foeman's
man-sustaining food,
May Indra lend his aid to us. Deal forth
-abundant is thy wealth-that in thy bounty I
may share.

7 He, righteous-hearted, at each time of rapture
gives us herds of kine.

Gather in both thy hands for us treasures of
many hundred sorts. Sharpen thou us, and bring
us wealth.

8 Refresh thee, Hero, with the juice outpoured
for bounty and for strength.

We know thee Lord of ample store, to thee have
sent our hearts' desires: be therefore our
Protector thou.

9 These people, Indra, keep for thee all that is
worthy of thy choice.

Discover thou, as Lord, the wealth of men who
offer up no gifts: bring thou to us this wealth of
theirs.

HYMN LXXXII. Indra.

1. GRACIOUSLY listen to our songs,
Maghavan, be not negligent.

As thou hast made us full of joy and lettest us
solicit thee, now, Indra, yoke thy two Bay
Steeds.

2 Well have they eaten and rejoiced; the friends
have risen and passed away.

The sages luminous in themselves have. praised
thee with their latest hymn. Now, Indra, yoke
thy two Bay Steeds.

3 Maghavan, we will reverence thee who art so
fair to look upon.

Thus praised, according to our wish come now
with richly laden car. Now, Indra, yoke thy two
Bay Steeds.

4 He will in very truth ascend the powerful car
that finds the kine,

Who thinks upon the well-filled bowl, the
Tawny Coursers' harnesser. Now, Indra, yoke
thy two Bay Steeds.

5 Let, Lord of Hundred Powers, thy Steeds be

harnessed on the right and left.

Therewith in rapture of the juice, draw near to thy beloved Spouse. Now, Indra, yoke thy two Bay Steeds.

6 With holy prayer I yoke thy long-maned pair of Bays: come hitherward; thou holdest them in both thy hands.

The stirring draughts of juice outpoured have made thee glad: thou, Thunderer, hast rejoiced with Pusan and thy Spouse.

HYMN LXXXIII. Indra.

1. INDRA, the mortal man well guarded by thine aid goes foremost in the wealth of horses and of kine.

With amplest wealth thou fillest him, as round about the waters clearly seen afar fill Sindhu full.

2 The heavenly Waters come not nigh the priestly bowl: they but look down and see how far mid-air is spread:

The Deities conduct the pious man to them: like suitors they delight in him who loveth prayer.

3 Praiseworthy blessing hast thou laid upon the pair who with uplifted ladle serve thee, man and wife.

Unchecked he dwells and prospers in thy law: thy power brings blessing to the sacrificer pouring gifts.

4 First the Angirases won themselves vital power, whose fires were kindled through good deeds and sacrifice.

The men together found the Pani's hoarded wealth, the cattle, and the wealth in horses and in kine.

5 Atharvan first by sacrifices laid the paths then, guardian of the Law, sprang up the loving Sun. Usana Kavya straightway hither drove the kine. Let us with offerings honour Yama's deathless birth.

6 When sacred grass is trimmed to aid the auspicious work, or the hymn makes its voice of praise sound to the sky.

Where the stone rings as'twere a singer skilled in laud, --Indra in truth delights when these come near to him.

HYMN LXXXIV. Indra.

1. The Soma hath been pressed for thee, O

Indra; mightiest, bold One, come.
May Indra-vigour fill thee full, as the Sun fills
mid-air with rays.
2 His pair of Tawny Coursers bring Indra of
unresisted might
Hither to Rsis' songs of praise and sacrifice
performed by men.
3 Slayer of Vrtra, mount thy car; thy Bay Steeds
have been yoked by prayer.
May, with its voice, the pressing-stone draw
thine attention hitherward.
4 This poured libation, Indra, drink, immortal,
gladdening, excellent.
Streams of the bright have flowed to thee here at
the seat of holy Law.
5 Sing glory now to Indra, say to him your
solemn eulogies.
The drops poured forth have made him glad:
pay reverence to his might supreme.
6 When, Indra, thou dost yoke thy Steeds, there
is no better charioteer:
None hath surpassed thee in thy might, none
with good steeds o'ertaken thee.
7 He who alone bestoweth on mortal man who
offereth gifts,
The ruler of resistless power, is Indra, sure.
8 When will he trample, like a weed, the man
who hath no gift for him?
When, verily, will Indra hear our songs of
praise?
9 He who with Soma juice prepared amid the
many honours thee,-
Verily Indra gains thereby tremendous might.
10 The juice of Soma thus diffused, sweet to the
taste, the bright cows drink,
Who for the sake of splendour close to mighty
Indra's side rejoice, good in their own
supremacy.
11 Craving his touch the dappled kine mingle
the Soma with their milk.
The milch-kine dear to Indra send forth his
death-dealing thunderbolt, good in their own
supremacy.
12 With veneration, passing wise, honouring his
victorious might,
They follow close his many laws to win them
due preeminence, good in their
own supremacy.

13 With bones of Dadhyac for his arms, Indra,
resistless in attack,
Struck nine-and-ninety Vrtras dead.
14 He, searching for the horse's head, removed
among the mountains, found
At Suryanavan what he sought.
15 Then verily they recognized the essential
form of Tvastar's Bull,
Here in the mansion of the Moon.
16 Who yokes to-day unto the pole of Order the
strong and passionate steers of checkless spirit,
With shaft-armed mouths, heart-piercing,
health-bestowing?
Long shall he live who richly pays their service.
17 Who fleeth forth? who suffereth? who
feareth? Who knoweth Indra present, Indra near
us?
Who sendeth benediction on his offspring, his
household, wealth and person, and the People?
18 Who with poured oil and offering honours
Agni, with ladle worships at appointed seasons?
To whom to the Gods bring oblation quickly?
What offerer, God-favoured, knows him
thoroughly?
19 Thou as a God, O Mightiest, verily blessest
mortal man.
O Maghavan, there is no comforter but thou:
Indra, I speak my words to thee.
20 Let not thy bounteous gifts, let not thy saving
help fail us, good Lord, at any time;
And measure out to us, thou lover of mankind,
all riches hitherward from men.

HYMN LXXXV. Maruts.

1. THEY who are glancing forth, like women,
on their way, doers of mighty deeds, swift
racers, Rudra's Sons,
The Maruts have made heaven and earth
increase and grow: in sacrifices they delight, the
strong and wild.
2 Grown to their perfect strength greatness have
they attained; the Rudras have established their
abode in heaven.
Singing their song of praise and generating
might, they have put glory on, the Sons whom
Prani bare.
3 When, Children of the Cow, they shine in
bright attire, and on their fair limbs lay their

golden ornaments,
They drive away each adversary from their path,
and, following their traces, fatness floweth
down,

4 When, mighty Warriors, ye who glitter with
your spears, o'erthrowing with your strength
e'en what is ne'er o'erthrown,

When, O ye Maruts, ye the host that send the
rain, had harnessed to your cars the thought-
fleet spotted deer.

5 When ye have harnessed to your cars the
spotted deer, urging the thunderbolt, O Maruts,
to the fray,

Forth rush the torrents of the dark red stormy
cloud, and moisten, like a skin, the earth with
water-floods.

6 Let your swift-gliding coursers bear you
hitherward with their fleet pinions. Come ye
forward with your arms.

Sit on the grass; a wide scat hath been made for
you: delight yourselves, O Maruts, in the
pleasant food.

7 Strong in their native strength to greatness
have they grown, stepped to the firmament and
made their dwelling wide.

When Visnu saved the Soma bringing wild
delight, the Maruts sate like birds on their dear
holy grass.

8 In sooth like heroes fain for fight they rush
about, like combatants fame-seeking have they
striven in war.

Before the Maruts every creature is afraid: the
men are like to Kings, terrible to behold.

9 When Tyastar deft of hand had turned the
thunderbolt, golden, with thousand edges,
fashioned more skilfully,

Indra received it to perform heroic deeds. Vrtra
he slew, and forced the flood of water forth.

10 They with their vigorous strength pushed the
well up on high, and clove the cloud in twain
though it was passing strong.

The Maruts, bounteous Givers, sending forth
their voice, in the wild joy of Soma wrought
their glorious deeds.

11 They drave the cloud transverse directed
hitherward, and poured the fountain forth for
thirsting Gotama.

Shining with varied light they come to him with

help: they with their might fulfilled the longing
of the sage.

12 The shelters which ye have for him who
lauds you, bestow them threefold on the man
who offers.

Extend the same boons unto us, ye Maruts. Give
us, O Heroes, wealth with noble offspring.

HYMN LXXXVI. Maruts.

1. THE best of guardians hath that man within
whose dwelling place ye drink,
O Maruts, giants of the sky.

2 Honoured with sacrifice or with the worship
of the sages' hymns,
O Maruts, listen to the call.

3 Yea, the strong man to whom ye have
vouchsafed to give a sage, shall move
Into a stable rich in kine.

4 Upon this hero's sacred grass Soma is poured
in daily rites:

Praise and delight are sung aloud.

5 Let the strong Maruts hear him, him
surpassing all men: strength be his
That reaches even to the Sun.

6 For, through the swift Gods' loving help, in
many an autumn, Maruts, we
Have offered up our sacrifice.

7 Fortunate shall that mortal be, O Maruts most
adorable,
Whose offerings ye bear away.

8 O Heroes truly strong, ye know the toil of him
who sings your praise,
The heart's desire of him who loves.

9 O ye of true strength, make this thing manifest
by your greatness - strike
The demon with your thunderbolt.

10 Conceal the horrid darkness, drive far from
us each devouring fiend.
Create the light for which we long.

HYMN LXXXVII Maruts.

1. LOUD Singers, never humbled, active, full of
strength, immovable, impetuous, manliest, best-
beloved,

They have displayed themselves with glittering
ornaments, a few in number only, like the
heavens with stars.

2 When, Maruts, on the steeps ye pile the
moving cloud, ye are like birds on whatsoever

path it be.

Clouds everywhere shed forth the rain upon
your cars. Drop fatness, honey-hued, for him
who sings your praise.

3 Earth at their racings trembles as if weak and
worn, when on their ways they yoke their cars
for victory.

They, sportive, loudly roaring, armed with
glittering spears, shakers of all, themselves
admire their mightiness.

4 Self-moving is that youthful band, with
spotted steeds; thus it hath lordly sway, endued
with power and might.

Truthful art thou, and blameless, searcher out of
sin: so thou, Strong Host, wilt be protector of
this prayer.

5 We speak by our descent from our primeval
Sire; our tongue, when we behold the Soma,
stirs itself.

When, shouting, they had joined Indra in toil of
fight, then only they obtained their sacrificial
names.

6 Splendours they gained for glory, they who
wear bright rings; rays they obtained, and men
to celebrate their praise.

Armed with their swords, impetuous and fearing
naught, they have possessed the Maruts' own
beloved home.

HYMN LXXXVIII. Maruts.

1. COME hither, Maruts, on your lightning
laden cars, sounding with sweet songs, armed
with lances, winged with steeds.

Fly unto us with noblest food, like birds, O ye
of mighty power.

2 With their red-hued or, haply, tawny coursers
which speed their chariots on, they come for
glory.

Brilliant like gold is he who holds the thunder.
Earth have they smitten with the chariot's felly.

3 For beauty ye have swords upon your bodies.
As they stir woods so may they stir our spirits.

For your sake, O ye Maruts very mighty and
well-born, have they set the stone, in motion.

4 The days went round you and came back O
yearners, back, to this prayer and to this solemn
worship.

The Gotamas making their prayer with singing

have pushed the well's lid up to drink the water.
5 No hymn way ever known like this aforetime
which Gotama sang forth for you, O Maruts,
What time upon your golden wheels he saw
you, wild boars rushing about with tusks of iron.
6 To you this freshening draught of Soma
rusheth, O Maruts, like the voice of one who
prayeth.
It rusheth freely from our hands as these.
libations wont to flow.

HYMN LXXXIX. Visvedevas.

1. MAY powers auspicious come to us from
every side, never deceived, unhindered, and
victorious,
That the Gods ever may be with us for our gain,
our guardians day by day unceasing in their
care.

2 May the auspicious favour of the Gods be
ours, on us descend the bounty of the righteous
Gods.

The friendship of the Gods have we devoutly
sought: so may the Gods extend our life that we
may live.

3 We call them hither with a hymn of olden
time, Bhaga, the friendly Daksa, Mitra, Aditi,
Aryaman, Varuna, Soma, the Asvins. May
Sarasvati, auspicious, grant felicity.

4 May the Wind waft to us that pleasant
medicine, may Earth our Mother give it, and our
Father Heaven,

And the joy-giving stones that press the Soma's
juice. Asvins, may ye, for whom our spirits
long, hear this.

5 Him we invoke for aid who reigns supreme,
the Lord of all that stands or moves, inspirer of
the soul,

That Pusan may promote the increase of our
wealth, our keeper and our guard infallible for
our good.

6 Illustrious far and wide, may Indra prosper us:
may Pusan prosper us, the Master of all wealth.
May Tarksya with uninjured fellies prosper us:
Brhaspati vouchsafe to us prosperity.

7 The Maruts, Sons of Prani, borne by spotted
steeds, moving in glory, oft visiting holy rites,
Sages whose tongue is Agni, brilliant as the

Sun,-hither let all the Gods for our protection
come.

8 Gods, may we with our ears listen to what is
good, and with our eyes see what is good, ye
Holy Ones.

With limbs and bodies firm may we extolling
you attain the term of life appointed by the
Gods.

9 A hundred autumns stand before us, O ye
Gods, within whose space ye bring our bodies to
decay;

Within whose space our sons become fathers in
turn. Break ye not in the midst our course of
fleeting life.

10 Aditi is the heaven, Aditi is mid-air, Aditi is
the Mother and the Sire and Son.

Aditi is all Gods, Aditi five-classed men, Aditi
all that hath been bom and shall be born.

HYMN XC. Visvedevas.

1. MAY Varuna with guidance straight, and
Mitra lead us, he who knows,
And Aryaman in accord with Gods.

2 For they are dealers forth of wealth, and, not
deluded, with their might
Guard evermore the holy laws.

3 Shelter may they vouchsafe to us, Immortal
Gods to mortal men,
Chasing our enemies away.

4 May they mark out our paths to bliss, Indra,
the Maruts, Pusan,
and Bhaga, the Gods to be adored.

5 Yea, Pusan, Visnu, ye who run your course,
enrich our hymns with kine;
Bless us with all prosperity.

6 The winds waft sweets, the rivers pour sweets
for the man who keeps the Law
So may the plants be sweet for us.

7 Sweet be the night and sweet the dawns, sweet
the terrestrial atmosphere;
Sweet be our Father Heaven to us.

8 May the tall tree be full of sweets for us, and
full of sweets the Sun:

May our milch-kine be sweet for us.

9 Be Mitra gracious unto us, and Varuna and
Aryaman:

Indra, Brhaspati be kind, and Visnu of the
mighty stride.

HYMN XCI Soma.

1. Thou, Soma, art preeminent for wisdom;
along the straightest path thou art our leader.
Our wise forefathers by thy guidance, Indu,
dealt out among the Gods their share of treasure.
2 Thou by thine insight art most wise, O Soma,
strong by thine energies and all possessing,
Mighty art thou by all thy powers and greatness,
by glories art thou glorious, guide of mortals.
3 Thine are King Varuna's eternal statutes, lofty
and deep, O Soma, is thy glory.
All-pure art thou like Mitra the beloved,
adorable, like Aryaman, O Soma.
4 With all thy glories on the earth, in heaven, on
mountains, in the plants, and in the waters,-
With all of these, well-pleased and not in anger,
accept, O royal Soma, our oblations.
5 Thou, Soma, art the Lord of heroes, King, yea,
Vrtra-slayer thou:
Thou art auspicious energy.
6 And, Soma, let it be thy wish that we may
live and may not die:
Praise-loving Lord of plants art thou.
7 To him who keeps the law, both old and
young, thou givest happiness,
And energy that he may live.
8 Guard us, King Soma, on all sides from him
who threatens us: never let
The friend of one like thee be harmed.
9 With those delightful aids which thou hast,
Soma, for the worshipper,-
Even with those protect thou us.
10 Accepting this our sacrifice and this our
praise, O Soma, come,
And be thou nigh to prosper us.
11 Well-skilled in speech we magnify thee,
Soma, with our sacred songs:
Come thou to us, most gracious One.
12 Enricher, healer of disease, wealth-finder,
prospering our store,
Be, Soma, a good Friend to us.
13 Soma, be happy in our heart, as milch-kine in
the grassy meads,
As a young man in his own house.
14 O Soma, God, the mortal man who in thy
friendship hath delight,
Him doth the mighty Sage befriend.
15 Save us from slanderous reproach, keep us.,

O Soma, from distress:
 Be unto us a gracious Friend.
 16 Soma, wax great. From every side may
 vigorous powers unite in thee:
 Be in the gathering-place of strength.
 17 Wax, O most gladdening Soma, great
 through all thy rays of light, and be
 A Friend of most illustrious fame to prosper us.
 16 In thee be juicy nutriments united, and
 powers and mighty foe-subduing vigour,
 Waxing to immortality, O Soma: win highest
 glories for thyself in heaven.
 19 Such of thy glories as with poured oblations
 men honour, may they all invest our worship.
 Wealth-giver, furtherer with troops of heroes,
 sparing the brave, come, Soma, to our houses.
 20 To him who worships Soma gives the
 milchcow, a fleet steed and a man of active
 knowledge,
 Skilled in home duties, meet for holy synod, for
 council meet, a glory to his father.
 21 Invincible in fight, saver in battles, guard of
 our camp, winner of light and water,
 Born amid hymns, well-housed, exceeding
 famous, victor, in thee will we rejoice, O Soma.
 22 These herbs, these milch-kine, and these
 running waters, all these, O Soma, thou hast
 generated.
 The spacious firmament hast thou expanded,
 and with the light thou hast dispelled the
 darkness.
 23 Do thou, God Soma, with thy Godlike spirit,
 victorious, win for us a share of riches.
 Let none prevent thee: thou art Lord of valour.
 Provide for both sides in the fray for booty.

HYMN XCII. Dawn.

1. THESE Dawns have raised their banner; in
 the eastern half of the mid-air they spread
 abroad their shining light.
 Like heroes who prepare their weapons for the
 war, onward they come bright red in hue, the
 Mother Cows.
 2 Readily have the purple beams of light shot
 up; the Red Cows have they harnessed, easy to
 be yoked.
 The Dawns have brought distinct perception as
 before: red-hued, they have attained their

fulgent brilliancy.

3 They sing their song like women active in
their tasks, along their common path hither from
far away,

Bringing refreshment to the liberal devotee, yea,
all things to the worshipper who pours the juice.

4 She, like a dancer, puts her brodered
garments on: as a cow yields her udder so she
bares her breast.

Creating light for all the world of life, the Dawn
hath laid the darkness open as the cows their
stall.

5 We have beheld the brightness of her shining;
it spreads and drives away the darkiorne
monster.

Like tints that deck the Post at sacrifices,
Heaven's Daughter hath attained her wondrous
splendour.

6 We have o'erpast the limit of this darkness;
Dawn breaking forth again brings clear
perception.

She like a flatterer smiles in light for glory, and
fair of face hath wakened to rejoice
us.

7 The Gotamas have praised Heaven's radiant
Daughter, the leader of the charm of pleasant
voices.

Dawn, thou conferrest on us strength with
offspring and men, conspicuous with kine and
horses.

8 O thou who shinest forth in wondrous glory,
urged onward by thy strength, auspicious Lady,
Dawn, may I gain that wealth, renowned and
ample, in brave sons, troops of slaves, far-famed
for horses.

9 Bending her looks on all the world, the
Goddess shines, widely spreading with her
bright eye westward.

Waking to motion every living creature, she
understands the voice of each adorer.

10 Ancient of days, again again born newly,
decking her beauty with the self-same raiment.
The Goddess wastes away the life of mortals,
like a skilled hunter cutting birds in pieces.

11 She hath appeared discovering heaven's
borders: to the far distance she drives off her
Sister.

Diminishing the days of human creatures, the

Lady shines with all her lover's splendour.
12 The bright, the blessed One shines forth
extending her rays like kine, as a flood rolls his
waters.
Never transgressing the divine commandments,
she is beheld visible with the sunbeams.
13 O Dawn enriched with ample wealth, bestow
on us the wondrous gift
Wherewith we may support children and
children's sons.
14 Thou radiant mover of sweet sounds, with
wealth of horses and of kine
Shine thou on us this day, O Dawn auspiciously.
15 O Dawn enriched with holy rites, yoke to thy
car thy purple steeds,
And then bring thou unto us all felicities.
16 O Asvins wonderful in act, do ye unanimous
direct
Your chariot to our home wealthy in kine and
gold.
17 Ye who brought down the hymn from
heaven, a light that giveth light to man,
Do ye, O Asvius, bring strength hither unto us.
18 Hither may they who wake at dawn bring, to
drink Soma both the Gods
Health-givers Wonder-Workers, borne on paths
of gold.

HYMN XCIII. Agni-Soma.

1 AGNI and Soma, mighty Pair, graciously
hearken to my call,
Accept in friendly wise my hymn, and prosper
him who offers gifts.
2 The man who honours you to-day, Agni and
Soma, with this hymn,
Bestow on him heroic strength, increase of kine,
and noble steeds.
3 The man who offers holy oil and burnt
oblations unto you,
Agni and Soma, shall enjoy great strength, with
offspring, all his life.
4 Agni and Soma, famed is that your prowess
wherewith ye stole the kine, his food, from Pani.
Ye caused the brood of Brsaya to perish; ye
found the light, the single light for many.
5 Agni and Soma, joined in operation ye have
set up the shining lights in heaven.
From curse and from reproach, Agni and Soma,

ye freed the rivers that were bound in fetters.
6 One of you Mitarisvan brought from heaven,
the Falcon rent the other from the mountain.
Strengthened by holy prayer Agni and Soma
have made us ample room for sacrificing.
7 Taste, Agni, Soma, this prepared oblation;
accept it, Mighty Ones, and let it please you.
Vouchsafe us good protection and kind favour:
grant to the sacrificer health and riches.
8 Whoso with oil and poured oblation honours,
with God-devoted heart, Agni and Soma,-
Protect his sacrifice, preserve him from distress,
grant to the sacrificer great felicity.
9 Invoked together, mates in wealth, AgniSoma,
accept our hymns:
Together be among the Gods.
10 Agni and Soma, unto him who worships you
with holy oil
Shine forth an ample recompense.
11 Agni and Sonia, be ye pleased with these
oblations brought to you,
And come, together, nigh to us.
12 Agni and Soma, cherish well our horses, and
let our cows be fat who yield oblations.
Grant power to us and to our wealthy patrons,
and cause our holy rites to be successful.

HYMN XCIV. Agni

1 FOR Jatavedas worthy of our praise will we
frame with our mind this eulogy as 'twere a car.
For good, in his assembly, is this care of ours.
Let us not, in thy friendship, Agni, suffer harm.
2 The man for whom thou sacrificest
prospereth, dwelleth without a foe, gaineth
heroic might.
He waxeth strong, distress never approacheth
him. Let us riot, in thy friendship, Agni, suffer
harm.
3 May we have power to kindle thee. Fulfil our
thoughts. In thee the Gods eat the presented
offering,
Bring hither the Adityas, for we long for them.
Let us not in thy friendship, Agni, suffer harm.
4 We will bring fuel and prepare burnt
offerings, reminding thee at each successive
festival.
Fulfil our thought that so we may prolong our

lives. Let us not in thy friendship, Agni, suffer harm.

5 His ministers move forth, the guardians of the folk, protecting quadruped and biped with their rays.

Mighty art thou, the wondrous herald of the Dawn. Let us not in thy friendship, Agni, suffer harm.

6 Thou art Presenter and the chief Invoker, thou Director, Purifier, great High Priest by birth. Knowing all priestly work thou perfectest it, Sage. Let us not in thy friendship, Agni, suffer harm.

7 Lovely of form art thou, alike on every side; though far, thou shinest brightly as if close at hand.

O God, thou seest through even the dark of night. Let us not in thy friendship, Agni, suffer harm.

8 Gods, foremost he his car who pours libations out, and let our hymn prevail o'er evil-hearted men.

Attend to this our speech and make it prosper well. Let us not in thy friendship, Agni, suffer harm.

9 Smite with thy weapons those of evil speech and thought, devouring demons, whether near or far away.

Then to the singer give free way for sacrifice. Let us not in thy friendship, Agni, suffer harm.

10 When to thy chariot thou hadst yoked two red steeds and two ruddy steeds, wind-spiced, thy roar was like a bull's.

Thou with smoke-bannered flame attackest forest trees. Let us not in thy friendship, Agni, suffer harm.

11 Then at thy roar the very birds are terrified, when, eating-up the grass, thy sparks fly forth abroad.

Then is it easy for thee and thy car to pass. Let us not in thy friendship, Agni, suffer harm.

12 He hath the Power to soothe Mitra and Varuna: wonderful is the Maruts' wrath when they descend.

Be gracious; let their hearts be turned to us again. Let us not in thy friendship, Agni, suffer harm.

13 Thou art a God, thou art the wondrous Friend

of Gods, the Vasu of the Vasus, fair in sacrifice.
Under, thine own most wide protection may we
dwell. Let us not in thy friendship, Agni, suffer
harm.

14 This is thy grace that, kindled in thine own
abode, invoked with Soma thou soundest forth
most benign,

Thou givest wealth and treasure to the
worshipper. Let us not in thy friendship, Agni,
suffer harm.

15 To whom thou, Lord of goodly riches,
grantest freedom from every sin with perfect
wholeness,

Whom with good strength thou quikenest, with
children and wealth-may we be they, Eternal
Being.

16 Such, Agni, thou who knowest all good
fortune, God, lengthen here the days of our
existence.

This prayer of ours may Varuna grant, and
Mitra, and Aditi and Sindhu, Earth and Heaven.

HYMN XCV. Agni

1. To fair goals travel Two unlike in semblance:
each in succession nourishes an infant.

One bears a Godlike Babe of golden colour;
bright and fair-shining, is he with the other.

2 Tvastar's ten daughters, vigilant and youthful,
produced this Infant borne to sundry quarters.

They bear around him whose long flames are
pointed, fulgent among mankind with native
splendour.

3. Three several places of his birth they honour,
in mid-air, in the heaven, and in the waters.

Governing in the cast of earthly regions, the
seasons hath he stablished in their order.

4 Who of you knows this secret One? The Infant
by his own nature hath brought forth his
Mothers.

The germ of many, from the waters' bosom he
goes forth, wise and great, of Godlike nature.

5 Visible, fair, he grows in native brightness
uplifted in the lap of waving waters.

When he was born both Tvastar's worlds were
frightened: they turn to him and reverence the
Lion.

6 The Two auspicious Ones, like women, tend
him: like lowing cows they seek him in their

manner.

He is the Lord of Might among the mighty; him,
on the right, they balm with their oblations.

7 Like Savitar his arms with might he stretches;
awful, he strives grasping the world's two
borders.

He forces out from all a brilliant vesture, yea,
from his Mothers draws he forth new raiment.

8 He makes him a most noble form of
splendour, decking him in his home with milk
and waters.

The Sage adorns the depths of air with wisdom .
this is the meeting where the Gods are
worshipped.

9 Wide through the firmament spreads forth
triumphant the far-resplendent strength of thee
the Mighty.

Kindled by us do thou preserve us, Agni, with
all thy self-bright undiminished succours.

10 In dry spots he makes stream, and course,
and torrent, and inundates the earth with floods
that glisten.

All ancient things within his maw he gathers,
and moves among the new fresh-sprouting
grasses.

11 Fed with our fuel, purifying Agni, so blaze to
us auspiciously for glory.

This prayer of ours may Varuna grant, and
Mitra, and Aditi and Sindhu, Earth and Heaven.

HYMN XCVI. Agni.

1. HE in the ancient way by strength
engendered, lo! straight hath taken to himself all
wisdom.

The waters and the bowl have made him
friendly. The Gods possessed the wealth
bestowing Agni.

2 At Ayu's ancient call he by his wisdom gave
all this progeny of men their being,
And, by refulgent light, heaven and the waters.
The Gods possessed the wealth. bestowing
Agni.

3 Praise him, ye Aryan folk, as chief performer
of sacrifice adored and ever toiling,
Well-tended, Son of Strength, the Constant
Giver. The Gods possessed the wealth
bestowing Agni.

4 That Matarisvan rich in wealth and treasure,

light-winner, finds a pathway for his offspring.
Guard of our folk, Father of earth and heaven.
The Gods possessed the wealth bestowing Agni.
5 Night and Dawn, changing each the other's
colour, meeting together suckle one same
Infant:

Golden between the heaven and earth he
shineth. The Gods possessed the wealth
bestowing Agni.

6 Root of wealth, gathering-place of treasures,
banner of sacrifice, who grants the suppliant's
wishes:

Preserving him as their own life immortal, the
Gods possessed the wealth-bestowing Agni.

7 Now and of old the home of wealth, the
mansion of what is born and what was born
aforetime,

Guard of what is and what will be hereafter,-the
Gods possessed the wealth bestowing Agni.

8 May the Wealth-Giver grant us conquering
riches; may the Wealth-Giver grant us wealth
with heroes.

May the Wealth-Giver grant us food with
offspring, and length of days may the Wealth-
Giver send us.

9 Fed with our fuel, purifying Agni, so blaze to
us auspiciously for glory.

This prayer of ours may Varuna grant, and
Mitra, and Aditi and Sindhu, Earth and Heaven.

HYMN XCVII. Agni.

1. CHASING with light our sin away, O Agni,
shine thou wealth on us.

May his light chase our sin away.

2 For goodly fields, for pleasant homes, for
wealth we sacrifice to thee.

May his light chase our sin away.

3 Best praiser of all these be he; foremost, our
chiefs who sacrifice.

May his light chase our sin away.

4 So that thy worshippers and we, thine, Agni,
in our sons may live.

May his light chase our sin away.

5 As ever- conquering Agni's beams of
splendour go to every side,

May his light chase our sin away.

6 To every side thy face is turned, thou art
triumphant everywhere.

May his light chase our sin away.
7 O thou whose face looks every way, bear us
past foes as in a ship.
May his light chase our sin away.
8 As in a ship, convey thou us for our advantage
o'er the flood.
May his light chase our sin away.

HYMN XCVIII Agni.

1. STILL in Vaisvanara's grace may we
continue: yea, he is King supreme o'er all things
living.
Sprung hence to life upon this All he looketh.
Vaisvanara hath rivalry with Surya.
2 Present in heaven, in earth, all-present Agni,-
all plants that grow on ground hath he pervaded.
May Agni, may Vaisvanara with vigour,
present, preserve us day and night from foemen.
3 Be this thy truth, Vaisvanara, to us-ward: let
wealth in rich abundance gather round us.
This prayer of ours may Varuna grant, and
Mitra, and Aditi and Sindhu, Earth and Heaven.

HYMN XCIX. Agni.

1. FOR Jatavedas let us press the Soma: may he
consume the wealth of the malignant.
May Agni carry us through all our troubles,
through grief as in a boat across the river.

HYMN C. Indra.

1. MAY he who hath his home with strength,
the Mighty, the King supreme of earth and
spacious heaven,
Lord of true power, to he invoked in battles,-
may Indra, girt by Maruts, be our succour.
2 Whose way is unattainable like Surya's: he in
each fight is the strong Vrtra-slayer,
Mightiest with his Friends in his own courses.
May Indra, girt by Maruts, be our succour.
3 Whose paths go forth in their great might
resistless, forthmilking, as it were, heaven's
genial moisture.
With manly strength triumphant, foe-subduer,-
may Indra, girt by Maruts, be our succour.
4 Among Angirases he was the chiefest, a
Friend with friends, mighty amid the mighty.
Praiser mid praisers, honoured most of singers.
May Indra, girt by Maruts, be our succour.
5 Strong with the Rudras as with his own

children, in manly battle conquering his foemen
,

With his close comrades doing deeds of glory,-
may Indra, girt by Maruts, be our succour.

6 Humbler of pride, exciter of the conflict, the
Lord of heroes, God invoked of many,
May he this day gain with our men the sunlight.
May Indra, girt by Maruts, be our succour.

7 His help hath made him cheerer in the battle,
the folk have made him guardian of their
comfort.

Sole Lord is he of every holy service. May
Indra, girt by Maruts, be our succour.

8 To him the Hero, on high days of prowess,
heroes for help and booty shall betake them.
He hath found light even in the blinding
darkness. May Indra, girt by Maruts, be our
succour.

9 He with his left hand checketh even the
mighty, and with his righthand gathereth up the
booty.

Even with the humble he acquireth riches. May
Indra, girt by Maruts, be our succour.

10 With hosts on foot and cars he winneth
treasures: well is he known this day by all the
people.

With manly might he conquereth those who hate
him. May Indra, girt by Maruts, be our succour.

11 When in his ways with kinsmen or with
strangers he speedeth to the fight, invoked of
many,

For gain of waters, and of sons and grandsons,
may Indra, girt by Maruts, be our succour.

12 Awful and fierce, fiend-slayer, thunder-
wielder, with boundless knowledge, hymned by
hundreds, mighty,

In strength like Soma, guard of the Five
Peoples, may Indra, girt by Maruts, be our
succour.

13 Winning the light, hitherward roars his
thunder like the terrific mighty voice of Heaven.
Rich gifts and treasures evermore attend him.
May Indra, girt by Maruts, be our succour.

14 Whose home eternal through his strength
surrounds him on every side, his laud, the earth
and heaven,

May he, delighted with our service, save us.
May Indra, girt by Maruts, be our succour.

15 The limit of whose power not Gods by
Godhead, nor mortal men have reached, nor yet
the Waters.

Both Earth and Heaven in vigour he surpasseth.
May Indra, girt by Maruts, he our succour.

16 The red and tawny mare, blaze-marked, high
standing, celestial who, to bring Rjrasva riches,
Drew at the pole the chariot yoked with
stallions, joyous, among the hosts of men was
noted.

17 The Varsagiras unto thee, O Indra, the
Mighty One, sing forth this laud to please thee,
Rjrasva with his fellows, Ambarisa, Suradhas,
Sahadeva, Bhayamana.

18 He, much invoked, hath slain Dasyus and
Simyus, after his wont, and laid them low with
arrows.

The mighty Thunderer with his fair-
complexioned friends won the land, the
sunlight, and the waters.

19 May Indra evermore be our protector, and
unimperilled may we win the booty.
This prayer of ours may Varuna grant, and
Mitra, and Aditi and Sindhu, Earth and Heaven.

HYMN CI. Indra.

1. SING, with oblation, praise to him who
maketh glad, who with Rjisvan drove the dusky
brood away.

Fain for help, him the strong whose right hand
wields the bolt, him girt by Maruts we invoke to
be our Friend.

2 Indra, who with triumphant wrath smote
Vyamsa down, and Sambara, and Pipru the
unrighteous one;

Who extirpated Susna the insatiate, him girt by
Maruts we invoke to be our Friend.

3 He whose great work of manly might is
heaven and earth, and Varuna and Surya keep
his holy law;

Indra, whose law the rivers follow as they flow,-
him girt by Maruts we invoke to be our Friend.

4 He who is Lord and Master of the steeds and
kine, honoured -the firm and sure- at every holy
act;

Stayer even of the strong who pours no offering
out, -him girt by Maruts we invoke to be our
Friend.

5 He who is Lord of all the world that moves
and breathes, who for the Brahman first before
all found the Cows;

Indra who cast the Dasyus down beneath his
feet,-him girt by Maruts we invoke to be our
Friend.

6 Whom cowards must invoke and valiant men
of war, invoked by those who conquer and by
those who flee;

Indra, to whom all beings turn their constant
thought,-him girt by Maruts we invoke to be our
Friend.

7 Refulgent in the Rudras' region he proceeds,
and with the Rudras through the wide space
speeds the Dame.

The hymn of praise extols Indra the far-
renowned: him girt by Maruts we invoke to be
our Friend.

8 O girt by Maruts, whether thou delight thee in
loftiest gathering-place or lowly dwelling,
Come thence unto our rite, true boon-bestower:
through love of thee have we prepared
oblations.

9 We, fain for thee, strong Indra, have pressed
Soma, and, O thou sought with prayer, have
made oblations.

Now at this sacrifice, with all thy Maruts, on
sacred grass, O team-borne God, rejoice thee.

10 Rejoice thee with thine own Bay Steeds, O
Indra, unclothe thy jaws and let thy lips be open.
Thou with the fair cheek, let thy Bay Steeds
bring thee: gracious to us, he pleased with our
oblation.

11 Guards of the camp whose praisers are the
Maruts, may we through Indra, get ourselves the
booty.

This prayer of ours may Varuna grant, and
Mitra, and Aditi and Sindhu, Earth and Heaven.

HYMN CII. Indra.

1. To thee the Mighty One I bring this mighty
hymn, for thy desire hath been gratified by my
laud.

In Indra, yea in him victorious through his
strength, the Gods have joyed at feast and when
the Soma flowed.

2 The Seven Rivers bear his glory far and wide,
and heaven and sky and earth display his

comely form.

The Sun and Moon in change alternate run their course, that we, O Indra, may behold and may have faith.

3 Maghavan, grant us that same car to bring us spoil, thy conquering car in which we joy in shock of fight.

Thou, Indra, whom our hearts praise highly in the war, grant shelter, Maghavan, to us who love thee well.

4 Encourage thou our side in every fight: may we, with thee for our ally, conquer the foeman's host.

Indra, bestow on us joy and felicity break down, O Maghavan, the vigour of our foes.

5 For here in divers ways these men invoking thee, holder of treasures, sing hymns to win thine aid.

Ascend the car that thou mayest bring spoil to us, for, Indra, thy fixt winneth the victory.

6 His arms win kine, his power is boundless in each act best, with a hundred helps waker of battle's din

Is Indra: none may rival him in mighty strength. Hence, eager for the spoil the people call on him.

7 Thy glory, Maghavan, exceeds a hundred yea, more than a hundred, than a thousand mid the folk,

The great bowl hath inspirited thee boundlessly: so mayst thou slay the Vrtras breaker-down of forts!

8 Of thy great might there is a three counterpart, the three earths, Lord men and the three realms of light.

Above this whole world, Indra, thou hast waxen great: without a foe art thou, nature, from of old.

9 We invoke thee first among the Deities: thou hast become a mighty Conquer in fight.

May Indra fill with spirit this our singer's heart, and make our car impetuous, foremost in attack.

10 Thou hast prevailed, and hast not kept the booty back, in trifling battles in those of great account.

We make thee keen, the Mighty One, succour us: inspire us, Maghavan, when we defy the foe.

11 May Indra evermore be our Protector, and unimperilled may we win the booty.

This prayer of ours may Vartuna grant and
Mitra, and Aditi and Sindhu, Earth and Heaven.

HYMN CIII. Indra.

1. THAT highest Indra-power of thine is distant:
that which is here sages possessed aforetime.
This one is on the earth, in heaven the other, and
both unite as flag with flag in battle.

2 He spread the wide earth out and firmly fixed
it, smote with his thunderbolt and loosed the
waters.

Maghavan with his puissance struck down Ahi,
rent Rauhipa to death and slaughtered Vyarnsa.

3 Armed with his bolt and trusting in his
prowess he wandered shattering the forts of
Dasas.

Cast thy dart, knowing, Thunderer, at the
Dasyu; increase the Arya's might and glory,
Indra.

4 For him who thus hath taught these human
races, Maghavan, bearing a fame-worthy title,
Thunderer, drawing nigh to slay the Dasyus,
hath given himself the name of Son for glory.

5 See this abundant wealth that he possesses,
and put your trust in Indra's hero vigour.

He found the cattle, and he found the horses, he
found the plants, the forests and the waters.

6 To him the truly strong, whose deeds are
many, to him the strong Bull let us pour the
Soma.

The Hero, watching like a thief in ambush, goes
parting the possessions of the godless.

7 Well didst thou do that hero deed, O Indra, in
waking with thy bolt the slumbering Ahi.
in thee, delighted, Dames divine rejoiced them,
the flying Maruts and all Gods were joyful.

8 As thou hast smitten Susna, Pipru, Vrtra and
Kuyava, and Sambara's forts O Indra.

This prayer of ours may Varuna grant, and
Mitra, and Aditi and Sindhu, Earth and Heaven.

HYMN CIV. Indra.

1. THE altar hath been made for thee to rest on:
come like a panting courser and be seated.

Loosen thy flying Steeds, set free thy Horses
who bear thee swiftly nigh at eve and morning.

2 These men have come to Indra for assistance:
shall he not quickly come upon these pathways?
May the Gods quell the fury of the Dasa, and

may they lead our folk to happy fortune.
 3 He who hath only wish as his possession casts
 on himself, casts foam amid the waters.
 Both wives of Kuyava in milk have bathed
 them: may they be drowned within the depth of
 Sipa.
 4 This hath his kinship checked who lives
 beside us: with ancient streams forth speeds and
 rules the Hero, Anjasi, Kulisi, and Virapatni,
 delighting him, bear milk upon their waters.
 5 Soon as this Dasyu's traces were discovered,
 as she who knows her home, he sought the
 dwelling.
 Now think thou of us, Maghavan, nor cast us
 away as doth a profligate his treasure.
 6 Indra, as such, give us a share of sunlight, of
 waters, sinlessness, and reputation.
 Do thou no harm to our yet unborn offspring:
 our trust is in thy mighty Indra-power.
 7 Now we, I think, in thee as such have trusted:
 lead us on, Mighty One, to ample riches.
 In no unready house give us, O Indra invoked of
 many, food and drink when hungry.
 8 Slay us not, Indra; do not thou forsake us:
 steal not away the joys which we delight in.
 Rend not our unborn brood, strong Lord of
 Bounty! our vessels with the life that is within
 them.
 9 Come to us; they have called thee Soma-lover:
 here is the pressed juice. Drink thereof for
 rapture.
 Widely-capacious, pour it down within thee,
 and, invocated, hear us like a Father.

HYMN CV. Visvedevas.

1. WITHIN the waters runs the Moon, he with
 the beauteous wings in heaven.
 Ye lightnings with your golden wheels, men
 find not your abiding-place. Mark this my woe,
 ye Earth and Heaven.
 2 Surely men crave and gain their wish. Close to
 her husband clings the wife.
 And, in embraces intertwined, both give and
 take the bliss of love. Mark this my woe, ye
 Earth and Heaven.
 3 O never may that light , ye Gods, fall from its
 station in the sky.
 Ne'er fail us one like Soma sweet, the spring of

our felicity. Mark this my woe ye Earth and Heaven.

4 I ask the last of sacrifice. As envoy he shall tell it forth.

Where is the ancient law divine? Who is its new diffuser now? Mark this my woe, ye Earth and Heaven.

5 Ye Gods who yonder have your home in the three lucid realms of heaven,

What count ye truth and what untruth? Where is mine ancient call on you? Mark this my woe, ye Earth and Heaven.

6 What is your firm support of Law? What Varuna's observant eye?

How may we pass the wicked on the path of mighty Aryaman? Mark this my woe, ye Earth and Heaven.

7 I am the man who sang of old full many a laud when Soma flowed.

Yet torturing cares consume me as the wolf assails the thirsty deer. Mark this my woe, ye Earth and Heaven.

8 Like rival wives on every side enclosing ribs oppress me sore.

O Satakratu, biting cares devour me, singer of thy praise, as rats devour the weaver's threads. Mark this my woe, ye Earth and Heaven.

9 Where those seven rays are shining, thence my home and family extend.

This Trta Aptya knoweth well, and speaketh out for brotherhood. Mark this my woe, ye Earth and Heaven.

10 May those five Bulls which stand on high full in the midst of mighty heaven,

Having together swiftly borne my praises to the Gods, return. Mark this my woe, ye Earth and Heaven.

11 High in the mid ascent of heaven those Birds of beauteous pinion sit.

Back from his path they drive the wolf as he would cross the restless floods. Mark this my woe, ye Earth and Heaven.

12 Firm is this new-wrought hymn of praise, and meet to be told forth, O Gods.

The flowing of the floods is Law, Truth is the Sun's extended light. Mark this my woe, ye Earth and Heaven.

13 Worthy of laud, O Agni, is that kinship

which thou hast with Gods.

Here seat thee like a man: most wise, bring thou
the Gods for sacrifice. Mark this my woe, ye
Earth and Heaven.

14 Here seated, man-like as a priest shall wisest
Agni to the Gods

Speed onward our oblations, God among the
Gods, intelligent. Mark this my woe, ye Earth
and Heaven.

15 Varuna makes the holy prayer. To him who
finds the path we pray.

He in the heart reveals his thought. Let sacred
worship rise anew. Mark this my woe, ye Earth
and Heaven.

16 That pathway of the Sun in heaven, made to
be highly glorified,

Is not to be transgressed, O Gods. O mortals, ye
behold it not. Mark this my woe, ye Earth and
Heaven.

17 Trta, when buried in the well, calls on the
Gods to succour him.

That call of his Brhaspati heard and released
him from distress. Mark this my woe, ye Earth
and Heaven.

18 A ruddy wolf beheld me once, as I was
faring on my path.

He, like a carpenter whose back is aching
crouched and slunk away. Mark this my woe, ye
Earth and Heaven.

19 Through this our song may we, allied with
Indra, with all our heroes conquer in the battle.
This prayer of ours may Varuna grant, and
Mitra, and Aditi and Sindhu, Earth and Heaven.

HYMN CVI. Visvedevas.

1. CALL we for aid on Indra, Mitra, Varuna and
Agni and the Marut host and Aditi.

Even as a chariot from a difficult ravine,
bountiful Vasus, rescue us from all distress.

2 Come ye Adityas for our full prosperity, in
conquests of the foe, ye Gods, bring joy to us.

Even as a chariot from a difficult ravine,
bountiful Vasus, rescue us from all distress.

3 May the most glorious Fathers aid us, and the
two Goddesses, Mothers of the Gods, who
strengthen Law.

Even as a chariot from a difficult ravine,

bountiful Vasus, rescue us from all distress.

4 To mighty Narasamsa, strengthening his
might, to Pusan, ruler over men, we pray with
hymns.

Even as a chariot from a difficult ravine,
bountiful Vasus, rescue us from all distress.

5 Brhaspati, make us evermore an easy path: we
crave what boon thou hast for men in rest and
stir.

Like as a chariot from a difficult ravine,
bountiful Vasus, rescue us from all distress.

6 Sunk in the pit the Rsi Kutsa called, to aid,
Indra the Vrtra-slayer, Lord of power and might.

Even as a chariot from a difficult ravine,
bountiful Vasus, rescue us from all distress.

7 May Aditi the Goddess guard us with the
Gods: may the protecting God keep us with
ceaseless care.

This prayer of ours may Varuna grant, and
Mitra, and Aditi and Sindhu, Earth and Heaven.

HYMN CVII. Visvedevas.

1. THE sacrifice obtains the Gods' acceptance:
be graciously inclined to us, Adityas.

Hitherward let your favour be directed, and be
our best deliverer from trouble.

2 By praise-songs of Angirases exalted, may!he
Gods come to us with their protection.

May Indra with his powers, Maruts with Maruts,
Aditi with Adityas grant us shelter.

3 This laud of ours may Varuna and Indra,
Aryaman Agni, Savitar find pleasant.

This prayer' of ours may Varuna grant, and
Mitra, and Aditi and Sindhu, Earth and Heaven.

HYMN CVIII. Indra-Agni.

1. ON that most wondrous car of yours, O Indra
and Agni, which looks round on all things
living,

Take ye your stand and come to us together, and
drink libations of the flowing Soma.

2 As vast as all this world is in its compass,
deep as it is, with its far-stretching surface,
So let this Soma be, Indra and Agni, made for
your drinking till your soul be sated.

3 For ye have won a blessed name together: yea,
with one aim ye strove, O Vrtra-slayers.

So Indra-Agni, seated here together, pour in, ye
Mighty Ones, the mighty Soma.

4 Both stand adorned, when fires are duly
kindled, spreading the sacred grass, with lifted
ladles.

Drawn by strong Soma juice poured forth
around us, come, Indra-Agni, and display your
favour.

5 The brave deeds ye have done, Indra and
Agni, the forms ye have displayed and mighty
exploits,

The ancient and auspicious bonds of friendship,-
for sake of these drink of the flowing Soma.

6 As first I said when choosing you, in battle we
must contend with Asuras for this Soma.

So came ye unto this my true conviction, and
drank libations of the flowing Soma.

7 If in your dwelling, or with prince or
Brahman, ye, Indra-Agni, Holy Ones, rejoice
you,

Even from thence, ye mighty Lords, come
hither, and drink libation of the flowing Soma.

8 If with, the Yadus, Turvasas, ye sojourn, with
Druhyus, Anus, Purus, Indra-Agni!

Even from thence, ye mighty Lords, come
hither, and drink libations of the flowing Soma.

9 Whether, O Indra-Agni, ye be dwelling in
lowest earth, in central, or in highest.

Even from thence, ye mighty Lords, come
hither, and drink libations of the flowing Soma.

10 Whether, O Indra-Agni, ye be dwelling in
highest earth, in central, or in lowest,

Even from thence, ye mighty Lords, come
hither, and drink libations of the flowing Soma.

11 Whether ye be in heaven, O Indra-Agni, on
earth, on mountains, in the herbs, or waters,

Even from thence, ye mighty Lords, come
hither, and drink libations of the flowing Soma.

12 If, when the Sun to the mid-heaven hath
mounted, ye take delight in food, O Indra-Agni,

Even from thence, ye mighty Lords, come
hither, and drink libations of the flowing Soma.

13 Thus having drunk your fill of our libation,
win us all kinds of wealth, Indra and Agni.

This prayer of ours may Varuna grant, and
Mitra, and Aditi and Sindhu, Earth and Heaven.

HYMN CIX. Indra-Agni.

1. LONGING for weal I looked around, in
spirit, for kinsmen, Indra-Agni, or for brothers.

No providence but yours alone is with me so
have I wrought for you this hymn for succour.

2 For I have heard that ye give wealth more
freely than worthless son-in-law or spouse's
brother.

So offering to you this draught of Soma, I make
you this new hymn, Indra and Agni,

3 Let us not break the cords: with this petition
we strive to gain the powers of our forefathers.
For Indra-Agni the strong drops are joyful-, for
here in the bowl's lap are both the press-stones.

4 For you the bowl divine, Indra and Agni,
presses the Soma gladly to delight you.

With hands auspicious and fair arms, ye Asvins,
haste, sprinkle it with sweetness in the waters.

5 You, I have heard, were mightiest, Indra-
Agni, when Vrtra fell and when the spoil was
parted.

Sit at this sacrifice, ye ever active, on the strewn
grass, and with the juice delight you.

6 Surpassing all men where they shout for
battle, ye Twain exceed the earth and heaven in
greatness.

Greater are ye than rivers and than mountains, O
Indra-Agni, and all things beside them.

7 Bring wealth and give it, ye whose arms wield
thunder: Indra and Agni, with your powers
protect us.

Now of a truth these be the very sunbeams
wherewith our fathers were of old united.

8 Give, ye who shatter forts, whose hands wield
thunder: Indra and Agni, save us in our battles.

This prayer of ours may Varuna grant, and
Mitra, and Aditi and Sindhu, Earth and Heaven.

HYMN CX. Rbhus.

1. THE holy work I wrought before is wrought
again: my sweetest hymn is sung to celebrate
your praise.

Here, O ye Rbhus, is this sea for all the Gods:
sate you with Soma offered with the hallowing
word.

2 When, seeking your enjoyment onward from
afar, ye, certain of my kinsmen, wandered on
your way,

Sons of Sudhanvan, after your long journeying,
ye came unto the home of liberal Savitar.

3 Savitar therefore gave you immortality,

because ye came proclaiming him whom naught
can hide;

And this the drinking-chalice of the Asura,
which till that time was one, ye made to be
fourfold.

4 When they had served with zeal at sacrifice as
priests, they, mortal as they were, gained
immortality.

The Rbhus, children of Sudhanvan, bright as
suns, were in a year's course made associate
with prayers.

5 The Rbhus, with a rod measured, as 'twere a
field, the single sacrificial chalice. wide of
mouth,

Lauded of all who saw, praying for what is best,
desiring glorious fame among Immortal Gods.

6 As oil in ladles, we through knowledge will
present unto the Heroes of the firmament our
hymn,-

The Rbhus who came near with this great
Father's speed, and rose to heaven's high sphere
to eat the strengthening food.

7 Rbhu to us is Indra freshest in his might, Rbhu
with powers and wealth is giver of rich gifts.
Gods, through your favour may we on the happy
day quell the attacks of those who pour no
offerings forth.

8 Out of a skin, O Rbhus, once ye formed a
cow, and brought the mother close unto her calf
again.

Sons of Sudhanvan, Heroes, with surpassing
skill ye made your aged Parents youthful as
before.

9 Help us with strength where spoil is won, O
Indra: joined with the gbhus give us varied
bounty.

This prayer of ours may Varuna grant, and
Mitra, and Aditi and Sindhu, Earth and Heaven.

HYMN CXI. Rbhus.

1. WORKING with skill they wrought the
lightly rolling car: they wrought the Bays who
bear Indra and bring great gifts.

The Rbhus for their Parents made life young
again; and fashioned for the calf a mother by its
side.

2 For sacrifice make for us active vital power
for skill and wisdom food with noble progeny.

Grant to our company this power most
excellent, that with a family all-heroic we may
dwell.

3 Do ye, O Rbhus, make prosperity for us,
prosperity for car, ye Heroes, and for steed.

Grant us prosperity victorious evermore,
conquering foes in battle, strangers or akin.

4 Indra, the Rbhus' Lord, I invoke for aid, the
Rbhus, Vajas, Maruts to the Soma draught.

Varuna, Mitra, both, yea, and the Asvins Twain:
let them speed us to wealth, wisdom, and
victory.

5 May Rbhu send prosperity for battle, may
Vaja conquering in the fight protect us.

This prayer of ours may Varuna grant, and
Mitra, and Aditi and Sindhu, Earth and Heaven.

HYMN CXII. Asvins.

1 To give first thought to them, I worship
Heaven and Earth, and Agni, fair bright glow, to
hasten their approach.

Come hither unto us, O Asvins, with those aids
wherewith in fight ye speed the war-cry to the
spoil.

2 Ample, unfailing, they have mounted as it
were an eloquent car that ye may think of us and
give.

Come hither unto us, O Asvins, with those aids
wherewith ye help our thoughts to further holy
acts.

3 Ye by the might which heavenly nectar giveth
you are in supreme dominion Lords of all these
folk.

Come hither unto us, O Asvins, with those aids
wherewith ye, Heroes, made the barren cow
give milk.

4 The aids wherewith the Wanderer through his
offspring's might, or the Two-Mothered Son
shows swiftest mid the swift;

Wherewith the sapient one acquired his triple
lore,-Come hither unto us, O Asvins, with those
aids.

5 Wherewith ye raised from waters, prisoned
and fast bound, Rebha, and Vandana to look
upon the light;

Wherewith ye succoured Kapva as he strove to
win,-Come hither unto us, O Asvins, with those
aids.

6 Wherewith ye rescued Antaka when
languishing deep in the pit, and Bhujyu with
unfailing help.

And comforted Karkandhu, Vayya, in their
woe,-Come hither unto us, O Asvins, with those
aids.

7 Wherewith ye gave gucanti wealth and happy
home, and made the fiery pit friendly for Atri's
sake;

Wherewith ye guarded Purukutsa, Prsnigu,
-Come hither unto us, O Agvin;, with those aids.

8 Mighty Ones, with what powers ye gave
Paravrj aid what time ye made the blind and
lame to see and walk;

Wherewith ye set at liberty the swallowed
quail,-Come hither unto us, O Asvins, with
those aids.

9 Wherewith ye quickened the most sweet
exhaustless flood, and comforted Vasistha, ye
who ne'er decay;

And to Srutarya, Kutsa, Narya gave your help,-
Come hither unto us, O Asvins, with those aids.

10 Wherewith ye helped, in battle of a thousand
spoils, Vispala seeking booty, powerless to
move.

Wherewith ye guarded friendly Vaga, Asva's
son,-Come hither unto us, O Asvins, with those
aids.

11 Whereby the cloud, ye Bounteous Givers,
shed sweet rain for Dirghasravas, for the
merchant Ausija,

Wherewith ye helped Kaksivan, singer of your
praise,-Come hither unto us, O Asvins, with
those aids.

12 Wherewith ye made Rasa swell full with
water-floods, and urged to victory the car
without a horse;

Wherewith Trisoka drove forth his recovered
cows,-Come hither unto us, O Asvins, with
those aids.

13 Wherewith ye, compass round the Sun when
far away, strengthened Manddatar in his tasks as
lord of lands,

And to sage Bharadvija gave protecting help,-
Come hither unto us, O Asvins, with those aids.

14 Wherewith, when Sambara was slain, ye
guarded well great Atithigva, Divodisa, Kasoju,
And Trasadasyu when the forts were shattered

down,-Come hither unto us, O Asvins, with those aids.

15 Wherewith ye honoured the great drinker Vamra, and Upastuta and Kali when he gained his wife,

And lent to Vyasva. and to Prthi favouring help,-Come hither unto us, O Asvins, with those aids.

16 Wherewith, O Heroes, ye vouchsafed deliverance to Sayu, Atri, and to Manu long ago;

Wherewith ye shot your shafts in Syumarasmi's cause.-Come hither unto us, O Asvins, with those aids.

17 Wherewith Patharva, in his majesty of form, shone in his course like to a gathered kindled fire;

Wherewith ye helped Suryata in the mighty fray,-Come hither unto us, O Asvins, with those aids.

18 Wherewith, Angirases! ye triumphed in your heart, and onward went to liberate the flood of milk;

Wherewith ye helped the hero Manu with new strength,-Come hither unto us, O Asvins, with those aids.

19 Wherewith ye brought awife for Vimada to wed, wherewith ye freely gave the ruddy cows away;

Wherewith ye brought the host of kind Gods to Sudas-Come hither unto us, O Asvins, with those aids.

20 Wherewith ye bring great bliss to him who offers gifts, wherewith ye have protected Bhujyu, Adhrigu,

And good and gracious Subhara and Rtastup,- Come hither unto us, O Asvins, with those aids.

21 Wherewith ye served Krsanu where the shafts were shot, and helped the young man's horse to swiftiness in the race;

Wherewith ye bring delicious honey to the bees,-Come hither unto us, O Asvins, with those aids.

22 Wherewith ye speed the hero as he fights for kine in hero battle, in the strife for land and sons,

Wherewith ye safely guard his horses and his car,-Come hither unto us, O Asvins with those

aids.

23 Wherewith ye, Lords of Hundred Powers,
helped Kutsa, son of Aduni, gave Turviti and
Dabhiti strength,

Favoured Dhvasanti and lent Purusanti help,-
Come hither unto us, O Asvins, with those aids.

24 Make ye our speech effectual, O ye Asvins,
and this our hymn, ye mighty Wonder-Workers.
In luckless game I call on you for succour .
strengthen us also on the field of battle.

25 With, undiminished blessings, O ye Asvins,
for evermore both night and day protect us.
This prayer of ours may Varuna grant, and
Mitra, and Aditi and Sindhu, Earth and Heaven.

HYMN CXIII. Dawn.

1. This light is come, amid all lights the fairest;
born is the brilliant, far-extending brightness.
Night, sent away for Savitar's uprising, hath
yielded up a birth-place for the Morning.

2 The Fair, the Bright is come with her white
offspring; to her the Dark One hath resigned her
dwelling.

Akin, immortal, following each other, changing
their colours both the heavens move onward.

3 Common, unending is the Sisters' pathway;
taught by the Gods, alternately they travel.
Fair-formed, of different hues and yet one-
minded, Night and Dawn clash not, neither do
they travel.

4 Bright leader of glad sounds, our eyes behold
her; splendid in hue she hath unclosed the
portals.

She, stirring up the world, hath shown us riches:
Dawn hath awakened every living creature.

5 Rich Dawn, she sets afoot the coiled-up
sleeper, one for enjoyment, one for wealth or
worship,

Those who saw little for extended vision. All
living creatures hath the Dawn awakened.

6 One to high sway, one to exalted glory, one to
pursue his gain, and one his labour:

All to regard their different vocations, all
moving creatures hath the Dawn awakened.

7 We see her there, the Child of Heaven
apparent, the young Maid, flushing in her
shining raiment.

Thou soyrán Lady of all earthly treasure, flush

on us here, auspicious Dawn, this morning.

8 She first of endless morns to come hereafter,
follows the path of morns that have departed.

Dawn, at her rising, urges forth the living him
who is dead she wakes not from his slumber.

9 As thou, Dawn, hast caused Agni to be
kindled, and with the Sun's eye hast revealed
creation.

And hast awakened men to offer worship, thou
hast performed, for Gods, a noble service.

10 How long a time, and they shall be together,-
Dawns that have shone and Dawns to shine
hereafter?

She yearns for former Dawns with eager
longing, and goes forth gladly shining with the
others.

11 Gone are the men who in the days before us
looked on the rising of the earlier Morning.

We, we the living, now behold her brightness
and they come nigh who shall hereafter see her.

12 Foe-chaser, born of Law, the Law's
protectress, joy-giver waker of all pleasant
voices,

Auspicious, bringing food for Gods' enjoyment,
shine on us here, most bright, O Dawn, this
morning.

13 From days eternal hath Dawn shone, the
Goddess, and shows this light to-day, endowed
with riches.

So will she shine on days to come immortal she
moves on in her own strength, undecaying.

14 In the sky's borders hath she shone in
splendour: the Goddess hath thrown off the veil
of darkness.

Awakening the world with purple horses, on her
well-harnessed chariot Dawn approaches.

15 Bringing all life-sustaining blessings with
her, showing herself she sends forth brilliant
lustre.

Last of the countless mornings that have
vanished, first of bright morns to come hath
Dawn arisen.

16 Arise! the breath, the life, again hath reached
us: darkness hath passed away and light
approacheth.

She for the Sun hath left a path to travel we
have arrived where men prolong existence.

17 Singing the praises of refulgent Mornings

with his hymn's web the priest, the poet rises.
Shine then to-day, rich Maid, on him who lauds
thee, shine down on us the gift of life and
offspring.

18 Dawns giving sons all heroes, kine and
horses, shining upon the man who brings
oblations,-

These let the Soma-presser gain when ending
his glad songs louder than the voice of Vayu.

19 Mother of Gods, Aditi's forerunner of glory,
ensign of sacrifice, shine forth exalted.

Rise up, bestowing praise on our devotion all-
bounteous, make us chief among the people.

20 Whatever splendid wealth the Dawns bring
with them to bless the man who offers praise
and worship,

Even that may Mitra, Varuna vouchsafe us, and
Aditi and Sindhu, Earth and Heaven.

HYMN CXIV. Rudra.

1. To the strong Rudra bring we these our songs
of praise, to him the Lord of Heroes with the
braided hair,

That it be well with all our cattle and our men,
that in this village all be healthy and well-fed.

2 Be gracious unto us, O Rudra, bring us joy:
thee, Lord of Heroes, thee with reverence will
we serve.

Whatever health and strength our father Manu
won by sacrifice may we, under thy guidance,
gain.

3 By worship of the Gods may we, O Bounteous
One, O Rudra, gain thy grace, Ruler of valiant
men.

Come to our families, bringing them bliss: may
we, whose heroes are uninjured, bring thee
sacred gifts,

4 Hither we call for aid the wise, the wanderer,
impetuous Rudra, perfecter of sacrifice.

May he repel from us the anger of the Gods:
verily we desire his favourable grace.

5 Him with the braided hair we call with
reverence down, the wild-boar of the sky, the
red, the dazzling shape.

May he, his hand filled full of sovereign medicines,
grant us protection, shelter, and a home secure.

6 To him the Maruts' Father is this hymn
addressed, to strengthen Rudra's might, a song

more sweet than sweet.

Grant us, Immortal One, the food which mortals eat: be gracious unto me, my seed, my progeny.

7 O Rudra, harm not either great or small of us, harm not the growing boy, harm not the full-grown man.

Slay not a sire among us, slay no mother here, and to our own dear bodies, Rudra, do not harm.

8 Harm us not, Rudra, in our seed and progeny, harm us not in the living, nor in cows or steeds, Slay not our heroes in the fury of thy wrath.

Bringing oblations evermore we call to thee.

9 Even as a herdsman I have brought thee hymns of praise: O Father of the Maruts, give us happiness,

Blessed is thy most favouring benevolence, so, verily, do we desire thy saving help.

10 Far be thy dart that killeth men or cattle: thy bliss be with us, O thou Lord of Heroes.

Be gracious unto us, O God, and bless us, and then vouchsafe us doubly-strong protection.

11 We, seeking help, have spoken and adored him: may Rudra, girt by Maruts, hear our calling.

This prayer of ours may Varuna grant, and Mitra, and Aditi and Sindhu, Earth and Heaven.

HYMN CXV. Surya.

1. THE brilliant presence of the Gods hath risen, the eye of Mitra, Varuna and Agni.

The soul of all that moveth not or moveth, the Sun hath filled the air and earth and heaven.

2 Like as a young man followeth a maiden, so doth the Sun the Dawn, refulgent Goddess:

Where pious men extend their generations, before the Auspicious One for happy fortune.

3 Auspicious are the Sun's Bay-coloured Horses, bright, changing hues, meet for our shouts of triumph.

Bearing our prayers, the sky's ridge have they mounted, and in a moment speed round earth and heaven.

4 This is the Godhead, this might of Surya: he hath withdrawn what spread o'er work unfinished.

When he hath loosed his Horses from their station, straight over all Night spreadeth out her garment.

5 In the sky's lap the Sun this form assumeth
that Varuna and Mitra may behold it.
His Bay Steeds well maintain his power eternal,
at one time bright and darksome at another.
6 This day, O Gods, while Surya is ascending,
deliver us from trouble and dishonour.
This prayer of ours may Varuna grant, and
Mitra, and Aditi and Sindhu, Earth and Heaven.

HYMN CXVI. Asvins.

1. I TRIM like grass my song for the Nasatyas
and send their lauds forth as the wind drives
rain-clouds,
Who, in a chariot rapid as an arrow, brought to
the youthful Vimada a consort.
2 Borne on by rapid steeds of mighty pinion, or
proudly trusting in the Gods' incitements.
That stallion ass of yours won, O Nasatyas, that
thousand in the race, in Yama's contest.
3 Yea, Asvins, as a dead man leaves his riches,
Tugra left Bhujyu in the cloud of waters.
Ye brought him back in animated vessels,
traversing air, unwetted by the billows.
4 Bhujyu ye bore with winged things, Nasatyas,
which for three nights, three days full swiftly
travelled,
To the sea's farther shore, the strand of ocean, in
three cars, hundred-footed, with six horses.
5 Ye wrought that hero exploit in the ocean
which giveth no support, or hold or station,
What time ye carried Bhujyu to his dwelling,
borne in a ship with hundred oars, O Asvins.
6 The white horse which of old ye gave
Aghasva, Asvins, a gift to be his wealth for
ever,-
Still to be praised is that your glorious present,
still to be famed is the braye horse of Pedu.
7 O Heroes, ye gave wisdom to Kaksivan who
sprang from Pajra's line, who sang your praises.
Ye poured forth from the hoof of your strong
charger a hundred jars of wine as from a
strainer.
8 Ye warded off with cold the fire's fierce
burning; food very rich in nourishment ye
furnished.
Atri, cast downward in the cavern, Asvins ye
brought, with all his people, forth to comfort.
9 Ye lifted up the well, O ye Nasatyas, and set

the base on high to open downward.
Streams flowed for folk of Gotama who
thirsted, like rain to bring forth thousandfold
abundance.

10 Ye from the old Cyavana, O Nasatyas,
stripped, as 'twere mail, the skin upon
his body,
Lengthened his life when all had left him
helpless, Dasras! and made him lord of youthful
maidens.

11 Worthy of praise and worth the winning,
Heroes, is that your favouring succour O
Nasatyas,
What time ye, knowing well his case, delivered
Vandana from the pit like hidden treasure.
12 That mighty deed of yours, for gain, O
Heroes, as thunder heraldeth the rain, I publish,
When, by the horse's head, Atharvan's offspring
Dadhyac made known to you the Soma's
sweetness.

13 In the great rite the wise dame called,
Nasatyas, you, Lords of many treasures, to
assist her.
Ye heard the weakling's wife, as 'twere an order,
and gave to her a son Hiranyahasta.

14 Ye from the wolf's jaws, as ye stood
together, set free the quail, O Heroes, O
Nasatyas.

Ye, Lords of many treasures, gave the poet his
perfect vision as he mourned his trouble.
15 When in the time of night, in Khela's battle, a
leg was severed like a wild bird's pinion,
Straight ye gave Vispali a leg of iron that she
might move what time the conflict opened.

16 His father robbed Rjrasva of his eyesight
who for the she-wolf slew a hundred wethers.
Ye gave him eyes, Nasatyas, Wonder-Workers,
Physicians, that he saw with sight uninjured.

17 The Daughter of the Sun your car ascended,
first reaching as it were the goal with coursers.
All Deities within their hearts assented, and ye,
Nasatyas, are close linked with glory.

18 When to his house ye came, to Divodasa,
hasting to Bharadvaja, O ye Asvins,
The car that came with you brought splendid
riches: a porpoise and a bull were yoked
together.

19 Ye, bringing wealth with rule, and life with

offspring, life rich in noble heroes; O Nasatyas,
Accordant came with strength to Jahnu's
children who offered you thrice every day your
portion.

20 Ye bore away at night by easy pathways
Jahusa compassed round on every quarter,
And, with your car that cleaves the toe asunder,
Nasatyas never decaying! rent the mountains.

21 One morn ye strengthened Vaga for the
battle, to gather spoils that might be told in
thousands.

With Indra joined ye drove away misfortunes,
yea foes of Prthusravas, O ye mighty.

22 From the deep well ye raised on high the
water, so that Rcatka's son, Sara, should drink
it;

And with your might, to help the weary Sayu,
ye made the barren cow yield milk, Nasatyas.

23 To Visvaka, Nasatyas! son of Krsna, the
righteous man who sought your aid and praised
you,

Ye with your powers restored, like some lost
creature, his son Visnapu for his eyes to look
on.

24 Asvins, ye raised, like Soma in a ladle
Rebha, who for ten days and ten nights, fettered.
Had lain in cruel bonds, immersed and
wounded, suffering sore affliction, in the waters.

25 I have declared your wondrous deeds, O
Asvins: may this be mine, and many kine and
heroes.

May I, enjoying lengthened life, still seeing,
enter old age as 'twere the house I live in.

HYMN CXVII. Asvins.

1. ASVINS, your ancient priest invites you
hither to gladden you with draughts of meath of
Soma.

Our gift is on the grass, our song apportioned:
with food and strength come hither, O Nasatyas.

2 That car of yours, swifter than thought, O
Asvins, which drawn by brave steeds cometh to
the people,

Whereon ye seek the dwelling of the pious,-
come ye thereon to our abode, O Heroes.

3 Ye freed sage Atri, whom the Five Tribes
honoured, from the strait pit, ye Heroes with his

people,
Baffling the guiles of the malignant Dasyu,
repelling them, ye Mighty in succession.
4 Rebha the sage, ye mighty Heroes, Asvins!
whom, like a horse, vile men had sunk in
water,-
Him, wounded, with your wondrous power ye
rescued: your exploits of old time endure for
ever.
5 Ye brought forth Vandana, ye Wonder-
Workers, for triumph, like fair gold that hath
been buried,
Like one who slumbered in destruction's bosom,
or like the Sun when dwelling in the darkness.
6 Kaksivan, Pajra's son, must laud that exploit
of yours, Nasatyas, Heroes, ye who wander!
When from the hoof of your strong horse ye
showered a hundred jars of honey for the
people.
7 To Krsna's son, to Visvaka who praised you,
O Heroes, ye restored his son Visnapu.
To Ghosa, living in her father's dwelling,
stricken in years, ye gave a husband, Asvins.
8 Rusati, of the mighty people, Asvins, ye gave
to Syava of the line of Kanva.
This deed of yours, ye Strong Ones should be
published, that ye gave glory to the son of
Nrsad.
9 O Asvins, wearing many forms at pleasure, on
Pedu ye bestowed a fleet-foot courser,
Strong, winner of a thousand spoils, resistless
the serpent slayer, glorious, triumphant.
10 These glorious things are yours, ye
Bounteous Givers; prayer, praise in both worlds
are your habitation.
O Asvins, when the sons of Paira call you, send
strength with nourishment to him who knoweth.
11 Hymned with the reverence of a son, O
Asvins ye Swift Ones giving booty to the singer,
Glorified by Agastya with devotion, established
Vispala again, Nasatyas.
12 Ye Sons of Heaven, ye Mighty, whither went
ye, sought ye, for his fair praise the home of
Kdvya.
When, like a pitcher full of gold, O Asvins, on
the tenth day ye lifted up the buried?
13 Ye with the aid of your great powers, O
Asvins, restored to youth the ancient man

Cyavana.

The Daughter of the Sun with all her glory, O ye Nasatyas, chose your car to bear her.

14 Ye, ever-youthful Ones, again remembered Tugra, according to your ancient manner:

With horses brown of hue that flew with swift wings ye brought back Bhujyu from the sea of billows.

15 The son of Tugra had invoked you, Asvins; borne on he went uninjured through the ocean. Ye with your chariot swift as thought, well-harnessed, carried him off, O Mighty Ones, to safety.

16 The quail had invoked you, O Asvins, when from the wolf's devouring jaws ye freed her.

With conquering car ye cleft the mountain's ridges: the offspring of Visvac ye killed with poison.

17 He whom for furnishing a hundred wethers to the she-wolf, his wicked father blinded, To him, Rjrasva, gave ye eyes, O Asvins; light to the blind ye sent for perfect vision.

18 To bring the blind man joy thus cried the she-wolf: O Asvins, O ye Mighty Ones, O Heroes,

For me Rjrasva, like a youthful lover, hath cut piecemeal one and a hundred wethers.

19 Great and weal-giving is your aid, O Asvins, ye, objects of all thought, made whole the cripple.

Purandhi also for this cause invoked you, and ye, O mighty, came to her with succours.

20 Ye, Wonder-Workers, filled with milk for Sayu the milkless cow, emaciated, barren; And by your powers the child of Purumitra ye brought to Vimada to be his consort.

21 Ploughing and sowing barley, O ye Asvins, milking out food for men, ye Wonder-Workers, Blasting away the Dasyu with your trumpet, ye gave far-spreading light unto the Arya.

22 Ye brought the horse's head, Asvins, and gave it unto Dadhyac the offspring of Atharvan. True, he revealed to you, O WonderWorkers, sweet Soma, Tvastar's secret, as your girdle.

23 O Sages, evermore I crave your favour: be gracious unto all my prayers, O Asvins.

Grant me, Nasatyas, riches in abundance, wealth

famous and accompanied with children.
24 With liberal bounty to the weakling's
consorts ye, Heroes, gave a son Hiranyahasta;
And Syava, cut into three several pieces, ye
brought to life again, O bounteous Asvins.
25 These your heroic exploits, O ye Asvins,
done in the days. of old, have men related.
May we, addressing prayer to you, ye Mighty,
speak with brave sons about us to. the synod.

HYMN CXVIII. Asvins.

1. FLYING, with falcons, may your chariot,
Asvins, most gracious, bringing friendly
help, come hither,-
Your chariot, swifter than the mind of mortal,
fleet as the wind, three-seated O ye Mighty.
2 Come to us with your chariot triple seated,
three-wheeled, of triple form, that rolleth
lightly.
Fill full our cows, give mettle to our horses, and
make each hero son grow strong, O Asvins.
3 With your well-rolling car, descending
swiftly, hear this the press-stone's song, ye
Wonder-Workers.
How then have ancient sages said, O Asvins,
that ye most swiftly come to stay affliction?
4 O Asvins, let your falcons bear you hither,
yoked to your chariot, swift, with flying pinions,
Which, ever active, like the airy eagles, carry
you, O Nasatyas, to the banquet.
5 The youthful Daughter of the Sun, delighting
in you, ascended there your chariot, Heroes.
Borne on their swift wings let your beauteous
horses, your birds of ruddy hue, convey you
near us.
6 Ye raised up Vandana, strong
WonderWorkers! with great might, and with
power ye rescued Rebha.
From out the sea ye saved the son of Tugra, and
gave his youth again unto Cyavana.
7 To Atri, cast down to the fire that scorched
him, ye gave, O Asvins, strengthening thod and
favour.
Accepting his fair praises with approval, ye
gave his eyes again to blinded Kanva.
8 For ancient Sayti in his sore affliction ye
caused his cow to swell with milk, O Asvins.
The quail from her great misery ye delivered,

and a new leg for Vispala provided.

9 A white horse, Asvins, ye bestowed on Pedu,
a serpent-slaying steed sent down by Indra,
Loud-neighing, conquering the foe, highmettled,
firm-limbed and vigorous, winning thousand
treasures.

10 Such as ye are, O nobly horn, O Heroes, we
in our trouble call on you for succour.

Accepting these our songs, for our wellbeing
come to us on your chariot treasure-laden.

11 Come unto us combined in love, Nasatyas
come with the fresh swift vigour of the falcon.
Bearing oblations I invoke you, Asvins, at the
first break of everlasting morning.

HYMN CXIX. Asvins.

1. HITHER, that I may live, I call unto the feast
your wondrous car, thought-swift, borne on by
rapid steeds.

With thousand banners, hundred treasures,
pouring gifts, promptly obedient, bestowing
ample room.

2 Even as it moveth near my hymn is lifted up,
and all the regions come together to sing praise.
I sweeten the oblations; now the helpers come.
Urjani hath, O Asvins, mounted on your car.

3 When striving man with man for glory they
have met, brisk, measurcless, eager for victory
in fight,

Then verily your car is seen upon the slope
when ye, O Asvins, bring some choice boon to
the prince.

4 Ye came to Bhujyu while he struggled in the
flood, with flying birds, self-yoked, ye bore him
to his sires.

Ye went to the far-distant home, O Mighty
Ones; and famed is your great aid to Divodisa
given.

5 Asvins, the car which you had yoked for
glorious show your own two voices urged
directed to its goal.

Then she who came for friendship, Maid of
noble birth, elected you as Husbands, you to be
her Lords.

6 Rebha ye saved from tyranny; for Atri's sake
ye quenched with cold the fiery pit that
compassed him.

Ye made the cow of Sayu stream refreshing

milk, and Vandana was holpen to extended life.
7 Doers of marvels, skilful workers, ye restored
Vandana, like a car, worn out with length of
days.

From earth ye brought the sage to life in
wondrous mode; be your great deeds done here
for him who honours you.

8 Ye went to him who mourned in a far distant
place, him who was left forlorn by treachery of
his sire.

Rich with the light of heaven was then the help
ye gave, and marvellous your succour when ye
stood by him.

9 To you in praise of sweetness sang the honey-
bee: Ausija calleth you in Soma's rapturous joy.
Ye drew unto yourselves the spirit of Dadhyac,
and then the horse's head uttered his words to
you.

10 A horse did ye provide for Pedu, excellent,
white, O ye Asvins, conqueror of combatants,
Invincible in war by arrows, seeking heaven
worthy of fame, like Indra, vanquisher of men.

HYMN CXX. Asvins.

1. ASVINS, what praise may win your grace?
Who may be pleasing to you both?
How shall the ignorant worship you?

2 Here let the ignorant ask the means of you
who know-for none beside you knoweth aught -
Not of a spiritless mortal man.

3 Such as ye: are, all-wise, we call you. Ye
wise, declare to us this day accepted prayer.
Loving you well your servant lauds you.

4 Simply, ye Mighty Ones, I ask the Gods of
that wondrous oblation hallowed by the mystic
word.

Save us from what is stronger, fiercer than
ourselves.

5 Forth go the hymn that shone in Ghosa
Bhrgu's like, the song wherewith the son of
Pajra worships you,
Like some wise minister.

6 Hear ye the song of him who hastens speedily.
O Asvins, I am he who sang your praise.
Hither, ye Lords of Splendour, hither turn your
eyes.

7 For ye were ever nigh to deal forth ample
wealth, to give the wealth that ye had gathered

up.

As such, ye Vasus, guard us well, and keep us
safely from the wicked wolf.

8 Give us not up to any man who hateth us, nor
let our milch-cows stray, whose udders give us
food,

Far from our homes without their calves.

9 May they who love you gain you for their
Friends. Prepare ye us for opulence with
strengthening food,

Prepare us for the food that floweth from our
cows

10 I have obtained the horseless car of Asvins
rich in sacrifice,

And I am well content therewith.

11 May it convey me evermore: may the light
chariot pass from men

To men unto the Soma draught.

12 It holdeth slumber in contempt. and the rich
who enjoyeth not:

Both vanish quickly and are lost.

HYMN CXXI, Indra.

1. WHEN Will men's guardians hasting hear
with favour the song of Angiras's pious
children?

When to the people of the home he cometh he
strideth to the sacrifice, the Holy.

2 He stablished heaven; he poured forth, skilful
worker, the wealth of kine, for strength, that
nurtures heroes.

The Mighty One his self-born host regarded, the
horse's mate, the mother of the heifer.

3 Lord of red dawns, he came victorious, daily
to the Angirases' former invocation.

His bolt and team hath he prepared, and
stablished the heaven for quadrupeds and men
two-footed.

4 In joy of this thou didst restore, for worship,
the lowing company of hidden cattle.

When the three-pointed one descends with
onslaught he opens wide the doors that cause
man trouble.

5 Thine is that milk which thy swift-moving
Parents brought down, a strengthening genial
gift for conquest;

When the pure treasure unto thee they offered,
the milk shed from the cow who streameth

nectar.

6 There is he born. May the Swift give us
rapture, and like the Sun shine forth from
yonder dawning,
Indu, even us who drank, whose toils are
offerings, poured from the spoon, with praise,
upon the altar.

7 When the wood-pile, made of good logs, is
ready, at the Sun's worship to bind fast the
Bullock,
Then when thou shinest forth through days of
action for the Car-borne, the Swift, the Cattle-
seeker.

8 Eight steeds thou broughtest down from
mighty heaven, when fighting for the well that
giveth splendour,
That men might press with stones the
gladdening yellow, strengthened with milk,
fermenting, to exalt thee.

9 Thou hurledst forth from heaven the iron
missile, brought by the Skilful, from the sling of
leather,

When thou, O Much-invoked, assisting Kutsa
with endless deadly darts didst compass Susna.

10 Bolt-armed, ere darkness overtook the
sunlight, thou castest at the veiling cloud thy
weapon,

Thou rentest, out of heaven, though firmly
knotted, the might of Susna that was thrown
around him.

11 The mighty Heaven and Earth, those bright
expanses that have no wheels, joyed, Indra, at
thine exploit.

Vrtra, the boar who lay amid the waters, to sleep
thou sentest with thy mighty thunder.

12 Mount Indra, lover of the men thou guardest,
the well-yoked horses of the wind, best bearers.
The bolt which Kavya Usana erst gave thee,
strong, gladdening, Vrtra-slaying, hath he
fashioned *

13 The strong Bay Horses of the Sun thou
stayedst: this Etasa drew not the wheel, O Indra.
Casting them forth beyond the ninety rivers thou
dravest down into the pit the godless.

14 Indra, preserve thou us from this affliction
Thunder-armed, save us from the misery near
us.

Vouchsafe us affluence in chariots, founded on

horses, for our food and fame and gladness.
15 Never may this thy loving-kindness fail us;
mighty in strength, may plenteous food
surround us.
Maghavan, make us share the foeman's cattle:
may we be thy most liberal feast companions.

HYMN CXXII Visvadevas.

1. SAY, bringing sacrifice to bounteous Rudra,
This juice for drink to you whose wrath is
fleeting!

With Dyaus the Asura's Heroes I have lauded
the Maruts as with prayer to Earth and Heaven.
2 Strong to exalt the early invocation are Night
and Dawn who show with varied aspect.
The Barren clothes her in wide-woven raiment,
and fair Morn shines with Surya's golden
splendour.

3 Cheer us the Roamer round, who strikes at
morning, the Wind delight us, pourer forth of
waters!

Sharpen our wits, O Parvata and Indra. May all
the Gods vouchsafe to us this favour.

4 And Ausija shall call for me that famous Pair
who enjoy and drink, who come to brighten.
Set ye the Offspring of the Floods before you;
both Mothers of the Living One who beameth.
5 For you shall Ausija call him who thunders,
as, to win Arjuna's assent, cried Ghosa.

I will invoke, that Pusan may be bounteous to
you, the rich munificence of Agni.

6 Hear, Mitra-Varuna, these mine invocations,
hear them from all men in the hall of worship.
Giver of famous gifts, kind hearer, Sindhu who
gives fair fields, listen with all his waters 1
7 Praised, Mitra, Varuna! is your gift, a hundred
cows to the Prksayamas and the Pajra.
Presented by car-famous Priyaratha, supplying
nourishment, they came directly.

8 Praised is the gift of him the very wealthy:
may we enjoy it, men with hero children:
His who hath many gifts to give the Pajras, a
chief who makes me rich in cars and horses.
9 The folk, O Mitra-Varuna, who hate you, who
sinfully hating pour you no libations,
Lay in their hearts, themselves, a wasting
sickness, whereas the righteous gaineth all by
worship.

10 That man, most puissant, wondrously urged
onward, famed among heroes, liberal in giving,
Moveth a warrior, evermore undaunted in all
encounters even with the mighty.

11 Come to the man's, the sacrificer's calling:
hear, Kings of Immortality, joy-givers!
While ye who speed through clouds decree your
bounty largely, for fame, to him the chariot
rider.

12 Vigour will we bestow on that adorer whose
tenfold draught we come to taste, so spake they.
May all in whom rest splendour and great riches
obtain refreshment in these sacrifices.

13 We will rejoice to drink the tenfold present
when the twicetwo come bearing sacred viands.
What can he do whose steeds and reins are
choicest? These, the all-potent, urge brave men
to conquest.

14 The sea and all the Deities shall give us him
with the golden car and neck bejewelled.
Dawns, hasting to the praises of the pious, be
pleased with us, both offerers and singers.

15 Four youthful sons of Masarsara vex me,
three, of the king, the conquering Ayavasa.
Now like the Sun, O Varuna and Mitra, your car
hath shone, long-shaped and reined with
splendour.

HYMN CXXIII. Dawn.

1. THE Daksina's broad chariot hath been
harnessed: this car the Gods Immortal have
ascended.

Fain to bring light to homes of men the noble
and active Goddess hath emerged from
darkness.

2 She before all the living world hath wakened,
the Lofty One who wins and gathers treasure.
Revived and ever young on high she glances.
Dawn hath come first unto our morning
worship.

3 If, Dawn, thou Goddess nobly born, thou
dealest fortune this day to all the race of
mortals,
May Savitar the God, Friend of the homestead,
declare before the Sun that we are sinless.

4 Showing her wonted form each day that
passeth, spreading the light she visiteth each
dwelling.

Eager for conquest, with bright sheen she
cometh. Her portion is the best of goodly
treasures.

5 Sister of Varuna, sister of Bhaga, first among
all sing forth, O joyous Morning.

Weak be the strength of him who worketh evil -
may we subdue him with our car the guerdon.

6 Let our glad hymns and holy thoughts rise
upward, for the flames brightly burning have
ascended.

The far-refulgent Mornings make apparent the
lovely treasures which the darkness covered.

7 The one departeth and the other cometh:
unlike in hue day's, halves march on successive.
One hides the gloom of the surrounding Parents.
Dawn on her shining chariot is resplendent.

8 The same in form to-day, the same tomorrow,
they still keep Varuna's eternal statute.

Blameless, in turn they traverse thirty regions,
and dart across the spirit in a moment.

9 She who hath knowledge Of the first day's
nature is born refulgent white from out the
darkness.

The Maiden breaketh not the law of Order, day
by day coming to the place appointed.

10 In pride of beauty like a maid thou goest, O
Goddess, to the God who longs to win thee,
And smiling youthful, as thou shinest brightly,
before him thou discoverest thy bosom.

11 Fair as a bride embellished by her mother
thou showest forth thy form that all may see it.
Blessed art thou O Dawn. Shine yet more
widely. No other Dawns have reached what
thou attainest.

12 Rich in kine, horses, and all goodly treasures,
in constant operation with the sunbeams,
The Dawns depart and come again again
assuming their wonted forms that promise
happy fortune.

13 Obedient to the rein of Law Eternal give us
each thought that more and more shall bless us.
Shine thou on us to-day, Dawn, swift to listen.
With us be riches and with chiefs who worship.

HYMN CXXIV. Dawn.

1. THE Dawn refulgent when the fire is kindled,
and the Sun rising, far diffuse their brightness.
Savitar, God, hath sent us forth to labour, each

quadruped, each biped, to be active.

2 Not interrupting heavenly ordinances,
although she minisheth human generations.
The last of endless morns that have departed,
the first of those that come, Dawn brightly
shineth.

3 There in the eastern region she, Heaven's
Daughter, arrayed in garments all of light,
appeareth.

Truly she followeth the path of Order, nor
faileth, knowing well, the heavenly quarters.

4 Near is she seen, as 'twere the Bright One's
bosom: she showeth sweet things like a new
song-singer.

She cometh like a fly awaking sleepers, of all
returning dames most true and constant.

5 There in the east half of the watery region the
Mother of the Cows hath shown her ensign.
Wider and wider still she spreadeth onward, and
filleth full the laps of both heir Parents.

6 She, verily, exceeding vast to look on
debarreth from her light nor kin nor stranger.
Proud of her spotless form she, brightly
shining, turneth not from the high nor from
the humble.

7 She seeketh men, as she who hath no brother,
mounting her car, as 'twere to gather riches.

Dawn, like a loving matron for her husband,
smiling and well attired, unmasketh her beauty.

8 The Sister quitteth, for the elder Sister, her
place, and having looked on her departeth.
She decks her beauty, shining forth with
sunbeams, like women trooping to the festal
meeting.

9 To all these Sisters who ere now have
vanished a later one each day in course
succeedeth.

So, like the past, with days of happy fortune,
may the new Dawns shine forth on us with
riches.

10 Rouse up, O Wealthy One, the liberal givers;
let niggard traffickers sleep on unwakened:
Shine richly, Wealthy One, on those who
worship, richly, glad.

Dawn while wasting, on the singer.

11 This young Maid from the east hath shone
upon us; she harnesseth her team of bright red
oxen.

She will beam forth, the light will hasten hither,
and Agni will be present in each dwelling.

12 As the birds fly forth from their resting
places, so men with store of food rise at thy
dawning.

Yea, to the liberal mortal who remaineth at
home, O Goddess Dawn, much good thou
bringest.

13 Praised through my prayer be ye who should
be lauded. Ye have increased our wealth, ye
Dawns who love us.

Goddesses, may we win by your good favour
wealth to be told by hundreds and by thousands.

HYMN CXXV. Svanaya.

1. COMING at early morn he gives his treasure;
the prudent one receives and entertains him.

Thereby increasing still his life and offspring,
he comes with brave sons to abundant riches.

2 Rich shall he be in gold and kine and horses.

Indra bestows on him great vital power,
Who stays thee, as thou comest, with his
treasure, like game caught in the net, O early
comer.

3 Longing, I came this morning to the pious, the
son of sacrifice, with car wealth. laden.

Give him to drink juice of the stalk that
gladdens; prosper with pleasant hymns the Lord
of Heroes.

4 Health-bringing streams, as milch-cows, flow
to profit him who hath worshipped, him who
now will worship.

To him who freely gives and fills on all sides
full streams of fatness flow and make him
famous.

5 On the high ridge of heaven he stands exalted,
yea, to the Gods he goes, the liberal giver.

The streams, the waters flow for him with
fatness: to him this guerdon ever yields
abundance.

6 For those who give rich meeds are all these
splendours, for those who give rich meeds suns
shine in heaven.

The givers of rich meeds are made immortal;
the givers of rich fees prolong their lifetime.

7 Let not the liberal sink to sin and sorrow,
never decay the pious -chiefs who worship!
Let every man besides be their protection, and

let affliction fall upon the niggard.

HYMN CXXVI. Bhavayavya.

1. WITH wisdom I present these lively praises
of Bhavya dweller on the bank of Sindhu;
For he, unconquered King, desiring glory, hath
furnished me a thousand sacrifices.

2 A hundred necklets from the King,
beseeching, a hundred gift-steeds I at once
accepted;

Of the lord's cows a thousand, I Kaksivan. His
deathless glory hath he spread to heaven.

3 Horses of dusky colour stood beside me, ten
chariots, Svanaya's gift, with mares to draw
them.

Kine numbering sixty thousand followed after.
Kaksivan gained them when the days were
closing.

4 Forty bay horses of the ten cars' master before
a thousand lead the long procession.

Reeling in joy Kaksivan's sons and Pajra's have
grounded the coursers decked with pearly
trappings.

5 An earlier gift for you have I accepted eight
cows, good milkers, and tree harnessed horses,
Pajras, who with your wains with your great
kinsman, like troops of subjects, have been fain
for glory.

HYMN CXXVII Agni.

1. AGNI I hold as herald, the munificent, the
gracious, Son of Strength, who knoweth all that
live, as holy Singer, knowing all,
Lord of fair rites, a God with form erected
turning to the Gods,
He, when the flame hath sprung forth from the
holy oil, the offered fatness, longeth for it with
his glow.

2 We, sacrificing, call on thee best worshipper,
the eldest of Angirases, Singer, with hymns,
thee, brilliant One! with singers' hymns;
Thee, wandering round as 't were the sky, who
art the invoking Priest of men,
Whom, Bull with hair of flame the people must
observe, the people that he speed them on.

3 He with his shining glory blazing far and
wide, he verily it is who slayeth demon foes,
slayeth the demons like an axe:

At whose close touch things solid shake, and

what is stable yields like trees.
Subduing all, he keeps his ground and flinches
not, from the skilled archer flinches not.
4 To him, as one who knows, even things solid
yield: unrough fire-sticks heated hot he gives his
gifts to aid. Men offer Agni gifts for aid.
He deeply piercing many a thing hews it like
wood with fervent glow.
Even hard and solid food he crunches with his
might, yea, hard and solid food with might.
5 Here near we place the sacrificial food for him
who shines forth fairer in the night than in the
day, with life then stronger than by day.
His life gives sure and firm defence as that one
giveth to a son.
The during fires enjoy things given and things
not given, the during fires enjoy as food.
6 He, roaring very loudly like the Maruts' host,
in fertile cultivated fields adorable, in desert
spots adorable,
Accepts and eats our offered gifts, ensign of
sacrifice by desert;
So let all, joying, love his path when he is glad,
as men pursue a path for bliss.
7 Even as they who sarig forth hymns,
addressed to heaven, the Blirgus with their
prayer and praise invited him, the Bhrgus
rubbing, offering gifts.
For radiant Agni, Lord of all these treasures, is
exceeding strong.
May he, the wise, accept the grateful coverings,
the wise accept the coverings.
8 Thee we invoke, the Lord of all our settled
homes, common to all, the household's
guardian, to enjoy, bearer of true hymns, to
enjoy.
Thee we invoke, the guest of men, by whose
mouth, even as a sire's,
All these Immortals come to gain their food of
life, oblations come to Gods as food.
9 Thou, Agni, most victorious with thy
conquering strength, most Mighty One, art born
for service of the Gods, like wealth for service
of the Gods.
Most mighty is thine ecstasy, most splendid is
thy mental power.
Therefore men wait upon thee, undecaying One,
like vassals, undecaying One.

10 To him the mighty, conquering with
victorious strength, to Agni walking with the
dawn, who sendeth kine, be sung your laud, to
Agni sung;
As he who with oblation comes calls him aloud
in every place.
Before the brands of fire he shouteth singerlike,
the herald, kindler of the brands.
11 Agni, beheld by us in nearest neighbourhood,
accordant with the Gods, bring us, with gracious
love, great riches with thy gracious love.
Give us O Mightiest, what is great, to see and to
enjoy the earth.
As one of awful power, stir up heroic might for
those who praise thee, Bounteous Lord!

HYMN CXXVIII. Agni.

1. By Manu's law was born this Agni, Priest
most skilled, born for the holy work of those
who yearn therefore, yea, born for his own holy
work.
All ear to him who seeks his love and wealth to
him who strives for fame,
Priest ne'er deceived, he sits in Ila's holy place,
girt round in Ila's holy place.
2 We call that perfecter of worship by the path
or sacrifice; with reverence rich in offerings,
with worship rich in offerings.
Through presentation of our food he grows not
old in this his from;
The God whom Matarisvan brought from far
away, for Manu brought from far away.
3 In ordered course forthwith he traverses the
earth, swift-swallowing, bellowing Steer,
bearing the genial seed, bearing the seed and
bellowing.
Observant with a hundred eyes the God is
conqueror in the wood:
Agni, who hath his seat in broad plains here
below, and in the high lands far away.
4 That Agni, wise High-Priest, in every house
takes thought for sacrifice and holy service, yea,
takes thought, with mental power, for sacrifice.
Disposer, he with mental power shows all things
unto him who strives;
Whence he was born a guest enriched with holy
oil, born as Ordainer and as Priest.

5 When through his power and in his strong
prevailing flames the Maruts' gladdening boons
mingle with Agni's roar, boons gladdening for
the active One,

Then he accelerates the gift, and by the
greatness of his wealth,

Shall rescue us from overwhelming misery,
from curse and overwhelming woe.

6 Vast, universal, good he was made messenger;
the speeder with his right hand hath not loosed
his hold, through love of fame not loosed his
hold.

He bears oblations to the Gods for whosoever
supplicates.

Agni bestows a blessing on each pious man, and
opens wide the doors for him.

7 That Agni hath been set most kind in camp of
men, in sacrifice like a Lord victorious, like a
dear Lord in sacred rites.

His are the oblations of mankind when offered
up at Ili's place.

He shall preserve us from Varuna's
chastisement, yea, from the great God's
chastisement.

8 Agni the Priest they supplicate to grant them
wealth: him, dear, most thoughtful, have they
made their messenger, him, offering-bearer have
they made,

Beloved of all, who knoweth all, the Priest, the
Holy one, the Sage-

Him, Friend, for help, the Gods when they are
fain for wealth, him, Friend, with hymns, when
fain for wealth.

HYMN CXXIX Indra.

1. THE car which Indra, thou, for service of the
Gods though it be far away, O swift One,
bringest near, which, Blameless One, thou
bringest near,

Place swiftly nigh us for our help: be it thy will
that it be strong.

Blameless and active, hear this speech of
orderers, this speech of us like orderers.

2 Hear, Indra, thou whom men in every fight
must call to show thy strength, for cry of battle
with the men, with men of war for victory.

He who with heroes wins the light, who with the
singers gains the prize,

Him the rich seek to gain even as a swift strong
steed, even as a courser fleet and strong.

3 Thou, Mighty, pourest forth the hide that
holds the rain, thou keepest far away, Hero, the
wicked man, thou shuttest out the wicked man.
Indra, to thee I sing, to Dyaus, to Rudra glorious
in himself,

To Mitra, Varuna I sing a far-famed hymn to the
kind God a far-famed hymn.

4 We wish our Indra here that he may further
you, the Friend, beloved of all, the very strong
ally, in wars the very strong ally
In all encounters strengthen thou our prayer to
be a help to us.

No enemy-whom thou smitest downsubdueth
thee, no enemy, whom thou smitest down.

5 Bow down the overweening pride of every foe
with succour like to kindling-wood in fiercest
flame, with mighty succour, Mighty One.

Guide us, thou Hero, as of old, so art thou
counted blameless still.

Thou drivest, as a Priest, all sins of man away,
as Priest, in person, seeking us.

6 This may I utter to the present Soma-drop,
which, meet to be invoked, with power, awakes
the prayer, awakes the demon-slaying prayer.
May he himself with darts of death drive far
from us the scorner's hate.

Far let him flee away who speaketh wickedness
and vanish like a mote of dust.

7 By thoughtful invocation this may we obtain,
obtain great wealth, O Wealthy One, with Hero
sons, wealth that is sweet with hero sons.

Him who is wroth we pacify with sacred food
and eulogies,

Indra the Holy with our calls inspired and true,
the Holy One with calls inspired.

8 On, for your good and ours, come Indra with
the aid of his own lordliness to drive the wicked
hence, to rend the evilhearted ones!

The weapon which devouring fiends cast at us
shall destroy themselves.

Struck down, it shall not reach the mark; hurled
forth, the fire-brand shall not strike.

9 With riches in abundance, Indra, come to us,
come by an unobstructed path, come by a path
from demons free.

Be with us when we stray afar, be with us when

our home is nigh.

Protect us with thy help both near and far away:
protect us ever with thy help.

10 Thou art our own, O Indra, with victorious
wealth: let might accompany thee, the Strong, to
give us aid, like Mitra, to give mighty aid.
O strongest saviour, helper thou, Immortal! of
each warrior's car.

Hurt thou another and not us, O Thunderarmed,
one who would hurt, O Thunder-armed!

11 Save us from injury, thou who art well
extolled: ever the warder-off art thou of wicked
ones, even as a God, of wicked ones;
Thou slayer of the evil fiend, saviour of singer
such as I.

Good Lord, the Father made thee slayer of the
fiends, made thee, good Lord, to slay the fiends.

HYMN CXXX. Indra.

1. Come to us, Indra, from afar, conducting us
even as a lord of heroes to the gatherings, home,
like a King, his heroes' lord.

We come with gifts of pleasant food, with juice
poured forth, invoking thee,
As sons invite a sire, that thou mayst get thee
strength thee, bounteousest, to get thee strength.

2 O Indra, drink the Soma juice pressed out with
stones. poured from the reservoir, as an ox
drinks the spring, a very thirsty bull the spring.
For the sweet draught that gladdens thee, for
mightiest freshening of thy strength.

Let thy Bay Horses bring thee hither as the Sun,
as every day they bring the Sun.

3 He found the treasure brought from heaven
that lay concealed, close-hidden, like the
nestling of a bird, in rock, enclosed in never-
enffing rock.

Best Angiras, bolt-armed, he strove to win, as
'twere, the stall of kine;

So Indra hath disclosed the food concealed,
disclosed the doors, the food that lay concealed.

4 Grasping his thunderbolt with both hands,
Indra made its edge most keen, for hurling, like
a carving-knife for Ahi's slaughter made it keen.
Endued with majesty and strength, O Indra, and
with lordly might,

Thou crashest down the trees, as when a
craftsman fells, crashest them down as with an

axe.

5 Thou, Indra, without effort hast let loose the
floods to run their free course down,
like chariots, to the sea, like chariots showing
forth their strength.

They, reaching hence away, have joined their
strength for one eternal end,
Even as the cows who poured forth every thing
for man, Yea, poured forth all thing- for
mankind.

6 Eager for riches, men have formed for thee
this song, like as a skilful craftsman fashioneth a
car, so have they wrought thee to their bliss;
Adorning thee, O Singer, like a generous steed
for deeds of might,

Yea, like a steed to show his strength and win
the prize, that he may bear each prize away.

7 For Puru thou hast shattered, Indra ninety
forts, for Divodasa thy boon servant with thy
bolt, O Dancer, for thy worshipper.

For Atithigva he, the Strong, brought Sambara.
from the mountain down,

Distributing the mighty treasures with his
strength, parting all treasures with his strength.

8 Indra in battles help his Aryan worshipper, he
who hath hundred helps at hand in every fray, in
frays that win the light of heaven.

Plaguing the lawless he gave up to Manu's seed
the dusky skin;

Blazing, 'twere, he burns each covetous man
away, he burns, the tyrannous away.

9 Waxed strong in might at dawn he tore the
Sun's wheel off. Bright red, he steals away their
speech, the Lord of Power, their speech he
steals away from them,

As thou with eager speed, O Sage, hast come
from far away to hel

As winning for thine own all happiness of men,
winning all happiness each day.

10 Lauded with our new hymns, O vigorous in
deed, save us with strengthening help, thou
Shatterer of the Forts!

Thou, Indra, praised by Divodasa's clansmen, as
heaven grows great with days, shalt wax in
glory.

HYMN CXXXI. Indra.

1. To Indra Dyaus the Asura hath bowed him

down, to Indra mighty Earth with wide-
extending tracts, to win the light, with wide-
spread tracts.

All Gods of one accord have set Indra in front
preeminent.

For Indra all libations must be set apart, all
man's libations set apart.

2 In all libations men with hero spirit urge the
Universal One, each seeking several light, each
fain to win the light apart.

Thee, furthering like a ship, will we set to the
chariot-pole of strength,

As men who win with sacrifices Indra's thought,
men who win Indra with their lauds.

3 Couples desirous of thine aid are storming
thee, pouring their presents forth to win a stall
of kine, pouring gifts, Indra, seeking thee.

When two men seeking spoil or heaven thou
bringest face to face in war,

Thou showest, Indra, -then the bolt thy constant
friend, the Bull that ever waits on thee.

4 This thine heroic power men of old time have
known, wherewith thou breakest down, Indra,
autumnal forts, breakest them down with
conquering might.

Thou hast chastised, O Indra, Lord of Strength,
the man who worships not,

And made thine own this great earth and these
water-floods; with joyous heart these
waterfloods.

5 And they have bruited far this hero-might
when thou, O Strong One, in thy joy helpest thy
suppliants, who sought to win thee for their
Friend.

Their battle-cry thou madest sound victorious in
the shocks of war.

One stream after another have they gained from
thee, eager for glory have they gained.

6. Also this morn may he be well inclined to us,
mark at our call our offerings and our song of
praise, our call that we may win the light.

As thou, O Indra Thunder-armed, wilt, as the
Strong One, slay the foe,

Listen thou to the prayer of me a later sage, hear
thou a later sage's prayer.

7 O Indra, waxen strong and well-inclined to us,
thou very mighty, slay the man that is our foe,
slay the man, Hero! with thy bolt.

Slay thou the man who injures us: hear thou, as
readiest, to hear.
Far be malignity, like mischief on the march,
afar be all malignity.

HYMN CXXXII. Indra.

1. HELPED, Indra Maghavan, by thee in war of
old, may we subdue in fight the men who strive
with us, conquer the men who war with us.
This day that now is close at hand bless him
who pours the Soma juice.

In this our sacrifice may we divide the spoil,
showing our strength, the spoil of war.

2 In war which wins the light, at the freegiver's
call, at due oblation of the early-rising one,
oblation of the active one,

Indra slew, even as we know-whom each bowed
head must reverence.

May all thy bounteous gifts be gathered up for
us, yea, the good gifts of thee the Good.

3 This food glows for thee as of old at sacrifice,
wherein they made thee chooser of the place ,
for thou choosest the place of sacrifice.

Speak thou and make it known to us they see
within with beams of light.

Indra, indeed, is found a seeker after spoil,
spoil-seeker for his own allies.

4 So now must thy great deed be lauded as of
old, when for the Angirases thou openedst the
stall, openedst, giving aid, the stall.

In the same manner for us here fight thou and be
victorious:

To him who pours the juice give up the lawless
man, the lawless who is wroth with us.

5 When with wise plan the Hero leads the
people forth, they conquer in the ordered battle,
seeking fame, press, eager, onward seeking
fame.

To him in time of need they sing for life with
offspring and with strength.

Their hymns with Indra find a welcome place of
rest: the hynins go forward to the Gods.

6 Indra and Parvata, our champions in the fight,
di ive ye away each man who fain would war
with us, drive him far from us with the bolt.

Welcome to him concealed afar shall he the lair
that he hath found.

So may the Render rend our foes on every side,

rend them, O Hero, everywhere.

HYMN CXXXIII. Indra.

1. WITH sacrifice I purge both earth and
heaven: I burn up great she-fiends who serve
not Indra,

Where throttled by thy hand the foes were
slaughtered, and in the pit of death lay pierced
and mangled.

2 O thou who castest forth the stones crushing
the sorceresses' heads,

Break them with thy wide-spreading foot, with
thy wide-spreading mighty foot.

3 Do thou, O Maghavan, beat off these
sorceresses' daring strength.

Cast them within the narrow pit. within the deep
and narrow pit.

4 Of whom thou hast ere now destroyed thrice-
fifty with thy fierce attacks.

That deed they count a glorious deed, though
small to thee, a glorious deed.

5 O Indra, crush and bray to bits the fearful
fiery-weaponed fiend:

Strike every demon to the ground.

6 Tear down the mighty ones. O Indra, hear
thou us. For heaven hath glowed like earth in
fear, O nunder-armed, as dreading fierce heat,
Thunder-armed!

Most Mighty mid the Mighty Ones thou
speedest with strong bolts of death,
Not slaying men, unconquered Hero with the
brave, O Hero, with the thrice-seven brave.

7 The pourer of libations gains the home of
wealth, pouring his gift conciliates hostilities,
yea, the hostilities of Gods.

Pouring, he strives, unchecked and strong, to
win him riches thousandfold.

Indra gives lasting wealth to him who pours
forth gifts, yea, wealth he gives that long shall
last.

HYMN CXXXIV. Vayu.

1. Vayu, let fleet-foot coursers bring thee
speedily to this our feast, to drink first of the
juice we pour, to the first draught of Soma juice.
May our glad hymn, discerning well, uplifted,
gratify thy mind.

Come with thy team-drawn car, O Vayu, to the
gift, come to the sacrificer's gift.

2 May the joy-giving drops, O Vayu gladden thee, effectual, well prepared, directed to the heavens, strong, blent with milk and seeking heaven;

That aids, effectual to fulfil, may wait upon our skilful power.

Associate teams come hitherward to grant our prayers . they shall address the hymns we sing.

3 Two red steeds Vayu yokes, Vayu two purple steeds, swift-footed, to the chariot, to the pole to draw, most able, at the pole, to draw.

Wake up intelligence, as when a lover wakes his sleeping love.

Illumine heaven and earth, make thou the Dawns to shine, for glory make the Dawns to shine.

4 For thee the radiant Dawns in the fardistant sky broaden their lovely gannents forth in wondrous beams, bright-coloured in their new-born beams.

For thee the nectar-yielding Cow pours all rich treasures forth as milk.

The Marut host hast thou engendered from the womb, the Maruts from the womb of heaven.

5 For thee the pure bright quickly-flowing Soma-drops, strong in their heightening power, hasten to mixthemselves, hasten to the water to be mixed.

To thee the weary coward prays for luck that he may speed away.

Thou by thy law protectest us from every world, yea, from the world of highest Gods.

6 Thou, Vayu, who hast none before thee, first of all hast right to drink these offerings of Soma juice, hast right to drink the juice out-poured, Yea, poured by all invoking tribes who free themselves from taint of sin,

For thee all cows are milked to yield the Soma-milk, to yield the butter and the milk.

HYMN CXXXV. Vayu, Indra-Vayu.

1. STREWN is the sacred grass; come Vayu, to our feast, with team of thousands, come, Lord of the harnessed team, with hundreds, Lord of harnessed steeds!

The drops divine are lifted up for thee, the God, to drink them first.

The juices rich in sweets have raised them for

thy joy, have raised themselves to give thee strength.

2 Purified by the stones the Soma flows for thee, clothed with its lovely splendours, to the reservoir, flows clad in its refulgent light. For thee the Soma is poured forth, thy portioned share mid. Gods and men.

Drive thou thy horses, Vayu, come to us with love, come well-inclined and loving us.

3 Come thou with hundreds, come with thousands in thy team to this our solemn rite, to taste the sacred food, Vayu, to taste the offerings.

This is thy seasonable share, that comes co-radiant with the Sun.

Brought by attendant priests pure juice is offered up, Vayu, pure juice is offered up.

4 The chariot with its team of horses bring you both, to guard us and to taste the well-appointed food, Vayu, to taste the offerings!

Drink of the pleasant -flavoured juice the first draught is assigned to you.

O Vayu, with your splendid bounty come ye both, Indra, with bounty come ye both.

5 May our songs bring you hither to our solemn rites: these drops of mighty vigour have they beautified, like a swift veed of mighty strength. Drink of them well-inclined to us, come hitherward to be our help.

Drink, Indra-Vayu, of these Juices pressed with stones, Strength-givers! till they gladden you.

6 These Soma juices pressed for you in waters here, borne by attendant priests, are offered up to you: bright, Vayu, are they offered up.

Swift through the strainer have they flowed, and here are shed for both of you,

Soma-drops, fain for you, over the wether's fleece, Somas over the wether's fleece.

7 O Vayu, pass thou over all the slumberers, and where the press-stone rings enter ye both that house, yea, Indra, go ye both within.

The joyous Maiden is beheld, the butter flows. With richly laden team come to our solemn rite, yea, Indra, come ye to the rite.

8 Ride hither to the offering of the pleasant juice, the holy Fig-tree which victorious priests surround: victorious be they still for us.

At once the cows yield milk, the barleymeal is

dressed. For thee,
O Vayu, never shall the cows grow thin, never
for thee shall they be dry.
9 These Bulls of thine, O Vayu with the arm of
strength, who swiftly fly within the current of
thy stream, the Bulls increasing in their might,
Horseless, yet even through the waste swift-
moving, whom no shout can stay,
Hard to be checked are they, like sunbeams, in
their course. hard to be checked by both the
hands.

HYMN CXXXVI. Mitra-Varuna.

1. BRING adoration ample and most excellent,
hymn, offerings, to the watchful Twain, the
bountiful, your sweetest to the bounteous Ones.
Sovrans adored with streams of oil and praised
at every sacrifice.

Their high imperial might may nowhere be
assailed, ne'er may their Godhead be assailed.

2 For the broad Sun was seen a path more
widely laid, the path of holy law hath been
maintained with rays, the eye with Bhaga's rays
of light.

Firm-set in heaven is Mitra's home, and
Aryaman's and Varuna's.

Thence they give forth great vital strength
which merits praise, high power of life that men
shall praise.

3 With Aditi the luminous, the celestial,
upholder of the people, come ye day by day, ye
who watch sleepless, day by day.

Resplendent might have ye obtained, Adityas,
Lords of liberal gifts.

Movers of men, mild both, are Mitra, Varuna,
mover of men is Aryaman.

4 This Soma be most sweet to Mitra, Varuna: he
in the drinking-feasts, shall have a share thereof,
sharing, a God, among the Gods.

May all the Gods of one accord accept it
joyfully to-day.

Therefore do ye, O Kings, accomplish what we
ask, ye Righteous Ones, whate'er we ask.

5 Whoso, with worship serves Mitra and
Varuṇa, him guard ye carefully, uninjured, from
distress, guard from distress the liberal man.

Aryaman guards him well who acts uprightly
following his law,

Who beautifies their service with his lauds, who
makes it beautiful with songs of praise.

6 Worship will I proress to lofty Dyaus, to
Heaven and Earth, to Mitra and to bounteous
Varuna, the Bounteous, the Compassionate.
Praise Indra, praise thou Agni, praise Bhaga and
heavenly Aryaman.

Long may we live and have attendant progeny,
have progeny with Soma's help.

7 With the Gods' help, with Indra still beside us,
may we be held self-splendid with the Maruts.
May Agni, Mitra, Varuna give us shelter this
may we gain, we and our wealthy princes.

HYMN CXXXVII. Mitra-Varuna.

1. WITH stones have we pressed out: O come;
these gladdening drops are blent with milk,
these Soma-drops which gladden you.
Come to us, Kings who reach to heaven,
approach us, coming hitherward.
These milky drops are yours, Mitra and Varuna,
bright Soma juices blent with milk.

2 Here are the droppings; come ye nigh the
Soma-droppings blent with curd, juices
expressed and blent with curd.
Now for the wakening of your Dawn together
with the Sun-God's rays,
juice waits for Mitra and for Varuna to drink,
fair juice for drink, for sacrihce.

3 As 'twere a radiant-coloured cow, they milk
with stones the stalk for you, with stones they
milk the Soma-plant.

May ye come nigh us, may ye turn hither to
drink the Soma juice.

The men pressed out this juice, Mitra and
Varuna, pressed out this Soma for your drink.

HYMN CXXXVIII. Pusan.

1. STRONG Pusan's majesty is lauded
evermore, the glory of his lordly might is never
faint, his song of praise is never faint.

Seeking felicity I laud him nigh to help, the
source, of bliss,

Who, Vigorous one, hath drawn to him the
hearts of all, drawn them, the Vigorous One, the
God.

2 Thee, then, O Pusan, like a swift one on his

way, I urge with lauds that thou mayst make the
 foemen flee, drive, camel-like, our foes afar.
 As I, a man, call thee, a God, giver of bliss, to
 be my Friend,
 So make our loudly-chanted praises glorious, in
 battles make them glorious.
 3 Thou, Pusan, in whose friendship they who
 sing forth praise enjoy advantage, even in
 wisdom, through thy grace, in wisdom even
 they are advanced.
 So, after this most recent course, we come to
 thee with prayers for wealth.
 Not stirred to anger, O Wide-Ruler, come to us,
 come thou to us in every fight.
 4 Not stirred to anger, come, Free-giver, nigh to
 us, to take this gift of ours, thou who hast goats
 for steeds, Goat-borne! their gift who long for
 fame.
 So, Wonder-Worker! may we turn thee hither
 with effectual lauds.
 I slight thee not, O Pusan, thou Resplendent
 One: thy friendship may not be despised.

HYMN CXXXIX. Visvedevas.

1. HEARD be our prayer! In thought I honour
 Agni first: now straightway we elect this
 heavenly company, Indra and Vayu we elect.
 For when our latest thought is raised and on
 Vivasvan centred well,
 Then may our holy songs go forward on their
 way, our songs as 'twere unto the Gods.
 2 As there ye, Mitra, Varuna, above the true
 have taken to yourselves the untrue with your
 mind, with wisdom's mental energy,
 So in the seats wherein ye dwell have we beheld
 the Golden One,
 Not with our thoughts or spirit, but with these
 our eyes, yea, with the eyes that Soma gives.
 3 Asvins, the pious call you with their hymns of
 praise, sounding their loud song forth to you,
 these living men, to their oblations, living men.
 All glories and all nourishment, Lords of all
 wealth! depend on you.
 The fellies of your golden chariot scatter drops,
 Mighty Ones! of your golden car.
 4 Well is it known, O Mighty Ones: ye open
 heaven; for you the chariotsteeds are yoked for
 morning rites, unswerving steeds for morning

rites,

We set you on the chariot-scat, ye Mighty, on
the golden car.

Ye seek mid-air as by a path that leads aright, as
by a path that leads direct.

5 O Rich in Strength, through your great power
vouchsafe us blessings day and night.

The offerings which we bring to you shall never
fail, gifts brought by us shall never fail.

6 These Soma-drops, strong Indra! drink for
heroes, poured, pressed out by pressing-stones,
are welling forth for thee, for thee the drops are
welling forth.

They shall make glad thy heart to give, to give
wealth great and wonderful.

Thou who acceptest praise come glorified by
hymns, come thou to us benevolent.

7 Quickly, O Agni, hear us: magnified by us
thou shalt speck for us to the Gods adorable yea,
to the Kings adorable:

When, O ye Deities, ye gave that Milch-cow to
the Angirases,

They milked her: Aryaman, joined with them,
did the work: he knoweth her as well as I.

8 Ne'er may these manly deeds of yours for us
grow old, never may your bright glories fall into
decay, never before our time decay.

What deed of yours, new every age, wondrous,
surpassing man, rings forth,

Whatever, Maruts! may be difficult to gain,
grant us, whate'er is hard to gain.

9 Dadhyac of old, Anigiras, Priyamedha these,
and Kanva, Atri, Manu knew my birth, yea,
those of ancient days and Manu knew.

Their long line stretcheth to the Gods, our birth-
connexions are with them.

To these, for their high station, I bow down
with song, to Indra, Agni, bow with song.

10 Let the Invoker bless: let offerers bring
choice gifts; Brhaspati the Friend doth sacrifice
with Steers, Steers that have many an
excellence.

Now with our ears we catch the sound of the
press-stone that rings afar.

The very Strong hath gained the waters by
himself, the strong gained many a resting-place.

11 O ye Eleven Gods whose home is heaven, O
ye Eleven who make earth your dwelling,

Ye who with might, Eleven, live in waters,
accept this sacrifice, O Gods, with pleasure.

HYMN CXL. Agni.

1 To splendid Agni seated by the altar, loving
well his home, I bring the food as 'twere his
place of birth.

I clothe the bright One with my hymn as with a
robe, him with the car of light, bright-hued,
dispelling gloom.

2 Child of a double birth he grasps at triple
food; in the year's course what he hath
swallowed grows anew.

He, by another's mouth and tongue a noble Bull,
with other, as an elephant, consumes the trees.

3 The pair who dwell together, moving in the
dark bestir themselves: both parents hasten to
the babe,

Impetuous-tongued, destroying, springing
swiftly forth, one to be watched and cherished,
strengtheners of his sire.

4 For man, thou Friend of men, these steeds of
thine are yoked, impatient, lightly running,
ploughing blackened lines,

Discordant-minded, fleet, gliding with easy
speed, urged onward by the wind and rapid in
their course.

5 Dispelling on their way the horror of black
gloom, making a glorious show these flames Of
his fly forth,

When o'er the spacious tract he spreads himself
abroad, and rushes panting on with thunder and
with roar.

6 Amid brown plants he stoops as if adorning
them, and rushes bellowing like a bull upon his
wives.

Proving his might, he decks the glory of his
form, and shakes his horns like one terrific, bard
to stay.

7 Now covered, now displayed he grasps as one
who knows his resting-place in those who know
him well.

A second time they wax and gather Godlike
power, and blending both together change their
Parents' form.

8 The maidens with long, tresses hold him in
embrace; dead, they rise up again to meet the
Living One.

Releasing them from age with a loud roar he
comes, filling them with new spirit, living,
unsubdued.

9 Licking the mantle of the Mother, far and
wide he wanders over fields with beasts that flee
apace.

Strengthening all that walk, licking up all
around, a blackened path, forsooth, he leaves
where'er he goes.

10 O Agni, shine resplendent with our wealthy
chiefs, like a loud-snorting bull, accustomed to
the house.

Thou casting off thine infant wrappings blazest
forth as though thou hadst put on a coat of mail
for war.

11 May this our perfect prayer be dearer unto
thee than an imperfect prayer although it please
thee well.

With the pure brilliancy that radiates from thy
form, mayest thou grant to us abundant store of
wealth.

12 Grant to our chariot, to our house, O Agni, a
boat with moving feet and constant oarage,
One that may further well our wealthy princes
and all the folk, and be our certain refuge.

13 Welcome our laud with thine approval, Agni.
May earth and heaven and freely flowing rivers
Yield us long life and food and corn and cattle,
and may the red Dawns choose for us their
choicest.

HYMN CXLI. Agni.

1. YEA, verily, the fair effulgence of the God
for glory was established, since he sprang from
strength.

When he inclines thereto successful is the
hymn: the songs of sacrifice have brought him
as they flow

2 Wonderful, rich in nourishment, he dwells in
food; next, in the seven auspicious Mothers is
his home.

Thirdly, that they might drain the treasures of
the Bull, the maidens brought forth him for
whom the ten provide.

3 What time from out the deep, from the Steer's
wondrous form, the Chiefs who had the power
produced him with their strength;

When Matarisvan rubbed forth him who lay

concealed, for mixture of the sweet drink, in the days of old.

4 When from the Highest Father he is brought to us, amid the plants he rises hungry, wondrously. As both together join to expedite his birth, most youthful he is born resplendent in his light.

5 Then also entered he the Mothers, and in them pure and uninjured he increased in magnitude. As to the first he rose, the vigorous from of old, so now he runs among the younger lowest ones.

6 Therefore they choose him Herald at the morning rites, pressing to him as unto Bhaga, pouring gifts,

When, much-praised, by the power and will of Gods, he goes at all times to his mortal worshipper to drink.

7 What time the Holy One, wind-urged, hath risen up, serpent-like winding through the dry grass unrestrained,

Dust lies upon the way of him who burneth all, black-winged and pure of birth who follows sundry paths.

8 Like a swift chariot made by men who know their art, he with his red limbs lifts himself aloft to heaven.

Thy worshippers become by burning black of hue: their strength flies as before a hero's violence.

9 By thee, O Agni, Varuna who guards the Law, Mitra and Aryaman, the Bounteous, are made strong;

For, as the felly holds the spokes, thou with thy might pervading hast been born encompassing them round.

10 Agni, to him who toils and pours libations, thou, Most Youthful! sendest wealth and all the host of Gods.

Thee, therefore, even as Bhaga, will we set anew, young Child of Strength, most wealthy! in our battle-song.

11 Vouchsafe us riches turned to worthy ends, good luck abiding in the house, and strong capacity,

Wealth that directs both worlds as they were guiding-reins, and, very Wise, the Gods' assent in sacrifice.

12 May he, the Priest resplendent, joyful, hear us, he with the radiant car and rapid horses.

May Agni, ever wise, with best directions to
bliss and highest happiness conduct us.

13 With hymns of might hath Agni now been
lauded, advanced to height of universal
kingship.

Now may these wealthy chiefs and we together
spread forth as spreads the Sun above the rain-
clouds.

HYMN CXLII Apris.

1. KINDLED, bring, Agni, Gods to-day for him
who lifts the ladle up.

Spin out the ancient thread for him who sheds,
with gifts, the Soma juice.

2 Thou dealest forth, Tanunapat, sweet sacrifice
enriched with oil,
Brought by a singer such as I who offers gifts
and toils for thee.

3 He wondrous, sanctifying, bright, sprinkles
the sacrifice with mead,
Thrice, Narasamsa from the heavens, a God mid
Gods adorable.

4 Agni, besought, bring hitherward Indra the
Friend, the Wonderful,
For this my hymn of praise, O sweet of tongue,
is chanted forth to thee.

5 The ladle-holders strew trimmed grass at this
well-ordered sacrifice;
A home for Indra is adorned, wide, fittest to
receive the Gods.

6 Thrown open be the Doors Divine, unfailing,
that assist the rite,
High, purifying, much-desired, so that the Gods
may enter in.

7 May Night and Morning, hymned with lauds,
united, fair to look upon,
Strong Mothers of the sacrifice, seat them
together on the grass.

8 May the two Priests Divine, the sage, the
sweet-voiced lovers of the hymn,
Complete this sacrifice of ours, effectual,
reaching heaven to-day.

9 Let Hotri pure, set amang Gods, amid the
Maruts Bhirati, Ila, Sarasvati, Mahi, rest on the
grass, adorable.

10 May Tvastar send us genial dew abundant,
wondrous, rich in gifts,
For increase and for growth of wealth, Tvastar

our kinsman and our Friend.

11 Vanaspati, give forth, thyself, and call the
Gods to sacrifice.

May Agni, God intelligent, speed our oblation
to the Gods.

12 To Vayu joined with Pusan, with the Maruts,
and the host of Gods,

To Indra who inspires the hymn cry Glory! and
present the gift.

13 Come hither to enjoy the gifts prepared with
cry of Glory! Come,

O Indra, hear their calling; they invite thee to
the sacrifice.

HYMN CXLIII. Agni.

1. To Agni I present a newer mightier hymn, I
bring my words and song unto the Son of
Strength,

Who, Offspring of the Waters, bearing precious
things sits on the earth, in season, dear Invoking
Priest.

2 Soon as he sprang to birth that Agni was
shown forth to Matarisvan in the highest
firmament.

When he was kindled, through his power and
majesty his fiery splendour made the heavens
and earth to shine.

3 His flames that wax not old, beams fair to
look upon of him whose face is lovely, shine
with beauteous sheen.

The rays of Agni, him whose active force is
light, through the nights glimmer sleepless,
ageless, like the floods.

4 Send thou with hymns that Agni to his own
abode, who rules, one Sovran Lord of wealth,
like Varuna,

Him, All-possessor, whom the Bhrgus with their
might brought to earth's central point, the centre
of the world.

5 He whom no force can stay, even as the
Maruts' roar, like to a dart sent forth, even as the
bolt from heaven,

Agni with sharpened jaws chews up and cats the
trees, and conquers them as when the warrior
smites his foes.

6 And will not Agni find enjoyment in our
praise, will not the Vasu grant our wish with
gifts of wealth?

Will not the Inspirer speed our prayers to gain
their end? Him with the radiant glance I laud
with this my song.

7 The kindler of the flame wins Agni as a
Friend, promoter of the Law, whose face is
bright with oil.

Inflamed and keen, refulgent in our gatherings,
he lifts our hymn on high clad in his radiant
hues.

8 Keep us incessantly with guards that cease
not, Agni, with guards auspicious, very mighty.
With guards that never slumber, never heedless,
never beguiled. O Helper, keep our children.

HYMN CXLIV. Agni.

1. THE Priest goes forth to sacrifice, with
wondrous power sending aloft the hymn of
glorious brilliancy.
He moves to meet the ladles turning to the right,
which are the first to kiss the place where he
abides.

2 To him sang forth the flowing streams of Holy
Law, encompassed in the home and birth-place
of the God.
He, when he dwelt extended in the waters' lap,
absorbed those Godlike powers for which he is
adored.

3 Seeking in course altern to reach the selfsame
end the two copartners strive to win this
beauteous form.

Like Bhaga must he be duly invoked by us, as
he who drives the car holds fast the horse's
reins.

4 He whom the two copartners with observance
tend, the pair who dwell together in the same
abode,
By night as in the day the grey one was born
young, passing untouched by eld through many
an age of man.

5 Him the ten fingers, the devotions. animate:
we mortals call on him a God to give us help.
He speeds over the sloping surface of the land:
new deeds hath he performed with those who
gird him round.

6 For, Agni, like a herdsman, thou by thine own
might rulest o'er all that is in heaven and on the
earth;

And these two Mighty Ones, bright, golden

closely joined, rolling them round are come
unto thy sacred grass.

7 Agni, accept with joy, be glad in this our
prayer, joy-giver, self-sustained, strong, born of
Holy Law!

For fair to see art thou turning to every side,
pleasant to look on as a dwelling filled with
food.

HYMN CXLV. Agni.

1. Ask ye of him for he is come, he knoweth it;
he, full of wisdom, is implored, is now
implored.

With him are admonitions and with him
commands: he is the Lord of Strength, the Lord
of Power and Might.

2 They ask of him: not all learn by their
questioning what he, the Sage, hath grasped, as
'twere, with his own mind.

Forgetting not the former nor the later word, he
goeth on, not careless, in his mental power.

3 To him these ladles go, to him these racing
mares: he only will give ear to all the words I
speak.

All-speeding, victor, perfecter of sacrifice, the
Babe with flawless help hath mustered vigorous
might.

4 Whate'er he meets he grasps and then runs
farther on, and straightway, newly born, creeps
forward with his kin.

He stirs the wearied man to pleasure and great
joy what time the longing gifts approach him as
he comes.

5 He is a wild thing of the flood and forest: he
hath been laid upon the highest surface.

He hath declared the lore of works to mortals,
Agni the Wise, for he knows Law, the Truthful.

HYMN CXLVI. Agni.

1. I LAUD the seven-rayed, the triple-headed,
Agni all-perfect in his Parents' bosom,
Sunk in the lap of all that moves and moves not,
him who hath filled all luminous realms of
heaven.

2 As a great Steer he grew to these his Parents;
sublime lie stands, untouched by eld, far-
reaching.

He plants his footsteps on the lofty ridges of the
broad earth: his red flames lick the udder.

3 Coming together to their common youngling
both Cows, fairshaped, spread forth in all
directions,
Measuring out the paths that must be travelled,
entrusting all desires to him the Mighty.
4 The prudent sages lead him to his dwelling,
guarding with varied skill the Ever-Youthful.
Longing, they turned their eyes unto the River:
to these the Sun of men was manifested.
5 Born noble in the regions, aim of all mens'
eyes to be implored for life by great and small
alike,
Far as the Wealthy One hath spread himself
abroad, he is the Sire all-visible of this progeny.

HYMN CXLVII. Agni.

1. How, Agni, have the radiant ones, aspiring,
endued thee with the vigour of the living,
So that on both sides fostering seed and
offspring, the Gods may joy in Holy Law's
fulfilment?
2 Mark this my speech, Divine One, thou, Most
Youthful! offered to thee by him who gives
most freely.
One hates thee, and another sings thy praises: I
thine adorer laud thy form, O Agni.
3 Thy guardian rays, O Agni, when they saw
him, preserved blind Mamateya from affliction.
Lord of all riches, he preserved the pious the
foes who fain would harm them did no mischief.
4 The sinful man who worships not, O Agni,
who, offering not, harms us with double-
dealing,-
Be this in turn to him a heavy sentence may he
distress himself by his revilings.
5 Yea, when a mortal knowingly, O Victor,
injures with double tongue a fellow-mortal,
From him, praised Agni! save thou him that
lauds thee: bring us not into trouble and
affliction.

HYMN CXLVIII. Agni.

1. WHAT Matarisvan, piercing, formed by
friction, Herald of all the Gods. in varied figure,
Is he whom they have set mid human houses,
gay-hued as light and shining forth for beauty.
2 They shall not harm the man who brings thee
praises: such as I am, Agni my help approves
me.

All acts of mine shall they accept with pleasure,
laudation from the singer who presents it.

3 Him in his constant seat men skilled in
worship have taken and with praises have
established.

As, harnessed to a chariot fleet-foot horses, at
his command let bearers lead him forward.

4 Wondrous, full many a thing he chews and
crunches: he shines amid the wood with
spreading brightness.

Upon his glowing flames the wind blows daily,
driving them like the keen shaft of an archer.

5 Him, whom while yet in embryo the hostile,
both skilled and fain to harm, may never injure,
Men blind and sightless through his splendour
hurt not: his never-failing lovers have preserved
him.

HYMN CXLIX. Agni.

1. HITHER he hastens to give, Lord of great
riches, King of the mighty, to the place of
treasure.

lie pressing-stones shall serve him speeding
near us.

2 As Steer of men so Steer of earth and heaven
by glory, he whose streams all life hath
drunken,

Who hasting forward rests upon the altar.

3 He who hath lighted up the joyous castle, wise
Courser like the Steed of cloudy heaven,
Bright like the Sun, with hundredfold existence.

4 He, doubly born, hath spread in his effulgence
through the three luminous realms, through all
the regions,

Best sacrificing Priest where waters gather.

5 Priest doubly born, he through his love of
glory hath in his keeping all things worth the
choosing,

The man who brings him gifts hath noble
offspring.

HYMN CL. Agni.

1. AGNI, thy faithful servant I call upon thee
with many a gift,

As in the keeping of the great inciting God;

2 Thou who ne'er movest thee to aid the
indolent, the godless man,

Him who though wealthy never brings an
offering.

3 Splendid, O Singer, is that man, mightiest of
the great in heaven.
Agni, may we be foremost, we thy worshippers.

HYMN CLI. Mitra and Varuna

1. HEAVEN and earth trembled at the might
and voice of him, whom, loved and Holy One,
helper of all mankind,
The wise who longed for spoil in fight for kine
brought forth with power, a Friend, mid waters,
at the sacrifice.

2 As these, like friends, have done this work for
you, these prompt servants of Purumilha Soma-
offerer,
Give mental power to him who sings the sacred
song, and hearken, Strong Ones, to the master
of the house.

3 The folk have glorified your birth from Earth
and Heaven, to be extolled, ye Strong Ones, for
your mighty power.

Ye, when ye bring to singer and the rite, enjoy
the sacrifice performed with holy praise and
strength.

4 The people prospers, Asuras! whom ye dearly
love: ye, Righteous Ones, proclaim aloud the
Holy Law.

That efficacious power that comes from lofty
heaven, ye bind unto the work, as to the pole an
ox.

5 On this great earth ye send your treasure down
with might: unstained by dust, the crowding
kine are in the stalls.

Here in the neighbourhood they cry unto the
Sun at morning and at evening, like swift birds
of prey.

6 The flames with curling tresses serve your
sacrifice, whereto ye sing the song, Mitra and
Varuna.

Send down of your free will, prosper our holy
songs: ye are sole Masters of the singer's hymn
of praise.

7 Whoso with sacrifices toiling brings you gifts,
and worships, sage and priest, fulfilling your
desire,-

To him do ye draw nigh and taste his sacrifice.
Come well-inclined to us unto our songs and
prayer.

8 With sacrifices and with milk they deck you
first, ye Righteous Ones, as if through stirrings
of the mind.

To you they bring their hymns with their
collected thought, while ye with earnest soul
come to us gloriously.

9 Rich strength of life is yours: ye, Heroes, have
obtained through your surpassing powers rich
far-extending might.

Not the past days conjoined with nights, not
rivers, not the Papis have attained your Godhead
and your wealth.

HYMN CLII. Mitra-Varuna.

1. THE robes which ye put on abound with
fatness: uninterrupted courses are your counsels.
All falsehood, Mitra-Varuna! ye conquer, and
closely cleave unto the Law Eternal.

2 This might of theirs hath no one
comprehended. True is the crushing word the
sage hath uttered,
The fearful four-edged bolt smites down the
three-edged, and those who hate the Gods first
fall and perish.

3 The Footless Maid precedeth footed creatures.
Who marketh, Mitra-Varuna, this your doing?
The Babe Unborn supporteth this world's
burthen, fulfilleth Law and overcometh
falsehood.

4 We look on him the darling of the Maidens,
always advancing, never falling downward,
Wearing inseparable, wide-spread raiment,
Mitra's and Varuna's delightful glory.

5 Unbridled Courser, horn but not of horses,
neighing he flieth on with back uplifted.
The youthful love mystery thought-surpassing,
praising in Mitra-Varuna, its glory.

6 May the milch-kine who favour Mamateya
prosper in this world him who loves devotion.
May he, well skilled in rites, be food, and
calling Aditi with his lips give us assistance.

7 Gods, Mitra-Varuna, with love and worship,
let me make you delight in this oblation.
May our prayer be victorious in battles, may we
have rain from heaven to make us prosper.

HYMN CLIII. Mitra-Varuna.

1. WE worship with our reverence and oblations
you, Mitra Varuna, accordant, mighty,

So that with us, ye Twain whose backs are
sprinkled with oil, the priests with oil and
hymns support you.

2 Your praise is like a mighty power, an
impulse: to you, Twain Gods, a well-formed
hymn is offered,

As the priest decks yon, Strong Ones, in
assemblies, and the prince fain to worship you
for blessings.

3 O Mitra-Varuna, Aditi the Milch-cow streams
for the rite, for folk who bring oblation,
When in the assembly he who worships moves
you, like to a human priest, with gifts presented.

4 So may the kine and heavenly Waters pour
you sweet drink in families that make you
joyful.

Of this may he, the ancient House-Lord, give us.
Enjoy, drink of the milk the cow provideth.

HYMN CLIV. Visnu

1. I WILL declare the mighty deeds of Visnu, of
him who measured out the earthly regions,
Who propped the highest place of congregation,
thrice setting down his footstep, widely striding.

2 For this his mighty deed is Visnu lauded, like
some wild beast, dread, prowling, mountain-
roaming;

He within whose three wide-extended paces all
living creatures have their habitation.

3 Let the hymn lift itself as strength to Visnu,
the Bull far-striding, dwelling on the mountains,
Him who alone with triple step hath measured
this common dwelling-place, long, far extended.

4 Him whose three places that are filled with
sweetness, imperishable, joy as it may list them,
Who verily alone upholds the threefold, the
earth, the heaven, and all living creatures.

5 May I attain to that his well-loved mansion
where men devoted to the Gods are happy.

For there springs, close akin to the Wide-
Strider, the well of meath in Visnu's highest
footstep.

6 Fain would we go unto your dwelling-places
where there are many-horned and nimble oxen,
For mightily, there, shineth down upon us the
widely-striding Bull's sublimest mansion.

HYMN CLV. Visnu-Indra.

1. To the great Hero, him who sets his mind

thereon, and Visnu, praise aloud in song your draught of juice,-

Gods ne'er beguiled, who borne as 'twere by noble steed, have stood upon the lofty ridges of the hills.

2 Your Soma-drinker keeps afar your furious rush, Indra and Visnu, when ye come with all your might.

That which hath been directed well at mortal man, bow-armed Krsanu's arrow, ye turn far aside.

3 These offerings increase his mighty manly strength: he brings both Parents down to share the genial flow.

He lowers, though a son, the Father's highest name; the third is that which is high in the light of heaven.

4 We laud this manly power of him the Mighty One, preserver, inoffensive, bounteous and benign;

His who strode, widely pacing, with three steppings forth over the realms of earth for freedom and for life.

5 A mortal man, when he beholds two steps of him who looks upon the light, is restless with amaze.

But his third step doth no one venture to approach, no, nor the feathered birds of air who fly with wings.

6 He, like a rounded wheel, hath in swift motion set his ninety racing steeds together with the four.

Developed, vast in form, with those who sing forth praise, a youth, no more a child, he cometh to our call.

HYMN CLVI. Visnu

1. FAR-SHINING, widely famed, going thy wonted way, fed with the oil, be helpful. Mitra-like, to us.

So, Visnu, e'en the wise must swell thy song of praise, and he who hath oblations pay thee solemn rites.

2 He who brings gifts to him the Ancient and the Last, to Visnu who ordains, together with his Spouse,

Who tells the lofty birth of him the Lofty One, shall verily surpass in glory e'en his peer.

3 Him have ye satisfied, singers, as well as ye know, primeval germ of Order even from his birth.

Ye, knowing e'en his name, have told it forth: may we, Visnu, enjoy the grace of thee the Mighty One.

4 The Sovran Varuna and both the Asvins wait on this the will of him who guides the Marut host.

Visnu hath power supreme and might iliat finds the day, and with his Friend unbars the stable of the kine.

5 Even he the Heavenly One who came for fellowship, Visnu to Indra, godly to the godlier, Who Maker, throned in three worlds, helps the Aryan man, and gives the worshipper his share of Holy Law.

HYMN CLVII. Asvins.

1. AGNI is wakened: Surya riseth from the earth. Mighty, refulgent Dawn hath shone with all her light.

The Asvins have equipped their chariot for the course. God Savitar hath moved the folk in sundry ways.

2 When, Asvins, ye equip your very mighty car, bedew, ye Twain, our power with honey and with oil.

To our devotion give victorious strength in war: may we win riches in the heroes' strife for spoil.

3 Nigh to us come the Asvins' lauded three-wheeled car, the car laden with meath and drawn by fleet-foot steeds,

Three-seated, opulent, bestowing all delight. may it bring weal to us, to cattle and to men.

4 Bring hither nourishment for us, ye Asvins Twain; sprinkle us with your whip that drops with honey-dew.

Prolong our days of life, wipe out our trespasses; destroy our foes, be our companions and our Friends.

5 Ye store the germ of life in female creatures, ye lay it up within all living beings.

Ye have sent forth, O Asvins passing mighty, the fire, the sovrans of the wood, the waters,

6 Leeches are ye with medicines to heal us, and charioteers are ye with skill in driving.

Ye Strong, give sway to him who brings

oblation and with his heart pours out his gift
before you.

HYMN CLVIII. Asvins.

1. YE Vasus Twain, ye Rudras full of counsel,
grant us, Strong Strengtheners, when ye stand
beside us,
What wealth Aucathya craves of you, great
Helpers when ye come forward with no niggard
succour.

2 Who may give you aught, Vasus, for your
favour, for what, at the Cow's place, ye grant
through worship?

Wake for us understanding full of riches, come
with a heart that will fulfil our longing.

3 As erst for Tugra's son your car, sea-crossing,
strong, was equipped and set amid the waters,
So may I gain your shelter and protection as
with winged course a hero seeks his army.

4 May this my praise preserve Ucathya's
offspring: let not these Twain who fly with
wings exhaust me.

Let not the wood ten times up-piled consume
me, when fixed for you it bites the ground it
stands on.

5 The most maternal streams, wherein the
Dilsas cast me securely bound, have not
devoured me.

When Traitana would cleave my head asunder,
the Dasa wounded his own breast and shoulders.

6 Dirghatamas the son of Mamati hath come to
length of days in the tenth age of human kind.
He is the Brahman of the waters as they strive to
reach their end and aim: their charioteer is he.

HYMN CLIX. Heaven and Earth.

1. I PRAISE with sacrifices mighty Heaven and
Earth at festivals, the wise, the Strengtheners of
Law.

Who, having Gods for progeny, conjoined with
Gods, through wonder-working wisdom bring
forth choicest boons.

2 With invocations, on the gracious Father's
mind, and on the Mother's great inherent power
I muse.

Prolific Parents, they have made the world of
life, and for their brood all round wide
immortality.

3 These Sons of yours well skilled in work, of

wondrous power, brought forth to life the two
great Mothers first of all.

To keep the truth of all that stands and all that
moves, ye guard the station of your Son who
knows no guile.

4 They with surpassing skill, most wise, have
measured out the Twins united in their birth and
in their home.

They, the refulgent Sages, weave within the sky,
yea, in the depths of sea, a web for ever new.

5 This is to-day the goodliest gift of Savitar: this
thought we have when now the God is
furthering us.

On us with loving-kindness Heaven and Earth
bestow riches and various wealth and treasure
hundredfold!

HYMN CLX. Heaven and Earth.

1. THESE, Heaven and Earth, bestow prosperity
on all, sustainers of the region, Holy Ones and
wise,

Two Bowls of noble kind: between these
Goddesses the God, the fulgent Sun, travels by
fixed decree.

2 Widely-capacious Pair, mighty, that never fail,
the Father and the Mother keep all creatures
safe:

The two world-halves, the spirited, the
beautiful, because the Father hath clothed them
in goodly forms.

3 Son of these Parents, he the Priest with power
to cleanse, Sage, sanctifies the worlds with his
surpassing power.

Thereto for his bright milk he milked through
all the days the party-coloured Cow and the
prolific Bull.

4 Among the skilful Gods most skilled is he,
who made the two world-halves which bring
prosperity to all;

Who with great wisdom measured both the
regions out, and stablished them with pillars that
shall ne'er decay.

5 Extolled in song, O Heaven and Earth, bestow
on us, ye mighty Pair, great glory and high
lordly sway,

Whereby we may extend ourselves ever over the
folk; and send us strength that shall deserve the
praise of men.

HYMN CLXI. Rbhus.

1 WHY hath the Best, why hath the Youngest
come to us? Upon what embassy comes he?
What have we said?

We have not blamed the chalice of illustrious
birth. We, Brother Agni, praised the goodness
of the wood.

2 The chalice that is single make ye into four:
thus have the Gods commanded; therefore am I
come.

If, O Sudhanvan's Children, ye will do this thing
ye shall participate in sacrifice with Gods.

3 What to the envoy Agni in reply ye spake, A
courser must be made, a chariot fashioned here,
A cow must be created, and the Twain made
young. When we have done these things,
Brother, we turn to you.

4 When thus, O Rbhus, ye had done ye
questioned thus, Whither went he who came to
us a messenger?

Then Tvastar, when he viewed the four wrought
chalices, concealed himself among the Consorts
of the Gods.

5 As Tvastar thus had spoken, Let us slay these
men who have reviled the chalice, drinking-cup
of Gods,

They gave themselves new names when Soma
juice was shed, and under these new names the
Maiden welcomed them.

6 Indra hath yoked his Bays, the Asvins' car is
horsed, Brhaspati hath brought the Cow of
every hue.

Ye went as Rbhus, Vibhvan, Vaja to the Gods,
and skilled in war, obtained your share in
sacrifice.

7 Ye by your wisdom brought a cow from out a
hide; unto that ancient Pair ye gave again their
youth.

Out of a horse, Sudhanvan's Sons, ye formed a
horse: a chariot ye equipped, and went unto the
Gods.

8 Drink ye this water, were the words ye spake
to them; or drink ye this, the rinsing of the
Munja-grass.

If ye approve not even this, Sudhanvan's Sons,
then at the third libation gladden ye yourselves.

9 Most excellent are waters, thus said one of
you; most excellent is Agni, thus another said.

Another praised to many a one the lightning
cloud. Then did ye shape the cups, speaking the
words of truth.

10 One downward to the water drives the
crippled cow, another trims the flesh brought on
the carving-board.

One carries off the refuse at the set of sun. How
did the Parents aid their children in their task!

11 On the high places ye have made the grass
for man, and water in the valleys, by your skill,
O Men.

Rbhus, ye iterate not to-day that act of yours,
your sleeping in the house of him whom naught
can hide.

12 As, compassing them round, ye glided
through the worlds, where had the venerable
Parents their abode?

Ye laid a curse on him who raised his arm at
you: to him who spake aloud to you ye spake
again.

13 When ye had slept your fill, ye Rbhus, thus
ye asked, O thou whom naught may hide, who
now hath wakened us?

The goat declared the hound to be your
waker. That day, in a full year, ye first
unclosed our eyes.

14 The Maruts move in heaven, on earth this
Agni; through the mid-firmament the Wind
approaches.

Varuna comes in the sea's gathered waters, O
Sons of Strength, desirous of your presence.

HYMN CLXII The Horse.

1. SLIGHT us not Varuna, Aryaman, or Mitra,
Rbhuksan, Indra, Ayu, or the Maruts,
When we declare amid the congregation the
virtues of the strong Steed, God-descended.

2 What time they bear before the Courser,
covered with trappings and with wealth, the
grasped oblation,

The dappled goat goeth straightforward,
bleating, to the place dear to Indra and to Pusan.

3 Dear. to all Gods, this goat, the share of
Pusan, is first led forward with the vigorous
Courser,

While Tvastar sends him forward with the
Charger, acceptable for sacrifice, to glory.

4 When thrice the men lead round the Steed, in

order, who goeth to the Gods as meet oblation,
The goat precedeth him, the share of Pusan, and
to the Gods the sacrifice announceth.

5 Invoker, ministering priest, atoner, fire-kindler
Soma-presser, sage, reciter,
With this well ordered sacrifice, well finished,
do ye fill full the channels of the rivers.

6 The hewers of the post and those who carry it,
and those who carve the knob to deck the
Horse's stake;

Those who prepare the cooking-vessels for the
Steed,-may the approving help of these promote
our work.

7 Forth, for the regions of the Gods, the Charger
with his smooth back is come my prayer attends
him.

In him rejoice the singers and the sages. A good
friend have we won for the Gods' banquet.

8 May the fleet Courser's halter and his heel-
ropes, the head-stall and the girths and cords
about him.

And the grass put within his mouth to bait him,-
among the Gods, too, let all these be with thee.

9 What part of the Steed's flesh the fly hath
eaten, or is left sticking to the post or hatchet,
Or to the slayer's hands and nails adhereth,-
among the Gods, too, may all this be with thee.

10 Food undigested steaming from his belly,
and any odour of raw flesh remaining,
This let the immolators set in order and dress
the sacrifice with perfect cooking.

11 What from thy body which with fire is
roasted, when thou art set upon the spit,
distilleth,

Let not that lie on earth or grass neglected, but
to the longing Gods let all be offered.

12 They who observing that the Horse is ready
call out and say, the smell is good; remove it;
And, craving meat, await the distribution, -may
their approving help promote labour.

13 The trial-fork of the flesh-cooking caldron,
the vessels out of which the broth is sprinkled,
The warming-pots, the covers of the dishes,
hooks, carving-boards,-all these attend the
Charger.

14 The starting-place, his place of rest and
rolling, the ropes wherewith the Charger's feet
were fastened,

The water that he drank, the food he tasted,
-among the Gods, too, may all these attend thee.

15 Let not the fire, smoke-scented, make thee
crackle, nor glowing caldron smell and break to
pieces.

Offered, beloved, approved, and consecrated,-
such Charger do the Gods accept with favour.

16 The robe they spread upon the Horse to
clothe him, the upper covering and the golden
trappings,

The halters which restrain the Steed, the heel-
ropes,-all these, as grateful to the Gods, they
offer.

17 If one, when seated, with excessive urging
hath with his heel or with his whip distressed
thee,

All these thy woes, as with the oblations' ladle
at sacrifices, with my prayer I banish.

18 The four-and-thirty ribs of the. Swift
Charger, kin to the Gods, the slayer's hatchet
pierces.

Cut ye with skill, so that the parts be flawless,
and piece by piece declaring them dissect them.

19 Of Tvastar's Charger there is one dissector,-
this is the custom-two there are who guide him.
Such of his limbs as I divide in order, these,
amid the balls, in fire I offer.

20 Let not thy dear soul burn thee as thou
comest, let not the hatchet linger in thy body.
Let not a greedy clumsy immolator, missing the
joints, mangle thy limbs unduly.

21 No, here thou diest not, thou art not injured:
by easy paths unto the Gods thou goest.

Both Bays, both spotted mares are now thy
fellows, and to the ass's pole is yoked the
Charger.

22 May this Steed bring us all-sustaining riches,
wealth in good kine, good horses, manly
offspring.

Freedom from sin may Aditi vouchsafe us: the
Steed with our oblations gain us lordship!

HYMN CLXIII. The Horse.

1. WHAT time, first springing into life, thou
neighedst, proceeding from the sea or upper
waters,

Limbs of the deer hadst thou, and eagle pinions.
O Steed, thy birth is nigh and must be lauded.

2 This Steed which Yama gave hath Trita
harnessed, and him, the first of all, hath Indra
mounted.

His bridle the Gandharva grasped. O Vasus,
from out the Sun ye fashioned forth the Courser.

3 Yama art thou, O Horse; thou art Aditya; Trita
art thou by secret operation.

Thou art divided thoroughly from Soma. They
say thou hast three bonds in heaven
that hold thee.

4 Three bonds, they say, thou hast in heaven
that bind thee, three in the waters,
three within the ocean.

To me thou seemest Varuna , O Courser, there
where they say is thy sublimest birth-place.

5 Here-, Courser, are the places where they
groomed thee, here are the traces of thy hoofs as
winner.

Here have I seen the auspicious reins that guide
thee, which those who guard the holy Law keep
safely.

6 Thyself from far I recognized in spirit,-a Bird
that from below flew through the heaven.

I saw thy head still soaring, striving upward by
paths unsoiled by dust, pleasant to travel.

7 Here I beheld thy form, matchless in glory,
eager to win thee food at the Cow's station.

Whene'er a man brings thee to thine enjoyment,
thou swallowest the plants most greedy eater.

8 After thee, Courser, come the car, the
bridegroom, the kine come after, and the charm
of maidens.

Full companies have followed for thy
friendship: the pattern of thy vigour Gods have
copied.

9 Horns made of gold hath he: his feet are iron:
less fleet than he, though swift as thought, is
Indra.

The Gods have come that they may taste the
oblation of him who mounted, first of all, the
Courser.

10 Symmetrical in flank, with rounded
haunches, mettled like heroes, the Celestial
Coursers

Put forth their strength, like swans in lengthened
order, when they, the Steeds, have reached the
heavenly causeway.

11 A body formed for flight hast thou, O

Charger; swift as the wind in motion is thy spirit.

Thy horns are spread abroad in all directions: they move with restless beat in wildernesses.

12 The strong Steed hath come forward to the slaughter, pondering with a mind directed Godward.

The goat who is his kin is led before him the sages and the singers follow after.

13 The Steed is come unto the noblest mansion, is come unto his Father and his Mother.

This day shall he approach the Gods, most welcome: then he declares good gifts to him who offers.

HYMN CLXIV. Visvedevas.

1. OF this benignant Priest, with eld grey-coloured, the brother midmost of the three is lightning.

The third is he whose back with oil is sprinkled. Here I behold the Chief with seven male children.

2 Seven to the one-wheeled chariot yoke the Courser; bearing seven names the single Courser draws it.

Three-naved the wheel is, sound and undecaying, whereon are resting all these worlds of being.

3 The seven who on the seven-wheeled car are mounted have horses, seven in tale, who draw them onward.

Seven Sisters utter songs of praise together, in whom the names of the seven Cows are treasured.

4 Who hath beheld him as he sprang to being, seen how the boneless One supports the bony? Where is the blood of earth, the life, the spirit? Who may approach the man who knows, to ask it?

5 Unripe in mind, in spirit undiscerning, I ask of these the Gods' established places; For up above the yearling Calf the sages, to form a web, their own seven threads have woven.

6 I ask, unknowing, those who know, the sages, as one all ignorant for sake of knowledge, What was that ONE who in the Unborn's image hath stablished and fixed firm these worlds' six regions.

7 Let him who knoweth presently declare it ,
this lovely Bird's securely founded station.
Forth from his head the Cows draw milk, and,
wearing his vesture, with their foot have drunk
the water.

8 The Mother gave the Sire his share of Order:
with thought, at first, she wedded him in spirit.
She, the coy Dame, was filled with dew prolific:
with adoration men approached to praise her.

9 Yoked was the Mother to the boon Cow's car-
pole: in the dank rows of cloud the Infant rested.
Then the Calf lowed, and looked upon the
Mother, the Cow who wears all shapes in three
directions.

10 Bearing three Mothers and three Fathers,
single he stood erect: they never make him
weary.

There on the pitch of heaven they speak
together in speech all-knowing but not all-
impelling.

11 Formed with twelve spokes, by length of
time, unweakened, rolls round the heaven this
wheel of during Order.

Herein established, joined in pairs together,
seven hundred Sons and twenty stand, O Agni.

12 They call him in the farther half of heaven
the Sire five-footed, of twelve forms, wealthy in
watery store.

These others say that he, God with far-seeing
eyes, is mounted on the lower seven-wheeled,
six-spoked car.

13 Upon this five-spoked wheel revolving ever
all living creatures rest and are dependent.
Its axle, heavy-laden, is not heated: the nave
from ancient time remains unbroken.

14 The wheel revolves, unwasting, with its
felly: ten draw it, yoked to the far-stretching
car-pole.

The Sun's eye moves encompassed by the
region: on him dependent rest all living
creatures.

15 Of the co-born they call the seventh single-
born; the six twin pairs are called Rsis, Children
of Gods.

Their good gifts sought of men are ranged in
order due, and various in their form move for
the Lord who guides.

16 They told me these were males, though truly

females: he who hath eyes sees this, the blind discerns not.

The son who is a sage hath comprehended: who knows this rightly is his father's father.

17 Beneath the upper realm, above this lower, bearing her calf at foot the Cow hath risen.

Witherward, to what place hath she departed? Where calves she? Not amid this herd of cattle.

18 Who, that the father of this Calf discerneth beneath the upper realm, above the lower,

Showing himself a sage, may here declare it?

Whence hath the Godlike spirit had its rising?

19 Those that come hitherward they call departing, those that depart they call directed hither.

And what so ye have made, Indra and Soma, steeds bear as 'twere yoked to the region's car-pole.

20 Two Birds with fair wings, knit with bonds of friendship, in the same sheltering tree have found a refuge.

One of the twain eats the sweet Fig-tree's fruitage; the other eating not regardeth only.

21 Where those fine Birds hymn ceaselessly their portion of life eternal, and the sacred synods,

There is the Universe's mighty Keeper, who, wise, hath entered into me the simple.

22 The, tree whereon the fine Birds eat the sweetness, where they all rest and procreate their offspring,-

Upon its top they say the fig is luscious none gaineth it who knoweth not the Father.

23 How on the Gayatri. the Gayatri was based, how from the Tristup they fashioned the Tristup forth,

How on the Jagati was based the Jagati,- they who know this have won themselves immortal life.

24 With Gayatri he measures out the praise-song, Sama with praise-song, triplet with the Tristup.

The triplet witli the two or four-foot measure, and with the syllable they form seven metres.

25 With Jagati the flood in heaven he stablished, and saw the Sun in the Rathantara Saman.

Gavatri hath, they say, three brands for kindling: hence it excels in majesty and vigour.

26 I invoke the milch-cow good for milking so
that the milker, deft of hand, may drain her.

May Savitar give goodliest stimulation. The
caldron is made hot; I will proclaim it.

27 She, lady of all treasure, is come hither
yearning in spirit for her calf and lowing.

May this cow yield her milk for both the
Asvins, and may she prosper to our high
advantage.

28 The cow hath lowed after her blinking
youngling; she licks his forehead, as she lows,
to form it.

His mouth she fondly calls to her warm udder,
and suckles him with milk while gently lowing.

29 He also snorts, by whom encompassed round
the Cow laws as she clings unto the shedder of
the rain.

She with her shrilling cries hath humbled mortal
man, and, turned to lightning, hath stripped off
her covering robe.

30 That which hath breath and speed and life
and motion lies firmly stablished in the midst of
houses.

Living, by offerings to the Dead he moveth
Immortal One, the brother of the mortal.

31 I saw the Herdsman, him who never
stumbles, approaching by his pathways and
departing.

He, clothed with gathered and diffusive
splendour, within the worlds continually travels.

32 He who hath made him cloth not
comprehend him: from him who saw him surely
is he hidden.

He, yet enveloped in his Mother's bosom,
source of much life, hath sunk into destruction.

33 Dyaus is my Father, my begetter: kinship is
here. This great earth is my kin and Mother.

Between the wide-spread world-halves is the
birthb-place: the Father laid the Daughter's germ
within it.

34 I ask thee of the earth's extremest limit, where
is the centre of the world, I ask
thee.

I ask thee of the Stallion's seed prolific, I ask of
highest heaven where Speech abideth.

35 This altar is the earth's extremest limit; this
sacrifice of ours is the world's centre.

The Stallion's seed prolific is the Soma; this

Brahman highest heaven where Speech abideth.
36 Seven germs unripened yet are heaven's
prolific, seed: their functions they maintain by
Visnu's ordinance.

Endued with wisdom through intelligence and
thought, they compass us about present on every
side.

37 What thing I truly am I know not clearly:
mysterious, fettered in my mind I wander.
When the first-born of holy Law approached
me, then of this speech I first obtain a portion.
38 Back, forward goes he, grasped by strength
inherent, the Immortal born the brother of the
mortal

Ceaseless they move in opposite directions: men
mark the one, and fail to mark the other.

39 Upon what syllable of holy praise-song, as
twere their highest heaven, the Gods repose
them,-

Who knows not this, what will he do with
praise-song? But they who know it well sit here
assembled.

40 Fortunate mayst thou be with goodly pasture,
and may we also be exceeding wealthy.
Feed on the grass, O Cow, at every season, and
coming hitherward drink limpid water.

41 Forming the water-floods, the buffalo hath
lowed, one-footed or two-footed or four-
footed, she,

Who hath become eight-footed or hath got nine
feet, the thou sand-syllabled in the sublimest
heaven.

42 From her descend in streams the seas of
water; thereby the world's four regions have
their being,

Thence flows the imperishable flood and thence
the universe hath life.

43 I saw from far away the smoke of fuel with
spires that rose on high o'er that beneath it.
The Mighty Men have dressed the spotted
bullock. These were the customs in the days
aforetime,

44 Three with long tresses show in ordered
season. One of them sheareth when the year is
ended.

One with his powers the universe regardeth: Of
one, the sweep is seen, but his figure.

45 Speech hath been measured out in four

divisions, the Brahmans who have
understanding know them.

Three kept in close concealment cause no
motion; of speech, men speak only the fourth
division.

46 They call him Indra, Mitra, Varuna, Agni,
and he is heavenly nobly-winged Garutman.
To what is One, sages give many a title they call
it Agni, Yama, Matarisvan.

47 Dark the descent: the birds are golden-
coloured; up to the heaven they fly robed in the
waters.

Again descend they from the seat of Order, and
all the earth is moistened with their fatness.

48 Twelve are the fellies, and the wheel is
single; three are the naves. What man hath
understood it?

Therein are set together spokes three hundred
and sixty, which in nowise can be loosened.

49 That breast of thine exhaustless, spring of
pleasure, wherewith thou feedest all things that
are choicest,

Wealth-giver, treasure. finder, free bestower,-
bring that, Sarasvati, that we may drain it.

50 By means of sacrifice the Gods
accomplished their sacrifice: these were the
earliest ordinances.

These Mighty Ones attained the height of
heaven, there where the Sadhyas, Gods of old,
are dwelling.

51 Uniform, with the passing days, this water
mounts and fails again.

The tempest-clouds give life to earth, and fires
re-animate the heaven.

52 The Bird Celestial, vast with noble pinion,
the lovely germ of plants, the germ of waters,
Him who delighteth us with rain in season,
Sarasvan I invoke that he may help us.

HYMN CLXV. Indra. Maruts.

1. WITH what bright beauty are the Maruts
jointly invested, peers in age, who dwell
together?

From what place have they come? With what
intention? Sing they their strength through love
of wealth, these Heroes?

2 Whose prayers have they, the Youthful Ones,
accepted? Who to his sacrifice hath turned the

Maruts?

We will delay them on their journey sweeping-
with what high spirit!-through the air like
eagles.

3 Whence comest thou alone, thou who art
mighty, Indra, Lord of the Brave? What is thy
purpose?

Thou greetest us when meeting us the Bright
Ones. Lord of Bay Steeds, say what thou hast
against us.

4 Mine are devotions, hymns; sweet are
libations. Strength stirs, and hurled forth is my
bolt of thunder.

They call for me, their lauds are longing for me.
These my Bay Steeds bear me to these
oblations.

5 Therefore together with our strong
companions, having adorned our bodies, now
we harness,

Our spotted deer with might, for thou, O Indra,
hast learnt and understood our Godlike nature.

6 Where was that nature then of yours, O
Maruts, that ye charged me alone to slay the
Dragon?

For I in truth am fierce and strong and mighty. I
bent away from every foeman's weapons.

7 Yea, much hast thou achieved with us for
comrades, with manly valour like thine own,
thou Hero.

Much may we too achieve, O mightiest Indra,
with our great power, we Maruts, when we will
it.

8 Vrtra I slew by mine own strength, O Maruts,
having waxed mighty in mine indignation.

I with the thunder in my hand created for man
these lucid softly flowing waters.

9 Nothing, O Maghavan, stands firm before
thee; among the Gods not one is found
thine equal.

None born or springing into life comes nigh
thee. Do what thou hast to do, exceeding
mighty?

10 Mine only be transcendent power, whatever
I, daring in my spirit, may accomplish.

For I am known as terrible, O Maruts I, Indra,
am the Lord of what I ruined.

11 Now, O ye Maruts, hath your praise rejoiced
me, the glorious hymn which ye have made me,

Heroes!

For me, for Indra, champion strong in battle, for
me, yourselves, as lovers for a lover.

12 Here, truly, they send forth their sheen to
meet me, wearing their blameless glory and
their vigour.

When I have seen you, Matuts, in gay
splendour, ye have delighted me, so now delight
me.

13 Who here hath magnified you, O ye Maruts?
speed forward, O ye lovers, to your lovers.

Ye Radiant Ones, assisting their devotions, of
these my holy rites be ye regardful.

14 To this hath Minya's wisdom brought us, so
as to aid, as aids the poet him who worships.

Bring hither quick! On to the sage, ye Maruts!
These prayers for you the singer hath recited.

15 May this your praise, may this your song, O
Maruts, sung by the poet, Mana's son,
Mandarya,

Bring offspring for ourselves with food to feed
us. May we find strengthening food in full
abundance!

HYMN CLXVI. Maruts.

1. Now let us publish, for the vigorous company
the herald of the Strong One, their primeval
might.

With fire upon your way, O Maruts loud of
voice, with battle, Mighty Ones, achieve your
deeds of strength.

2 Bringing the pleasant mirth as 'twere their
own dear son, they sport in sportive wise gay at
their gatherings.

The Rudras come with succour to the
worshipper; self-strong they fail not him who
offers sacrifice.

3 To whomsoever, bringer of oblations, they
immortal guardians, have given plenteous
wealth,

For him, like loving friends, the Maruts bringing
bliss bedew the regions round with milk
abundantly.

4 Ye who with mighty powers have stirred the
regions up, your coursers have sped forth
directed by themselves.

All creatures of the earth, all dwellings are
afraid, for brilliant is your coming with your

spears advanced.

5 When they in dazzling rush have made the
mountains roar, and shaken heaven's high back
in their heroic strength,
Each sovran of the forest fears as ye drive near,
aid the shrubs fly before you swift as whirling
wheels.

6 Terrible Maruts, ye with ne'er-diminished
host, with great benevolence fulfil our heart's
desire.

Where'er your lightning bites armed with its
gory teeth it crunches up the cattle like a well-
aimed dart.

7 Givers of during gifts whose bounties never
fail, free from ill-will, at sacrifices glorified,
They sing their song aloud that they may drink
sweet juice: well do they know the Hero's first
heroic deeds.

8 With castles hundredfold, O Maruts, guard ye
well the man whom ye have loved from ruin and
from sin,-

The man whom ye the fierce, the Mighty ones
who roar, preserve from calumny by cherishing
his seed.

9 O Maruts, in your cars are all things that are
good: great powers are set as 'twere in rivalry
therein.

Rings are upon your shoulders when ye journey
forth: your axle turns together both the chariot
wheels.

10 Held in your manly arms are many goodly
things, gold chains are on your chests, and
glistening ornaments,
Deer-skins are on their shoulders, on their
bellies knives: they spread their glory out as
birds spread out their wings.

11 Mighty in mightiness, pervading, passing
strong, visible from afar as 'twere with stars of
heaven,

Lovely with pleasant tongues, sweet singers
with their mouths, the Maruts, joined with
Indra, shout forth all around.

12 This is your majesty, ye Maruts nobly born,
far as the sway of Aditi your bounty spreads.
Even Indra by desertion never disannuls the
boon bestowed by you upon the pious man.

13 This is your kinship, Maruts, that, Immortals,
ye were oft in olden time mindful of our call,

Having vouchsafed to man a hearing through
this prayer, by wondrous deeds the Heroes have
displayed their might.

14 That, O ye Maruts, we may long time
flourish through your abundant riches, O swift
movers,

And that our men may spread in the
encampment, let me complete the rite with these
oblations.

15 May this your laud, may this your song, O
Maruts, sung by the poet, Mana's son,

Mandarya,

Bring offspring for ourselves with food to feed
us. May we find strengthening food in full
abundance.

HYMN CLXVII. Indra. Maruts.

1. A THOUSAND are thy helps for us, O Indra:
a thousand, Lord of Bays, thy choice
refreshments.

Wealth of a thousand sorts hast thou to cheer us:
may precious goods come nigh to us in
thousands.

2 May the most sapient Maruts, with protection,
with best boons brought from lofty heaven,
approach us,

Now when their team of the most noble horses
speeds even on the sea's extremest limit.

3 Close to them clings one moving in seclusion,
like a man's wife, like a spear carried rearward,
Well grasped, bright, decked with gold there is
Vak also, like to a courtly, eloquent dame,
among them.

4 Far off the brilliant, never-weary Maruts cling
to the young Maid as a joint possession.

The fierce Gods drave not Rodasi before them,
but wished for her to grow their friend and
fellow.

5 When chose immortal Rodasi to follow- she
with loose tresses and heroic spirit-

She climbed her servant's chariot, she like Surya
with cloud-like motion and refulgent aspect.

6 Upon their car the young men set the Maiden
wedded to glory, mighty in assemblies,

When your song, Maruts, rose, and, with
oblation, the Soma-pourer sang his hymn in
worship.

7 I will declare the greatness of these Maruts,

their real greatness, worthy to be lauded,
How, with them, she though firm, strong-
minded, haughty, travels to women happy in
their fortune.

8 Mitra and Varuna they guard from censure:
Aryaman too, discovers worthless sinners Firm
things are overthrown that ne'er were shaken: he
prosper, Maruts, who gives choice oblations.

9 None of us, Maruts, near or at a distance, hath
ever reached the limit of your vigour.

They in courageous might still waxing boldly
have compassed round their foemen like an
ocean.

10 May we this day be dearest friends of Indra,
and let us call on him in fight to-morrow.
So were we erst. New might attend us daily! So
be with us! Rbhukshan of the Heroes!

11 May this your laud, may this your song, O
Maruts, sung by the poet, Mana's
son, Mandarya,
Bring offspring for ourselves with food to feed
us. May we find strengthening food in full
abundance.

HYMN CLXVIII. Maruts.

1. SWIFT gain is his who hath you near at every
rite: ye welcome every song of him who serves
the Gods.

So may I turn you hither with fair hymns of
praise to give great succour for the weal of both
the worlds.

2 Surrounding, as it were, self-born, self-
powerful, they spring to life the shakers-down
of food and light;

Like as the countess undulations of the floods,
worthy of praise when near, like bullocks and
like kine.

3 They who, like Somas with their well-grown
stalks pressed out, imbibed within the heart,
dwell there in friendly wise.

Upon their shoulders rests as 'twere a warrior's
spear and in their hand they hold a dagger and a
ring.

4 Self-yoked they have descended lightly from
the sky. With your own lash, Immortals, urge
yourself's to speed.

Unstained by dust the Maruts, mighty in their
strength, have cast down e'en firm things, armed

with their shining spears.

5 Who among you, O Maruts armed with lightning-spears, moveth you by himself, as with the tongue his jaws?

Ye rush from heaven's floor as though ye sought for food, on many errands like the Sun's diurnal Steed.

6 Say where, then, is this mighty region's farthest bound, where, Maruts, is the lowest depth that ye have reached,

When ye cast down like chaff the firmly stablished pile, and from the mountain send the glittering water-flood?

7 Your winning is with strength, dazzling, with heavenly light, with fruit mature, O Maruts, fall of plenteousness.

Auspicious is your gift like a free giver's meed, victorious, spreading far, as of immortal Gods.

8 The rivers roar before your chariot fellies when they are uttering the voice of rain-clouds. The lightnings laugh upon the earth beneath them, what time the Maruts scatter forth their fatness.

9 Prani brought forth, to fight the mighty battle, the glittering army of the restless Maruts.

Nurtured together they begat the monster, and then looked round them for the food that strengthens.

10 May this your laud, may this your song O Maruts, sung by the poet Mana's son,

Mandarya,

Bring offspring for ourselves with food to feed us. May we find strengthening food in full abundance.

HYMN CLXIX. Indra.

1. As, Indra, from great treason thou protectest, yea, from great treachery these who approach us,

So, marking well, Controller of the Maruts grant us their blessings, for they are thy dearest.

2 The various doings of all mortal people by thee are ordered, in thy wisdom, Indra.

The host of Marutg goeth forth exulting to win the light-bestowing spoil of battle.

3 That spear of thine sat firm for us, O Indra: the Maruts set their whole dread power in

motion.

E'en Agni shines resplendent in the brush-wood:
the viands hold him as floods hold an island.

4 Vouchsafe us now that opulence, O Indra, as
guerdon won by mightiest donation.

May hymns that please thee cause the breast of
Vayu to swell as with the mead's refreshing
sweetness.

5 With thee, O Indra, are most bounteous riches
that further every one who lives uprightly.

Now may these Maruts show us loving-
kindness, Gods who of old were ever prompt to
help us.

6 Bring forth the Men who rain down boons, O
Indra: exert thee in the great terrestrial region;
For their broad-chested speckled deer are
standing like a King's armies on the field of
battle.

7 Heard is the roar of the advancing Maruts,
terrific, glittering, and swiftly moving,
Who with their rush o'erthrow as 'twere a sinner
the mortal who would fight with those who love
him

8 Give to the Manas, Indra with Maruts, gifts
universal, gifts of cattle foremost.

Thou, God, art praised with Gods who must be
lauded. May we find strengthening food in full
abundance.

HYMN CLXX. Indra. Maruts.

1. NAUGHT is to-day, to-morrow naught. Who
comprehends the mystery?

We must address ourselves unto another's
thought, and lost is then the hope we formed.

2 The Maruts are thy brothers. Why, O Indra,
wouldst thou take our lives?

Agree with them in friendly wise, and do not
slay us in the fight.

3 Agastya, brother, why dost thou neglect us,
thou who art our friend?

We know the nature of thy mind. Verity thou
wilt give us naught.

4 Let them prepare the altar, let them kindle fire
in front: we two

Here will spread sacrifice for thee, that the
Immortal may observe.

5 Thou, Lord of Wealth, art Master of all
treasures, thou, Lord of friends, art thy

friends' best supporter.

O Indra, speak thou kindly with the Maruts, and
taste oblations in their proper season.

HYMN CLXXI. Maruts.

1. To you I come with this mine adoration, and
with a hymn I crave the Strong Ones' favour
A hymn that truly makes you joyful, Maruts.
Suppress your anger and unyoke your horses.
2 Maruts, to you this laud with prayer and
worship, formed in the mind and heart, ye Gods,
is offered.

Come ye to us, rejoicing in your spirit, for ye
are they who make our prayer effective.

3 The Maruts, praised by us, shall show us
favour; Maghavan, lauded, shall be most
propitious.

Maruts,, may all our days that are to follow be
very pleasant, lovely and triumphant.

4 I fled in terror from this mighty Indra, my
body trembling in alarm, O Maruts.
Oblations meant for you had been made ready;
these have we set aside: for this forgive us.

5 By whom the Manas recognize the day-
springs, by whose strength at the dawn of
endless mornings,

Give us, thou Mighty, glory with Maruts. fierce
with the fierce, the Strong who givest triumph.

6 Do thou, O Indra, guard the conquering
Heroes, and rid thee of thy wrath against the
Maruts,

With them, the wise, victorious and bestowing.
May we find strengthening food in full
abundance.

HYMN CLXXII. Maruts.

1. WONDERFUL let your coming be,
wondrous with help, ye Bounteous Ones,
Maruts, who gleam as serpents gleam.

2 Far be from us, O Maruts, ye free givers, your
impetuous shaft;

Far from us be the stone ye hurl.

3 O Bounteous Givers, touch ye not, O Maruts,
Trnskanda's folk;

Lift ye us up that we may live.

HYMN CLXXIII. Indra.

1. THE praise-song let him sing forth bursting
bird-like: sing we that hymn which like heaven's

light expandeth,
That the milk-giving cows may, unimpeded call
to the sacred grass the Gods' assembly.

2 Let the Bull sing with Bulls whose toil is
worship, with a loud roar like some wild beast
that hungers.

Praised God! the glad priest brings his heart's
devotion; the holy youth presents twofold
oblation.

3 May the Priest come circling the measured
stations, and with him bring the earth's autumnal
fruitage.

Let the Horse neigh led near, let the Steer
bellow: let the Voice go between both worlds as
herald,

4 To him we offer welcomest oblations, the
pious bring their strength-inspiring praises.
May Indra, wondrous in his might, accept them,
car-borne and swift to move like the Nasatyas.

5 Praise thou that Indra who is truly mighty, the
car-borne Warrior, Maghavan the Hero;
Stronger in war than those who fight against
him, borne by strong steeds, who kills enclosing
darkness;

6 Him who surpasses heroes in his greatness:
the earth and heavens suffice not for his girdles.
Indra endues the earth to be his garment, and,
God-like, wears the heaven as 'twere a frontlet,

7 Thee, Hero, guardian of the brave in battles,
who roamest in the van,-to draw thee hither,
Indra, the hosts agree beside the Soma, and joy,
for his great actions, in the Chieftain.

8 Libations in the sea to thee are pleasant, when
thy divine Floods come to cheer these people.
To thee the Cow is sum of all things grateful
when with the wish thou seekest men and
princes.

9 So may we in this One be well befriended,
well aided as it were through praise of
chieftains,

That Indra still may linger at our worship, as
one led swift to work, to hear our praises.

10 Like men in rivalry extolling princes, our
Friend be Indra, wielder of the thunder.

Like true friends of some city's lord within them
held in good rule with sacrifice they help him.

11 For every sacrifice makes Indra stronger,
yea, when he goes around angry in spirit;

As pleasure at the ford invites the thirsty, as the long way brings him who gains his object.

12 Let us not here contend with Gods, O Indra, for here, O Mighty One, is thine own portion, The Great, whose Friends the bounteous Maruts honour, as with a stream, his song who pours oblations.

13 Addressed to thee is this our praise, O Indra: Lord of Bay Steeds, find us hereby advancement.

So mayst thou lead us on, O God, to comfort. May we find strengthening food in full abundance.

HYMN CLXXIV. Indra.

1. THOU art the King of all the Gods, O Indra: protect the men, O Asura, preserve us.

Thou Lord of Heroes, Maghavan, our saver, art faithful, very rich, the victory-giver.

2 Indra, thou humbledst tribes that spake with insult by breaking down seven autumn forts, their refuge.

Thou stirredst, Blameless! billowy floods, and gavest his foe a prey to youthful Purukutsa.

3 With whom thou drivest troops whose lords are heroes, and bringest daylight now, much worshipped Indra,

With them guard lion-like wasting active Agni to dwell in our tilled fields and in our homestead.

4 They through the greatness of thy spear, O Indra, shall, to thy praise, rest in this earthly station.

To loose the floods, to seek, for kine, the battle, his Bays he mounted boldly seized the booty.

5 Indra, bear Kutsa, him in whom thou joyest: the dark-red horses of the Wind are docile.

Let the Sun roll his chariot wheel anear us, and let the Thunderer go to meet the foemen.

6 Thou Indra, Lord of Bays, made strong by impulse, hast slain the vexers of thy friends, who give not.

They who beheld the Friend beside the living were cast aside by thee as they rode onward.

7 Indra, the bard sang forth in inspiration: thou madest earth a covering for the Dasa.

Maghavan made the three that gleam with moisture, and to his home brought Kuyavac to

slay him.

8 These thine old deeds new bards have sung, O
Indra. Thou conqueredst, boundest many tribes
for ever.

Like castles thou hast crushed the godless races,
and bowed the godless scorner's deadly weapon.

9 A Stormer thou hast made the stormy waters
flow down, O Indra, like the running rivers.

When o'er the flood thou broughtest them, O
Hero, thou keptest Turvaga and Yadu safely.

10 Indra, mayst thou be ours in all occasions,
protector of the men, most gentle-hearted,
Giving us victory over all our rivals. May we
find strengthening food in full abundance.

HYMN CLXXV. Indra.

1. GLAD thee: thy glory hath been quaffed,
Lord of Bay Steeds, as 'twere the bowl's
enlivening mead.

For thee the Strong there is strong drink,
mighty, omnipotent to win.

2 Let our strong drink, most excellent,
exhilarating, come to thee,
Victorious, Indra! bringing gain, immortal
conquering in fight,

3 Thou, Hero, winner of the spoil, urgest to
speed the car of man.

Burn, like a vessel with the flame, the lawless
Dasyu, Conqueror!

4 Empowered by thine own might, O Sage, thou
stolest Sarya's chariot wheel.

Thou barest Kutsa with the steeds of Wind to
Susna as his death.

5 Most mighty is thy rapturous joy, most
splendid is thine active power,
Wherewith, foe-slaying, sending bliss, thou art
supreme in gaining steeds.

6 As thou, O Indra, to the ancient singers wast
ever joy, as water to the thirsty,
So unto thee I sing this invocation. May we find
strengthening food in full abundance.

HYMN CLXXVI. Indra.

1. CHEER thee with draughts to win us bliss:
Soma, pierce Indra in thy strength.

Thou stormest trembling in thy rage, and findest
not a foeman nigh.

2 Make our songs penetrate to him who is the
Only One of men;

For whom the sacred food is spread, as the steer
ploughs the barley in.

3 Within whose hands deposited all the Five
Peoples' treasures rest.

Mark thou the man who injures us and kill him
like the heavenly bolt.

4 Slay everyone who pours no gift, who, hard to
reach, delights thee not.

Bestow on us what wealth he hath: this even the
worshipper awaits.

5 Thou helpest him the doubly strong whose
hymns were sung unceasingly.

When Indra fought, O Soma, thou helpest the
mighty in the fray.

6 As thou, O Indra, to the ancient singers wast
ever joy, like water to the thirsty,

So unto thee I sing this invocation. May we find
strengthening food in full abundance.

HYMN CLXXVII. Indra.

1. THE Bull of men, who cherishes all people,
King of the Races, Indra, called of many,
Fame-loving, praised, hither to me with succour
turn having yoked both vigorous Bay Horses!

2 Thy mighty Stallions, yoked by prayer, O
Indra, thy. Coursers to thy mighty chariot
harnessed,-

Ascend thou these, and borne by them come
hither: with Soma juice out. poured, Indra, we
call thee.

3 Ascend thy mighty car: the mighty Soma is
poured for thee and sweets are sprinkled round
us.

Come down to us-ward, Bull of human
races, come, having harnessed them, with strong
Bay Horses.

4 Here is God-reaching sacrifice, here the
victim; here, Indra, are the prayers, here is the
Soma.

Strewn is the sacred grass: come hither, Sakra;
seat thee and drink: unyoke thy two Bay
Coursers.

5 Come to us, Indra, come thou highly lauded to
the devotions of the singer Mana.

Singing, may we find early through thy succour,
may we find strengthening food in full
abundance.

HYMN CLXXVIII. Indra.

1. IF, Indra, thou hast given that gracious hearing where with thou helpst those who sang thy praises.

Blast not the wish that would exalt us may I gain all from thee, and pay all man's devotions.

2 Let not the Sovran Indra disappoint us in what shall bring both Sisters to our dwelling.

To him have run the quickly flowing waters. May Indra come to us with life and friendship.

3 Victorious with the men, Hero in battles, Indra, who hearsthe singer's supplication, Will bring his car nigh to the man who offers, if he himself upholds the songs that praise him.

4 Yea, Indra, with the men, through love of glory consumes the sacred food which friends have offered.

The ever-strengthening song of him who worships is sung in fight amid the clash of voices.

5 Aided by thee, O Maghavan, O Indra, may we subdue our foes who count them mighty.

Be our protector, strengthen and increase us. May we find strengthening food in full abundance.

HYMN CLXXIX. Rati.

The deified object of this omitted hymn is said to be Rati or Love, and its Rsis or authors are Lopamudrd, Agastya, and a disciple.

Lopamudra is represented as inviting the caresses of her aged husband Agastya, and complaining of his coldness and neglect.

Agastya responds in stanza 3, and in the second half of stanza 4 the disciple or the poet briefly tells the result of the dialogue. Stanza 5 is supposed to be spoken by the disciple who has overheard the conversation, but its connexion with the rest of the hymn is not very apparent.

In stanza 6 'toiling with strong endeavour' is a paraphrase and not a translation of the original *khanamanah khanitraib (ligonibus fodiens)* which Sayana explains by 'obtaining the desired result by means of lauds and sacrifices.'

M. Bergaigne is of opinion that the hymn has a mystical meaning, Agastya being identifiable with the celestial Soma whom Lopamudra, representing fervent Prayer, succeeds after long

labour in drawing down from his secret dwelling place. See La Religion Vedique, ii. 394 f.

1 'Through many autumns have I toiled and laboured, at night and morn, through age-inducing dawns.

Old age impairs the beauty of our bodies. Let husbands still come near unto their spouses.

2 For even the men aforetime, law-fulfillers, who with the Gods declared eternal statutes,-- They have decided, but have not accomplished: so now let Wives come near unto their husbands.

3 Non inutilis est labor cui Dii favent: nos omnes aemulos et aemulas vincamus. Superemus in hac centum artium pugna in qua duas partes convenientes utrinque commovemus.

4 Cupido me cepit illius tauri [viri] qui me despicit, utrum hinc utrum illinc ab aliqua parte nata sit.

Lopamudra taurum [maritum suum] ad se detrahit: insipiens illa sapientem anhelantem absorbet.

5 This Soma I address that is most near us, that which hath been imbibed within the spirit, To pardon any sins we have committed. Verily mortal man is full of longings.

6 Agastya thus, toiling with strong endeavour, wishing for children, progeny and power, Cherished - a sage of mighty strength - both classes, and with the Gods obtained his prayer's fulfilment.

By 'both classes' probably priests and princes, or institutors of sacrifices, are meant. M.

Bergaigne understands the expression to mean the two forms or essences of Soma, the celestial and the terrestrial.

5 Membrum suum virile, quod vrotentum fuerat, mas ille retraxit. Rursus illud quod in juvenem filiam sublatum fuerat, non aggressurus, ad se rerahit.

6 Quum jam in medio connessu, semiperfecto opere, amorem in puellam pater impleverat, ambo discedentes seminis paulum in terrae superficiem sacrorum sede effusum emisunt.

7 Quum pater suam nilam adiverat, cum ed congressus suum semen supra verrum effudit.

Tum Dii benigni precem (brahma) prgeduerunt,
et Vastoshpatim, legum sacrarum custodem,
formaverunt.

8 Ille tauro similis spumam in certamine
jactavit, tunc discedens pusillaximis huc
profectus est. Quasi dextro pede claudus
processit, "inutiles fuerunt illi mei complexus,"
ita locutus.

9 'The fire, burning the people, does not
approach quickly (by day): the naked (Rakasas
approach) not Agni by night; the giver of fuel,
and the giver of food, he, the upholder (of the
rite), is born, overcoming enemies by his might.'

HYMN CLXXX. Asvins.

1. LIGHTLY your coursers travel through the
regions when round thesea of air your car is
flying.

Your golden fellies scatter drops of moisture:
drinking the sweetness ye attend the Mornings.

2 Ye as ye travel overtake the Courser who flies
apart, the Friend of man, most holy.

The prayer is that the Sister may convey you, all
praised, meath-drinkers! to support and
strengthen.

3 Ye have deposited, matured within her, in the
raw cow the first milk of the milch-cow,
Which the bright offerer, shining like a serpent
mid trees, presents to you whose form is perfect.

4 Ye made the fierce heat to be full of sweetness
for Atri at his wish, like streaming water.

Fire-offering thence is yours, O Asvins, Heroes:
your car-wheels speed to us like springs of
honey.

5 Like Tugra's ancient son may I, ye Mighty,
bring you to give your gifts with milk-oblations.
Your greatness compasseth Earth, Heaven, and
Waters: decayed for you is sorrow's net, ye
Holy.

6 When, Bounteous Ones, ye drive your yoked
team downward, ye send, by your own natures,
understanding.

Swift as the wind let the prince please and feast
you: he, like a pious man, gains strength for
increase.

7 For verily we truthful singers praise you the
niggard trafficker is here excluded.

Now, even now do ye O blameless Advins, ye

Mighty, guard the man whose God is near him.
8 You of a truth day after day, O Asvins, that he
might win the very plenteous torrent,
Agastya, famous among mortal heroes, roused
with a thousand lauds like sounds of music.
9 When with the glory of your car ye travel,
when we go speeding like the priest of mortals,
And give good horses to sacrificers, may we,
Nasatyas! gain our share of riches.
10 With songs of praise we call to-day, O
Asvins, that your new chariot, for our own well-
being,
That circles heaven with never-injured fellies.
May we find strengthening food in full
abundance.

HYMN CLXXXI. Asvins

1. WHAT, dearest Pair, is this in strength and
riches that ye as Priests are bring from the
waters?
This sacrifice is your glorification, ye who
protect mankind and give them treasures.
2 May your pure steeds, rain-drinkers, bring you
hither, swift as the tempest, your celestial
coursers,
Rapid as thought, with fair backs, full of vigour,
resplendent in their native light, O Asvins.
3 Your car is like a torrent rushing downward:
may it come nigh, broad-seated, for our
welfare,-
Car holy, strong, that ever would be foremost,
thought-swift, which ye, for whom we long,
have mounted.
4 Here sprung to life, they both have sung
together, with bodies free from stain, with signs
that mark them;
One of you Prince of Sacrifice, the Victor, the
other counts as Heaven's auspicious offspring.
5 May your car-seat, down-gliding, golden-
coloured, according to your wish approach our
dwellings.
Men shall feed full the bay steeds of the other,
and, Asvins they with roars shall stir the
regions.
6 Forth comes your strong Bull like a cloud of
autumn, sending abundant food of liquid
sweetness.
Let them feed with the other's ways and vigour:

the upper streams have come and do us service.

7 Your constant song hath been sent forth,
Disposers! that flows threefold in mighty
strength, O Asvins.

Thus lauded, give the suppliant protection
moving or resting hear mine invocation.

8 This song of bright contents for you is
swelling in the men's hall where three-fold grass
is ready.

Your strong rain-cloud, ye Mighty Ones, hath
swollen, honouring men as 'twere with milk's
outpouring.

9 The prudent worshipper, like Pusan, Asvins!
praises you as he praises Dawn and Agni,
When, singing with devotion, he invokes you.
May we find strengthening food in full
abundance.

HYMN CLXXXII. Asvins.

1. THIS was the task. Appear promptly, ye
prudent Ones. Here is the chariot drawn by
strong steeds: be ye glad.

Heart-stirring, longed for, succourers of
Vispala, here are Heaven's Sons whose sway
blesses the pious man.

2 Longed for, most Indra-like, mighty, most
Marut-like, most wonderful in deed, car-borne,
best charioteers,

Bring your full chariot hither heaped with liquid
sweet: thereon, ye Mvins, come to him who
offers gifts.

3 What make ye there, ye Mighty? Wherefore
linger ye with folk who, offering not, are held in
high esteem?

Pass over them; make ye the niggard's life
decay: give light unto the singer eloquent in
praise.

4 Crunch up on every side the dogs who bark at
us: slay ye our foes, O Asvins this ye
understand.

Make wealthy every word of him who praises
you: accept with favour, both Nasatyas, this my
laud.

5 Ye made for Tugra's son amid the water-
floods that animated ship with wings to fly
withal,

Whereon with God-devoted mind ye brought

him forth, and fled with easy flight from out the mighty surge.

6 Four ships most welcome in the midst of ocean, urged by the Asvins, save the son of Tugra,

Him who was cast down headlong in the waters, plunged in the thick inevitable darkness.

7 What tree was that which stood fixed in surrounding sea to which the son of Tugra supplicating clung?

Like twigs, of which some winged creature may take hold, ye, Asvins, bore him off safely to your renown.

8 Welcome to you be this the hymn of praises uttered by Manas, O Nasatyas, Heroes, From this our gathering where we offer Soma. May we find strengthening food in full abundance.

HYMN CLXXXIII. Asvins.

1. MAKE ready that which passes thought in swiftness, that hath three wheels and triple seat, ye Mighty,

Whereon ye seek the dwelling of the pious, whereon, threefold, ye fly like birds with pinions.

2 Light rolls your easy chariot faring earthward, what time, for food, ye, full of wisdom, mount it.

May this song, wondrous fair, attend your glory: ye, as ye travel, wait on Dawn Heaven's Daughter.

3 Ascend your lightly rolling car, approaching the worshipper who turns him to his duties,- Whereon ye come unto the house to quicken man and his offspring, O Nasatyas, Heroes.

4 Let not the wolf, let not the she-wolf harm you. Forsake me not, nor pass me by or others. Here stands your share, here is your hymn, ye Mighty: yours are these vessels, full of pleasant juices.

5 Gotama, Purumilha, Atri bringing oblations all invoke you for protection.

Like one who goes straight to the point directed, ye Nasatyas, to mine invocation.

6 We have passed o'er the limit of this darkness: our praise hath been bestowed on you, O Asvins.

Come hitherward by paths which Gods have travelled. May we find strengthening food in full abundance.

HYMN CLXXXIV Asvins.

1. LET us invoke you both this day and after the priest is here with lauds when morn is breaking: Nasatyas, wheresoe'er ye be, Heaven's Children, for him who is more liberal than the godless.

2 With us, ye Mighty, let yourselves be joyful, glad in our stream of Soma slay the niggards. Graciously hear my hymns and invitations, marking, O Heroes, with your cars my longing.

3 Nasatyas, Pusans, ye as Gods for glory arranged and set in order Surya's bridal.

Your giant steeds move on, sprung from the waters, like ancient times of Varuna the Mighty.

4 Your grace be with us, ye who love sweet juices: further the hymn sung by the poet Mana, When men are joyful in your glorious actions, to win heroic strength, ye Bounteous Givers.

5 This praise was made, O liberal Lords, O Asvins, for you with fair adornment by the Manas.

Come to our house for us and for our children, rejoicing, O Nasatyas, in Agastya.

6 We have passed o'er the limit of this darkness: our praise hath been bestowed on you, O Asvins.

Come hitherward by paths which Gods have travelled. may we find strengthening food in full abundance.

HYMN CLXXXV. Heaven and Earth.

1. WHETHER of these is elder, whether later? How were they born? Who knoweth it, ye sages?

These of themselves support all things existing: as on a car the Day and Night roll onward.

2 The Twain uphold, though motionless and footless, a widespread offspring having feet and moving.

Like your own fon upon his parents' bosom, protect us, Heaven and earth, from fearful danger.

3 I call for Aditi's unrivalled bounty, perfect, celestial, deathless, meet for worship.

Produce this, ye Twain Worlds, for him who lauds you. Protect us, Heaven and Earth, from

fearful danger.

4 May we be close to both the Worlds who
suffer no pain, Parents of Gods, who aid with
favour,

Both mid the Gods, with Day and Night
alternate. Protect us, Heaven and Earth, from
fearful danger.

5 Faring together, young, with meeting limits,
Twin Sisters lying in their Parents' bosom,
Kissing the centre of the world together. Protect
us, Heaven and Earth, from fearful danger.

6 Duly I call the two wide seats, the mighty, the
general Parents, with the God's protection.
Who, beautiful to look on, make the nectar.
Protect us, Heaven and Earth, from fearful
danger.

7 Wide, vast, and manifold, whose bounds are
distant, -these, reverent, I address at this our
worship,

The blessed Pair, victorious, all-sustaining.
Protect us, Heaven and Earth, from fearful
danger.

8 What sin we have at any time committed
against the Gods, our friend, our house's
chieftain,

Thereof may this our hymn be expiation. Protect
us, Heaven and Earth, from fearful danger.

9 May both these Friends of man, who bless,
preserve me, may they attend me with their help
and favour.

Enrich the man more liberal than the godless.
May we, ye Gods, be strong with food rejoicing.

10 Endowed with understanding, I have uttered
this truth, for all to hear, to Earth and Heaven.

Be near us, keep us from reproach and trouble.
Father and Mother, with your help preserve us.

11 Be this my prayer fulfilled, O Earth and
Heaven, wherewith, Father and Mother, I
address you.

Nearest of Gods be ye with your protection.
May we find strengthening food in full
abundance.

HYMN CLXXXVI. Visvedevas.

1. LOVED of all men, may Savitar, through
praises offered as sacred food, come to our
synod,

That you too, through-our hymn, ye ever-

youthful, may gladden, at your visit, all our people.

2 To us may all the Gods come trooped together, Aryaman, Mitra, Varuna concordant, That all may be promoters of our welfare, and with great might preserve our strength from slackness.

3 Agni I sing, the guest you love most dearly: the Conqueror through our lauds is friendly-minded.

That he may be our Varuna rich in glory and send food like a prince praised by the godly.

4 To you I seek with reverence, Night and Morning, like a cow good to milk, with hope to conquer,

Preparing on a common day the praise. song with milk of various hues within this udder.

5 May the great Dragon of the Deep rejoice us: as one who nourishes her young comes Sindhu, With whom we will incite the Child of Waters whom vigorous course swift as thought bring hither.

6 Moreover Tvastar also shall approach us, one-minded with the princes at his visit.

Hither shall come the Vrtra-slayer Indra, Ruler of men, as strongest of the Heroes.

7 Him too our hymns delight, that yoke swift horses, like mother cows who lick their tender youngling.

To him our songs shall yield themselves like spouses, to him the most delightful of the Heroes.

8 So may the Maruts, armed with mighty weapons, rest here on heaven and earth with hearts in concord,

As Gods whose cars have dappled steeds like torrents, destroyers of the foe allies of Mitra.

9 They hasten on to happy termination their orders when they are made known by glory.

As on a fair bright day the arrow flieth o'er all the barren soil their missiles sparkle.

10 Incline the Asvins to show grace, and Pusan, for power and might have they, their own possession.

Friendly are Visnu, Vata, and Rbhuksan so may I bring the Gods to make us happy.

11 This is my reverent thought of you, ye Holy;

may it inspire you, make you dwell among us,-
Thought, toiling for the Gods and seeking
treasure. May we find strengthening food in full
abundance.

HYMN CLXXXVII. Praise of Food.

1. Now will I glorify Food that upholds great
strength,
By whose invigorating power Trita rent Vrtra
limb from limb.
- 2 O pleasant Food, O Food of meath, thee have
we chosen for our own,
So be our kind protector thou.
- 3 Come hitherward to us, O Food, auspicious
with auspicious help,
Health-bringing, not unkind, a dear and
guileless friend.
- 4 These juices which, O Food, are thine
throughout the regions are diffused.
like winds they have their place in heaven.
- 5 These gifts of thine, O Food, O Food most
sweet to taste,
These savours of thy juices work like creatures
that have mighty necks.
- 6 In thee, O Food, is set the spirit of great Gods.
Under thy flag brave deeds were done he slew
the Dragon with thy help.
- 7 If thou be gone unto the splendour of the
clouds,
Even from thence, O Food of meath, prepared
for our enjoyment, come.
- 8 Whatever morsel we consume from waters or
from plants of earth, O Soma, wax thou fat
thereby.
- 9 What Soma, we enjoy from thee in milky food
or barley-brew, Vatapi, grow thou fat thereby.
- 10 O Vegetable, Cake of meal, he wholesome,
firm, and strengthening: Vatapi, grow thou fat
thereby.
- 11 O Food, from thee as such have we drawn
forth with lauds, like cows, our sacrificial gifts,
From thee who banquetest with Gods, from thee
who banquetest with us.

HYMN CLXXXVIII. April

1. WINNER of thousands, kindled, thou shinest
a God with Gods to-day.
Bear out oblations, envoy, Sage.
- 2 Child of Thyself the sacrifice is for the

righteous blent with meath,
Presenting viands thousandfold.
3 Invoked and worthy of our praise bring Gods
whose due is sacrifice:
Thou, Agni, givest countless gifts.
4 To seat a thousand Heroes they eastward have
strewn the grass with might,
Whereon, Adityas, ye shine forth.
5 The sovran all-imperial Doors, wide, good,
many and manifold,
Have poured their streams of holy oil.
6 With gay adornment, fair to see, in glorious
beauty shine they forth:
Let Night and Morning rest them here.
7 Let these two Sages first of all, heralds divine
and eloquent,
Perform for us this sacrifice.
8 You I address, Sarasvati, and Bharati, and Ila,
all:
Urge ye us on to glorious fame.
9 Tvastar the Lord hath made all forms and all
the cattle of the field
Cause them to multiply for us.
10 Send to the Gods, Vanaspati, thyself, the
sacrificial draught:
Let Agni make the oblations sweet.
11 Agni, preceder of the Gods, is honoured with
the sacred song:
He glows at offerings blest with Hail!

HYMN CLXXXIX. Agni.

1. BY goodly paths lead us to riches, Agni, God
who knowest every sacred duty.
Remove the sin that makes us stray and wander.
most ample adoration will we bring thee.
2 Lead us anew to happiness, O Agni; lead us
beyond all danger and affliction.
Be unto us a wide broad ample castle bless,
prosper on their way our sons and offspring.
3 Far from us, Agni, put thou all diseases let
them strike lauds that have no saving Agni.
God, make our home again to be a blessing,
with all the Immortal Deities, O Holy.
4 Preserve us, Agni, with perpetual succour,
refulgent in the dwelling which thou lovest.
O Conqueror, most youthful, let no danger
touch him who praises thee to-day or after.
5 Give not us up a prey to sin, O Agni, the

greedy enemy that brings us trouble;
Not to the fanged that bites, not to the toothless:
give not us up, thou Conqueror, to the spoiler.
6 Such as thou art, born after Law, O Agni
when lauded give protection to our bodies,
From whosoever would reproach or injure: for
thou, God, rescuest from all oppression.
7 Thou, well discerning both these classes,
comest to men at early morn, O holy Agni.
Be thou obedient unto man at evening, to be
adorned, as keen, by eager suitors.
8 To him have we addressed our pious speeches,
I, Mana's son, to him victorious Agni.
May we gain countless riches with the sages.
May we find strengthening food in full
abundance.

HYMN CXC. Brhaspati.

1. GLORIFY thou Brhaspati, the scatheless, who
must be praised with hymns, sweet-tongued and
mighty,
To whom as leader of the song, resplendent,
worthy of lauds, both Gods and mortals listen.
2 On him wait songs according to the season
even as a stream of pious men set moving.
Brhaspati-for helaid out the expanses- was, at
the sacrifice, vast Matarisvan.
3 The praise, the verse that offers adoration,
may he bring forth, as the Sun sends his arms
out,
He who gives daily light through this God's
wisdom, strong as a dread wild beast, and
inoffensive.
4 His song of praise pervades the earth and
heaven - let the wise worshipper draw it, like a
courser.
These of Brhaspati, like hunters' arrows, go to
the skies that change their hue like serpents.
5 Those, God, who count thee as a worthless
bullock, and, wealthy sinners, live on thee the
Bounteous,-
On fools like these no blessing thou bestowest:
Brhaspati, thou punishest the spiteful.
6 Like a fair path is he, where grass is pleasant,
though hard to win, a Friend beloved most
early.
Those who unharmed by enemies behold us,
while: they would make them bare, stood

closely compassed.

7 He to whom songs of praise go forth like
torrents, as rivers eddying under banks flow sea-
ward-

Brhaspati the wise, the eager, closely looks
upon both, the waters and the vessel.

8 So hath Brhaspati, great, strong and mighty,
the God exceeding powerful, been brought
hither.

May he thus lauded give us kine and horses.

May we find strengthening food in full
abundance.

HYMN CXCI Water. Grass. Sun.

1. VENOMOUS, slightly venomous, or
venomous aquatic worm,-

Both creatures, stinging, unobserved, with
poison have infected me.

2 Coming, it kills the unobserved; it kills them
as it goes away,

It kills them as it drives them off, and bruising
bruises them to death.

3 Sara grass, Darbha, Kusara, and Sairya,
Munja, Virana,

Where all these creatures dwell unseen, with
poison have infected me.

4 The cows had settled in their stalls, the beasts
of prey had sought their lairs,

Extinguished were the lights of men, when
things unseen infected me.

5 Or these, these reptiles, are observed, like
lurking thieves at evening time.

Seers of all, themselves unseen: be therefore
very vigilant.

6 Heaven is your Sire, your Mother Earth, Soma
your Brother, Aditi

Your Sister: seeing all, unseen, keep still and
dwell ye happily.

7 Biters of shoulder or of limb, with needle-
stings, most venomous,

Unseen, whatever ye may be, vanish together
and be gone.

8 Slayer of things unseen, the Sun, beheld of all,
mounts, eastward, up,

Consuming all that are not seen, and evil spirits
of the night.

9 There hath the Sun-God mounted up, who
scorches much and everything.

Even the Aditya from the hills, all-seen,
destroying things unseen.

10 I hang the poison in the Sun, a wine-skin in a
vintner's house,

He will not die, nor shall we die: his path is far:
he whom Bay Horses bear hath turned thee to
sweet meath.

11 This little bird, so very small, hath
swallowed all thy poison up.

She will not die, nor shall we die: his path is far:
he whom Bay Horses bear hath turned thee to
sweet meath.

12 The three-times-seven bright sparks of fire
have swallowed up the poison's strength.

They will not die, nor shall we die: his path is
far: he whom Bay Horses bear hath turned thee
to sweet meath.

13 Of ninety rivers and of nine with power to
stay the venom's course,-

The names of all I have secured: his path is far:
he whom Bay Horses bear hath turned thee to
sweet meath.

14 So have the peahens three-times-seven, so
have the maiden Sisters Seven

Carried thy venom far away, as girls bear water
in their jars.

15 The poison-insect is so small; I crush the
creature with a stone.

I turn the poison hence away, departed unto
distant lands.

16 Forth issuing from the mountain's side the
poison-insect spake and said:

The scorpion's venom hath no strength
Scorpion, thy venom is but weak.

THE RIG VEDA BOOK2

HYMN I. Agni.

1. THOU, Agni, shining in thy glory through the days, art brought to life from out the waters, from the stone:

From out the forest trees and herbs that grow on ground, thou, Sovran Lord of men art generatad [sic] pure.

2 Thine is the Herald's task and Cleanser's duly timed; Leader art thou, and Kindler for the pious man.

Thou art Director, thou the ministering Priest: thou art the Brahman, Lord and Master in our home.

3 Hero of Heroes, Agni! Thou art Indra, thou art Visnu of the Mighty Stride, adorable:

Thou, Brahmanaspati, the Brahman finding wealth: thou, O Sustainer, with thy wisdom tendest us.

4 Agni, thou art King Varuna whose laws stand fast; as Mitra, Wonder-Worker, thou must be implored.

Aryaman, heroes' Lord, art thou, enrich ing all, and liberal Amsa in the synod, O thou God.

5 Thou givest strength, as Tvastar, to the worshipper: thou wielding Mitra's power hast kinship with the Dames.

Thou, urging thy fleet coursers, givest noble steeds: a host of heroes art thou with great store of wealth.

6 Rudra art thou, the Asura of mighty heaven: thou art the Maruts' host, thou art the Lord of food,

Thou goest with red winds: bliss hast thou in thine home. As Pusan thou thyself protectest worshippers.

7 Giver of wealth art thou to him who honours thee; thou art God Savitar, granter of precious things.

As Bhaga, Lord of men! thou rulest over wealth, and guardest in his house him who hath served thee well.

8 To thee, the people's Lord within the house, the folk press forward to their King most graciously inclined.

Lord of the lovely look, all things belong to thee: ten, hundred, yea, a thousand are

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outweighed by thee.

9 Agni, men seek thee as a Father with their prayers, win thee, bright-formed, to brotherhood with holy act.

Thou art a Son to him who duly worships thee, and as a trusty Friend thou guardest from attack.

10 A Rbhu art thou, Agni, near to be adored thou art the Sovran Lord of foodful spoil and wealth.

Thou shinest brightly forth, thou burnest to bestow: pervading sacrifice, thou lendest us thine help.

11 Thou, God, art Aditi to him who offers gifts: thou, Hotri, Bharati, art strengthened by the song.

Thou art the hundred-wintered Ila to give strength, Lord of Wealth! Vrtra-slayer and Sarasvati.

12 Thou, Agni, cherished well, art highest vital power; in thy delightful hue are glories visible. Thou art the lofty might that furthers each design: thou art wealth manifold, diffused on every side.

13 Thee, Agni, have the Adityas taken as their mouth; the Bright Ones have made thee, O Sage, to be their tongue.

They who love offerings cling to thee at solemn rites: by thee the Gods devour the duly offered food.

14 By thee, O Agni, all the Immortal guileless Gods cat with thy mouth the oblation that is offered them.

By thee do mortal men give sweetness to their drink. Bright art thou born, the embryo of the plants of earth.

15 With these thou art united, Agni; yea thou, God of noble birth, surpasses them in majesty, Which, through the power of good, here spreads abroad from thee, diffused through both the worlds, throughout the earth and heaven.

16 The princely worshippers who send to those who sing thy praise, O Agni, guerdon graced with kine and steeds,-

Lead thou both these and us forward to higher bliss. With brave men in the assembly may we speak aloud.

HYMN II. Agni.

1. WITH sacrifice exalt Agni who knows all life; worship him 'with oblation and the song of praise,

Well kindled, nobly fed; heaven's Lord,
Celestial Priest, who labours at the pole where deeds of might are done.

2 At night and morning, Agni, have they called to thee, like milch-kine in their stalls lowing to meet their young.

As messenger of heaven thou lightest all night long the families of men. Thou Lord of precious boons.

3 Him have the Gods established at the region's base, doer of wondrous deeds, Herald of heaven and earth;

Like a most famous car, Agni the purely bright, like Mitra. to be glorified among the folk.

4 Him have they set in his own dwelling, in the vault, like the Moon waxing, fulgent, in the realm of air.

Bird of the firmament, observant with his eyes, guard of the place as 'twere, looking to Gods and men.

5 May he as Priest encompass all the sacrifice. men throng to him with offerings and with hymns of praise.

Raging with jaws of gold among the growing plants, like heaven with all the stars, he quickens earth and sky.

6 Such as thou art, brilliantly kindled for our weal, a liberal giver, send us riches in thy shine, For our advantage, Agni, God, bring Heaven and Earth hither that they may taste oblation brought by man.

7 Agni, give us great wealth, give riches thousandfold. unclose to us, like doors, strength that shall bring renown.

Make Heaven and Earth propitious through the power of prayer, and like the sky's bright sheen let mornings beam on us.

8 Enkindled night by night at every morning's dawn, may he shine forth with red flame like the realm of light,-

Agni adored in beauteous rites with lauds of men, fair guest of living man and King of all our folk.

9 Song chanted by us men, O Agni, Ancient One, has swelled unto the deathless Gods in

lofty heaven-

A milch-cow yielding to the singer in the rites
wealth manifold, in hundreds, even as he wills.

10 Agni, may we show forth our valour with the
steed or with the power of prayer beyond all
other men;

And over the Five Races let our glory shine high
like the realm of light and unsurpassable.

11 Such, Conqueror! be to us, be worthy of our
praise, thou for whom princes nobly born exert
themselves;

Whose sacrifice the strong seek, Agni, when it
shines for never-failing offspring in thine own
abode.

12 Knower of all that lives, O Agni may we
both, singers of praise and chiefs, be in thy
keeping still.

Help us to wealth exceeding good and glorious,
abundant, rich in children and their progeny.

13 The princely worshippers who send to those
who sing thy praise, O Agni, guerdon, graced
with kine and steeds,-

Lead thou both these and us forward to higher
bliss. With brave men in the assembly may we
speak aloud.

HYMN III. Apris.

1. AGNI is set upon the earth well kindled; he
standeth in the presence of all beings.

Wise, ancient, God, the Priest and Purifier, let
Agni serve the Gods for he is worthy.

2 May Narasamsa lighting up the chambers,
bright in his majesty through threefold heaven,
Steeping the gift with oil diffusing purpose,
bedew the Gods at chiefest time of worship.

3 Adored in heart, as is thy right, O Agni, serve
the Gods first to-day before the mortal.

Bring thou the Marut host. Ye men do worship
to Indra seated on the grass, eternal.

4 O Grass divine, increasing, rich in heroes,
strewn for wealth' sake, well laid upon this
altar,-

On this bedewed with oil sit ye, O Vasus, sit all
ye Gods, ye Holy, ye Adityas.

5 Wide be the Doors, the Goddesses, thrown
open, easy to pass, invoked, through adorations,
Let them unfold, expansive, everlasting, that
sanctify the class famed, rich in heroes.

6 Good work for us, the glorious Night and
Morning, like female weavers, waxen from
aforetime,
Yielders of rich milk, interweave in concert the
long-extended thread, the web of worship.
7 Let the two heavenly Heralds, first, most wise,
most fair, present oblation duly with the sacred
verse,
Worshipping God at ordered seasons decking
them at three high places at the centre of the
earth.
8 Sarasvati who perfects our devotion, Ila
divine, Bharati all surpassing,-
Three Goddesses, with power inherent, seated,
protect this holy Grass, our flawless refuge!
9 Born is the pious hero swift of hearing, like
gold in hue, well formed, and full of vigour.
May Tvastar lengthen our line and kindred, and
may they reach the place which Gods inhabit.
10 Vanaspati shall stand anear and start us, and
Agni with his arts prepare oblation.
Let the skilled heavenly Immolator forward unto
the Gods the offering thrice anointed.
11 Oil has been mixt: oil is his habitation. In oil
he rests: oil is his proper province.
Come as thy wont is: O thou Steer, rejoice thee;
bear off the oblation duly consecrated.

HYMN IV Agni.

1. FOR you I call the glorious refulgent Agni,
the guest of men, rich in oblations
Whom all must strive to win even as a lover,
God among godly people, Jatavedas.
2 Bhrgus who served him in the home of waters
set him of old in houses of the living.
Over all worlds let Agni be the Sovran, the
messenger of Gods with rapid coursers.
3 Among the tribes of men the Gods placed
Agni as a dear Friend when they would dwell
among them.
Against the longing nights may he shine
brightly, and show the offerer in the house his
vigour.
4 Sweet is his growth as of one's own
possessions; his look when rushing fain to burn
is lovely.
He darts his tongue forth, like a harnessed
courser who shakes his flowing tail, among the

bushes.

5 Since they who honour me have praised my greatness, -he gave, as 'twere, his hue to those who love him.

Known is he by his bright delightful splendour, and waxing old renews his youth for ever.

6 Like one athirst, he lighteth up the forests; like water down the chariot ways he roareth.

On his black path he shines in burning beauty, marked as it were the heaven that smiles through vapour.

7 Around, consuming the broad earth, he wanders, free roaming like an ox without a herdsman, -

Agni refulgent, burning up the bushes, with blackened lines, as though the earth he seasoned.

8 I, in remembrance of thine ancient favour have sung my hymn in this our third assembly. O Agni, give us wealth with store of heroes and mighty strength in food and noble offspring.

9 May the Grtsamadas, serving in secret, through thee, O Agni, overcome their neighbours, Rich in good heroes and subduing foemen. That vital power give thou to chiefs and singers.

HYMN V. Agni.

1. HERALD and teacher was he born, a guardian for our patrons' help, Earner by rites of noble wealth. That Strong One may we grasp and guide;

2 In whom, Leader of sacrifice, the seven reins, far extended, meet; Who furthers, man-like, eighth in place, as Cleanser, all the work divine.

3 When swift he follows this behest, bird-like he chants the holy prayers. He holds all knowledge in his grasp even as the felly rounds the wheel.

4 Together with pure mental power, pure, as Director, was he born.

Skilled in his own unchanging laws he waxes like the growing boughs.

5 Clothing them in his hues, the kine of him the Leader wait on him.

Is he not better than the Three, the Sisters who have come to us?

6 When, laden with the holy oil, the Sitster [sic]
by the Mother stands,
The Priest delights in their approach, as corn at
coming of the rain.

7 For his support let him perform as ministrant
his priestly task;
Yea, song of praise and sacrifice: we have
bestowed, let us obtain.

8 That so this man well skilled, may pay
worship to all the Holy Ones.
And, Agni, this our sacrifice which we have here
prepared, to thee.

HYMN VI. Agni.

1. AGNI, accept this flaming brand, this waiting
with my prayer on thee:

Hear graciously these songs of praise.

2 With this hymn let us honour thee, seeker of
horses, Son of Strength,
With this fair hymn, thou nobly born.

3 As such, lover of song, with songs, wealth-
lover, giver of our wealth!
With reverence let us worship thee.

4 Be thou for us a liberal Prince, giver and Lord
of precious things.
Drive those who hate us far away.

5 Such as thou art, give rain from heaven, give
strength which no man may resist:
Give food exceeding plentiful.

6 To him who lauds thee, craving help, most
youthful envoy! through our song,
Most holy Herald! come thou nigh.

7 Between both races, Agni, Sage, well skilled
thou passest to and fro,
As envoy friendly to mankind.

8 Befriend us thou as knowing all. Sage, duly
worship thou the Gods,
And seat thee on this sacred grass.

HYMN VII. Agni.

1. VASU, thou most youthful God, Bharata,
Agni, bring us wealth,
Excellent, splendid, much-desired.

2 Let no malignity prevail against us, either
God's or man's.
Save us from this and enmity.

3 So through thy favour may we force through
all our enemies a way,
As 'twere through streaming water-floods.

4 Thou, Purifier Agni, high shinest forth, bright,
adorable,
When worshipped with the sacred oil.
5 Ours art thou, Agni, Bharata, honoured by us
with barren cows,
With bullocks and with kine in calf
6 Wood-fed, bedewed with sacred oil, ancient,
Invoker, excellent,
The Son of Strength, the Wonderful.

HYMN VIII. Agni.

1. Now praise, as one who strives for strength,
the harnessing of Agni's car,
The liberal, the most splendid One;
2 Who, guiding worshippers aright, withers,
untouched by age, the foe:
When worshipped fair to look upon;
3 Who for his glory is extolled at eve and
morning in our homes,
Whose statute is inviolate;
4 Who shines refulgent like the Sun, with
brilliance and with fiery flame,
Decked with imperishable sheen.
5 Him Atri, Agni, have our songs Strengthened
according to his sway:
All glories hath he made his own.
6 May we with Agni's, Indra's help, with
Soma's, yea, of all the Gods,
Uninjured dwell together still, and conquer
those who fight with us.

HYMN IX. Agni.

1. ACCUSTOMED to the Herald's place, the
Herald hath seated him, bright, splendid,
passing mighty,
Whose foresight keeps the Law from violation,
excellent, pure-tongued, bringing thousands,
Agni.
2 Envoy art thou, protector from the foeman,
strong God, thou leadest us to higher blessings.
Refulgent, be an ever-heedful keeper, Agni, for
us and for our seed offspring.
3 May we adore thee in thy loftiest birthplace,
and, with our praises, in thy lower station.
The place whence thou issued forth I worship:
to thee well kindled have they paid oblations.

4 Agni, best Priest, pay worship with oblation;
quickly commend the gift to be presented;
For thou art Lord of gathered wealth and
treasure. of the bright song of praise thou art
inventor.

5 The twofold opulence, O Wonder-Worker, of
thee new-born each day never decreases.
Enrich with food the man who lauds thee, Agni:
make him the lord of wealth with noble
offspring.

6 May he, benevolent with this fair aspect, best
sacrificer, bring the Gods to bless us.
Sure guardian, our protector from the foemen,
shine, Agni, with thine affluence and splendour.

HYMN X. Agni.

1. AGNI, first, loudly calling, like a Father,
kindled by man upon the seat of worship.
Clothed in his glory, deathless, keen of insight,
must be adorned by all, the Strong, the Famous.

2 May Agni the resplendent hear my calling
through all my songs, Immortal, keen of insight.
Dark steeds or ruddy draw his car, or carried in
sundry ways he makes them red of colour.

3 On wood supine they got the well-formed
Infant: a germ in various-fashioned plants was
Agni;
And in the night, not compassed round by
darkness, he dwells exceeding wise, with rays of
splendour.

4 With oil and sacred gifts I sprinkle Agni who
makes his home in front of all things living,
Broad, vast, through vital power o'er all
expanded, conspicuous, strong with all the food
that feeds him.

5 I pour to him who looks in all directions: may
he accept it with a friendly spirit.

Agni with bridegroom's grace and lovely colour
may not be touched when all his form is fury.

6 By choice victorious, recognize thy portion:
with thee for envoy may we speak like Manu.
Obtaining wealth, I call on perfect Agni who
with an eloquent tongue dispenses sweetness.

HYMN XI. Indra.

1. HEAR thou my call, O Indra; be not heedless:
thine may we be for thee to give us treasures;
For these presented viands, seeking riches,
increase thy strength like streams of water

flowing.

2 Floods great and many, compassed by the
Dragon, thou badest swell and settest free, O
Hero.

Strengthened by songs of praise thou rentest
piecemeal the Dasa, him who deemed himself
immortal.

3 For, Hero, in the lauds wherein thou joyedst,
in hymns of praise, O Indra, songs of Rudras,
These streams in which is thy delight approach
thee, even as the brilliant ones draw near to
Vayu.

4 We who add strength to thine own splendid
vigour, laying within thine arms the splendid
thunder-

With us mayst thou, O Indra, waxen splendid,
with Surya overcome the Dasa races.

5 Hero, thou slewest in thy valour Ahi
concealed in depths, mysterious, great
enchanter,

Dwelling enveloped deep within the waters, him
who checked heaven and stayed the floods from
flowing.

6 Indra, we laud thy great deeds wrought
aforetime, we laud thine exploits later of
achievement;

We laud the bolt that in thine arms lies eager;
we laud thy two Bay Steeds, heralds of Surya.

7 Indra, thy Bay Steeds showing forth their
vigour have sent a loud cry out that droppeth
fatness.

The earth hath spread herself in all her fulness:
the cloud that was about to move hath rested.

8 Down, never ceasing, hath the rain-cloud
settled: bellowing, it hath wandered with the
Mothers.

Swelling the roar in the far distant limits, they
have spread wide the blast sent forth by Indra.

9 Indra hath hurled down the magician Vrtra
who lay beleaguering the mighty river.

Then both the heaven and earth trembled in
terror at the strong Hero's thunder when he
bellowed.

10 Loud roared the mighty Hero's bolt of
thunder, when he, the Friend of man, burnt up
the monster,

And, having drunk his fill of flowing Soma,
baffled the guileful Danava's devices.

11 Drink thou, O Hero Indra, drink the Soma;
let the joy-giving juices make thee joyful.
They, filling both thy flanks, shall swell thy
vigour. The juice that satisfies hath helped
Indra.

12 Singers have we become with thee, O Indra:
may we serve duly and prepare devotion.
Seeking thy help we meditate thy praises: may
we at once enjoy thy gift of riches.

13 May we be thine, such by thy help, O Indra,
as swell thy vigour while they seek thy favour.
Give us, thou God, the riches that we long for,
most powerful, with stare of noble children.

14 Give us a friend, give us an habitation; Indra,
give us the company of Maruts,
And those whose minds accord with theirs, the
Vayus, who drink the first libation of the Soma.

15 Let those enjoy in whom thou art delighted.
Indra, drink Soma for thy strength and gladness.
Thou hast exalted us to heaven, Preserver, in
battles, through the lofty hymns that praise thee.

16 Great, verily, are they, O thou Protector, who
by their songs of praise have won the blessing.
They who strew sacred grass to be thy dwelling,
helped by thee have got them strength, O Indra.

17 Upon the great Trikadruga days, Hero,
rejoicing thee, O Indra, drink the Soma.
Come with Bay Steeds to drink of libation,
shaking the drops from out thy beard, contented.

18 Hero, assume the might wherewith thou
clavest Vrtra piecemeal, the Danava
Aurnavabha.

Thou hast disclosed the light to light the Arya:
on thy left hand, O Indra, sank the Dasyu.

19 May we gain wealth, subduing with thy
succour and with the Arya, all our foes, the
Dasyus.

Our gain was that to Trta of our party thou
gavest up Tvastar's son Visvarupa.

20 He cast down Arbuda what time his vigour
was strengthened by libations poured by Trta.
Indra sent forth his whirling wheel like Surya,
and aided by the Angirases rent Vala.

21 Now let that wealthy Cow of thine, O Indra,
yield in return a boon to him who lauds thee.
Give to thy praisers: let not fortune fail us. Loud
may we speak, with brave men, in the assembly.

HYMN XII. Indra.

1. HE who, just born, chief God of lofty spirit
by power and might became the Gods' protector,
Before whose breath through greatness of his
valour the two worlds trembled, He, O men, is
Indra.

2 He who fixed fast and firm the earth that
staggered, and set at rest the agitated mountains,
Who measured out the air's wide middle region
and gave the heaven support, He, men, is Indra.

3 Who slew the Dragon, freed the Seven Rivers,
and drove the kine forth from the cave of Vala,
Begot the fire between two stones, the spoiler in
warriors' battle, He, O men, is Indra.

4 By whom this universe was made to tremble,
who chased away the humbled brood of
demons,

Who, like a gambler gathering his winnings
seized the foe's riches, He, O men, is Indra.

5 Of whom, the Terrible, they ask, Where is
He? or verily they say of him, He is not.

He sweeps away, like birds, the foe's
possessions. Have faith in him, for He, O men,
is Indra.

6 Stirrer to action of the poor and lowly, of
priest, of suppliant who sings his praises;
Who, fair-faced, favours him who presses Soma
with stones made ready, He, O men, is Indra.

7 He under whose supreme control are horses,
all chariots, and the villages, and cattle;
He who gave being to the Sun and Morning,
who leads the waters, He, O men, is Indra.

8 To whom two armies cry in close encounter,
both enemies, the stronger and the weaker;
Whom two invoke upon one chariot mounted,
each for himself, He, O ye men, is Indra.

9 Without whose help our people never
conquer; whom, battling, they invoke to give
them succour;

He of whom all this world is but the copy, who
shakes things moveless, He, O men, is Indra.

10 He who hath smitten, ere they knew their
danger, with his hurled weapon many grievous
sinners;

Who pardons not his boldness who provokes
him, who slays the Dasyti, He, O men, is Indra.

11 He who discovered in the fortieth autumn
Sambara as he dwelt among the mountains;

Who slew the Dragon putting forth his vigour,
the demon lying there, He, men, is Indra.

12 Who with seven guiding reins, the Bull, the
Mighty, set free the Seven great Floods to flow
at pleasure;

Who, thunder-armed, rent Rauhina in pieces
when scaling heaven, He, O ye men, is Indra.

13 Even the Heaven and Earth bow down before
him, before his very breath the mountains
tremble.

Known as the Soma-drinker, armed with
thunder, who wields the bolt, He, O ye men, is
Indra.

14 Who aids with favour him who pours the
Soma and him who brews it, sacrificer, singer.
Whom prayer exalts, and pouring forth of Soma,
and this our gift, He, O ye men, Is Indra.

15 Thou verily art fierce and true who sendest
strength to the man who brews and pours
libation.

So may we evermore, thy friends, O Indra,
speak loudly to the synod with our heroes.

HYMN XIII. Indra.

1. THE Season was the parent, and when born
therefrom it entered rapidly the floods wherein
it grows.

Thence was it full of sap, streaming with milky
juice: the milk of the plant's stalk is chief and
meet for lauds.

2 They come trooping together bearing milk to
him, and bring him sustenance who gives
support to all.

The way is common for the downward streams
to flow. Thou who didst these things first art
worthy of our lauds.

3 One priest announces what the institutor
gives: one, altering the forms, zealously plies
his task,

The third corrects the imperfections left by
each. Thou who didst these things first art
worthy of our lauds.

4 Dealing out food unto their people there they
sit, like wealth to him who comes, more than the
back can bear.

Greedily with his teeth he eats the master's food.
Thou who didst these things first art worthy of
our lauds.

5 Thou hast created earth to look upon the sky:
thou, slaying Ahi, settest free the river's paths.
Thee, such, a God, the Gods have quickened
with their lauds, even as a steed with waters:
meet for praise art thou.

6 Thou givest increase, thou dealest to us our
food: thou milkest from the moist the dry, the
rich in sweets.

Thou by the worshipper layest thy precious
store: thou art sole Lord of all. Meet for our
praise art thou.

7 Thou who hast spread abroad the streams by
stablished law, and in the field the plants that
blossom and bear seed;

Thou who hast made the matchless lightnings of
the sky,-vast, compassing vast realms, meet for
our praise art thou.

8 Who broughtest Narmara with all his wealth,
for sake of food, to slay him that the fiends
might be destroyed,

Broughtest the face unclouded of the
strengthening one, performing much even now,
worthy art thou of praise.

9 Thou boundest up the Dasa's hundred friends
and ten, when, at one's hearing, thou belpest thy
worshipper.

Thou for Dabhiti boundest Dasyus not with
cords; Thou wast a mighty help. Worthy of
lauds art thou.

10 All banks of rivers yielded to his manly
might; to him they gave, to him, the Strong,
gave up their wealth.

The six directions hast thou fixed, a five-fold
view: thy victories reached afar. Worthy of
lauds art thou.

11 Meet for high praise, O Hero, is thy power,
that with thy single wisdom thou obtainest
wealth,

The life-support of conquering Jatusthira. Indra,
for all thy deeds, worthy of lauds art thou.

12 Thou for Turviti heldest still the flowing
floods, the river-stream for Vayya easily to pass
Didst raise the outcast from the depths, and
gavest fame unto the halt and blind. Worthy of
lauds art thou.

13 Prepare thyself to grant us that great bounty,
O Vasu, for abundant is thy treasure.

Snatch up the wonderful, O Indra, daily. Loud

may we speak, with heroes, in assembly.

HYMN XIV. Indra.

1. MINISTERS, bring the Soma juice for Indra,
pour forth the gladdening liquor with the
beakers. logeth ever

To drink of this the Hero offer it to the Bull, for
this he willeth.

2 Ye ministers, to him who with the lightning
smote, like a tree, the rain-withholding Vrtra-
Bring it to him, him who is fain to taste it, a
draught of this which Indra here deserveth.

3 Ye ministers, to him who smote Drhvikas who
drove the kine forth, and discovered Vala,
Offer this draught, like Vita in the region: clothe
him with Soma even as steeds with trappings.

4 Him who did Urana to death, Adhvaryus!
though showing arms ninety-and-nine in
number;

Who cast down headlong Arbuda and slew
him,-speed ye that Indra to our offered Soma.

5 Ye ministers, to him who struck down Svasna,
and did to death Vyamsa and greedy Susna,
And Rudhikras and Namuci and Pipru,- to him,
to Indra, pour ye forth libation.

6 Ye ministers, to him who as with thunder
demolished Sambara's hundred ancient castles;
Who cast down Varcin's sons, a hundred
thousand,-to him, to Indra, offer ye the Soma.

7 Ye ministers, to him who slew a hundred
thousand, and cast them down upon earth's
bosom;

Who quelled the valiant men of Atithigva,
Kutsa, and Ayu,-bring to him the Soma.

8 Ministers, men, whatever thing ye long for
obtain ye quickly bringing gifts to Indra.

Bring to the Glorious One what bands have
cleansed; to Indra bring, ye pious ones, the
Soma.

9 Do ye, O ministers, obey his order: that
purified in wood, in wood uplift ye.

Well pleased he longs for what your hands have
tended: offer the gladdening Soma juice to
Indra.

10 As the cow's udder teems with milk,
Adhvaryus, so fill with Soma Indra, liberal

giver.

I know him: I am sure of this, the Holy knows
that I fain would give to him more largely.

11 Him, ministers, the Lord of heavenly treasure
and all terrestrial wealth that earth possesses,
Him, Indra, fill with Soma as a garner is filled
with barley full: be this your labour.

12 Prepare thyself to grant us that great booty,
O Vasu, for abundant is thy treasure.

Gather up wondrous wealth, O Indra, daily.

Loud may we speak, with heroes, in assembly.

HYMN XV. Indra

1. Now, verily, will I declare the exploits,
mighty and true, of him the True and Mighty.
In the Trikadrukas he drank the Soma then in its
rapture Indra slew the Dragon.

2 High heaven unsupported in space he
stablished: he filled the two worlds and the air's
mid-region.

Earth he upheld, and gave it wide expansion.
These things did Indra in the Soma's rapture.

3 From front, as 'twere a house, he ruled and
measured; pierced with his bolt the fountains of
the rivers,

And made them flow at ease by paths far-
reaching, These things did Indra in the Soma's
rapture.

4 Compassing those who bore away Dabhiti, in
kindled fire he burnt up all their weapons.

And made him rich with kine and cars and
horses. These things did Indra in the Soma's
rapture.

5 The mighty roaring flood he stayed from
flowing, and carried those who swam not safely
over.

They having crossed the stream attained to
riches. These things did Indra in the Soma's
rapture.

6 With mighty power he made the stream flow
upward, crushed with his thunderbolt the car of
Usas,

Rending her slow steeds with his rapid coursers.
These things did Indra in the Soma's rapture.

7 Knowing the place wherein the maids were
hiding, the outcast showed himself and stood
before them.

The cripple stood erect, the blind beheld them.

These things did Indra in the Soma's rapture.
8 Praised by the Angirases he slaughtered Vala,
and burst apart the bulwarks of the mountain.
He tore away their deftly-built defences. These
things did Indra in the Soma's rapture.
9 Thou, with sleep whelming Cumuri and
Dhuni, slewest the Dasyu, keptest safe Dabhiti.
There the staff-bearer found the golden treasure.
These things did Indra in the Soma's rapture.
10 Now let that wealthy Cow of thine, O Indra ,
yield in return a boon to him who lauds thee.
Give to thy praisers: let not fortune fail us. Loud
may we speak, with brave men, in assembly.

HYMN XVI. Indra.

1. To him, your own, the best among the good, I
bring eulogy, like oblation in the kindled fire.
We invoke for help Indra untouched by eld,
who maketh all decay, strengthened, for ever
young.
2 Without whom naught exists, Indra the Lofty
One; in whom alone all powers heroic are
combined.
The Soma is within him, in his frame vast
strength, the thunder in his hand and wisdom in
his head.
3 Not by both worlds is thine own power to be
surpassed, nor may thy car be stayed by
mountains or by seas.
None cometh near, O Indra, to thy thunderbolt,
when with swift steeds thou fliest over many a
league.
4 For all men bring their will to him the
Resolute, to him the Holy One, to him the
Strong they cleave.
Pay worship with oblation, strong and passing
wise. Drink thou the Soma, Indra, through the
mighty blaze.
5 The vessel of the strong flows forth, the flood
of meath, unto the Strong who feeds upon the
strong, for drink,
Strong are the two Adhvaryus, strong are both
the stones. They press the Soma that is strong
for him the Strong.
6 Strong is thy thunderbolt, yea, and thy car is
strong; strong are thy Bay Steeds and thy
weapons powerful.
Thou, Indra, Bull, art Lord of the strong

gladdening drink. with the strong Soma, Indra,
satisfy thyself.

7 I, bold by prayer, come near thee in thy sacred
rites, thee like a saving ship, thee shouting in the
war.

Verily he will hear and mark this word of ours:
we will pour Indra forth as 'twere a spring of
wealth.

8 Turn thee unto us ere calamity come nigh, as a
cow full of pasture turns her to her calf.

Lord of a Hundred Powers, may we once firmly
cling to thy fair favours even as husbands to
their wives.

9 Now let that wealthy Cow of thine, O Indra,
yield in return a boon to him who lauds thee.

Give to thy praisers: let not fortune fail us. Loud
may we speak, with heroes, in assembly.

HYMN XVII. Indra.

1. LIKE the Angirases, sing this new song forth
to him, for, as in ancient days, his mighty
powers are shown,

When in the rapture of the Soma he unclosed
with strength the solid firm-shut stables of the
kine.

2 Let him be even that God who, for the earliest
draught measuring out his power, increased his
majesty;

Hero who fortified his body in the wars, and
through his greatness set the heaven upon his
head.

3 Thou didst perform thy first great deed of hero
might what time thou showedst power, through
prayer, before this folk.

Hurled down by thee the car-borne Lord of
Tawny Steeds, the congregated swift ones fled
in sundry ways.

4 He made himself by might Lord of all living
things, and strong in vital power waxed great
above them all.

He, borne on high, o'erspread with light the
heaven and earth, and, sewing up the turbid
darkness, closed it in.

5 He with his might made firm the forward-
bending hills, the downward rushing of the
waters he ordained.

Fast he upheld the earth that nourisheth all life,
and stayed the heaven from falling by his

wondrous skill.

6 Fit for the grasping of his arms is what the
Sire hath fabricated from all kind of precious
wealth.

The thunderbolt, wherewith, loud-roaring, he
smote down, and striking him to death laid Krivi
on the earth.

7 As she who in her parents' house is growing
old, I pray to thee as Bhaga from the seat of all.
Grant knowledge, mete it out and bring it to us
here: give us the share wherewith thou makest
people glad.

8 May we invoke thee as a liberal giver thou
givest us, O Indra, strength and labours.
Help us with manifold assistance, Indra: Mighty
One, Indra, make us yet more wealthy.

9 Now may that wealthy Cow of thine, O Indra,
give in return a boon to him who lauds thee.
Give to thy praisers: let not fortune fail us. Loud
may we speak, with heroes, in assembly.

HYMN XVIII. Indra

1. THE rich new car hath been equipped at
morning; four yokes it hath, three whips, seven
reins to guide it:

Ten-sided, friendly to mankind, light-winner,
that must be urged to speed with prayers and
wishes.

2 This is prepared for him the first, the second,
and the third time: he is man's Priest and Herald.
Others get offspring of another parent he goeth,
as a noble Bull, with others.

3 To Indra's car the Bay Steeds have I
harnessed, that new well-spoken words may
bring him hither.

Here let not other worshippers detain thee, for
among us are many holy singers.

4 Indra, come hitherward with two Bay
Coursers, come thou with four, with six when
invoked.

Come thou with eight, with ten, to drink the
Soma. Here is the juice, brave Warrior: do not
scorn it.

5 O Indra, come thou hither having harnessed
thy car with twenty, thirty, forty horses.

Come thou with fifty well trained coursers,
Indra, sixty or seventy, to drink the Soma.

6 Come to us hitherward, O Indra, carried by

eighty, ninety, or an hundred horses.
This Soma juice among the Sunahotras hath
been poured out, in love, to glad thee, Indra.
7 To this my prayer, O Indra, come thou hither:
bind to thy car's pole all thy two Bay Coursers.
Thou art to be invoked in many places Hero,
rejoice thyself in this libation.
8 Ne'er be my love from Indra disunited still
may his liberal Milch-cow yield us treasure.
So may we under his supreme protection, safe in
his arms, succeed in each forth-going.
9 Now may that wealthy Cow Of thine, O Indra,
give in return a boon to him who lauds thee.
Give to thy praisers: let not fortune fail us. Loud
may we speak, with heroes, in assembly.

HYMN XIX. Indra.

1. DRAUGHTS of this sweet juice have been
drunk for rapture, of the wise Soma-presser's
offered dainty,
Wherein, grown mighty in the days aforetime,
Indra hath found delight, and men who worship.
2 Cheered by this meath Indra, whose hand
wields thunder, rent piecemeal Ahi who barred
up the waters,
So that the quickening currents of the rivers
flowed forth like birds unto their resting-places.
3 Indra, this Mighty One, the Dragon's slayer,
sent forth the flood of waters to the ocean.
He gave the Sun his life, he found the cattle, and
with the night the works of days completed.
4 To him who worshipping hath Indra given
many and matchless gifts. He slayeth Vrtra.
Straight was he to be sought with supplications
by men who struggled to obtain the sunlight.
5 To him who poured him gifts he gave up
Surya,-Indra, the God, the Mighty, to the
mortal;
For Etasa with worship brought him riches that
keep distress afar, as 'twere his portion.
6 Once to the driver of his chariot, Kutsa, he
gave up greedy Surya, plague of harvest;
And Indra, for the sake of Divodasa demolished
Sambara's nine-and-ninety castles.
7 So have we brought our hymn to thee, O
Indra, strengthening thee and fain ourselves for
glory.
May we with best endeavours gain this

friendship, and mayst thou bend the godless
scorner's weapons.

8 Thus the Grtsamadas for thee, O Hero, have
wrought their hymn and task as seeking favour.
May they who worship thee afresh, O Indra,
gain food and strength, bliss, and a happy
dwelling.

9 Now may that wealthy Cow of thine, O Indra,
give in return a boon to him who lauds thee,
Give to thy praisers: let not fortune fail us. Loud
may we speak, with heroes, in assembly.

HYMN XX. Indra.

1. As one brings forth his car when fain for
combat, so bring we power to thee- regard us,
Indra-

Well skilled in song, thoughtful in spirit,
seeking great bliss from one like thee amid the
Heroes.

2 Indra, thou art our own with thy protection, a
guardian near to men who love thee truly,
Active art thou, the liberal man's defender, his
who draws near to thee with right devotion.

3 May Indra, called with solemn invocations.
the young, the Friend, be men's auspicious
keeper,

One who will further with his aid the singer, the
toiler, praiser, dresser of oblations.

4 With laud and song let me extol that Indra in
whom of old men prospered and were mighty.
May he, implored, fulfil the prayer for plenty of
him who worships, of the living mortal.

5 He, Indra whom the Angirases' praise
delighted, strengthened their prayer and made
their goings prosper.

Stealing away the mornings with the sunlight,
he, lauded, crushed even Asna's ancient powers.

6 He verily, the God, the glorious Indra, hath
raised him up for man, best Wonder-Worker.
He, self-reliant, mighty and triumphant, brought
low the dear head of the wicked Dasa.

7 Indra the Vrtra-slayer, Fort-destroyer, scattered
the Dasa hosts who dwelt in darkness.

For men hath he created earth and waters, and
ever helped the prayer of him who worships.

8 To him in might the Gods have ever yielded,
to Indra in the tumult of the battle.

When in his arms they laid the bolt, he

slaughtered the Dasyus and cast down their forts
of iron.

9 Now may that wealthy Cow of thine, O Indra,
give in return a boon to him who lauds thee.
Give to thy praisers: let not fortune fail us. Loud
may we speak, with heroes, in assembly.

HYMN XXI.

1. To him the Lord of all, the Lord of wealth, of
light; him who is Lord for ever, Lord of men
and tilth,

Him who is Lord of horses, Lord of kine, of
floods, to Indra, to the Holy bring sweet Soma
juice.

2 To him the potent One, who conquers and
breaks down, the Victor never vanquished who
disposes all,

The mighty-voiced, the rider, unassailable, to
Indra everconquering speak your reverent
prayer.

3 Still Victor, loved by mortals, ruler over men,
o'erthrower, warrior, he hath waxen as he
would;

Host-gatherer, triumphant, honoured mid the
folk. Indra's heroic deeds will I tell forth to all.

4 The strong who never yields, who slew the
furious fiend, the deep, the vast, of wisdom
unattainable;

Who speeds the good, the breaker-down, the
firm, the vast, -Indra whose rites bring joy hath
made the light of Dawn.

5 By sacrifice the yearning sages sending forth
their songs found furtherance from him who
speeds the flood.

In Indra seeking help with worship and with
hymn, they drew him to themselves and won
them kine and wealth.

6 Indra, bestow on us the best of treasures, the
spirit of ability and fortune;

Increase of riches, safety of our bodies, charm
of sweet speech, and days of pleasant weather.

HYMN XXII. Indra.

I. At the Trikadrukas the Great and Strong hath
drunk drink blent with meal. With Visnu hath he
quaffed the poured out Soma juice, all that he
would.

That hath so heightened him the Great, the
Wide, to do his mighty work.
So may the God attain the God, true Indu Indra
who is true.
2 So he resplendent in the battle overcame Krivi
by might. He with his majesty hath filled the
earth and heaven, and waxen strong.
One share of the libation hath he swallowed
down: one share he left.
So may the God attend the God, true Indu Indra
who is true.
3 Brought forth together with wisdom and
mighty power thou grewest great; with hero
deeds subduing the malevolent, most swift in
act;
Giving prosperity, and lovely wealth to him
who praiseth thee. So may the God attend the
God, true Indu Indra who is true.
4 This, Indra, was thy hero deed, Dancer, thy
first and ancient work, worthy to be told forth in
heaven,
What time thou sentest down life with a God's
own power, freeing the floods.
All that is godless may he conquer with his
might, and, Lord of Hundred Powers, find for us
strength and food.

HYMN XXIII. Brahmanaspati.

1. WE call thee, Lord and Leader of the
heavenly hosts, the wise among the wise, the
famous of all,
The King supreme of prayers, O Brahmanaspati:
hear us with help; sit down in place of sacrifice.
2 Brhaspati, God immortal! verily the Gods
have gained from thee, the wise, a share in holy
rites.
As with great light the Sun brings forth the rays
of morn, so thou alone art Father of all sacred
prayer.
3 When thou hast chased away revilers and the
gloom, thou mountest the refulgent car of
sacrifice;
The awful car, Brhaspati, that quells the foe,
slays demons, cleaves the stall of kine, and finds
the light.
4 Thou leadest with good guidance and
preservest men; distress o'ertakes not him who
offers gifts to thee.

Him who hates prayer thou punishest,
Brhaspati, quelling his wrath: herein is thy great
mightiness.

5 No sorrow, no distress from any side, no foes,
no creatures double-tongued have overcome the
man,-

Thou drivest all seductive fiends away from him
whom, careful guard, thou keepest

Brahmanaspati.

6 Thou art our keeper, wise, preparer of our
paths: we, for thy service, sing to thee with
hymns of praise.

Brhaspati, whoever lays a snare for us, him may
his evil fate, precipitate, destroy.

7 Him, too, who threatens us without offence of
ours, the evilminded, arrogant, rapacious man,-

Him turn thou from our path away, Brhaspati:
give us fair access to this banquet of the Gods.

8 Thee as protector of our bodies we invoke,
thee, saviour, as the comforter who loveth us.

Strike, O Brhaspati, the Gods' revilers down,
and let not the unrighteous come to highest
bliss.

9 Through thee, kind -prosperer, O

Brahmanaspati, may we obtain the wealth of
Men which all desire:

And all our enemies, who near or far away
prevail against us, crush, and leave them
destitute.

10 With thee as our own rich and liberal ally
may we, Brhaspati, gain highest power of life.
Let not the guileful wicked man be lord of us:-
still may we prosper, singing goodly hymns of
praise.

11 Strong, never yielding, hastening to the
battle-cry, consumer of the foe, victorious in the
strife,

Thou art sin's true avenger, Brahmanaspati, who
tamest e'en the fierce, the wildly passionate.

12 Whoso with mind ungodly seeks to do us
harm, who, deeming him a man of might mid
lords, would slay,-

Let not his deadly blow reach us, Brhaspati;
may we humiliate the strong ill-doer's wrath.

13 The mover mid the spoil, the winner of all
wealth, to be invoked in fight and reverently
adored,

Brhaspati hath overthrown like cars of war all

wicked enemies who fain would injure us.
14 Burn up the demons with thy fiercest flaming
brand, those who have scorned thee in thy
manifested might.

Show forth that power that shall deserve the
hymn of praise: destroy the evil speakers, O
Brhaspati.

15 Brhaspati, that which the foe deserves not
which shines among the folk effectual, splendid,
That, Son of Law I which is with might
refulgent-that treasure wonderful bestow thou
on us.

16 Give us not up to those who, foes in
ambuscade, are greedy for the wealth of him
who sits at ease,
Who cherish in their heart abandonment of
Gods. Brhaspati, no further rest shall they
obtain.

17 For Tvastar, he who knows each sacred song,
brought thee to life, preeminent o'er all the
things that be.

Guilt-scourger, guilt-avenger is Brhaspati, who
slays the spoiler and upholds the mighty Law.

18 The mountain, for thy glory, cleft itself apart
when, Angiras! thou openedst the stall of kine.
Thou O Brhaspati, with Indra for ally didst hurl
down water-floods which gloom had compa-sed
round.

19 O Brahmanaspati, be thou controller of this
our hymn and prosper thou our children.
All that the Gods regard with love is blessed.
Loud may we speak, with heroes, in assembly.

HYMN XXIV. Brahmanaspati.

1. BE pleased with this our offering, thou who
art the Lord; we will adore thee with this new
and mighty song.

As this thy friend, our liberal patron, praises
thee, do thou, Brhaspati, fulfil our hearts' desire.

2 He who with might bowed down the things
that should be bowed, and in his fury rent the
holds of Sambara:

Who overthrew what shook not,
Brahmapaspati,-he made his way within the
mountain stored with wealth.

3 That was a great deed for the Godliest of the
Gods: strong things were loosened and the
firmly fixed gave way.

He drave the kine forth and cleft Vala through
by prayer, dispelled the darkness and displayed
the light of heaven.

4 The well with mouth of stone that poured a
flood of meath, which Brahmapaspati hath
opened with his might-

All they who see the light have drunk their fill
thereat: together they have made the watery
fount flow forth.

5 Ancient will be those creatures, whatsoe'er
they be; with moons, with autumns, doors
unclose themselves to you.

Effortless they pass on to perfect this and that,
appointed works which Brahmanaspati
ordained.

6 They who with much endeavour searching
round obtained the Panis' noblest treasure
hidden in the cave,-

Those sages, having marked the falsehoods,
turned them back whence they had come, and
sought again to enter in.

7 The pious ones when they had seen the
falsehoods turned them back, the sages stood
again upon the lofty ways.

Cast down with both their arms upon the rock
they left the kindled fire, and said, No enemy is
he.

8 With his swift bow, strung truly,
Brahmanaspati reaches the mark whate'er it be
that he desires.

Excellent are the arrows wherewithal he shoots,
keen-eyed to look on men and springing from
his ear.

9 He brings together and he parts, the great
High Priest; extolled is he, in battle
Brahmapaspati.

When, gracious, for the hymn he brings forth
food and wealth, the glowing Sun untroubled
sends forth fervent heat.

10 First and preeminent, excelling all besides
are the kind gifts of liberal Brhaspati.

These are the boons of him the Strong who
should be loved, whereby both classes and the
people have delight.

11 Thou who in every way supreme in earthly
power, rejoicing, by thy mighty strength hast
waxen great,-

He is the God spread forth in breadth against the

Gods: he, Brahmanaspati, encompasseth this
All.

12 From you, twain Maghavans, all truth
proceedeth: even the waters break not your
commandment.

Come to us, Brahmanaspati and Indra, to our
oblation Iiie yoked steeds to fodder.

13 The sacrificial flames most swiftly hear the
call: the priest of the assembly gaineth wealth
for hymns.

Hating the stern, remitting at his will the debt,
strong in the shock of fight is Brahmanaspati.

14 The wrath of Brahmanaspati according to his
will had full effect when he would do a mighty
deed.

The kine he drave forth and distributed to
heaven, even as a copious flood with strength
flows sundry ways.

15 O Brahmanaspati, may we be evermore
masters of wealth well-guided, full of vital
strength.

Heroes on heroes send abundantly to us, when
thou omnipotent through prayer seekest my call.

16 O Brahmanaspati, be thou controller of this
our hymn, and prosper thou our children.

All that the Gods regard with love is blessed.

Loud may we speak, with heroes, in assembly.

HYMN XXV. Brahmanaspati.

1. HE lighting up the flame shall conquer
enemies: strong shall he be who offers prayer
and brings his gift.

He with his seed spreads forth beyond another's
seed, whomever Brahmanaspati takes for his
friend.

2 With heroes he shall overcome his hero foes,
and spread his wealth by kine wise by himself is
be.

His children and his children's children
grow in strength, whomever Brahmanaspati
takes for his friend.

3 He, mighty like a raving river's billowy flood,
as a bull conquers oxen, overcomes with
strength.

Like Agni's blazing rush he may not be
restrained, whomever Brahmanaspati takes for
his friend.

4 For him the floods of heaven flow never

failing down: first with the heroes he goes forth
to war for kine.

He slays in unabated vigour with great might,
whomever Brahmanaspati takes for his friend.

5 All roaring rivers pour their waters down for
him, and many a flawless shelter hath been
granted him.

Blest with the happiness of Gods he prospers
well, whomever Brahmanaspati takes for his
friend.

HYMN XXVI. Brahmanaspati.

1. THE righteous singer shall o'ercome his
enemies, and he who serves the Gods subdue
the godless man.

The zealous man shall vanquish the invincible,
the worshipper share the food of him who
worships not.

2 Worship, thou hero, chase the arrogant afar:
put on auspicious courage for the fight with
foes.

Prepare oblation so that thou mayst have
success. we crave the favouring help of
Brahmanaspati.

3 He with his folk, his house, his family, his
sons, gains booty for himself, and, with the
heroes, wealth, believing

Who with oblation and a true heart serves
Brahmanaspati the Father of the Gods.

4 Whoso hath honoured him with offerings rich
in oil, him Brahmanaspati leads forward on his
way,

Saves him from sorrow, frees him from his
enemy, and is his wonderful deliverer from woe.

HYMN XXVII. Adityas.

1. THESE hymns that drop down fatness, with
the ladle I ever offer to the Kings Adityas.

May Mitra, Aryanian, and Bhaga hear us, the
mighty Varuna Daksa, and Amsa.

2 With one accord may Aryaman and Mitra and
Varuna this day accept this praise-song-
Adityas bright and pure as streams of water, free
from all guile and falsehood, blameless, perfect.

3 These Gods, Adityas, vast, profound, and
faithful, with many eyes, fain to deceive the
wicked,

Looking within behold the good and evil near to
the Kings is even the thing most distant.

4 Upholding that which moves and that which
moves not, Adityas, Gods, protectors of all
being,
Provident, guarding well the world of spirits,
true to eternal Law, the debt-exactors.
5 May I, Adityas, share in this your favour
which, Aryaman, brings profit e'en in danger.
Under your guidance, Varuna and Mitra, round
troubles may I pass, like rugged places.
6 Smooth is your path, O Aryaman and Mitra;
excellent is it, Varuna, and thornless.
Thereon, Adityas, send us down your blessing:
grant us a shelter hard to be demolished.
7 Mother of Kings, may Aditi transport us, by
fair paths Aryaman, beyond all hatred.
May we uninjured, girt by many heroes, win
Varuna's and Mitra's high protection.
8 With their support they stay three earths, three
heavens; three are their functions in the Gods'
assembly.
Mighty through Law, Adityas, is your greatness;
fair is it, Aryaman, Varuna, and Mitra.
9 Golden and splendid, pure like streams of
water, they hold aloft the three bright heavenly
regions.
Ne'er do they slumber, never close their eyelids,
faithful, far-ruling for the righteous mortal.
10 Thou over all, O Varuna, art Sovran, be they
Gods, Asura! or be they mortals.
Grant unto us to see a hundred autumns ours be
the blest long lives of our forefathers.
11 Neither the right nor left do I distinguish,
neither the east nor yet the west, Adityas.
Simple and guided by your wisdom, Vasus!
may I attain the light that brings no danger.
12 He who bears gifts unto the Kings, true
Leaders, he whom their everlasting blessings
prosper,
Moves with his chariot first in rank and wealthy,
munificent and lauded in assemblies.
13 Pure, faithful, very strong, with heroes round
him, he dwells beside the waters rich with
pasture.
None slays, from near at hand or from a
distance, him who is under the Adityas'
guidance.
14 Aditi, Mitra, Varuna, forgive us however we
have erred and sinned against you.

May I obtain the broad light free from peril: O
 Indra, let not during darkness seize us.
 15 For him the Twain united pour their fulness,
 the rain from heaven: he thrives most highly
 favoured.
 He goes to war mastering both the mansions: to
 him both portions of the world are gracious.
 16 Your guiles, ye Holy Ones, to quell
 oppressors, your snares spread out against the
 foe, Adityas,
 May I car-borne pass like a skilful horseman:
 uninjured may we dwell in spacious shelter.
 17 May I not live, O Varuna, to witness my
 wealthy, liberal, dear friend's destitution.
 King, may I never lack well-ordered riches.
 Long may we speak, with heroes, in assembly.

HYMN XXVIII. Varuna

1. THIS laud of the self-radiant wise Aditya
 shall be supreme o'er all that is in greatness.
 I beg renown of Varuna the Mighty, the God
 exceeding kind to him who worships.
 2, Having extolled thee. Varuna, with thoughtful
 care may we have high fortune in thy service,
 Sinning thy praises like the fires at coming, day
 after day, of mornings rich in cattle.
 3 May we be in thy keeping, O thou Leader
 wide-ruling Varuna, Lord of many heroes.
 O sons of Aditi, for ever faithful, pardon us,
 Gods, admit us to your friendship.
 4 He made them flow, the Aditya, the Sustainer:
 the rivers run by Varuna's commandment.
 These feel no weariness, nor cease from
 flowing: swift have they flown like birds in air
 around us.
 5 Loose me from sin as from a bond that binds
 me: may we swell, Varuna, thy spring of Order.
 Let not my thread, while I weave song, be
 severed, nor my work's sum, before the time, be
 shattered.
 6 Far from me, Varuna, remove all danger
 accept me graciously, thou Holy Sovran.
 Cast off, like cords that hold a calf, my troubles:
 I am not even mine eyelid's lord without thee.
 7 Strike us not, Varuna, with those dread
 weapons which, Asura, at thy bidding wound
 the sinner.

Let us not pass away from light to exile. Scatter,
that we may live, the men who hate us
8 O mighty Varuna, now and hereafter, even as
of old, will we speak forth our worship.
For in thyself, invincible God, thy statutes ne'er
to be moved are fixed as on a mountain.
9 Move far from me what sins I have
committed: let me not suffer, King, for guilt of
others.
Full many a morn remains to dawn upon us: in
these, O Varuna, while we live direct us.
10 O King, whoever, be he friend or kinsman,
hath threatened me affrighted in my slumber-
If any wolf or robber fain would harm us,
therefrom, O Varuna, give thou us protection.
11 May I not live O Varuna, to witness my
wealthy, liberal dear friend's destitution.
King, may I never lack well-ordered riches.
Loud may we speak, with heroes, in assembly.

HYMN XXIX. Visvedevas.

I. UPHOLDERS of the Law, ye strong Adityas,
remove my sin like her who bears in secret.
You, Varuna, Mitra and all Gods who listen, I
call to help me, I who know your goodness.
2 Ye, Gods, are providence and ye are power:
remove ye utterly all those who hate us.
As givers of good things deal with us kindly:
this day be gracious to us and hereafter.
3 What service may we do you with our future,
what service, Vasus, with our ancient
friendship?
O Aditi, and VaruVa and Mitra, Indra and
Maruts, make us well and happy.
4 Ye, O ye Gods, are verily our kinsmen as such
be kind to me who now implore you.
Let not your car come slowly to our worship: of
kinsmen such as you ne'er let us weary.
5 I singly have sinned many a sin against you,
and ye chastised me as a sire the gambler.
Far be your nets, far, Gods, be mine offences:
seize me not like a bird upon her offspring.
6 Turn yourselves hitherward this day, ye Holy,
that fearing in my heart I may approach you.
Protect us, God; let not the wolf destroy us.
Save us, ye Holy, from the pit and falling.
7 May I not live, O Varuna, to witness my
wealthy, liberal, dear friend's destitution.

King, may I never lack well-ordered riches.
Loud may we speak, with heroes, in assembly.

HYMN XXX. Indra and Others.

1. THE streams unceasing flow to Indra, slayer
of Ahi, Savitar, God, Law's fulfiller,
Day after day goes on the sheen of waters. What
time hath past since they were first set flowing?

2 His Mother-for she knew-spake and
proclaimed him who was about to cast his bolt
at Vrtra.

Cutting their paths according to his pleasure day
after day flow to their goal the rivers.

3 Aloft he stood above the airy region, and
against Vrtra shot his deadly missile.

Enveloped in a cloud he rushed upon him. Indra
subdued the foe with sharpened weapons.

4 As with a bolt, Brhaspati, fiercely flaming,
pierce thou Vrkadvaras', the Asura's, heroes.
Even as in time of old with might thou slewest,
so slay even now our enemy, O Indra.

5 Cast down from heaven on high thy bolt of
thunder wherewith in joy thou smitest dead the
foeman.

For gain of children make us thine, O Indra, of
many children's children and of cattle.

6 Whomso ye love, his power ye aid and
strengthen; ye Twain are the rich worshipper's
advancers.

Graciously favour us, Indra and Soma; give us
firm standing in this time of danger.

7 Let it not vex me, tire me, make me slothful,
and never let us say, Press not the Soma;

For him who cares for me, gives gifts, supports
me, who comes with kine to me who pour
libations.

8 Sarasvati, protect us: with the Maruts allied
thou boldly conquerest our foemen,

While Indra does to death the daring chieftain of
Sandikas exulting in his prowess.

9 Him who waylays, yea, him who would
destroy us,-aim at him, pierce him with thy
sharpened weapon.

Brhaspati, with arms thou slayest foemen O
King, give up the spoiler to destruction.

10 Perform, O Hero, with our valiant heroes the
deeds heroic which thou hast to finish.

Long have they been inflated with presumption:

slay them, and bring us hither their possessions.
11 I craving joy address with hymn and homage
your heavenly host, the company of Maruts,
That we may gain wealth with full store of
heroes, each day more famous, and with troops
of children.

HYMN XXXI. Visvedevas.

1. HELP, Varuna and Mitra, O ye Twain allied
with Vasus, Rudras, and Adityas, help our car,
That, as the wild birds of the forest from their
home, our horses may fly forth, glad, eager for
renown.

2 Yea, now ye Gods of one accord speed on our
car what time among the folk it seeks an act of
might;

When, hasting through the region with the
stamp of hoofs, our swift steeds trample on the
ridges of the earth.

3 Or may our Indra here, the Friend of all
mankind, coming from heaven, most.wise, girt
by the Marut host,

Accompany, with aid untroubled by a foe, our
car to mighty gain, to win the meed of strength.

4 Or may this Tvastar, God who rules the world
with power, one-minded with the Goddesses
speed forth our car;

Ila and Bhaga the celestial, Earth and Heaven,
Pusan, Purandhi, and the Asvins, ruling Lords.

5 Or, seen alternate, those two blessed
Goddesses, Morning and Night who stir all
living things to act:

While with my newest song I praise you both, O
Earth, that from what moves not ye may spread
forth threefold food.

6 Your blessing as a boon for suppliants we
desire: the Dragon of the Deep, and Aja-
Ekapad,

Trita, Rbhuksan, Savitar shall joy in us, and ihe
Floods' swift Child in our worship and our
prayer.

7 These earnest prayers I pray to you, ye Holy:
to pay you honour, living men have formed
them,

Men fain to win the prize and glory. May they
win, as a car-horse might the goal, your notice.

HYMN XXXII. Various Deities.

1. GRACIOUSLY further, O ye Heaven and

Earth, this speech striving to win reward, of me
your worshipper.

First rank I give to you, Immortal, high
extolled! I, fain to win me wealth, to you the
mighty Pair.

2 Let not man's guile annoy us, secret or by day:
give not us up a prey to these calamities.
Sever not thou our friendship: think thereon for
us. This, with a heart that longs for bliss, we
seek from thee.

3 Bring hither with benignant mind the willing
Cow teeming with plenteous milk, full,
inexhaustible.

O thou invoked by many, day by day I urge thee
with my word, a charger rapid in his tread.

4 With eulogy I call on Raka swift to hear may
she, auspicious, hear us, and herself observe.
With never-breaking needle may she sew her
work, and give a hero son most wealthy, meet
for praise.

5 All thy kind thoughts, O Raka, lovely in their
form, wherewith thou grantest wealth to him
who offers gifts-

With these come thou to us this day benevolent,
O Blessed One, bestowing food of thousand
sorts.

6 O broad-tressed Sinivali, thou who art the
Sister of the Gods,
Accept the offered sacrifice, and, Goddess,
grant us progeny.

7 With lovely fingers, lovely arms, prolific
Mother of many sons-
Present the sacred gifts to her, to Sinivali
Queen of men.

8 Her, Sinivali, her, Gungu, her, Raka, her,
Sarasvati, Indrani to mine aid I call, and
Vartunani for my weal.

HYMN XXXIII. Rudra.

1. FATHER of Maruts, let thy bliss approach
us: exclude us not from looking on the sunlight.
Gracious to our fleet courser be the Hero may
we transplant us, Rudra, in our children.

2 With the most saving medicines which thou
givest, Rudra, may I attain a hundred winters.
Far from us banish enmity and hatred, and to all
quarters maladies and trouble.

3 Chief of all born art thou in glory, Rudra,

armed with the thunder, mightiest of the mighty.
Transport us over trouble to well-being repel
thou from us all assaults of mis. chief.

4 Let us not anger thee with worship, Rudra, ill
praise, Strong God! or mingled invocation.
Do thou with strengthening balms incite our
heroes: I hear thee famed as best of all
physicians.

5 May I with praise-songs win that Rudra's
favour who is adored with gifts and invocations.
Ne'er may the tawny God, fair-checked, and
gracious, swiftheating, yield us to this evil
purpose.

6 The Strong, begirt by Maruts, hath refreshed
me, with most invigorating food, imploring.
As he who finds a shade in fervent sunlight may
I, uninjured, win the bliss of Rudra.

7 Where is that gracious hand of thine, O Rudra,
the hand that giveth health and bringeth
comfort,

Remover of the woe that Gods have sent us? O
Strong One, look thou on me with compassion.

8 To him the strong, great, tawny, fair-
complexioned, I utter forth a mighty hymn of
praises.

We serve the brilliant God with adorations, we
glorify, the splendid name of Rudra.

9 With firm limbs, multi-form, the strong, the
tawny adorns himself with bright gold
decorations:

The strength of Godhead ne'er departs from
Rudra, him who is Sovran of this world, the
mighty.

10 Worthy, thou carriest thy bow and arrows,
worthy, thy manyhued and honoured necklace.
Worthy, thou cuttest here each fiend to pieces: a
mightier than thou there is not, Rudra.

11 Praise him the chariot-borne, the young, the
famous, fierce, slaying like a dread beast of the
forest.

O Rudra, praised, be gracious to the singer. let
thy hosts spare us and smite down another.

12 I bend to thee as thou approachest, Rudra,
even as a boy before the sire who greets him.
I praise thee Bounteous Giver, Lord of heroes:
give medicines to us as thou art lauded.

13 Of your pure medicines, O potent Martits,
those that are wholesomest and

healthbestowing,

Those which our father Manu hath selected, I
crave from. Rudra for our gain and welfare.

14 May Rudra's missile turn aside and spare us,
the great wrath of the impetuous One avoid us.
Turn, Bounteous God, thy strong bow from our
princes, and be thou gracious to our seed and
offspring.

15 O tawny Bull, thus showing forth thy nature,
as neither to be wroth, O God, nor slay us.

Here, Rudra, listen to our invocation. Loud may
we speak, with heroes, in assembly.

HYMN XXXIV. Maruts

1. THE Maruts of resistless might who love the
rain, resplendent, terrible like wild beasts in
their strength,
Glowing like flames of fire, impetuous in
career, blowing the wandering raincloud, have
disclosed the kine.

2 They gleam with armlets as the heavens are
decked with stars, like cloud-born lightnings
shine the torrents of their rain.

Since the strong Rudra, O Maruts with brilliant
chests, sprang into life for you in Prsni's radiant
lap.

3 They drip like horses in the racings of swift
steeds; with the stream's rapid cars they hasten
on their way.

Maruts with helms of gold, ye who make all
things shake, come with your spotted deer, one-
minded, to our food.

4 They have bestowed of Mitra all that live, to
feed, they who for evermore cause their swift
drops to flow;

Whose steeds are spotted deer, whose riches
never fail, like horses in full speed, bound to the
pole in work.

5 With brightly-flaming kine whose udders
swell with milk, with glittering lances on your
unobstructed paths,

O Maruts, of one mind, like swans who seek
their nests, come to the rapturous enjoyment of
the meath.

6 To these our prayers, O Maruts, come
unanimous, come ye to our libations like the
praise of men.

Make it swell like a mare, in udder like a cow,

and for the singer grace the song with plenteous strength.

7 Give us a steed, O Maruts mighty in the car;
prevailing prayer that brings remembrance day
by day;

Food to your praisers, to your bard in deeds of
might give winning wisdom, power uninjured,
unsurpassed.

8 When the bright-chested Maruts, lavish of
their gifts, bind at the time bliss their horses to
the cars,

Then, as the milch-cow feeds her calf within the
stalls, they pour forth food for all oblation-
bringing men.

9 Save us, O Maruts, Vasus, from the injurer,
the mortal foe who makes us looked upon as
wolves.

With chariot all aflame compass him round
about: O Rudras, cast away the foeman's deadly
bolt.

10 Well-known, ye Maruts, is that wondrous
course of yours, when they milked Prsni's
udder, close akin to her.

Or when to shame the bard who lauded, Rudra's
Sons, ye O infallible brought Trita to decay.

11 We call youi such, great Maruts, following
wonted ways, to the oblation paid to Visnu
Speeder-on.

With ladles lifted up, with prayer, we seek of
them preeminent, golden-hued, the wealth
which all extol.

12 They, the Dasagvas, first of all brought
sacrifice: they at the break of mornings shall
inspirit us.

Dawn with her purple beams uncovereth the
nights, with great light glowing like a billowy
sea of milk.

13 The Rudras have rejoiced them in the
gathered bands at seats of worship as in purple
ornaments.

They with impetuous vigour sending down the
rain have taken to themselves a bright and
lovely hue.

14 Soliciting their high protection for our help,
with this our adoration we sing praise to them,
Whom, for assistance, like the five terrestrial
priests. Trita hath brought to aid us hither on his
car.

15 So may your favouring help be turned to us-
ward, your kindness like a lowing cow approach
us,
Wherewith ye bear your servant over trouble,
and free your worshipper from scoff and
scorning.

HYMN XXXV. Son of Waters.

1. EAGER for spoil my flow of speech I utter:
may the Floods' Child accept my songs with
favour.

Will not the rapid Son of Waters make them
lovely, for he it is who shall enjoy them?

2 To him let us address the song well-fashioned,
forth from the heart. Shall he not understand it'
The friendly Son of Waters by the greatness of
Godhead hath produced all things existing.

3 Some floods unite themselves and others join
them: die sounding rivers fill one common
storehouse.

On every side the bright Floods have
encompassed the bright resplendent Offspring
of the Waters.

4 The never-sullen waters, youthful Maidens,
carefully decking, wait on him the youthful.
He with bright rays shines forth in splendid
beauty, unfed with wood. in waters, oil-
enveloped.

5 To him three Dames are offering food to feed
him, Goddesses to the God whom none may
injure.

Within the waters hath he pressed, as hollows,
and drinks their milk who now are first made
mothers.

6 Here was the horse's birth; his was the
sunlight. Save thou our princes from the
oppressor's onslaught.

Him, indestructible, dwelling at a distance in
forts unwrought lies and ill spirits reach not.

7 He, in whose mansion is the teeming Milch-
cow, swells the Gods' nectar and cats noble
viands.

Ile Son of Waters, gathering strength in waters,
shines for his worshipper to give him treasures.

8 He who in waters with his own pure Godhead
shines widely, law-abiding, everlasting-
The other worlds are verily his branches, and

plants are born of him with all their offspring.
9 The Waters' Son hath risen, and clothed in
lightning ascended up unto the curled cloud's
bosom;

And bearing with them his supremest glory the
Youthful Ones, gold-coloured, move around
him.

10 Golden in form is he, like gold to look on,
his colour is like gold, the Son of Waters.
When he is seated fresh from golden birthplace
those who present their gold give food to feed
him.

11 This the fair name and this the lovely aspect
of him the Waters' Son increase in secret.
Whom here the youthful Maids together kindle,
his food is sacred oil of golden colour.

12 Him, nearest Friend of many, will we
worship with sacrifice. and reverence and
oblation.

I make his back to shine, with chips provide
him; t offer food and with my songs exalt him.

13 The Bull hath laid his own life-germ Within
them. He sucks them as an infant, and they kiss
him.

He, Son of Waters, of unfading colour, hadi
entered here as in another's body.

14 While here he dwelleth in sublimest station,
resplendent with the rays that never perish,
The Waters, bearing oil to feed their ofispring,
flow, Youthful Ones, in wanderings about him.

15 Agni, I gave good shelter to the people, and
to the princes goodly preparation.

Blessed is all that Gods regard with favour.
Loud may we speak, with heroes, in assembly.

HYMN XXXVI Various Gods.

1. WATER and milk hath he endued, sent forth
to thee: the men have drained him with the
filters and the stones.

Drink, Indra, from the Hotar's bowlfirst right is
thine-Soma hallowed and poured with Vasat
and Svaha.

2 Busied with sacrifice, with spotted deer and
spears, gleaming upon your way with
ornaments, yea, our Friends,
Sitting on sacred grass, ye Sons of Bharata,
drink Soma from the Potar's bowl, O Men of
heaven.

3 Come unto us, ye swift to listen: as at home
upon the sacred grass sit and enjoy yourselves.
And, Tvastar, well-content be joyful in the juice
with Gods and Goddesses in gladsome
company.

4 Bring the Gods hither, Sage, and offer
sacrifice: at the three altars seat thee willingly,
O Priest.

Accept for thy delight the proffered Soma
meath: drink from the Kindler's bowl and fill
thee with thy share.

5 This is the strengthener of thy body's manly
might: strength, victory for all time are placed
within thine arms.

Pressed for thee, Maghavan, it is offered unto
thee: drink from the chalice of this Brahman,
drink thy fill.

6 Accept the sacrifice; mark both of you, my
call: the Priest hath seated him after the ancient
texts.

My prayer that bids them come goes forth to
both the Kings: drink ye the Soma meath from
the Director's bowl.

HYMN XXXVII. Various Gods.

1. Enjoy thy fill of meath out of the Hotar's cup:
Adhvaryus he desires a full draught poured for
him.

Bring it him: seeking this he gives. Granter of
Wealth, drink Sorna with the Rtus from the
Hotar's cup.

2 He whom of old I called on, him I call on
now. He is to be invoked; his name is He who
Gives,

Here brought by priests is Soma meath. Granter
of Wealth, drink Soma with the Rtus from the
Potar's cup.

3 Fat may the horses be wherewith thou
specdest on: Lord of the Wood, unharming,
strengthen thou thyself.

Drawing and seizing, Bold One, thou who
grantest wealth, drink Soma with the Rtus from
the Nestar's cup.

4 From Hotar's cup and Potar's he hath drunk
and joyed: the proffered food hath pleased him
from the Nestar's bowl.

The fourth cup undisturbed, immortal, let him
drink who giveth wealth, the cup of the wealth-

giving God.

5 Yoke, O ye Twain, to-day your hero-bearing
car, swift-moving hitherward: your loosing-
place is here.

Mix the oblations, then come hither with the
meath, and drink the Soma, ye rich in abundant
strength.

6 Agni, accept the fuel and our offered gift:
accept the prayer of man, accept our eulogy,
Do thou with all, with Rtu, O thou Excellent,
fain, make the great Gods all fain taste the gift
we bring.

HYMN XXXVIII. Savitar.

1. UPRISEN is Savitar, this God, to quicken,
Priest who neglects not this most constant duty.
To the Gods, verily, he gives rich treasure, and
blesses him who calls them to the banquet.

2 Having gone up on high, the God
broadhanded spreads his arms widely forth that
all may mark him.

Even the waters bend them to his service: even
this wind rests in the circling region.

3 Though borne by swift steeds he will yet
unyoke them: e'en the fleet chariot hath he
stayed from going.

He hath checked e'en their haste who glide like
serpents. Night closely followed Savitar's
dominion.

4 What was spread out she weaves afresh, re-
weaving: the skilful leaves his labour half-
completed.

He hath arisen from rest, and parted seasons:
Savitar hath approached, God, holy-minded.

5 Through various dwellings, through entire
existence, spreads, manifest, the household light
of Agni.

The Mother gives her Son the goodliest portion,
and Savitar hath sped to meet his summons.

6 He comes again, unfolded, fain for conquest:
at home was he, the love of all things moving.
Each man hath come leaving his evil doings,
after the Godlike Savitar's commandment.

7 The wild beasts spread through desert places
seeking their watery share which thou hast set in
waters.

The woods are given to the birds. These statutes
of the God Savitar none disobeyeth.

8 With utmost speed, in restless haste at sunset
Varuna seeks his watery habitation.

Then seeks each bird his nest, each beast his
lodging. In due place Savitar hath set each
creature.

9 Him whose high law not Varuna nor Indra,
not Mitra, Aryaman, nor Rudra breaketh,
Nor evil-hearted fiends, here for my welfare
him I invoke, God Savitar, with worship.

10 May they who strengthen bliss, and thought
and wisdom, and the Dames' Lord and
Narasamsa aid us.

That good may come to us and wealth be
gathered, may we be Savitar the God's beloved.

11 So come to us our hearts' desire, the bounty
bestowed by thee, from heaven and earth and
waters,

That it be well with friends and those who
praise thee, and, Savitar, with the loud-lauding
singer.

HYMN XX Asvins.

1. SING like the two press-stones for this same
purpose; come like two misers to the tree of
treasure;

Like two laud-singing Brahmans in the
assembly, like the folk's envoys called in many
places.

2 Moving at morning like two chr-borne heroes,
like to a pair of goats ye come electing;
Like two fair dames embellishing their bodies,
like a wise married pair among the people.

3 Like to a pair of horns come first to usward,
like to a pair of hoofs with rapid motion;
Come like two Cakavas in the grey of morning,
come like two chariot wheels at dawn, ye
Mighty.

4 Bear us across the rivers like two vessels, save
us as ye were yokes, naves, spokes and fellies.
Be like two dogs that injure not our bodies;
preserve us, like two crutches, that we fall not.

5 Like two winds ageing not, two confluent
rivers, come with quick vision like two eyes
before us.

Come like two hands most helpful to the body,
and guide us like two feet to what is precious.

6 Even as two lips that with the mouth speak
honey, even as two breasts that nourish our

existence,

Like the two nostrils that protect our being, be
to us as our ears that hear distinctly.

7 Like two hands give ye us increasing vigour;
like heaven and earth constrain the airy regions.
Asvins, these hymns that struggle to approach
you, sharpen ye like an axe upon a whetstone.

8 These prayers of ours exalting you, O Asvins,
have the Gṛtsamadas, for a laud, made ready.
Welcome them, O ye Heroes, and come bither.
Loud may we speak. with brave men, in
assembly.

HYMN XL. Soma and Pusan.

1 SOMA and Pusan, Parents of all riches,
Parents of earth and Parents of high heaven,
You Twain, brought forth as the whole world's
protectors, the Gods have made centre of life
eternal.

2 At birth of these two Gods all Gods are joyful:
they have caused darkness, which we hate, to
vanish.

With these, with Soma and with Pusan, India
generates ripe warm milk in the raw milch-
cows.

3 Soma and Pusan, urge your chariot hither, the
seven-wheeled car that measures out the region,
That stirs not all, that moves to every quarter,
five-reined and harnessed by the thought, ye
Mighty.

4 One in the heaven on high hath made his
dwelling, on earth and in the firmament the
other.

May they disclose to us great store of treasure,
much-longed for, rich in food, source of
enjoyment.

5 One of you Twain is Parent of all creatures,
the other journeys onward all-beholding.
Soma and Pusan, aid my thought with favour:
with you may we o'ercome in all encounters.

6 May Pusan stir our thought, the all-impelling,
may Soma Lord of riches grant us riches.
May Aditi the perfect Goddess aid us. Loud
may we speak, with heroes, in assembly.

HYMN XLI. Various Deities.

1. O VAYU, come to us with all the thousand

chariots that are thine,
Team-borne, to drink the Soma juice.
2 Drawn by thy team, O Vayu, come; to thee is
offered this, the pure.
Thou visitest the presser's house.
3 Indra and Vayu, drawn by teams, ye Heroes,
come today and drink.
Of the bright juice when blent with milk.
4 This Soma hath been shed for you,
Lawstrengtheners, Mitra-Varuna!
Listen ye here to this my call.
5 Both Kings who never injure aught seat them
in their supremest home,
The thousand-pillared, firmly-based.
6 Fed with oblation, Sovran Kings, Adityas,
Lords of liberal gifts.
They wait on him whose life is true.
7 With kine, Nasatyas, and with steeds, come,
Asvins, Rudras, to the house
That will protect its heroes well;
8 Such, wealthy Gods! as none afar nor standing
nigh to us may harm,
Yea, no malicious mortal foe.
9 As such, O longed-far Asvins, lead us on to
wealth of varied sort,
Wealth that shall bring us room and rest.
10 Verily Indra, conquering all, driveth e'en
mighty fear away,
For firm is he and swift to act.
11 Indra be gracious unto us: sin shall not reach
us afterward,
And good shall be before us still.
12 From all the regions of the world let Indra
send security,
The foe-subduer, swift to act.
13 O all ye Gods, come hitherward: hear this
mine invocation, seat
Yourselves upon this sacred grass.
14 Among the gunahotras strong for you is this
sweet gladdening draught.
Drink ye of this delightful juice.
15 Ye Martus led by Indra, Gods with Priṣan
for your bounteousness,
Hear all of you this call of mine.
16 Best Mother, best of Rivers, best of
Goddesses, Sarasvati, We are, as 'twere, of no
repute and dear Mother, give thou us renown.
17 In thee, Sarasvati, divine, all generations

have their stay.
Be, glad with Sunahotra's sons: O Goddess
grant us progeny.
18 Enriched with sacrifice, accept Sarasvati,
these prayers of ours,
Thoughts which Gṛtsamadas beloved of Gods
bring, Holy One, to thee.
19 Ye who bless sacrifice, go forth, for verily
we choose you both,
And Agni who conveys our gifts.
20 This our effectual sacrifice, reaching the sky,
shall Heaven and Earth
Present unto the Gods to-day.
21 In both your laps, ye guileless Ones, the
Holy Gods shall sit them down
To-day to drink the Soma here.

HYMN XLII Kapinjala.

1. TELLING his race aloud with cries repeated,
he sends his voice out as his boat a steersman.
O Bird, be ominous of happy fortune from no
side may calamity befall thee.
2 Let not the falcon kill thee, nor the eagle let
not the arrow-bearing archer reach thee.
Still crying in the region of the Fathers, speak
here auspicious, bearing joyful tidings.
3 Bringing good tidings, Bird of happy omen,
call thou out loudly southward of our dwellings,
So that no thief, no sinner may oppress us. Loud
may we speak, with heroes, in assembly.

HYMN XLIII. Kapinjala.

1. HERE on the right sing forth chanters of
hymns of praise, even the winged birds that in
due season speak.
He, like: a Sama-chanter utters both the notes,
skilled in the mode of Tristup and of Gayatri.
2 Thou like the chanter-priest chantest the
Sama, Bird; thou singest at libations like a
Brahman's son.
Even as a vigorous horse when he comes near
the mare, announce to us good fortune, Bird, on
every side, proclaim in all directions happy
luck, O Bird.
3 When singing here, O Bird. announce good
luck to us, and when thou sittest still think on us
with kind thoughts.
When flying off thou singest thou art like a lute.
With brave sons in assembly may we speak

aloud.

**The Rig-Veda -
Book III**

HYMN I. Agni.

1. THOU, Agni, who wilt have the
strong, hast made me the Soma's priest, to
worship in assembly.

Thou shinest to the Gods, I set the
pressstones. I toil; be joyful in thyself, O
Agni.

2 East have we turned the rite; may the
hymn aid it. With wood and worship shall
they honour Agni.

From heaven the synods of the wise have
learnt it: c'en for the quick and strong
they seek advancement.

3 The Prudent, he whose will is pure,
brought welfare, allied by birth to Heaven
and Earth in kinship.

The Gods discovered in the midst of
waters beautiful Agni with the Sisters'
labour.

4 Him, Blessed One, the Seven strong
Floods augmented, him white at birth and
red when waxen mighty.

As mother mares run to their new-born
you ling, so at his birth the Gods
wondered at Agni.

5 Spreading with radiant limbs
throughout the region, purging his power
with wise purifications,
Robing himself in light, the life of waters,
lie spreads abroad his high and perfect
glories.

6 He sought heaven's Mighty Ones, the
unconsuming, the unimpaired, not
clothed and yet not naked.

Then they, ancient and young, who dwell
together, Seven sounding Rivers, as one

germ received him.

7 His piles, assuming every form, are
scattered where flow sweet waters, at the
spring of fatness;

There stood the milch-kine with full-
laden udders, and both paired Mighty
Mothers of the Wondrous.

8 Carefully cherished, Son of Strength,
thou shonest assuming lasting and
refulgent beauties.

Full streams of fatness and sweet juice
descended, there where the Mighty One
grew strong by wisdom.

9 From birth he knew even his Father's
bosom, he set his voices and his streams
in motion;

Knew him who moved with blessed
Friends in secret, with the young Dames
of heaven. He stayed not hidden.

10 He nursed the Infant of the Sire and
Maker: alone the Babe sucked many a
teeming bosom.

Guard, for the Bright and Strong, the
fellow-spouses friendly to men and bound
to him in kinship.

11 The Mighty One increased in space
unbounded; full many a glorious flood
gave strength to Agni.

Friend of the house, within the lap of
Order lay Agni, in the Sister Rivers'
service.

12 As keen supporter where great waters
gather, light-shedder whom the brood
rejoice to look on;

He who begat, and will beget, the
dawnlights, most manly, Child of Floods,
is youthful Agni.

13 Him, varied in his form, the lovely
Infant of floods and plants the blessed
wood hath gendered.

Gods even, moved in spirit, came around
him, and served him at his birth, the
Strong, the Wondrous.

14 Like brilliant lightnings, mighty
luminaries accompany the light-diffusing
Agni,

Waxen, as 'twere in secret, in his
dwelling, while in the boundless stall they

milk out Amrta.

15 I sacrificing serve thee with oblations
and crave with longing thy good-will and
friendship.

Grant, with the Gods, thy grace to him
who lauds thee, protect us with thy rays
that guard the homestead.

16 May we, O Agni, thou who ledest
wisely, thy followers and masters of all
treasures,

Strong in the glory of our noble offspring,
subdue the godless when they seek the
battle.

17 Ensign of Gods hast thou become, O
Agni, joy-giver, knower of all secret
wisdom.

Friend of the homestead, thou hast
lightened mortals: carborne thou goest to
the Gods, fulfilling.

18 Within the house hath sate the King
immortal of mortals, filling full their
sacred synods.

Bedewed with holy oil he shineth widely,
Agni, the knower of all secret wisdom.

19 Come unto us with thine auspicious
friendship, come speeding, Mighty, with
thy mighty succours.

Grant us abundant wealth that saves from
danger, that brings a good repute, a
glorious portion.

20 To thee who art of old these songs, O
Agni, have I declared, the ancient and the
later.

These great libations to the Strong are
offered: in every birth is Jatavedas
stablished.

21 Stablished in every birth is Jatavedas,
kindled perpetual by the Visvamitras.

May we rest ever in the loving-kindness,
in the auspicious grace of him the Holy.

22 This sacrifice of ours do thou, O
Mighty, O truly Wise, bear to the Gods
rejoicing.

Grant us abundant food, thou priestly
Herald, vouchsafe to give us ample
wealth, O Agni.

23 As holy food, Agni, to thine invoker
give wealth in cattle, lasting, rich in

marvels.

To us he born a son, and spreading
offspring. Agni, be this thy gracious will
to us-ward.

HYMN II. Agni.

1. To him, Vaisvanara, who strengthens
Holy Law, to Agni we present our praise
like oil made pure.

With thoughtful insight human priests
bring him anear, our Herald from of old,
as an axe forms a car.

2 He made the heaven and earth
resplendent by his birth: Child of two
Mothers he was meet to be implored,
Agni, oblation-bearer, gracious, ever-
young, infallible, rich in radiant light, the
guest of men.

3 Within the range of their surpassing
power, by might, the Gods created Agni
with inventive thought.

I, eager to win strength, address him, like
a steed, resplendent with his brilliance,
with his ample light.

4 Eager to gain, we crave from him the
friendly God strength confident,
choiceworthy meet to be extolled:

The Bhrgus' bounty, willing, strong with
sages' lore, even Agni shining forth with
light that comes from heaven.

5 For happiness, men, having trimmed
the sacred grass, set Agni glorious for his
strength before them here;

Yea, with raised ladles, him bright, dear
to all the Gods, perfecting aims of works,
Rudra of solemn rites.

6 Around thy dwelling-place, O brightly-
shining Priest, are men at sacrifice, whose
sacred grass is trimmed.

Wishing to do thee service, Agni, they are
there, desirous of thy friendship grant
them store of wealth.

7 He hath filled heaven and earth and the
great realm of light, when at his birth the
skilful held him in their hold.

He like a horse is led forth to the sacrifice
Sage, graciously inclined, that he may
win us strength.

8 Honour the oblation-bearer, him who knows fair rites, serve ye the Household Friend who knows all things that be. He drives the chariot of the lofty ordinance: Agni most active, is the great High Priest of Gods.

9 They who are free from death, fain for him, purified three splendours of the mighty Agni, circling all. To man, for his enjoyment, one of these they gave: the other two have passed into the sister sphere.

10 Man's sacrificial food hath sharpened like an axe, for brightness, him the Sage of men, the people's Lord, Busied with sacred rites he mounts and he descends. He hath laid down his vital germ within these worlds.

11 He stirs with life in wombs dissimilar in kind, born as a Lion or a loudly-bellowing Bull:

Vaisvanara immortal with wide-reaching might, bestowing goods and wealth on him who offers gifts.

12 Vaisvanara, as of old, mounted the cope of heaven, heaven's ridge, well greeted, by those skilled in noble songs. He, as of old, producing riches for the folk, still watchful, traverses the common way again.

13 For new prosperity we seek to Agni, him whose course is splendid, gold-haired, excellently bright, Whom Matarisvan established, dweller in the heaven, meet for high praise and holy, sage and true to Law.

14 As pure and swift of course, beholder of the light, who stands in heaven's bright sphere a sign, who wakes at dawn, Agni, the head of heaven, whom none may turn aside-to him the Powerful with mighty prayer we seek.

15 The cheerful Priest, the pure, in whom no guile is found, Friend of the House, praise-worthy, dear to all mankind, Fair to behold for beauty like a splendid car,- Agni the Friend of men we ever seek

for wealth.

HYMN III. Agni.

1. To him who shines afar, Vaisvanara,
shall bards give precious things that he
may go on certain paths:

For Agni the Immortal serves the Deities,
and therefore never breaks their
everlasting laws.

2 He, wondrous envoy, goes between the
earth and heaven, firm seated as the
Herald, great High Priest of men.

He compasseth with rays the lofty
dwelling-place, Agni, sent forward by the
Gods, enriched with piayer.

3 Sages shall glorify Agni with earnest
thoughts, ensign of sacrifice, who fills the
synod full:

In whom the singers have stored up their
holy acts to him the worshipper looks for
joy and happiness.

4 The Sire of sacrifice, great God of holy
bards, Agni, the measure and the symbol
of the priests,
Hath entered heaven and earth that show
in varied form: the Sage whom many love
rejoiceth in his might.

5 Bright Agni with the bright car, Lord of
green domains, Vaisvanara dweller in the
floods, who finds the light,
Pervading, swift and wild, encompassed
round with powers, him very glorious
have the Gods established here.

6 Agni, together with the Gods and
Manu's folk by thought extending
sacrifice in varied form,
Goes, car-borne, to and fro with those
who crown each rite, the fleet, the
Household Friend, who turns the curse
aside.

7 Sing, Agni, for long life to us and noble
sons: teem thou with plenty, shine upon
us store of food.

Increase the great man's strength, thou
ever-vigilant: thou, longing for the Gods,
knowest their hymns full well.

8 The Mighty One, Lord of the people
and their guest, the leader of their

thoughts, devoted Friend of priests,
Our solemn rites' announcer, Jatavedas,
men with worship ever praise, with
urgings for their weal.

9 Agni the God resplendent, giver of
great joy, hath on his lovely car
compassed the lands with, might.

Let us with pure laudations in his house
approach the high laws of the nourisher
of multitudes.

10 I celebrate thy glories, O Vaisvanara,
wherewith thou, O farsighted God, has
found the light.

Thou filledst at thy birth both worlds, the
earth and heaven: all this, O Agni, hast
thou compassed of thyself.

11 By his great skill the Sage alone hath
brought to pass a great deed, mightier
than Vaisvanara's wondrous acts.

Agni sprang into being, magnifying both
his Parents, Heaven and Earth, rich in
prolific seed.

HYMN IV Apris.

1. BE friendly with each kindled log of
fuel, with every flash bestow the boon of
riches.

Bring thou the Gods, O God, unto our
worship: serve, well-inclined, as Friend
thy friends, O Agni.

2 Agni whom daily Varuna and Mitra the
Gods bring thrice a day to this our
worship,

Tanunapat, enrich with meath our service
that dwells with holy oil, that offers
honour.

3 The thought that bringeth every boon
proceedeth to worship first the Priest of
the libation,

That we may greet the Strong One with
our homage. Urged, may he bring the
Gods, best Sacrificer.

4 On high your way to sacrifice was
made ready; the radiant flames went
upward to the regions.

Full in the midst of heaven the Priest is
seated: sirew we the sacred grass where
Gods may rest them.

5 Claiming in mind the seven priests'
burntoblations, inciting all, they came in
settled order.

To this our sacrifice approach the many
who show in hero beauty at assemblies.

6 Night and Dawn, lauded, hither come
together, both smiling, different are their
forms in colour,

That Varuna and Mitra may accept us,
and Indra, girt by Maruts, with his
glories.

7. I crave the grace of heaven's two chief
Invokers: the seven swift steeds joy in
their wonted manner.

These speak of truth, praising the truth
eternal, thinking on Order as the guards
of Order.

8 May Bharati with all her Sisters, Ila
accordant with the Gods, with mortalls
Agni,

Sarasvati with all her kindred Rivers,
come to this grass, Three Goddesses, and
seat them.

9 Well pleased with us do thou O God, O
Tvastar, give ready issue to our procreant
vigour,

Whence springs the hero, powerful,
skilled in action, lover of Gods, adjuster
of the press-stones.

10 Send to the Gods the oblation, Lord of
Forests; and let the Immolator, Agni,
dress it.

He as the truer Priest shall offer worship,
for the Gods' generations well he
knoweth.

11 Come thou to us, O Agni, duly
kindled, together with the potent Gods
and Indra.

On this our grass sit Aditi, happy Mother,
and let our Hail delight the Gods
Immortal.

HYMN V. Agni.

1. AGNI who shines against the Dawns is
wakened. The holy Singer who precedes
the sages.

With far-spread lustre, kindled by the
pious, the Priest hath thrown both gates

of darkness open.

2 Agni hath waxen mighty by laudations,
to be adored with hymns of those who
praise him.

Loving the varied shows of holy Order at
the first flush of dawn he shines as envoy.

3 Amid men's homes hath Agni been
established, fulfilling with the Law,
Friend, germ of waters.

Loved and adored, the height he hath
ascended, the Singer, object of our
invocations.

4 Agni is Mitra when enkindled duly,
Mitra as Priest, Varuna, Jatavedas;
Mitra as active minister, and House-
Friend, Mitra of flowing rivers and of
mountains.

5 The Earth's, the Bird's dear lofty place
he guardeth, he guardeth in his might the
course of Surya,

Guardeth the Seven-headed in the centre,
guardeth sublime the Deities enjoyment.

6 The skilful God who knows all forms of
knowledge made for himself a fair form,
meet for worship.

This Agni guards with care that never
ceases the Sonia's skin, the Bird's place
rich in fatness.

7 Agni hath entered longingly the longing
shrine rich with fatness, giving easy
access.

Resplendent, pure, sublime and purifying,
again, again he renovates his Mothers.

8 Born suddenly, by plants he grew to
greatness, when tender shoots with holy
oil increased him,

Like waters lovely when they hasten
downward may Agni in his Parents' lap
protect us.

9 Extolled, the Strong shone forth with
kindled fuel to the earth's centre, to the
height of heaven.

May Agni, Friend, adorable Matarisvan,
as envoy bring the Gods unto our
worship.

10 Best of all luminaries lofty Agni
supported with his flame the height of
heaven,

When, far from Bhrgus, Matarisvan
kindled the oblation-bearer where he lay
in secret.

11 As holy food, Agni to thine invoker
give wealth in cattle, lasting, rich in
marvels.

To us be born a son and spreading
offspring. Agni, be this thy gracious will
to us-word.

HYMN VI. Agni.

1. URGED on by deep devotion, O ye singers,
bring, pious ones, the God-approaching ladle.
Borne onward to the right it travels eastward,
and, filled with oil, to Agni bears oblation.

2 Thou at thy birth didst fill both earth and
heaven, yea, Most Adorable, thou didst exceed
them.

Even through the heaven's and through the
earth's expanses let thy swift seventongued
flames roll on, O Agni.

3 Both Heaven and Earth and Gods who should
be worshipped establish thee as Priest for every
dwelling,

Whenever human families, God-devoted,
bringing oblations; laud thy splendid lustre.

4 Firm in the Gods' home is the Mighty seated,
between vast Heaven and Earth the well-

beloved-

Those Cows who yield, unharmed, their nectar,
Spouses of the Far-Strider, everyyoung, united.

5 Great are the deeds of thee, the Great, O Agni:
thou by thy power hast spread out earth and
heaven.

As soon as thou wast born thou wast an envoy,
thou, Mighty One, was Leader of the people.

6 Bind to the pole with cords of holy Order the
long-maned ruddy steeds who sprinkle fatness.

Bring hithier, O thou God, all Gods together:
provide them noble worship, Jatavedas.

7 Even from the sky thy brilliant lights shone
hither: still hast thou beamed through many a
radiant morning,

That the Gods praised their joyous Herald's
labour eagerly burning, Agni, in the forests.

8 The Gods who take delight in air's wide
region, or those the dwellers in heaven's realm
of brightness,

Or those, the Holy, prompt to hear, our helpers,
who, carborne, turn their horses hither, Agni---

9 With these, borne on one ear, Agni, approach
us, or borne on many, for thy steeds are able.

Bring, with their Dames, the Gods, the Three
and-Thirty, after thy Godlike nature, and be
joyful.

10 He is the Priest at whose repeated worship
even wide Heaven and Earth sing out for
increase.

They fair and true and holy coming forward
stand at his sacrifice who springs from Order.

11 As holy food, Agni, to thine invoker give
wealth in cattle, lasting, rich in marvels.

To us be born a son and spreading offspring.

Agni, be this thy gracious will to usward.

HYMN VII.

1. THE seven tones risen from the whitebacked
viand have made their way between the pair of
Mothers.

Both circumjacent Parents come together to
yield us length of days they hasten forward.

2 The Male who dwells in heaven hath Mares
and Milchkin: he came to Goddesses who
bring sweet treasure.

To thee safe resting in the seat of Order the Cow
alone upon her way proceedeth.

3 Wise Master, wealthy finder-out of riches, he
mounted those who may with case be guided.
He, dark-backed, manifold with varied aspect,
hath made them burst forth from their food the
brush-wood.

4 Strength-giving streams bear hither him
eternal, fain to support the mighty work. of
Tvastar.

He, flashing in his home with all his members,
hath entered both the worlds as they were
single.

5 They know the red Bull's blessing, and are
joyful under the flaming-coloured Lord's
dominion:

They who give shine from heaven with fair
effulgence, whose lofty song like Ila must be
honoured.

6 Yea, by tradition from the ancient sages they
brought great strength from the two mighty
Parents,

To where the singer's Bull, the night's dispeller,
after his proper law hath waxen stronger.

7 Seven holy singers guard with five Adhvaryus
the Bird's beloved firmly-settled station.

The willing Bulls, untouched by old, rejoice
them: as Gods themselves the ways of Gods
they follow.

8 I crave the grace of heaven's two chief
Invokers: the seven swift steeds joy in their
wonted manner.

These speak of truth, praising the Truth Eternal,
thinking on Order as the guards of Order.

9 The many seek the great Steed as a stallion:
the reins obey the Lord of varied colour.

O heavenly Priest, most pleasant, full of
wisdom, bring the great Gods to us, and Earth
and Heaven.

10 Rich Lord, the Mornings have gleamed forth
in splendour, fair-rayed, fair-speaking,
worshipped with all viands,

Yea, with the glory of the earth, O Agni.
Forgive us, for our weal, e'en sin committed.

11 As holy food, Agni, to thine invoker, give
wealth in cattle, lasting, rich in marvels.

To us be born a son, and spreading offspring
Agni, be this thy gracious will to usward.

HYMN VIII Sacrificial Post.

1. GOD-SERVING men, O Sovran of the
Forest, with heavenly meath at sacrifice anoint
thee.

Grant wealth to us when thou art standing
upright as when reposing on this Mother's
bosom.

2 Set up to eastward of the fire enkindled,
accepting prayer that wastes not, rich in hero.
Driving far from us poverty and famine, lift
thyself up to bring us great good fortune.

3 Lord of the Forest, raise. thyself up on the
loftiest spot of earth.

Give splendour, fixt and measured well, to him
who brings the sacrifice.

4 Well-robed, enveloped he is come, the
youthful: springing to life his glory waxeth
greater.

Contemplative in mind and God-adoring, sages
of high intelligence upraise him.

5 Sprung up he rises in the days' fair weather,
increasing in the men-frequented synod.

With song the wise and skilful consecrate him:
his voice the God-adoring singer utters.

6, Ye whom religious men have firmly planted;
thou Forest Sovran whom the axe hath
fashioned,-

Let those the Stakes divine which here are
standing be fain to grant us wealth with store of
children.

7 O men who lift the ladles up, these hewn and
planted in the ground,
Bringing a blessing to the field, shall bear our
precious gift to Gods.

8 Adityas, Rudras, Vasus, careful leaders, Earth,
Heaven, and Prthivi and Air's mid-region,
Accordant Deities shall bless our worship and
make our sacrifice's ensign lofty.

9 Like swan's that flee in lengthened line, the
Pillars have come to us arrayed in brilliant
colour.

They, lifted up on high, by sages, eastward, go
forth as Gods to the God's dwelling-places.

10 Those Stakes upon the earth with rings that
deck them seem to the eye like horns of horned
creatures;

Or, as upraised by priests in invocation, let them
assist us in the rush to battle.

11 Lord of the Wood, rise with a hundred

branches. with thousand branches may we rise
to greatness,
Thou whom this hatchet, with an edge well
whetted for great felicity, hath brought before
us.

HYMN IX.

1. WE as thy friends have chosen thee, mortals a
God, to be our help,
The Waters' Child, the blessed, the resplendent
One, victorious and beyond compare.
2 Since thou delighting in the woods hast gone
unto thy mother streams,
Not to be scorned, Agni, is that return of thine
when from afar thou now art here.
3 O'er pungent smoke hast thou prevailed, and
thus art thou benevolent.
Some go before, and others round about thee sit,
they in whose friendship thou hast place.
4 Him who had passed beyond his foes, beyond
continual pursuits, Him the unerring One,
observant, found in floods, couched like a lion
in his lair.
5 Him wandering at his own free will, Agni here
hidden from our view,
Him Matarisvan brought to us from far away
produced by friction, from the Gods.
6 O Bearer of Oblations, thus mortals received
thee from the Gods,
Whilst thou, the Friend of man, guardest each
sacrifice with thine own power, Most Youthful
One.
7 Amid thy wonders this is good, yea, to the
simple is it clear,
When gathered round about thee, Agni, lie the
herds where thou art kindled in the morn.
8 Offer to him who knows fair rites, who burns
with purifying glow,
Swift envoy, active, ancient, and adorable: serve
ye the God attentively.
9 Three times a hundred Gods and thrice a
thousand, and three times ten and nine have
worshipped Agni,
For him spread sacred grass, with oil bedewed
him, and stablished him as Priest and Sacrificer.

HYMN X. Agni.

1. THEE Agni, God, Imperial Lord of all
mankind, do mortal men

With understanding kindle at the sacrifice.
 2 They laud thee in their solemn rites, Agni, as
 Minister and Priest,
 Shine forth in thine own home as guardian of
 the Law.
 3 He, verily, who honours thee with fuel,
 Knower of all life,
 He, Agni! wins heroic might, he prospers well.
 4 Ensign of sacrifices, he, Agni, with Gods is
 come to us,
 Decked by the seven priests, to him who
 bringeth gifts.
 5 To Agni, the Invoking Priest, offer your best,
 your lofty speech,
 To him Ordainer-like who brings the light of
 songs.
 6 Let these our hymns make Agni grow,
 whence, meet for laud, he springs to life,
 To mighty strength and great possession, fair to
 see.
 7 Best Sacrificer, bring the Gods, O Agni, to the
 pious man:
 A joyful Priest, thy splendour drive our foes afar
 8 As such, O Purifier, shine on us heroic
 glorious might:
 Be nearest Friend to those who laud thee, for
 their weal.
 9 So, wakeful, versed in sacred hymns, the holy
 singers kindly thee.
 Oblation-bearer, deathless, cherisher of strength.

HYMN XI. Agni.

1. AGNI is Priest, the great High Priest of
 sacrifice, most swift in act:
 He knows the rite in constant course.
 2 Oblation-bearer, deathless, well inclined, an
 eager messenger,
 Agni comes nigh us with the thought.
 3 Ensign of sacrifice from of old, Agni well
 knoweth with his thought
 To prosper this man's aim and hope.
 4 Agni, illustrious from old time, the Son of
 Strength who knows all life,
 The Gods have made to their Priest.
 5 Infallible is Agni, he who goes before the
 tribes of men,
 A chariot swift and ever new.
 6 Strength of the Gods which none may harm,

subduing all his enemies,
Agni is mightiest in fame.
7 By offering sacred food to him the mortal
worshipper obtains.
A home from him whose light makes pure.
8 From Agni, by our hymns, may we gain all
things that bring happiness,
Singers of him who knows all life.
9 O Agni, in our deeds of might may we obtain
all precious things:
The Gods are centred all in thee.

HYMN XII. Indra-Agni.

1. MOVED, Indra-Agni, by our hymn, come to
the juice, the precious dew:
Drink ye thereof, impelled by song.
2 O Indra-Agni, with the man who lauds you
comes the wakening rite:
So drink ye both this juice assured.
3 Through force of sacrifice I choose Indra-
Agni who love the wise:
With Soma let these sate them here.
4 Indra and Agni I invoke, joint-victors,
bounteous, unsubdued,
Foe-slayers, best to win the spoil.
5 Indra and Agni, singers skilled in melody
hymn you, bringing lauds:
I choose you for the sacred food.
6 Indra and Agni, ye cast down the ninety forts
which DAsas held,
Together, with one mighty deed.
7 To Indra-Agni everent thoughts go forward
from the holy task
Along the path of sacred Law.
8 O Indra-Agni, powers are yours, and
dwellings and delightful food
Good is your readiness to act.
9 Indra and Agni, in your deeds of might ye
deck heaven's lucid realms:
Famed is that hero strength of yours.

HYMN XIII. Agni.

1. To Agni, to this God of yours I sing aloud
with utmost power.
May he come to us with the Gods, and sit, best
Offerer, on the grass.
2 The Holy, whose are earth and heaven, and
succour waits upon his strength;
Him men who bring oblations laud, and they

who wish to gain, for grace.
3 He is the Sage who guides these men, Leader
of sacred rites is he.
Him your own Agni, serve ye well, who
winneth and bestoweth wealth.
4 So may the gracious Agni grant most goodly
shelter for our use;
Whence in the heavens or in the floods he shall
pour wealth upon our lands.
5 The singers kindle him, the Priest, Agni the
Lord of tribes of men,
Resplendent and without a peer through his own
excellent designs.
6 Help us, thou Brahman, best of all invokers of
the Gods in song.
Beam, Friend of Maruts, bliss on us, O Agni, a
most liberal God.
7 Yea, grant us treasure thousandfold with
children and with nourishment,
And, Agni, splendid hero strength, exalted,
wasting not away.

HYMN XIV. Agni.

1 THE pleasant Priest is come into the synod,
true, skilled in sacrifice, most wise, Ordainer.
Agni, the Son of Strength, whose car is
lightning, whose hair is flame, hath shown on
earth his lustre.
2 To thee I offer reverent speech: accept it: to
thee who markest it, victorious, faithful!
Bring, thou who knowest, those who know, and
seat thee amid the sacred grass, for help, O
Holy.
3 The Two who show their vigour, Night and
Morning, by the wind's paths shall haste to thee
O Agni.
When men adorn the Ancient with oblations,
these seek, as on two chariot-seats, the dwelling.
4 To thee, strong Agni! Varuna and Mitra and
all the Maruts sang a song of triumph,
What time unto the people's lands thou camest,
spreading them as the Sun of men, with lustre.
5 Approaching with raised hands and adoration,
we have this day fulfilled for thee thy longing.
Worship the Gods with most devoted spirit, a
Priest with no unfriendly thought, O Agni.
6 For, Son of Strength, from thee come many
succours, and powers abundant that a God

possesses.

Agni, to us with speech that hath no falsehood
grant riches, real, to be told in thousands.

7 Whatever, God, in sacrifice we mortals have
wrought is all for thee, strong, wise of purpose!
Be thou the Friend of each good chariot's
master. All this enjoy thou here, immortal Agni.

HYMN XV. Agni.

1. RESPLENDENT with thy wide-extending
lustre, dispel the terrors of the fiends who hate
us

May lofty Agni be my guide and shelter, the
easily-invoked, the good Protector.

2 Be thou To us, while now the morn is
breaking, be thou a guardian when the Sun hath
mounted..

Accept, as men accept a true-born infant, my
laud, O Agni nobly born in body.

3 Bull, who beholdest men, through many
mornings, among the dark ones shine forth red,
O Agni.

Lead us, good Lord, and bear us over trouble:
Help us who long, Most Youthful God, to
riches.

4 Shine forth, a Bull invincible, O Agni,
winning by conquest all the forts and treasures,
Thou Jatavedas who art skilled in guiding, the
chief high saving sacrifice's Leader.

5 Lighting Gods hither, Agni, wisest Singer,
bring thou to us many and flawless shelters.
Bring vigour, like a car that gathers booty: bring
us, O Agni, beauteous. Earth and Heaven.

6 Swell, O thou Bull and give those powers an
impulse, e'en Earth and Heaven who yield their
milk in plenty,

Shining, O God, with Gods in clear effulgence.
Let not a mortal's evil will obstruct us.

7 Agni, as holy food to thine invoker, give
wealth in cattle, lasting, rich in marvels.
To us be born a son and spreading offspring.
Agni, be this thy gracious will to us-ward.

HYMN XVI. Agni.

1. THIS Agni is the Lord of great felicity and
hero Strength;

Lord of wealth in herds of kine; Lord of the
 battles with the foe.
 2 Wait, Maruts, Heroes, upon him the Prosperer
 in whom is bliss-increasing wealth;
 Who in fights ever conquer evil-hearted men,
 who overcome the enemy.
 3 As such, O Agni, deal us wealth and hero
 might, O Bounteous One!
 Most lofty, very glorious, rich in progeny, free
 from disease and full of power.
 4 He who made all that lives, who passes all in
 might, who orders service to the Gods,
 He works among the Gods, he works in hero
 strength, yea, also in the praise of men.
 5 Give us not up to indigence, Agni, nor want of
 hero sons,
 Nor, Son of Strength, to lack of cattle, nor to
 blame. Drive. thou our enemies away.
 6 Help us to strength, blest Agni! rich in
 progeny, abundant, in our sacrifice.
 Flood us with riches yet more plenteous,
 bringing weal, with high renown, most Glorious
 One!

HYMN XVII. Agni.

1. DULY enkindled after ancient customs,
 bringing all treasures, he is balmed with
 unguents,-
 Flame-haired, oil-clad, the purifying Agni,
 skilled in fair rites, to bring the Gods for
 worship.
 2 As thou, O Agni, skilful Jatavedas, hast
 sacrificed as Priest of Earth, of Heaven,
 So with this offering bring the Gods, and
 prosper this sacrifice today as erst for Manu.
 3 Three are thy times of life, O Jatavedas, and
 the three mornings are thy births, O Agni.
 With these, well-knowing, grant the Gods' kind
 favour, and help in stir and stress the man who
 worships.
 4 Agni most bright and fair with song we
 honour, yea, the adorable, O Jatavedas.
 Thee, envoy, messenger, oblation-bearer, the
 Gods have made centre of life eternal.
 5 That Priest before thee, yet more skilled in
 worship, stablished of old, healthgiver by his
 nature,-
 After his custom offer, thou who knowest, and

lay our sacrifice where Gods may taste it.

HYMN XVIII. Agni.

1. AGNI, be kind to us when we approach thee
good as a friend to friend, as sire and mother.
The races of mankind are great oppressors burn
up malignity that strives against us.

2 Agni, burn up the unfriendly who are near us,
burn thou the foeman's curse who pays no
worship.

Burn, Vasu, thou who markest well, the foolish:
let thine eternal nimble beams surround thee.

3 With fuel, Agni, and with oil, desirous, mine
offering I present for strength and conquest,
With prayer, so far as I have power, adoring-this
hymn divine to gain a hundred treasures.

4 Give with thy glow, thou Son of Strength,
when lauded, great vital power to those who toil
to serve thee.

Give richly, Agni, to the Visvamitras in rest and
stir. Oft have we decked thy body.

5 Give us, O liberal Lord, great store of riches,
for, Agni, such art thou when duly kindled.
Thou in the happy singer's home bestowest,
amply with arms extended, things of beauty.

HYMN XIX. Agni.

1. Aow, quick, sage, infallible, all-knowing, I
choose to be our Priest at this oblation.
In our Gods' service he, best skilled, shall
worship: may he obtain us boons for strength
and riches.

2 Agni, to thee I lift the oil-fed ladle, bright,
with an offering, bearing our oblation.
From the right hand, choosing the Gods'
attendance, he with rich presents hath arranged
the worship.

3 Of keenest spirit is the man thou aidest give us
good offspring, thou who givest freely.

In power of wealth most rich in men. O Agni, of
thee, the Good, may we sing forth fair praises.

4 Men as they worship thee the God, O Agni,
have set on thee full many a brilliant, aspect.

So bring Most Youthful One, the Gods'
asserrigly, the Heavenly Host which thou to-day
shalt honour.

5 When Gods anoint thee Priest at their
oblation, and seat thee for thy task as Sacrificer,
O Agni, be thou here our kind defender, and to

ourselves vouchsafe the gift of glory.

HYMN XX Agni.

1. WITH lauds at break of morn the priest
invoketh Agni, Dawn, Dadhikras, and both the
Asvins.

With one consent the Gods whose light is
splendid, longing to taste our sacrifice, shall
hear us.

2 Three are thy powers, O Agni, three thy
stations, three are thy tongues, yea, many, Child
of Order!

Three bodies hast thou which the Gods delight
in: with these protect our hymns with care
unceasing.

3 O Agni, many are the names thou bearest,
immortal, God, Divine, and Jatavedas.

And many charms of charmers, All-Inspirer!
have they laid in thee, Lord of true attendants!

4 Agni, like Bhaga, leads the godly people, he
who is true to Law and guards the seasons.

Ancient, all-knowing, he the Vrtra-slayer shall
bear the singer safe through every trouble.

5 I call on Savitar the God, on Morning,
Brhaspati, and Dadhikras, and Agni,
On Varuna and Mitra, on the Asvins, Bhaga, the
Vasus, Rudras and Adityas.

HYMN XXI. Agni.

1. SET this our sacrifice among the Immortals:
be pleased with these our presents, Jatavedas.
O Priest, O Agni, sit thee down before us, and
first enjoy the drops of oil and fatness.

2 For thee, O Purifier, flow the drops of fatness
rich in oil.

After thy wont vouchsafe to us the choicest
boon that Gods may feast.

3 Agni, Most Excellent! for thee the Sage are
drops that drip with oil.

Thou art enkindled as the best of Seers. Help
thou the sacrifice.

4 To thee, O Agni, mighty and resistless, to thee
stream forth the drops of oil and fatness.

With great light art thou come, O praised by
poets! Accept our offering, O thou Sage.

5 Fatness exceeding rich, extracted from the
midst,-this as our gift we offer thee.

Excellent God, the drops run down upon thy

skin. Deal them to each among the Gods.

HYMN XXII. Agni.

1 THIS is that Agni whence the longing Indra
took the pressed Soma deep within his body.
Winner of spoils in thousands, like a courser,
with praise art thou exalted, Jatavedas.

2 That light of thine in heaven and earth, O
Agni, in plants, O Holy One, and in the waters,
Wherewith thou hast spread wide the air's mid-
region-bright is that splendour, wavy, man-
beholding.

3 O Agni, to the sea of heaven thou goest: thou
hast called hither Gods beheld in spirit.
The waters, too, come hither, those up yonder in
the Sun's realm of light, and those beneath it.

4 Let fires that dwell in mist, combined with
those that have their home in floods,
Guileless accept our sacrifice, great viands free
from all disease.

5 Agni, as holy food to thine invoker give
wealth in cattle, lasting, rich in marvels.
To us be born a son and spreading offspring.
Agni, be this thy gracious will to us-ward.

HYMN XXIII. Agni.

1. RUBBED into life, well stablished in the
dwelling, Leader of sacrifice, the Sage, the
youthful,
Here in the wasting fuel Jatavedas, eternal, hath
assumed immortal being.

2 Both Bharatas, Devasravas, Devavata, have
strongly rubbed to life effectual Agni.

O Agni, look thou forth with ample riches: be,
every day, bearer of food to feed us.

3 Him nobly born of old the fingers ten
produced, him whom his Mothers counted dear.
Praise Devavata's Agni, thou Devasravas, him
who shall be the people's Lord.

4 He set thee in the earth's most lovely station,
in Ila's place, in days of fair bright weather.

On man, on Apaya, Agni! on the rivers
Drsadvati, Sarasvati, shine richly.

5 Agni, as holy food to thine invoker give
wealth in cattle, lasting, rich in marvels.
To us be born a son and spreading offspring
Agni, be this thy gracious will to us-ward

HYMN XXIV. Agni.

1. AGNI, subdue opposing bands, and drive our enemies away.

Invincible, slay godless foes: give splendour to the worshipper.

2 Lit with libation, Agni, thou, deathless, who callest Gods to feast,
Accept our sacrifice with joy.

3 With splendour, Agni, Son of Strength, thou who art worshipped, wakeful One.
Seat thee on this my sacred grass.

4 With all thy fires, with all the Gods, Agni, exalt the songs we sing.
And living men in holy rites.

5 Grant, Agni, to the worshipper wealth rich in heroes, plenteous store,
Make thou us rich with many sons.

HYMN XXV. Agni.

1. THOU art the sapient Son of Dyaus, O Agni, yes and the Child of Earth, who knowest all things.

Bring the Gods specially, thou Sage, for worship.

2. Agni the wise bestows the might of heroes grants strengthening food, preparing it for nectar.

Thou who art rich in food bring the Gods hither.

3 Agni, infallible, lights Earth and Heaven, immortal Goddesses gracious to all men,-
Lord through his strength, splendid through adorations.

4 Come to the sacrifice, Agni and Indra come to the offerer's house who hath the Soma.

Come, friendly-minded, Gods, to drink the Soma.

5 In the floods' home art thou enkindled, Agni, O Jatavedas, Son of Strength, eternal,
Exalting with thine help the gatheringplaces.

HYMN XXVI. Agni.

1. REVERING in our heart Agni Vaisvanara, the finder of the light, whose promises are true,
The liberal, gladsome, car-borne God we Kusikas invoke him with oblation, seeking wealth with songs.

2 That Agni, bright, Vaisvanara, we invoke for help, and Matarisvan worthy of the song of

praise;
Brhaspati for man's observance of the Gods, the
Singer prompt to hear, the swiftly-moving
guest.

3 Age after age Vaisvanara, neighing like a
horse, is kindled with the women by the
Kusikas.

May Agni, he who wakes among Immortal
Gods, grant us heroic strength and wealth in
noble steeds.

4 Let them go forth, the strong, as flames of fire
with might. Gathered for victory they have
yoked their spotted deer.

Pourers of floods, the Maruts, Masters of all
wealth, they who can ne'er be conquered, make
the mountains shake.

5 The Maruts, Friends of men, are glorious as
the fire: their mighty and resplendent succour
we implore.

Those storming Sons of Rudra clothed in robes
of rain, boon-givers of good gifts, roar as the
lions roar.

6 We, band on band and troop following troop,
entreat with fair lauds Agni's splendour and the
Maruts' might,

With spotted deer for steeds, with wealth that
never fails, they, wise Ones, come to sacrifice at
our gatherings.

7 Agni am I who know, by birth, all creatures.
Mine eye is butter, in my mouth is nectar.

I am light threefold, measurer of the region
exhaustless heat am I, named burnt-oblation.

8 Bearing in mind a thought with light
accordant, he purified the Sun with three
refinings;

By his own nature gained the highest treasure,
and looked abroad over the earth and heaven.

9 The Spring that fails not with a hundred
streamlets, Father inspired of prayers that men
should utter,

The Sparkler, joyous in his Parents' bosom,
-him, the Truth-speaker, sate ye, Earth and
Heaven.

HYMN XXVII. Agni.

1. IN ladle dropping oil your food goes in
oblation up to heaven,
Goes to the Gods in search of bliss.

2 Agni I laud, the Sage inspired, crowner of
 sacrifice through song,
 Who listens and gives bounteous gifts.
 3 O Agni, if we might obtain control of thee the
 potent God,
 Then should we overcome our foes.
 4 Kindled at sacrifices he is Agni, hallower,
 meet for praise,
 With flame for hair: to him we seek.
 5 Immortal Agni, shining far, enrobed with oil,
 well worshipped, bears
 The gifts of sacrifice away.
 6 The priests with ladles lifted up, worshipping
 here with holy thought,
 Have brought this Agni for our aid.
 7 Immortal, Sacrificer, God, with wondrous
 power he leads the way,
 Urging the great assembly on.
 8 Strong, he is set on deeds of strength. In
 sacrifices led in front,
 As Singer he completes the rite.
 9 Excellent, he was made by thought. The Germ
 of beings have I gained,
 Yea, and die Sire of active strength.
 10 Thee have I stablished, Excellent, O
 strengthened by the sage's prayer,
 Thee, Agni, longing, nobly bright.
 11 Agni, the swift and active One, singers, at
 time of sacrifice,
 Eagerly kindle with their food.
 12 Agni the Son of Strength who shines up to
 the heaven in solemn rites,
 The wise of heart, I glorify.
 13 Meet to be lauded and adored, showing in
 beauty through the dark,
 Agni, the Strong, is kindled well.
 14 Agni is kindled as a bull, like a horsebearer
 of the Gods:
 Men with oblations worship him.
 15 Thee will we kindle as a bull, we who are
 Bulls ourselves, O Bull.
 Thee, Agni, shining mightily.

HYMN XXVIII. Agni.

1. AGNI who knowest all, accept our offering
 and the cake of meal,
 At dawn's libation, rich in prayer!
 2 Agni, the sacrificial cake hath been prepared

and dressed for thee:
Accept it, O Most Youthful God.
3 Agni, enjoy the cake of meal and our oblation
three days old:
Thou, Son of Strength, art stablished at our
sacrifice.
4 Here at the midday sacrifice enjoy thou the
sacrificial cake, wise, Jatavedas!
Agni, the sages in assemblies never minish the
portion due to thee the Mighty.
5 O Agni, at the third libation takewith joy the
offered cake of sacrifice, thou, Son of Strength.
Through skill in song bear to the Gods our
sacrifice, watchful and fraught with riches, to
Immortal God.
6 O waxing Agni, knower, thou, of all, accept
our gifts, the cake,
And that prepared ere yesterday.

HYMN XXIX. Agni.

1. HERE is the gear for friction, here tinder
made ready for the spark.
Bring thou the Matron: we will rub Agni in
ancient fashion forth.
2 In the two fire-sticks Jatavedas lieth, even as
the well-set germ in pregnant women,
Agni who day by day must be exalted by men
who watch and worship with oblations.
3 Lay this with care on that which lies extended:
straight hath she borne the Steerwhen made
prolific.
With his red pillar-radiant is his splendour -in
our skilled task is born the Son of Ila.
4 In Ila's place we set thee down, upon the
central point of earth,
That, Agni Jatavedas, thou mayst bear our
offerings to the Gods.
5 Rub into life, ye men, the Sage, the guileless,
Immortal, very wise and fair to look on.
O men, bring forth the most propitious Agni,
first ensign of the sacrifice to eastward.
6 When with their arms they rub him straight he
shineth forth like a strong courser, red in colour,
in the wood.
Bright, checkless, as it were upon the Atvins'
path, lie passeth by the stones and burneth up
the grass.
7 Agni shines forth when born, observant,

mighty, the bountiful, the Singar praised by
sages;
Whom, as adorable and knowing all things,
Gods set at solemn rites as offeringbearer.
8 Set thee, O Priest, in, thine own place,
observant: lay down the sacrifice in the home of
worship.
Thou, dear to Gods, shalt serve them with
oblation: Agni, give long life to the sacrificer.
9 Raise ye a mighty smoke, my fellow-workers!
Ye shall attain to wealth without obstruction.
This Agni is the battle-winning Hero by whom
the Gods have overcome the Dasyus.
10 This is thine ordered place of birth whence
sprung to life thou shonest forth.
Knowing this, Agni, sit thee down, and prosper
thou the songs we sing.
11 As Germ Celestial he is called Tanunapat,
and Narasamsa born diffused in varied shape.
Formed in his Mother he is Matarisvan; he hath,
in his course, become the rapid flight of wind.
12 With strong attrition rubbed to life, laid
down with careful hand, a Sage,
Agni, make sacrifices good, and for the pious
bring the Gods.
13 Mortals have brought to life the God
Immortal, the Conqueror with mighty jaws,
unfailing.
The sisters ten, unwedded and united, together
grasp the Babe, the new-born Infant.
14 Served by the seven priests, he shone forth
from ancient time, when in his Mother's bosom,
in her lap, he glowed.
Giving delight each day he closeth not his eye,
since from the Asura's body he was brought to
life.
15 Even as the Maruts, onslaughts who attack
the foe, those born the first of all knew the full
power of prayer.
The Kusikas have made the glorious hymn
ascend, and, each one singly in his home, have
kindled fire.
16 As we, O Priest observant, have elected thee
this day, what time the solemn sacrifice began,
So surely hast thou worshipped, surely hast thou
toiled: come thou unto the Soma, wise and
knowing all.

HYMN XXX. Indra.

1. THE friends who offer Soma long to find thee: they pour forth Soma and present their viands.

They bear unmoved the cursing of the people, for all our wisdom comes from thee, O Indra.

2 Not far for thee are mid-air's loftiest regions: start hither, Lord of Bays, with thy Bay Horses. Made for the Firm and Strong are these libations. The pressing-stones are set and fire is kindled.

3 Fair cheeks hath Indra, Maghavan, the Victor, Lord of a great host, Stormer, strong in action. What once thou didst in might when mortals vexed thee,-where now, O Bull, are those thy hero exploits?

4 For, overthrowing what hath ne'er been shaken, thou goest forth alone destroying Vrtras.

For him who followeth thy Law the mountains and heaven and earth stand as if firmly stablished.

5 Yea, Much-invoked! in safety through thy glories alone thou speakest truth as Vrtra's slayer.

E'en these two boundless worlds to thee, O Indra, what time thou graspest them, are but a handful.

6 Forthwith thy Bay steeds down the steep, O Indra, forth, crushing foemen, go thy bolt of thunder!

Slay those who meet thee, those who flee, who follow: make all thy promise true; be all completed.

7 The man to whom thou givest as Provider enjoys domestic plenty undivided.

Blest, Indra, is thy favour dropping fatness: thy worship, Much-invoked! brings gifts in thousands.

8 Thou, Indra, Much-invoked! didst crush to pieces Kunaru handless fiend who dwelt with Danu.

Thou with might, Indra, smotest dead the scorner, the footless Vrtra as he waxed in vigour.

9 Thou hast established in her seat, O Indra, the

level earth, vast, vigorous, unbounded.
The Bull hath propped the heaven and air's mid-region. By thee sent onward let the floods flow hither.

10 He who withheld the kine, in silence I yielded in fear before thy blow, O Indra.
He made paths easy to drive forth the cattle.
Loud-breathing praises helped the Much-invoked One.

11 Indra alone filled full the earth and heaven, the Pair who meet together, rich in treasures.
Yea, bring thou near us from the air's mid-region strength, on thy car, and wholesome food, O Hero.

12 Surya transgresses not the ordered limits set daily by the Lord of Tawny Coursers.
When to the goal he comes, his journey ended, his Steeds he looses: this is Indra's doing.

13 Men gladly in the course of night would look on the broad bright front of the refulgent Morning;

And all acknowledge, when she comes in glory, the manifold and goodly works of Indra.

14 A mighty splendour rests upon her bosom: bearing ripe milk the Cow, unripe, advances.
All sweetness is collected in the Heifer, sweetness which Indra made for our enjoyment.

15 Barring the way they come. Be firm, O Indra; aid friends to sacrifice and him who singeth.

These must be slain by thee, malignant mortals, armed with ill arts, our quiverbearing foemen.

16 A cry is beard from enemies most near us: against them send thy fiercest-flaming weapon.
Rend them from under, crush them and subdue them. Slay, Maghavan, and make the fiends our booty.

17 Root up the race of Raksasas, O Indra rend it in front and crush it in the middle.

How long hast thou bebaved as one who wavers? Cast thy hot dart at him who hates devotion:

18 When borne by strong Steeds for our weal, O Leader, thou seatest thee at many noble viands.
May we be winners of abundant riches. May Indra be our wealth with store of children.

19 Bestow on us resplendent wealth. O Indra let us enjoy thine overflow of bounty.

Wide as a sea our longing hath expanded, fulfil
it, O thou Treasure-Lord of treasures.

20 With kine and horses satisfy this longing
with very splendid bounty skill extend it.

Seeking the light, with hymns to thee, O Indra,
Kusikas have brought their gift, the singers.

21 Lord of the kine, burst the kine's stable open:
cows shall be ours, and strength that wins the
booty.

Hero, whose might is true, thy home is heaven:
to us, O Maghavan, grant gifts of cattle.

22 Call we on Maghavan, auspicious Indra, best
Hero in this fight where spoil is gathered,
The Strong who listens, who gives aid in battles,
who slays the Vrtras, wins and gathers riches.

HYMN XXXI. Indra.

1. WISE, teaching, following the thought of
Order, the sonless gained a grandson from his
daughter.

Fain, as a sire, to see his child prolific, he sped
to meet her with an eager spirit.

2 The Son left not his portion to the brother, he
made a home to hold him who should gain, it.
What time his Parents gave the Priest his being,
of the good pair one acted, one promoted.

3 Agni was born trembling with tongue that
flickered, so that the Red's great children should
be honoured.

Great is their germ, that born of them is mighty,
great the Bays' Lord's approach through
sacrifices.

4 Conquering bands upon the Warrior waited:
they recognized great light from out the
darkness.

The conscious Dawns went forth to meet his
coming, and the sole Master of the kine was
Indra.

5 The sages freed them from their firmbuilt
prison: the seven priests drove them forward
with their spirit.

All holy Order's pathway they discovered he,
full of knowledge, shared these deeds through
worship.

6 When Sarama had found the mountain's
fissure, that vast and ancient place she
plundered thoroughly.

In the floods' van she led them forth, light-

footed: she who well knew came first unto their
lowing.

7 Longing for friendship came the noblest
singer: the hill poured forth its treasure for the
pious.

The Hero with young followers fought and
conquered, and straightway Angiras was singing
praises,

8 Peer of each noble thing, yea, all excelling, all
creatures doth he know, he slayeth Susna.

Our leader, fain for war, singing from heaven,
as Friend he saved his lovers from dishonour.

9 They sate them down with spirit fain for
booty, making with hymns a way to life eternal.
And this is still their place of frequent session,
whereby they sought to gain the months through
Order.

10 Drawing the milk of ancient seed prolific,
they joyed as they beheld their own possession.
Their shout of triumph heated earth and heaven.
When the kine showed, they bade the heroes
rouse them.

11 Indra drove forth the kine, that Vrtra-slayer,
while hymns of praise rose up and gifts were
offered.

For him the Cow, noble and far-extending,
poured pleasant juices, bringing oil and
sweetness.

12 They made a mansion for their Father, deftly
provided him a great and glorious dwelling;
With firm support parted and stayed the Parents,
and, sitting, fixed him there erected, mighty.

13 What time the ample chalice had impelled
him, swift waxing, vast, to pierce the earth and
heaven,-

Him in whom blameless songs are all united: all
powers invincible belong to Indra.

14 I crave thy powers, I crave thy mighty
friendship: full many a team goes to the Vrtra-
slayer.

Great is the laud, we seek the Princes' favour.
Be thou, O Maghavan, our guard and keeper.

15 He, having found great, splendid, rich
dominion, sent life and motion to his friends and
lovers.

Indra who shone together with the Heroes begot
the song, the fire, and Sun and Morning.

16 Vast, the House-Friend, he set the waters

flowing, all-lucid, widely spread, that move together.

By the wise cleansings of the meath made holy, through days, and nights they speed the swift streams onward.

17 To thee proceed the dark, the treasure-holders, both of them sanctified by Surya's bounty.

The while thy ovely storming Friends, O Indra, fail to attain the measure of thy greatness.

18 Be Lord of joyous songs, O Vrtra-slayer, Bull dear to all, who gives the power of living. Come unto us with thine auspicious friendship, hastening, Mighty One, with mighty succours.

19 Like Angiras I honour him with worship, and renovate old song for him the Ancient.

Chase thou the many godless evil creatures, and give us, Maghavan, heaven's light to help m.

20 Far forth are spread the purifying waters convey thou us across them unto safety.

Save us, our Charioteer, from harm, O Indra, soon, very soon, make us win spoil of cattle.

21 His kine their Lord hath shown, e'en Vrtra's slayer, through the black hosts he passed with red attendants.

Teaching us pleasant things by holy Order, to, us hath he thrown open all his portals.

22 Call we on Maghavan, auspicious Indra, best Hero in this fight where spoil is gathered.

The Strong who listens, who gives aid in battles, who slays the Vrtras, wins and gathers riches.

HYMN XXXII. Indra

1. DRINK thou this Soma, Indra, Lord of Soma; drink thou the draught of noonday which thou lovest.

Puffing thy cheeks, impetuous, liberal Giver, here loose thy two Bay Horses and rejoice thee.

2 Quaff it pure, meal-blent, mixt with milk, O Indra; we have poured forth the Soma for thy rapture.

Knit with the prayer-fulfilling band of Maruts, yea, with the Rudras, drink till thou art sated;

3 Those who gave increase to thy strength and vigour; the Maruts singing forth thy might, O Indra.

Drink thou, O fair of cheek, whose hand wields thunder, with Rudras banded, at our noon

libation.

4 They, even the Maruts who were there,
excited with song the meath-created strength of
Indra.

By them impelled to act he reached the vitals Of
Vrtra, though he deemed that none might wound
him.

5 Pleased, like a man, with our libation, Indra,
drink, for enduring hero might, the Soma.
Lord of Bays, moved by sacrifice come hither:
thou with the Swift Ones stirrest floods and
waters.

6 When thou didst loose the streams to run like
racers in the swift contest, having smitten Vrtra
With flying weapon where he lay, O Indra, and,
godless, kept the Goddesses encompassed.

7 With reverence let us worship mighty Indra,
great and sublime, eternal, everyouthful,
Whose greatness the dear world-halves have not
measured, no, nor conceived the might of him
the Holy.

8 Many are Indra's nobly wrought
achievements, and none of all the Gods
transgress his statutes.

He beareth up this earth and heaven, and, doer
of marvels, he begot the Sun and Morning.

9 Herein, O Guileless One, is thy true greatness,
that soon as born thou drankst up the Soma.
Days may not check the power of thee the
Mighty, nor the nights, Indra, nor the months,
nor autumns.

10 As soon as thou wast born in highest heaven
thou drankst Soma to delight thee, Indra;
And when thou hadst pervaded earth and heaven
thou wast the first supporter of the singer.

11 Thou, puissant God, more mighty, slewest.
Ahi showing his strength when couched around
the waters.

The heaven itself attained not to thy greatness
when with one hip of thine the earth was
shadowed.

12 Sacrifice, Indra, made thee wax so mighty,
the dear oblation with the flowing Soma.

O Worshipful, with worship help our worship,
for worship helped thy bolt when slaying Ahi.

13 With sacrifice and wish have I brought Indra;
still for new blessings may I turn him hither,
Him magnified by ancient songs and praises, by

lauds of later time and days yet recent.

14 I have brought forth a song when longing
seized me: ere the decisive day will I laud Indra;
Then may lie safely bear us over trouble, as in a
ship, when both sides invoke him.

15 Full is his chalice: Glory! Like a pourer I
have filled up the vessel for his drinking.
Presented on the right, dear Soma juices have
brought us Indra, to rejoice him, hither.

16 Not the deep-flowing flood, O Much-
invoked One! not hills that compass thee about
restrain thee,

Since here incited, for thy friends, O Indra, thou
breakest e'en the firm built stall of cattle.

17 Call we on Maghavan, auspicious Indra, best
Hero in this fight where spoil is gathered,
The Strong who listens, who gives aid in battles,
who slays the Vrtras, wins and gathers riches.

HYMN XXXIII. Indra.

1. FORTH from the bosom of the mountains,
eager as two swift mares with loosened rein
contending,

Like two bright mother cows who lick their
youngling, Vipas and Sutudri speed down their
waters.

2 Impelled by Indra whom ye pray to urge you,
ye move as 'twere on chariots to the ocean.
Flowing together, swelling with your billows, O
lucid Streams, each of you seeks the other.

3 I have attained the most maternal River, we
have approached Vipas, the broad, the blessed.
Licking as 'twere their calf the pair of Mothers
flow onward to their common home together.

4 We two who rise and swell with billowy
waters move forward to the home which Gods
have made us.

Our flood may not be stayed when urged to
motion. What would the singer, calling to the
Rivers?

5 Linger a little at my friendly bidding rest,
Holy Ones, a moment in your journey.
With hymn sublime soliciting your favour
Kusika's son hath called unto the River.

6 Indra who wields the thunder dug our
channels: he smote down Vrtra, him who stayed
our currents.

Savitar, God, the lovely-handed, led us, and at

his sending forth we flow expanded.
 7 That hero deed of Indra must be lauded for
 ever that he rent Ahi in pieces.
 He smote away the obstructors with his thunder,
 and eager for their course forth flowed the
 waters.
 8 Never forget this word of thine, O singer,
 which future generations shall reecho.
 In hymns, O bard, show us thy loving kindness.
 Humble us not mid men. To thee be honour!
 9 List quickly, Sisters, to the bard who cometh
 to you from far away with car and wagon.
 Bow lowly down; be easy to be traversed stay,
 Rivers, with your floods below our axles.
 10 Yea, we will listen to thy words, O singer.
 With wain and car from far away thou comest.
 Low, like a nursing mother, will I bend me, and
 yield me as a maiden to her lover.
 11 Soon as the Bharatas have fared across thee,
 the warrior band, urged on and sped by Indra,
 Then let your streams flow on in rapid motion. I
 crave your favour who deserve our worship.
 12 The warrior host, the Bharatas, fared over the
 singer won the favour of the Rivers.
 Swell with your billows, hasting, pouring riches.
 Fill full your channels, and roll swiftly onward.
 13 So let your wave bear up the pins, and ye, O
 Waters, spare the thongs;
 And never may the pair of Bulls, harmless and
 sinless, waste away.

HYMN XXXIV. Indra.

1. FORT-RENDER, Lord of Wealth, dispelling
 foemen, Indra with lightnings hath o'ercome the
 Dasa.
 Impelled by prayer and waxen great in body, he
 hath filled earth and heaven, the Bounteous
 Giver.
 2 I stimulate thy zeal, the Strong, the Hero
 decking my song of praise forth; Immortal.
 O Indra, thou art equally the Leader of heavenly
 hosts and human generations.
 3 Leading, his band Indra encompassed Vrtra;
 weak grew the wily leader of enchanters.
 He who burns fierce in forests slaughtered
 Vyamsa, and made the Milch-kine of the nights
 apparent.
 4 Indra, light-winner, days' Creator, conquered,

victorious, hostile bands with those who loved him.

For man the days' bright ensign he illumined,
and found the light for his joy and gladness.

5 Forward to fiercely falling blows pressed
Indra, herolike doing many hero exploits.

These holy songs he taught the bard who gaised
him, and widely spread these Dawns'
resplendent colour.

6 They laud the mighty acts of him the Mighty,
the many glorious deeds performed by Indra.

He in his strength, with all-surpassing prowess,
through wondrous arts crushed the malignant
Dasyus.

7 Lord of the brave, Indra who rules the people
gave freedom to the Gods by might and battle.

Wise singers glorify with chanted praises these
his achievements in Vivasvan's dwelling.

8 Excellent, Conqueror, the victory-giver, the
winner of the light and Godlike Waters,

He who hath won this broad earth and this
heaven, -in Indra they rejoice who love
devotions.

9 He gained possession of the Sun and Horses,
Indra obtained the Cow who feedeth many.

Treasure of gold he won; he smote the Dasyus,
and gave protection to the Aryan colour.

10 He took the plants and days for his
possession; he gained the forest trees and air's
mid-region.

Vala he cleft, and chased away opponents: thus
was he tamer of the overweening.

11 Call we on Maghavan, auspicious Indra, best
Hero in the fight where spoil is gathered,

The Strong, who listens, who gives aid in
battles, who slays the Vrtras, wins and gathers
treasures.

HYMN XXXV Indra.

1. MOUNT the Bay Horses to thy chariot
harnessed, and come to us like Vayu with his
coursers.

Thou, hastening to us, shalt drink the Soma.

Hail, Indra. We have poured it for thy rapture.

2 For him, the God who is invoked by many, the
two swift Bay Steeds to the pole I harness,

That they in fleet course may bring Indra hither,

e'en to this sacrifice arranged completely.

3 Bring the strong Steeds who drink the warm libation, and, Bull of Godlike nature, be thou gracious.

Let thy Steeds eat; set free thy Tawny Horses, and roasted grain like this consume thou daily.

4 Those who are yoked by prayer I harness, fleet friendly Bays who take their joy together. Mounting thy firm and easy car, O Indra, wise and all-knowing come thou to the Soma.

5 No other worshippers must stay beside them thy Bays, thy vigorous and smooth-backed Coursers.

Pass by them all and hasten onward hither: with Soma pressed we will prepare to feast thee.

6 Thine is this Soma: hasten to approach it. Drink thou thereof, benevolent, and cease not. Sit on the sacred grass at this our worship, and take these drops into thy belly, Indra.

7 The grass is strewn for thee, pressed is the Soma; the grain is ready for thy Bays to feed on. To thee who lovest them, the very mighty, strong, girt by Maruts, are these gifts presented.

8 This the sweet draught, with cows, the men, the mountains, the waters, Indra, have for thee made ready.

Come, drink thereof, Sublime One, friendly-minded, foreseeing, knowing well the ways thou goest.

9 The Maruts, they with whom thou sharedst Soma, Indra, who made thee strong and were thine army,-

With these accordant, eagerly desirous drink thou this Soma with the tongue of Agni.

10 Drink, Indra, of the juice by thine own nature, or by the tongue of Agni, O thou Holy. Accept the sacrificial gift, O Sakra, from the Adhvaryu's hand or from the Hotar's.

11 Call we on Maghavan, auspicious Indra, best Hero in the fight where spoil is gathered, The Strong, who listens, who gives aid in battles, who slays the Vrtras, wins and gathers riches.

HYMN XXXVI. Indra.

1. WITH constant succours, fain thyself to share it, make this oblation which we bring effective. Grown great through strengthening gifts at each

libation, he hath become renowned by mighty exploits.

2 For Indra were the Somas erst- discovered,
whereby he grew strong-jointed, vast, and
skilful.

Indra , take quickly these presented juices: drink
of the strong, that which the strong have shaken.

3 Drink and wax great. Thine are the juices,
Indra, both Somas of old time and these we
bring thee.

Even as thou drankest, Indra, earlier Somas, so
drink to-day, a new guest, meet for praises.

4 Great and impetuous, mighty-voiced in battle,
surpassing power is his, and strength resistless.
Him the broad earth hath never comprehended
when Somas cheered the Lord of Tawny
Coursers.

5 Mighty and strong he waxed for hero exploit:
the Bull was furnished a Sage's wisdom.

Indra is our kind Lord; his steers have vigour;
his cows are many with abundant offspring.

6 As floods according to their stream flow
onward, so to the sea, as borne on cars, the
waters.

Vaster is Indra even than his dwelling, what
time the stalk milked out, the Soma, fills him.

7 Eager to mingle with the sea, the rivers carry
the well-pressed Soma juice to Indra.

They drain the stalk out with their arms, quick-
banded, and cleanse it with a stream of mead
and filters.

8 Like lakes appear his flanks filled full with
Soma: yea, he contains libations in abundance.

When Indra had consumed the first sweet
viands, he, after slaying Vrtra, claimed the
Soma.

9 Then bring thou hither, and let none prevent
it: we know thee well, the Lord of wealth and
treasure.

That splendid gift which is thine own, O Indra,
vouchsafe to us, Lord of the Tawny Coursers.

10 O Indra, Maghavan, impetuous mover, grant
us abundant wealth that brings all blessings.

Give us a hundred autumns for our lifetime:
give us, O fair-checked Indra, store of heroes.

11 Call we on Indra, Maghavan, auspicious,
best Hero in the fight where spoil is gathered,
The Strong, who listens, who gives aid in

battles, who slays the Vrtras, wins and gathers riches.

HYMN XXXVII. Indra.

1. O INDRA, for the strength that slays Vrtra and conquers in the fight,
We turn thee hitherward to us.
- 2 O Indra, Lord of Hundred Powers, may those who praise thee hitherward.
Direct thy spirit and thine eye.
- 3 O Indra, Lord of Hundred Powers, with all our songs we invoke
Thy names for triumph over foes.
- 4 We strive for glory through the powers immense of him whom many praise,
Of Indra who supports mankind.
- 5 For Vrtra's slaughter I address Indra whom many invoke,
To win us booty in the wars.
- 6 In battles be victorious. We seek thee, Lord of Hundred Powers,
Indra, that Vrtra may be slain.
- 7 In splendid combats of the hosts, in glories where the fight is won.
Indra, be victor over foes.
- 8 Drink thou the Soma for our help, bright, vigilant, exceeding strong,
O Indra, Lord of Hundred Powers.
- 9 O Satakratu, powers which thou mid the Five Races hast displayed-
These, Indra, do I claim of thee.
- 10 Indra, great glory hast thou gained. Win splendid fame which none may mar
We make thy might perpetual.
- 11 Come to us either from anear, Or, Sakra, come from far away.
Indra, wherever be thy home, come to us thence,
O Thunder-armed.

HYMN XXXVIII. Indra.

1. HASTING like some strong courser good at drawing, a thought have I imagined like a workman.
Pondering what is dearest and most noble, I long to see the sages full of wisdom.
- 2 Ask of the sages' mighty generations firm-minded and devout they framed the heaven.
These are thy heart-sought strengthening directions, and they have come to be sky's

upholders.

3 Assuming in this world mysterious natures,
they decked the heaven and earth for high
dominion,
Measured with measures, fixed their broad
expanses, set the great worlds apart held firm
for safety.

4 Even as he mounted up they all adorned him:
self-luminous he travels clothed in splendour.
That is the Bull's, the Asura's mighty figure: he,
omniform, hath reached the eternal waters.

5 First the more ancient Bull engendered
offspring; these are his many draughts that lent
him vigour.

From days of old ye Kings, two Sons of
Heaven, by hymns of sacrifice have won
dominion.

6 Three seats ye Sovrans, in the Holy synod,
many, yea, all, ye honour with your presence.
There saw I, going thither in the spirit,
Gandharvas in their course with wind-blown
tresses.

7 That same companionship of her, the Milch-
cow, here with the strong Bull's divers forms
they stablished.

Enduing still some new celestial figure, the
skilful workers shaped a form around him.

8 Let no one here debar me from enjoying the
golden light which Savitar diffuses.

He covers both all-fostering worlds with praises
even as a woman cherishes her children.

9 Fulfil, ye twain, his work, the Great, the
Ancient: as heavenly blessing keep your guard
around us.

All the wise Gods behold his varied actions who
stands erect, whose voice is like a herdsman's.

10 Call we on Indra, Maghavan, auspicious,
best Hero in the fight where spoil is gathered,
The Strong, who listens, who gives aid in
battles, who slays the Vrtras, wins and gathers
riches.

HYMN XXXIX. Indra.

1. To Indra from the heart the hymn proceedeth,
to him the Lord, recited, built with praises;
The wakening song sung forth in holy synod:
that which is born for thee, O Indra, notice.

2 Born from the heaven e'en in the days

aforetime, wakening, sting aloud in holy synod,
Auspicious, clad in white and shining raiment,
this is the ancient hymn of our forefathers.

3 The Mother of the Twins hath borne Twin
Children: my tongue's tip raised itself and rested
silent.

Killing the darkness at the light's foundation, the
Couple newly born attain their beauty.

4 Not one is found among them, none of
mortals, to blame our sires who fought to win
the cattle.

Their strengthener was Indra the Majestic he
spread their stalls of kine the Wonder-Worker.

5 Where as a Friend with friendly men,
Navagvas, with heroes, on his knees he sought
the cattle.

There, verily with ten Dasagvas Indra found the
Sun lying hidden in the darkness.

6 Indra found meath collected in the milch-cow,
by foot and hoof, in the cow's place of pasture.
That which lay secret, hidden in the waters, he
held in his right hand, the rich rewarder.

7 He took the light, discerning it from darkness:
may we be far removed from all misfortune.

These songs, O Soma-drinker, cheered by
Soma, Indra, accept from thy most zealous poet.

8 Let there be light through both the worlds for
worship: may we be far from most
overwhelming evil.

Great woe comes even from the hostile mortal,
piled up; but good at rescue are the Vasus.

9 Call we on Maghavan, auspicious Indra, best
Hero in the fight where spoil is gathered,
The Strong, who listens, who gives aid in
battles, who slays the Vrtras, wins and gathers
riches.

HYMN XL. Indra.

1. THEE, Indra, we invoke, the Bull, what time
the Soma is expressed.

So drink thou of the savoury juice.

2 Indra, whom many laud, accept the strength-
conferring Soma juice:

Quaff, pour down drink that satisfies.

3 Indra, with all the Gods promote our wealth-
bestowing sacrifice,

Thou highly-lauded Lord of men.

4 Lord of the brave, to thee proceed these drops
of Soma juice expressed,

The bright drops to thy dwelling-place.

5 Within thy belly, Indra, take juice, Soma the
most excellent: Thine are the drops celestial.

6 Drink our libation, Lord of hymns: with
streams of meath thou art bedewed
Our glory, Indra, is thy gift.

7 To Indra go the treasures of the worshipper,
which never fail:

He drinks the Soma and is strong

8 From far away, from near at hand, O Vrtra-
slayer, come to us:

Accept the songs we sing to thee.

9 When from the space between the near and far
thou art invoked by us,

Thence, Indra. come thou hitherward.

HYMN XLI. Indra.

1. INVOKED to drink the Soma juice, come
with thy Bay Steeds, Thunder-armed
Come, Indra, hitherward to me.

2 Our priest is seated, true to time; the grass is
regularly strewn;

The pressing-stones were set at morn.

3 These prayers, O thou who hearest prayer are
offered: seat thee on the grass.

Hero, enjoy the offered cake.

4 O Vrtra-slayer, be thou pleased with these
libations, with these hymns,
Song-loving Indra, with our lauds.

5 Our hymns caress the Lord of Strength, vast,
drinker of the Soma's juice,

Indra, as mother-cows their calf.

6 Delight thee with the juice we pour for thine
own great munificence:

Yield not thy singer to reproach.

7 We, Indra, dearly loving thee, bearing
oblation, sing thee hymns

Thou, Vasu, dearly lovest us.

8 O thou to whom thy Bays are dear, loose not
thy Horses far from us:

Here glad thee, Indra, Lord divine.

9 May long-maned Coursers, dropping oil, bring
thee on swift car hitherward,

Indra, to seat thee on the grass.

HYMN XLII. Indra.

1. COME to the juice that we have pressed, to

Sorna, Indra, bleat with milk:
Come, favouring us, thy Bay-drawn car!
2 Come, Indra, to this gladdening drink, placed
on the grass, pressed out with stones:
Wilt thou not drink thy fill thereof?
3 To Indra have my songs of praise gone forth,
thus rapidly sent hence,
To turn him to the Soma-draught.
4 Hither with songs of praise we call Indra to
drink the Soma juice:
Will he not come to us by lauds?
5 Indra, these Somas are expressed. Take them
within thy belly, Lord
Of Hundred Powers, thou Prince of Wealth.
6 We know thee winner of the spoil, and
resolute in battles, Sage!
Therefore thy blessing we implore.
7 Borne hither by thy Stallions, drink, Indra, this
juice which we have pressed,
Mingled with barley and with milk.
8 Indra, for thee, in thine own place, I urge the
Soma for thy draught:
Deep in thy heart let it remain,
9 We call on thee, the Ancient One, Indra, to
drink the Soma juice,
We Kusikas who seek thine aid.

HYMN XLIII. Indra.

1. MOUNTED upon thy chariot-seat approach
us: thine is the Sorna-draught from days
aforetime.
Loose for the sacred grass thy dear companions.
These men who bring oblation call thee hither.
2 Come our true Friend, passing by many
people; come with thy two Bay Steeds to our
devotions;
For these our hymns are calling thee, O Indra,
hymns formed for praise, soliciting thy
friendship.
3 Pleased, with thy Bay Steeds, Indra, God,
come quickly to this our sacrifice that heightens
worship;
For with my thoughts, presenting oil to feed
thee, I call thee to the feast of sweet libations.
4 Yea, let thy two Bay Stallions bear thee hither,
well limbed and good to draw, thy dear
companions.
Pleased with the corn-blent offering which we

bring thee, may Indra, Friend, hear his friend's
adoration.

5 Wilt thou not make me guardian of the people,
make me, impetuous Maghavan, their ruler?

Make me a Rsi having drunk of Soma? Wilt
thou not give me wealth that lasts for ever?

6 Yoked to thy chariot, led thy tall Bays, Indra,
companions of thy banquet, bear thee hither,
Who from of old press to heaven's farthest
limits, the Bull's impetuous and well-groomed
Horses.

7 Drink of the strong pressed out by strong
ones, Indra, that which the Falcon brought thee
when thou longedst;

In whose wild joy thou stirrest up the people, in
whose wild joy thou didst unbar the cow-stalls.

8 Call we on Indra, Makhavan, auspicious, best
Hero in the fight where spoil is gathered;
The Strong, who listens, who gives aid in
battles, who slays the Vrtras, wins and gathers
riches.

HYMN XLIV. Indra.

1. May this delightful Soma be expressed for
thee by tawny stones.

Joying thereat, O Indra, with thy Bay Steeds
come:.. ascend thy golden-coloured car.

2 In love thou madest Usas glow, in love thou
madest Surya shine.

Thou, Indra, knowing, thinking, Lord of Tawny
Steeds, above all glories waxest great.

3 The heaven with streams of golden hue, earth
with her tints of green and gold-

The golden Pair yield Indra plenteous
nourishment: between them moves the golden
One.

4 When born to life the golden Bull illumines all
the realm of light.

He takes his golden weapon, Lord of Tawny
Steeds, the golden thunder in his arms.

5 The bright, the well-loved thunderbolt, girt
with the bright, Indra disclosed,

Disclosed the Soma juice pressed out by tawny
stones, with tawny steeds drave forth the kine.

HYMN XLV. Indra.

1. COME hither, Indra, with Bay Steeds,
joyous, with tails like peacocks' plumes.

Let no men cheek thy course as fowlers stay the

bird: pass o'er them as o'er desert lands.
2 He who slew Vrtra, burst the cloud, brake the
strongholds and drave the floods,
Indra who mounts his chariot at his Bay Steeds'
cry, shatters e'en things that stand most firm.
3 Like pools of water deep and full, like kine
thou cherishest thy might;
Like the milch-cows that go well-guarded to the
mead, like water-brooks that reach the lake.
4 Bring thou us wealth with power to strike, our
share, 'gainst him who calls it his.
Shake, Indra, as with hooks, the tree for ripened
fruit, for wealth to satisfy our wish.
5 Indra, self-ruling Lord art thou, good Leader,
of most glorious fame.
So, waxen in thy strength, O thou whom many
praise, be thou most swift to hear our call.

HYMN XLVI. Indra.

1. OF thee, the Bull, the Warrior, Sovran Ruler,
joyous and fierce, ancient and ever youthful,
The undecaying One who wields the thunder,
renowned and great, great are the exploits,
Indra.
2 Great art thou, Mighty Lord, through manly
vigour, O fierce One, gathering spoil, subduing
others,
Thyself alone the universe's Sovran: so send
forth men to combat and to rest them.
3 He hath surpassed all measure in his
brightness, yea, and the Gods, for none may be
his equal.
Impetuous Indra in his might excedeth wide
vast mid-air and heaven and earth together.
4 To Indra, even as rivers to the ocean, flow
forth from days of old the Soma juices;
To him wide deep and mighty from his birth-
time, the well of holy thoughts, all-
comprehending.
5 The Soma, Indra, which the earth and heaven
bear for thee as a mother bears her infant,
This they send forth to thee, this, vigorous
Hero! Adhvaryus purify for thee to drink of.

HYMN XLVII. Indra.

1. DRINK, Indra, Marut-girt, as Bull, the Soma,
for joy, for rapture even as thou listest.

Pour down the flood of meath within thy belly:
thou from of old art King of Soma juices.

2 Indra, accordant, with the banded Maruts,
drink Soma, Hero, as wise Vrtra-slayer.

Slay thou our foemen, drive away assailants and
make us safe on every side from danger.

3 And, drinker at due seasons, drink in season,
Indra, with friendly Gods, our pressed-out
Soma.

The Maruts following, whom thou madest
sharers, gave thee the victory, and thou slewest
Vrtra.

4 Drink Soma, Indra, banded with the Maruts
who, Maghavan, strengthened thee at Ahi's
slaughter,

'Gainst Sambara, Lord of Bays! in winning
cattle, and now rejoice in thee, the holy Singers.

5 The Bull whose strength hath waxed, whom
Maruts follow, free-giving Indra, the celestial
Ruler,

Mighty, all-conquering, the victory-giver, him
let us call to grant us new protection.

HYMN XLVIII. Indra.

1. SOON as the young Bull sprang into
existence he longed to taste the pressed-out
Soma's liquor.

Drink thou thy fill, according to thy longing,
first, of the goodly mixture blent with Soma.

2 That day when thou wast born thou, fain to
taste it, drankest the plant's milk which the
mountains nourish.

That milk thy Mother first, the Dame who bare
thee, poured for thee in thy mighty Father's
dwelling.

3 Desiring food he came unto his Mother, and
on her breast beheld the pungent Soma.

Wise, he moved on, keeping aloof the others,
and wrought great exploits in his varied aspects.

4 Fierce, quickly conquering, of surpassing
vigour, he framed his body even as he listed.

E'en from his birth-time Indra conquered
Tvastar, bore off the Soma and in beakers drank
it.

5 Call we on Maghavan, auspicious Indra, best
Hero in the fight where spoil is gathered;
The Strong, who listens, who gives aid in
battles, who slays the Vrtras, wins and gathers

riches.

HYMN XLIX. Indra.

1. GREAT Indra will I laud, in whom all people
who drink the Soma have attained their longing;
Whom, passing wise, Gods, Heaven and Earth,
engendered, formed by a Master's hand, to crush
the Vrtras.

2 Whom, most heroic, borne by Tawny
Coursers, verily none subdueth in the battle;
Who, reaching far, most vigorous, hath
shortened the Dasyu's life with Warriors bold of
spirit.

3 Victor in fight, swift mover like a warhorse,
pervading both worlds, rainer down of
blessings,
To he invoked in war like Bhaga, Father, as
'twere, of hymns, fair, prompt to hear, strength-
giver.

4 Supporting heaven, the high back of the
region, his car is Vayu with his team of Vasus.
Illumining the nights, the Sun's creator, like
Dhisana he deals forth strength and riches.

5 Call we on Maghavan, auspicious Indra, best
Hero in the fight where spoil is gathered;
The Strong, who listens, who gives aid in
battles, who slays the Vrtras, wins and gathers
treasure.

HYMN L. Indra.

1. LET Indra drink, All-hail! for his is Soma,-
the mighty Bull come, girt by Maruts, hither.
Far-reaching, let him fill him with these viands,
and let our offering sate his body's longing.

2 I yoke thy pair of trusty Steeds for swiftness,
whose faithful service from of old thou lovest.
Here, fair of cheek! let thy Bay Coursers place
thee: drink of this lovely wellesfused libation.

3 With milk they made Indra their good
Preserver, lauding for help and rule the
bounteous rainer.

Impetuous God, when thou hast drunk the
Soma, enraptured send us cattle in abundance.

4 With kine and horses satisfy this longing with
very splendid bounty still extend it.

Seeking the light, with hymns to thee, O Indra,
the Kusikas have brought their gift, the singers.

5 Call we on Maghavan, auspicious Indra, best
Hero in the fight where spoil is gathered;

The Strong, who listens, who gives aid in battles, who slays the Vrtras, wins and gathers riches.

HYMN LI. Indra.

1. HIGH hymns have sounded forth the praise of Maghavan, supporter of mankind, of Indra meet for lauds;

Him who hath waxen great, invoked with beauteous songs, Immortal One, whose praise each day is sung aloud.

2 To Indra from all sides go forth my songs of praise, the Lord of Hundred Powers, strong, Hero, like the sea, Swift, winner of the booty, breaker-down of forts, faithful and ever-glorious, finder of the light.

3 Where battle's spoil is piled the singer winneth praise, for Indra taketh care of matchless worshippers.

He in Vivasvan's dwelling findeth his delight: praise thou the ever-conquering slayer of the foe.

4 Thee, valorous, most heroic of the heroes, shall the priests glorify with songg and praises. Full of all wondrous power he goes to conquest: worship is his, sole Lord from days aforetime.

5 Abundant are the gifts he gives to mortals: for him the earth bears a rich store of treasures. The heavens, the growing plants, the living waters, the forest trees preserve their wealth for Indra.

6 To thee, O Indra, Lord of Bays, for ever are offered prayers and songs: accept them gladly. As Kinsman think thou of some fresh assistance; good Friend, give strength and life to those who praise thee.

7 Here, Indra, drink thou Soma with the Maruts, as thou didst drink the juice beside Saryata. Under thy guidance, in thy keeping, Hero, the singers serve, skilled in fair sacrifices.

8 So eagerly desirous drink the Soma, our juice, O Indra, with thy friends the Maruts, Since at thy birth all Deities adorned thee for the great fight, O thou invoked of many.

9 He was your comrade in your zeal, O Maruts: they, rich in noble gifts, rejoiced in Indra. With them together let the Vrtra-slayer drink in

his home the worshipper's libation.
10 So, Lord of affluent gifts, this juice hath been
pressed for thee with strength
Drink of it, thou who lovest song.
11 Incline thy body to this juice which suits thy
Godlike nature well:
May it cheer thee who lovest it.
12 Brave Indra, let it work through both thy
flanks, and through thy head by prayer,
And through thine arms, to prosper us.

HYMN LII. Indra.

1. INDRA, accept at break of day our Soma
mixt with roasted corn,
With groats with cake, with eulogies.
2 Accept, O Indra, and enjoy the well-dressed
sacrificial cake: Oblations are poured forth to
thee.
3 Consume our sacrificial cake, accept the songs
of praise we sing,
As he who woes accepts his bride.
4 Famed from of old, accept the cake at our
libation poured at dawn,
Forgreat, O Indra, is thy power.
5 Let roasted corn of our midday libation, and
sacrificial cake here please thee, Indra,
What time the lauding singer, keen of purpose
and eager as a bull, with hymns implores thee.
6 At the third sacrifice, O thou whom many
praise, give glory to the roasted corn and holy
cake.
With offered viands and with songs may we
assist thee, Sage, whom Vaja and the Rbhus
wait upon.
7 The groats have we prepared for thee with
Pusan, corn for thee, Lord of Bay Steeds, with
thy horses.
Eat thou the meal-cake, banded with the Maruts,
wise Hero, Vrtra-slayer, drink the Soma.
8 Bring forth the roasted corn to meet him
quickly, cake for the bravest Hero mid the
heroes.
Indra, may hymns accordant with thee daily
strengthen thee, Bold One, for the draught of
Soma.

HYMN LIII. Indra, Parvata, Etc.

1. ON a high car, O Parvata and Indra, bring
pleasant viands, with brave heroes, hither.

Enjoy the gifts, Gods, at our sacrifices wax
strong by hymns, rejoice in our oblation.
2 Stay still, O Maghavan, advance no farther. a
draught of well-pressed Soma will I give thee.
With sweetest song I grasp, O Mighty Indra, thy
garment's hem as a child grasps his father's.
3 Adhvaryu, sing we both; sing thou in answer:
make we a laud acceptable to Indra.
Upon this sacrificer's grass he seated: to Indra
shall our eulogy be uttered.
4 A wife, O Maghavan is home and dwelling: so
let thy Bay Steeds yoked convey thee hither.
Whenever we press out for thee the Soma, let
Agni as our Herald speed to call thee.
5 Depart, O Maghavan; again come hither: both
there and here thy goat is Indra, Brother,
Where thy tall chariot hath a place to rest in, and
where thou loosest thy loud-neighing Courser.
6 Thou hast drunk Soma, Indra, turn thee
homeward; thy joy is in thy home, thy gracious
Consort;
Where thy tall chariot hath a place to rest in, and
thy strong Courser is set free with guerdon.
7 Bounteous are these, Angirases, Virupas: the
Asura's Heroes and the Sons of Heaven.
They, giving store of wealth to Visvamitra,
prolong his life through countless Soma-
pressings.
8 Maghavan weareth every shape at pleasure,
effecting magic changes in his body,
Holy One, drinker out of season, coming thrice,
in a moment, through fit prayers, from heaven.
9 The mighty sage, God-born and God-incited,
who looks on men, restrained the billowy river.
When Visvamitra was Sudas's escort, then Indra
through the Kusikas grew friendly.
10 Like swans, prepare a song of praise with
pressing-stones, glad in your hymns with juice
poured forth in sacrifice.
Ye singers, with the Gods, sages who look on
men, ye Kutikas drink up the Soma's savoury
meath.
11 Come forward, Kusikas, and be attentive; let
loose Sudas's horse to win him riches.
East, west, and north, let the King slay the
foeman, then at earth's choicest place perform
his worship.
12 Praises to Indra have I sung, sustainer of this

earth and heaven. This prayer of Visvamitra
keeps secure the race of Bharatas.

13 The Visvamitras have sung forth this prayer
to Indra Thunder-aimed:

So let him make us prosperous.

14 Among the Kikatas what do thy cattle? They
pour no milky draught, they heat no caldron.

Bring thou to us the wealth of Pramaganda; give
up to us, O Maghavan, the low-born.

15 Sasarpari, the gift of Jamadagnis, hath lowed
with mighty voice dispelling famine.

The Daughter of the Sun hath spread our glory
among the Gods, imperishable, deathless.

16 Sasarpari brought glory speedily to these,
over the generations of the Fivefold Race;
Daughter of Paksa, she bestows new vital
power, she whom the ancient Jamadagnis gave
to me.

17 Strong be the pair of oxen, firm the axles, let
not the pole slip nor the yoke be broken.

May Indra, keep the yoke-pins from decaying:
attend us, thou whose fellies are uninjured.

18 O Indra, give our bodies strength, strength to
the bulls who draw the wains,

Strength to our seed and progeny that they may
live, for thou art he who giveth strength.

19 Enclose thee in the heart of Khayar timber,
in the car wrought of Sinsapa put firmness.

Show thyself strong, O Axle, fixed and
strengthened: throw us not from the car whereon
we travel.

20 Let not this sovran of the wood leave us
forlorn or injure us.

Safe may we be until we reach our homes and
rest us and unyoke.

21 With various aids this day come to us, Indra,
with best aids speed us, Maghavan, thou Hero.

Let him who hatcth us fall headlong downward:
him whom we hate let vital breath abandon.

22 He heats his very axe, and then cuts a mere
Semal blossom off.

O Indra, like a caldron cracked and seething, so
he pours out foam.

23 Men notice not the arrow, O ye people; they
bring the red beast deeming it a bullock.

A sluggish steed men run not with the courser,
nor ever lead an ass before a charger.

24 These men, the sons of Bharata, O Indra,

regard not severance or close connexion.
They urge their own steed as it were another's,
and take him, swift as the bow's string, to battle.

HYMN LIV. Visvedevas.

1. To him adorable, mighty, meet for synods,
this strengthening hymn, unceasing, have they
offered.

May Agni hear us with his homely splendours,
hear us, Eternal One, with heavenly lustre.

2 To mighty Heaven and Earth I sing forth
loudly: my wish goes out desirous and well
knowing

Both, at whose laud in synods, showing favour,
the Gods rejoice them with the living mortal.

3 O Heaven and Earth, may your great law be
faithful: he ye our leaders for our high
advantage.

To Heaven and Earth I offer this my homage,
with food, O Agni, as I pray for riches.

4 Yea, holy Heaven and Earth, the ancient sages
whose word was ever true had power to find
you;

And brave men in the fight where heroes
conquer, O Earth, have known you well and
paid you honour.

5 What pathway leadeth to the Gods? Who
knoweth this of a truth, and who will now
declare it?

Seen are their lowest dwelling-places only, but
they are in remote and secret regions.

6 The Sage who looketh on mankind hath
viewed them bedewed, rejoicing in the seat of
Order.

They make a home as for a bird, though parted,
with one same will finding themselves together.

7 Partners though parted, with far-distant limits,
on one firm place both stand for ever watchful,
And, being young for evermore, as sisters,
speak to each other names that are united.

8 All living things they part and keep asunder;
though bearing up the mighty Gods they reel
not.

One All is Lord of what is fixed and moving,
that walks, that flies, this multiform creation.

9 A far the Ancient from of old I ponder, our
kinship with our mighty Sire and Father,-

Singing the praise whereof the Gods by custom
stand on the spacious far-extended pathway.

10 This laud, O Heaven and Earth, to you I
utter: let the kind-hearted hear, whose tongue is
Agni,

Young, Sovran Rulers, Varuna and Mitra, the
wise and very glorious Adityas.

11 The fair-tongued Savitar, the golden-handed,
comes thrice from heaven as Lord in our
assembly.

Bear to the Gods this song of praise, and send
us, then, Savitar, complete and perfect safety.

12 Deft worker, skiful-handed, helpful, holy,
may Tvastar, God, give us these things to aid us,
Take your delight, Ye Rbhus joined with Pusan:
ye have prepared the rite with stones adjusted.

13 Borne on their flashing car, the spear-armed
Maruts, the nimble Youths of Heaven, the Sons
of Order,

The Holy, and Sarasvati, shall hear us: ye
Mighty, give us wealth with noble offspring.

14 To Visnu rich in marvels, songs And praises
shall go as singers on the road of Bhaga,-
The Chieftain of the Mighty Stride, whose
Mothers, the many young Dames, never
disregard him.

15 Indra, who rules through all his powers
heroic, hath with his majesty filled earth and
heaven.

Lord of brave hosts, Fort-crusher, Vrtra-slayer,
gather thou up and bring us store of cattle.

16 My Sires are the Nasatyas, kind tokinsmen:
the Asvins' kinship is a glorious title.

For ye are they who give us store of riches: ye
guard your gift uncheated by the bounteous.

17 This is, ye Wise, your great and glorious
title, that all ye Deities abide in Indra.

Friend, Much-invoked! art thou with thy dear
Rbhus: fashion ye this our hymn for our
advantage.

18 Aryaman, Aditi deserve our worship: the
laws of Varuna remain unbroken.

The lot of childlessness remove ye from us, and
let our course be rich in kine and offspring.

19 May the Gods' envoy, sent to many a quarter,
proclaim us sinless for our perfect safety.

May Earth and Heaven, the Sun, the waters,
hear us, and the wide firmament and

constellations.

20 Hear us the mountains which distil the rain-drops, and, resting firm, rejoice in freshening moisture.

May Aditi with the Adityas hear us, and Maruts grant us their auspicious shelter.

21 Soft be our path for ever, well-provisioned: with pleasant meath, O Gods, the herbs besprinkle.

Safe be my bliss, O Agni, in thy friendship: may I attain the seat of foodful riches,

22 Enjoy the offering: beam thou strength upon us; combine thou for our good all kinds of glory.

Conquer in battle, Agni, all those foemen, and light us every day with loving kindness.

HYMN LV. Visvedevas.

1. AT the first shining of the earliest Mornings, in the Cow's home was born the Great Eternal.

Now shall the statutes of the Gods be valid.

Great is the Gods' supreme and sole dominion -

2 Let not the Gods here injure us, O Agni, nor Fathers of old time who know the region,

Nor the sign set between two ancient dwellings.

Great is the Gods' supreme and sole dominion.

3 My wishes fly abroad to many places: I glance back to the ancient sacrifices.

Let us declare the truth when fire is kindled.

Great is the Gods' supreme and sole dominion.

4 King Universal, born to sundry quarters, extended through the wood he lies on couches.

One Mother rests: another feeds the Infant.

Great is the Gods' supreme and sole dominion.

5 Lodged in old plants, he grows again in younger, swiftly within the newly-born and tender.

Though they are unimpregnated, he makes them fruitful. Great is the Gods' supreme and sole dominion.

6 Now lying far away, Child of two Mothers, he wanders unrestrained, the single youngling.

These are the laws of Varuna and Mitra. Great is the Gods' supreme and sole dominion.

7 Child of two Mothers, Priest, sole Lord in synods, he still precedes while resting as foundation.

They who speak sweetly bring him sweet

addresses. Great is the Gods' supreme and sole dominion.

8 As to a friendly warrior when he battles, each thing that comes anear is seen to meet him.

The hymn commingles with the cow's oblation.

Great is the Gods' supreme and sole dominion.

9 Deep within these the hoary envoy pierceth; mighty, he goeth to the realm of splendour, And looketh on us, clad in wondrous beauty.

Great is the Gods' supreme and sole dominion.

10 Visnu, the guardian, keeps the loftiest station, upholding dear, immortal dwelling-places.

Agni knows well all these created beings. Great is the Gods' supreme and sole dominion.

11 Ye, variant Pair, have made yourselves twin beauties: one of the Twain is dark, bright shines the other;

And yet these two, the dark, the red, are Sisters.

Great is the Gods' supreme and sole dominion.

12 Where the two Cows, the Mother and the Daughter, meet and give suck yielding their lordly nectar,

I praise them at the seat of law eternal. Great is the Gods' supreme and sole dominion.

13 Loud hath she lowed, licking the other's youngling. On what world hath the Milch-cow laid her udder?

This Ila streameth with the milk of Order. Great is the Gods' supreme and sole dominion.

14 Earth weareth beauties manifold: uplifted, licking her Calf of eighteen months, she standeth.

Well-skilled I seek the seat of law eternal. Great is the Gods' supreme and sole dominion.

15 Within a wondrous place the Twain are treasured: the one is manifest, the other hidden. One common pathway leads in two directions.

Great is the Gods' supreme and sole dominion.

16 Let the milch-kine that have no calves storm downward, yielding rich nectar, streaming, unexhausted,

These who are ever new and fresh and youthful.

Great is the Gods' supreme and sole dominion.

17 What time the Bull bellows in other regions, another herd receives the genial moisture;

For he is Bhaga, King, the earth's Protector.

Great is the Gods' supreme and sole dominion.

18 Let us declare the Hero's wealth in horses, O
all ye folk: of this the Gods have knowledge.
Sixfold they bear him, or by fives are harnessed.
Great is the Gods' supreme and sole dominion.
19 Tvastar the God, the omniform. Creator,
begets and feeds mankind in various manner.
His, verily, are all these living creatures. Great
is the Gods' supreme dominion.
20 The two great meeting Bowls hath he united:
each of the Pair is laden with his treasure.
The Hero is renowned for gathering riches.
Great is the Gods' supreme and sole dominion.
21 Yea, and on this our earth the All-Sustainer
dwells like a King with noble friends about him.
In his protection heroes rest in safety. Great is
the Gods' supreme and sole dominion.
22 Rich in their gifts for thee are herbs and
waters, and earth brings all her wealth for thee,
O Indra.
May we as friends of thine share goodly
treasures. Great is the Gods' supreme and sole
dominion.

HYMN LVI. Visvedevas.

1. NOT men of magic skill, not men of wisdom
impair the Gods' first steadfast ordinances.
Ne'er may the earth and heaven which know not
malice, nor the fixed hills, be bowed by sage
devices.
2 One, moving not away, supports six burthens:
the Cows proceed to him the true, the Highest.
Near stand three Mighty Ones who travel
swiftly: two are concealed from sight, one is
apparent.
3 The Bull who wears all shapes, the triple-
breasted, three-uddered, with a brood in many
places,
Ruleth majestic with his triple aspect, the Bull,
the Everlasting Ones' impregner.
4 When nigh them, as their tracer he observed
them: he called aloud the dear name of Adityas.
The Goddesses, the Waters, stayed to meet him:
they who were wandering separate enclosed
him.
5 Streams! the wise Gods have thrice three
habitations. Child of three Mothers, he is Lord
in synods.
Three are the holy Ladies of the Waters, thrice

here from heaven supreme in our assembly.
6 Do thou, O Savitar, from heaven thrice hither,
three times a day, send down thy blessings
daily.
Send us, O Bhaga, triple wealth and treasure;
cause the two worlds to prosper us, Preserver!
7 Savitar thrice from heaven pours down
abundance, and the fair-handed Kings Varuna,
Mitra;
And spacious Heaven and Earth, yea, and the
Waters, solicit wealth that Savitar may send us.
8 Three are the bright realms, best, beyond
attainment, and three, the Asura's Heroes, rule
as Sovrans,
Holy and vigorous, never to be injured. Thrice
may the Gods from heaven attend our synod.

HYMN LVII. Visvedevas.

1. MY thought with fine discernment hath
discovered the Cow who wanders free without a
herdsman,
Her who hath straightway poured me food in
plenty: Indra and Agni therefore are her
praisers.
2 Indra and Pusan, deft of hand and mighty,
well-pleased have drained the heaven's
exhaustless udder.
As in this praise the Gods have all delighted,
may I win blessing here from you, O Vasus.
3 Fain to lend vigour to the Bull, the siste.. with
reverence recognize the germ within him.
The Cows come lowing hither to the Youngling,
to him endued with great and wondrous
beauties.
4 Fixing with thought, at sacrifice, the press-
stones, I bid the well-formed Heaven and Earth
come hither;
For these thy flames, which give men boons in
plenty, rise up on high, the beautiful, the holy.
5 Agni, thy meath-sweet tongue that tastes fair
viands, which among Gods is called the far-
extended,-
Therewith make all the Holy Odes be seated
here for our help, and feed them with sweet
juices.
6 Let thy stream give us drink, O God, O Agni,
wonderful and exhaustless like the rain-clouds.
Thus care for us, O Vasu Jatavedas, show us thy

loving-kindness, reaching all men.

HYMN LVIII. Asvins.

1. THE Ancient's Milch-cow yields the things
we long for: the Son of Daksina travels between
them.

She with the splendid chariot brings refulgence.
The praise of Usas hath awoke the Asvins.

2 They bear you hither by well-orderd statute:
our sacred offerings rise as if to parents.

Destroy in us the counsel of the niggard come
hitherward, for we have shown you favour.

3 With lightly-rolling car and well-yoked horses
hear this, the press-stone's song, ye Wonder-
Workers.

Have not the sages of old time, ye Asvins,
called you most prompt to come and stay
misfortune?

4 Remember us, and come to us, for ever men,
as their wont is, invoke the Asvins.

Friends as it were have offered you these juices,
sweet, blent with milk at the first break of
morning.

5 Even through many regions, O ye Asvins high
praise is yours among mankind, ye Mighty-
Come, helpers, on the paths which Gods have
travelled: here your libations of sweet meath are
ready.

6 Ancient your home, auspicious is your
friendship: Heroes, your wealth is with the
house of Jahnu.

Forming again with you auspicious friendship,
let us rejoice with draughts of meath together.

7 O Asvins, Very Mighty ones, with Vayu and
with his steeds, one-minded, ever-youthful,
Nasatyas, joying in the third day's Soma, drink
it, not hostile, Very Bounteous Givers.

8 Asvins, to you are brought abundant viands in
rivalry with sacred songs, unceasing.

Sprung from high Law your car, urged on by
press-stones, goes round the earth and heaven in
one brief moment.

9 Asvins, your Soma sheds delicious sweetness:
drink ye thereof and come unto our dwelling.

Your car, assuming many a shape, most often
goes to the Soma-presser's place of meeting.

HYMN LIX. Mitra.

1. MITRA, when speaking, stirreth men to labour: Mitra sustaineth both the earth and heaven.

Mitra beholdeth men with eyes that close not.
To Mitra bring, with holy oil, oblation.

2 Foremost be he who brings thee food, O Mitra, who strives to keep thy sacred Law, Aditya.

He whom thou helpest ne'er is slain or conquered, on him, from near or far, falls no affliction.

3 joying in sacred food and free from sickness, with knees bent lowly on the earth's broad surface,

Following closely the Aditya's statute, may we remain in Mitra's gracious favour.

4 Auspicious and adorable, this Mitra was born with fair dominion, King, Disposer.

May we enjoy the grace of him the Holy, yea, rest in his propitious loving-kindness.

5 The great Aditya, to be served with wor. ship, who stirreth men, is gracious to the singer.
To Mitra, him most highly to be lauded, offer in fire oblation that he loveth.

6 The gainful grace of Mitra,. God, supporter of the race of man,

Gives splendour of most.glorious fame.

7 Mitra whose glory spreads afar, he who in might surpasses heaven,
Surpasses earth in his renown.

8 All the Five Races have repaired to Mitra, ever strong to aid,

For he sustaineth all the Gods.

9 Mitra to Gods, to living men, to him who strews the holy grass,
Gives food fulfilling sacred Law.

HYMN LX. Rbhus.

1. HERE is your ghostly kinship, here, O Men: they came desirous to these holy rites with store of wealth,

With wondrous arts, whereby, with schemes to meet each need, Ye gained, Sudhanvan's Sons! your share in sacrifice.

2 The mighty powers wherewith. ye formed the chalices, the thought by which ye drew the cow from out the hide,

The intellect wherewith ye wrought the two Bay Steeds,-through these, O Rbhus, ye attained divinity.

3 Friendship with Indra have the Rbhus, fully gained: grandsons of Manu, they skilfully urged the work.

Sudhanvan's Children won them everlasting life, serving with holy rites, pious with noble acts.

4:In company with Indra come ye to the juice, then gloriously shall your wishes be fulfilled.

Not to be paragoned, ye Priests, are your good deeds, nor your heroic acts, Rbhus, Sudhanvan's Sons.

5 O Indra, with the Rbhus, Mighty Ones, pour down the Soma juice effused, well-blent, from both thy hands.

Maghalan, urged by song, in the drink-offerer's house rejoice thee with the Heroes, with Sudhanvan's Sons.

6 With Rbhu near, and Vaja, Indra, here exult, with Saci, praised of many, in the juice we pour.

These homes wherein we dwell have turned themselves to thee, -devotions to the Gods, as laws of men ordain.

7 Come with the mighty Rbhus, Indra, come to us, strengthening with thy help the singer's holy praise;

At hundred eager calls come to the living man, with thousand arts attend the act of sacrifice.

HYMN LXI. Usas.

1. O Usas, strong with strength, endowed with knowledge, accept the singer's praise, O wealthy Lady.

Thou, Goddess, ancient, young, and full of wisdom, movest, all-bounteous! as the Law ordaineth.

2 Shine forth, O Morning, thou auspicious Goddess, on thy bright car awaking pleasant voices.

Let docile horses of far-reaching splendour convey thee hitherward, the goldencoloured.

3 Thou, Morning, turning thee to every creature, standest on high as ensign of the Immortal, To one same goal ever and ever wending now, like a wheel, O newly-born, roll hi ther.

4 Letting her reins drop downward, Morning cometh, the wealthy Dame, the Lady of the

dwelling;
Bringing forth light, the Wonderful, the Blessed
hath spread her from the bounds of earth and
heaven.

5 Hither invoke the radiant Goddess Morning,
and bring with reverence your hymn to praise
her.

She, dropping sweets, hath set in heaven her
brightness, and, fair to look on, hath beamed
forth her splendour.

6 From heaven, with hymns, the Holy One was
wakened: brightly to both worlds came the
wealthy Lady.

To Morning, Agni, when she comes refulgent,
thou goest forth soliciting fair riches.

7 On Law's firm base the speeder of the
Mornings, the Bull, hath entered mighty earth
and heaven.

Great is the power of Varuna and Mitra, which,
bright, hath spread in every place its splendour.

HYMN LXII. Indra and Others.

1. YOUR well-known prompt activities
aforetime needed no impulse from your faithful
servant.

Where, Indra-Varuna, is now that glory
wherewith ye brought support to those who
loved you?

2 This man, most diligent, seeking after riches,
incessantly invokes you for your favour.

Accordant, Indra-Varuna, with Maruts, with
Heaven and Earth, hear ye mine invocation.

3 O Indra-Varuna, ours be this treasure ours be
wealth, Maruts, with full store of heroes.

.May the Varutris with their shelter aid us, and
Bharati and Hotri with the Mornings.

4 Be pleased! with our oblations, thou loved of
all Gods, Brhaspati:

Give wealth to him who brings thee gifts.

5 At sacrifices, with your hymns worship the
pure Brhaspati-

I pray for power which none may bend-

6 The Bull of men, whom none deceive, the
wearer of each shape at will,

Brhaspati Most Excellent.

7 Divine, resplendent Pusan, this our newest
hymn of eulogy,

By us is chanted forth to thee.

8 Accept with favour this my song, be gracious
to the earnest thought,
Even as a bridegroom to his bride.
9 May he who sees all living things, see, them
together at a glance,-
May lie, may Pusan be our help.
10 May we attain that excellent glory of Savitar
the God:
So May he stimulate our prayers.
11 With understanding, earnestly, of Savitar the
God we crave
Our portion of prosperity.
12 Men, singers worship Savitar the God with
hymn and holy rites,
Urged by the impulse of their thoughts.
13 Soma who gives success goes forth, goes to
the gathering place of Gods,
To seat him at the seat of Law.
14 To us and to our cattle may Soma give
salutary food,
To biped and to quadruped.
15 May Soma, strengthening our power of life,
and conquering our foes,
In our assembly take his seat.
16 May Mitra-Varuna, sapient Pair, bedew our
pasturage with oil,
With meatb the regions of the air.
17 Far-ruling, joyful when adored, ye reign
through majesty of might,
With pure laws everlastingly.
18 Lauded by Jamadagni's song, sit in the place
of holy Law:
Drink Soma, ye who strengthen Law.

HYMN I. Agni.

1, THEE Agni, have the Gods, ever of one accord, sent hither down, a God, appointed messenger, yea, with their wisdom sent thee down.

The Immortal, O thou Holy One, mid mortal men, the God-devoted God, the wise, have they brought forth, brought forth the omnipresent God-devoted Sage.

2 As such, O Agni, bring with favour to the Gods thy Brother Varuna who loveth sacrifice,

True to the Law, the Aditya who supporteth men, the King, supporter of mankind.

3 Do thou, O Friend, turn hither him who is our Friend, swift as a wheel, like two car-steeds in rapid course, Wondrous! to us in rapid course.

O Agni, find thou grace for us with Varuna, with Maruts who illumine all.

Bless us, thou Radiant One, for seed and progeny, yea, bless us, O thou Wondrous God.

4 Do thou who knowest Varuna, O Agni, put far away from us the God's displeasure.

Best Sacrificer, brightest One, refulgent remove thou far from us all those who hate us.

5 Be thou, O Agni, nearest us with succour, our closest Friend while now this Morn is breaking.

Reconcile to us Varuna, be bounteous enjoy the gracious juice; be swift to hear us.

6 Excellent is the glance, of brightest splendour, which the auspicious God bestows on mortals-

The God's glance, longed-for even as the butter, pure, heated, of the cow, the milch-cow's bounty.

7 Three are those births, the true, the most exalted, eagerly longed-for, of the God, of Agni.

He came invested in the boundless region, pure, radiant, friendly, mightily resplendent.

8 This envoy joyeth in all seats of worship, borne on his golden car, sweet-tongued Invoker:

Lovely to look on, with red steeds, effulgent, like a feast rich in food, joyous for ever.

9 Allied by worship, let him give man knowledge: by an extended cord they lead him onward.

He stays, effectual in this mortal's dwelling, and the God wins a share in his possessions.

10 Let Agni -for he knows the way- conduct us to all that he enjoys of God-sent riches,

What all the Immortals have prepared with wisdom, Dyaus, Sire, Begetter, raining down true blessings.

11 In houses first he sprang into existence, at great heaven's
 base, and in this region's bosom;
 Footless and headless, both his ends concealing, in his Bull's lair
 drawing himself together.
 12 Wondrously first he rose aloft, defiant, in the Bull's lair, the
 home of holy Order,
 Longed-for, young, beautiful, and far-resplendent: and seven dear
 friends sprang up unto the Mighty.
 13 Here did our human fathers take their places, fain to fulfil the
 sacred Law of worship.
 Forth drove they, with loud call, Dawn's teeming Milch-kine bid
 in the mountain stable, in the cavern.
 14 Splendid were they when they had rent the mountain: others,
 around, shall tell forth this their exploit.
 They sang their song, prepared to free the cattle: they found the
 light; with holy hymns they worshipped.
 15 Eager, with thought intent upon the booty, the men with their
 celestial speech threw open,
 The solid mountain firm, compact, enclosing, confining Cows,
 the stable full of cattle.
 16 The Milch-cow's earliest name they comprehended: they
 found the Mother's thrice-seven noblest titles.
 This the bands knew, and sent forth acclamation: with the Bull's
 sheen the Red One was apparent.
 17 The turbid darkness fled, the heaven was split, and up rose
 the bright beam of celestial Morning.
 Surya ascended to the wide expanses, beholding deeds of men
 both good and evil.
 18 Then, afterwards they looked around, awakened, when first
 they held that Heaven allotted treasure.
 Now all the Gods abide in all their dwellings. Varuna, Mitra, be
 the prayer effective.
 19 I will call hither brightly-beaming Agni, the Herald, all-
 supporting, best at worship.
 He hath disclosed, like the milch cows' pure udder, the Sorria's
 juice when cleansed and poured from beakers.
 20 The freest God of all who should be worshipped, the guest
 who is received in all men's houses,
 Agni who hath secured the Gods' high favour, - may he be
 gracious, to us Jatavedas.

HYMN II. Agni.

1. THE, Faithful One, Immortal among mortals, a God among
 the Gods, appointed envoy,
 Priest, best at worship, must shine forth in glory. Agni shall be
 raised high with man's oblations.
 2 Born for us here this day, O Son of Vigour, between both races
 of born beings, Agni,

Thou farest as an envoy, having harnessed, Sublime One! thy strong-muscled radiant stallions.

3 I laud the ruddy steeds who pour down blessing, dropping oil, flectest through the thoulit of Order.
Yoking red horses to and fro thou goest between you Deities and mortal races.

4 Aryaman, Mitra, Varuna, and Indra with Visnu, of the Gods, Maruts and Asvins-
These, Agni, with good car and steeds, bring hither, most bountiful, to folk with fair oblations.

5 Agni, be this our sacrifice eternal, with brave friends, rich in kine and sheep and horses,
Rich, Asura! in sacred food and children, in full assembly, wealth broad-based and during.

6 The man who, sweating, brings for thee the fuel, and makes his head to ache, thy faithful servant,-
Agni, to him be a self-strong Protector guard him from all who seek to do him mischief.

7 Who brings thee food, though thou hast food in plenty, welcomes his cheerful guest and speeds him onward,
Who kindles thee devoutly in his dwelling, to him be wealth secure and freely giving.

8 Whoso sings praise to thee at eve or morning, and, with oblation, doth the thing thou lovest,-
In his own home, even as a gold-girt courser, rescue him from distress, the bounteous giver.

9 Whoso brings gifts to thee Immortal, Agni, and doth thee service with uplifted ladle,-
Let him not, sorely toiling, lose his riches; let not the sinner's wickedness enclose him.

10 Whose well-wrought worship thou acceptest, Agni, thou God a mortal's gift, thou liberal Giver,-
Dear be his sacrifice to thee, Most Youthful! and may we strengthen him when he adores thee.

11 May he who knows distinguish sense and folly of men, like straight and crooked backs of horses.
Lead us, O God, to wealth and noble offspring: keep penury afar and grant us plenty.

12 This Sage the Sages, ne'er deceived, commanded, setting him down in dwellings of the living.
Hence mayst thou, friendly God, with rapid footsteps behold the Gods, wonderful, fair to look on.

13 Good guidance hast thou for the priest, O Agni, who, Youngest God! with outpoured Soma serves thee.
Ruler of men, thou joyous God, bring treasure splendid and plentiful to aid the toiler.

14 Now all that we, thy faithful servants, Agni, have done with feet, with hands, and with our bodies,

The wise, with toil, the holy rite have guided, as those who
frame a car with manual cunning.

15 May we, seven sages first in rank, engender, from Dawn the
Mother, men to be ordainers.

May we, Angirases, be sons of Heaven, and, radiant, burst the
wealth-containing mountain.

16 As in the days of old our ancient Fathers, speeding the work
of holy worship, Agni,

Sought pure light and devotion, singing praises; they cleft the
ground and made red Dawns apparent.

17 Gods, doing holy acts, devout, resplendent, smelting like ore
their human generations.

Enkindling Agni and exalting Indra, they came encompassing
the stall of cattle.

18 Strong One! he marked them-and the Gods before them-like
herds of cattle in a foodful pasture.

There they moaned forth their strong desire for mortals, to aid
the True, the nearest One, the Living.

19 We have worked for thee, we have laboured nobly-bright
Dawns have shed their light upon our worship-

Adding a beauty to the perfect Agni, and the God's beauteous
eye that shines for ever.

20 Agni, Disposer, we have sung these praises to thee the Wise:
do thou accept them gladly.

Blaze up on high and ever make us richer. Give us great wealth,
O thou whose boons are many.

HYMN III. Agni.

1. WIN, to assist you, Rudra, Lord of worship, Priest of both
worlds, effectual

Sacrificer,

Agni, invested with his golden colours, before the thunder strike
and lay you senseless.

2 This shrine have we made ready for thy coming, as the fond
dame attires her for her husband.

Performer of good work, sit down before us, invested while
these flames incline to meet thee.

3 A hymn, O Priest, to him who hears, the gentle, to him who
looks on men, exceeding gracious,

A song of praise sing to the God Immortal, whom the stone,
presser of the sweet juice, worships.

4 Even as true knower of the Law, O Agni, to this our solemn
rite he thou attentive.

When shall thy songs of festival be sung thee? When is thy
friendship shown within our dwelling?

5 Why this complaint to Varuna, O Agni? And why to Heaven?
for what is our transgression?

How wilt thou speak to Earth and bounteous Mitra? What wilt

thou say to Aryaman and Bhaga?
 6 What, when thou blazest on the lesser altars, what to the
 mighty Wind who comes tobless us,
 True, circumambient? what to Earth, O Agni, what wilt thou say
 to man-destroying Rudra?
 7 How to great Pusan who promotes our welfare,- to honoured
 Rudra what, who gives oblations?
 What sin of ours to the far-striding Visnu, what, Agni, wilt thou
 tell the Lofty Arrow.
 8 What wilt thou tell the truthful band of Maruts, how answer
 the great Sun when thou art questioned?
 Before the Free, before the Swift, defend us: fulfil heaven's
 work, all-knowing Jatavedas.
 9 I crave the cow's true gift arranged by Order: though raw, she
 hath the sweet ripe juice, O Agni.
 Though she is black of hue with milk she teemeth, nutritious,
 brightly shining, all-sustaining.
 10 Agni the Bull, the manly, hath been sprinkled with oil upon
 his back, by Law eternal.
 He who gives vital power goes on unswerving. Prsni the Bull
 hath milked the pure wiiite udder.
 11 By Law the Angirases cleft the rock asunder, and sang their
 hymns together with the cattle.
 Bringing great bliss the men encompassed Morning: light was
 apparent at the birth of Agni.
 12 By Law the Immortal Goddesses the Waters, with meath-rich
 waves, O Agni, and uninjured,
 Like a strong courser lauded in his running, sped to flow onward
 swiftly and for ever.
 13 Go never to the feast of one who harms us, the treacherous
 neighbour or. unworthy kinsman.
 Punish us not for a false brother's trespass. Let us riot feel the
 might of friend or foeman.
 14 O Agni, keep us safe with thy protection, loving us, honoured
 God! and ever guarding.
 Beat thou away, destory severe affliction slay e'en the demon
 when he waxes mighty.
 15 Through these our songs of praise be gracious, Agni; moved
 by ourprayers, O Hero, touch our viands.
 Accept, O Angiras, these our devotions, and let the praise which
 Gods desire address thee.
 16 To thee who knowest, Agni, thou Disposer, all these wise
 secret speeches have I uttered,
 Sung to thee, Sage, the charming words of wisdom, to thee, O
 Singer, with. my thoughts and Praises.

HYMN IV. Agni.

1. PUT forth like a wide-spreading net thy vigour; go like a

mighty King with his attendants.
Thou, following thy swift net, shootest arrows: transfix the
fiends with darts that burn most fiercely.

2 Forth go in rapid flight thy whirling weapons: follow them
closely, glowing in thy fury.
Spread with thy tongue the winged flames, O Agni; unfettered,
cast thy firebrands all around thee.

3 Send thy spies forward, flectest in thy motion; be, ne'er
deceived, the guardian of this people
From him who, near or far, is bent on evil, and let no trouble
sent from thee o'ercome us.

4 Rise up, O Agni, spread thee out before us: burn down our
foes, thou who hast sharpened arrows.
Him, blazing Agni! who hath worked us mischief, consume thou
utterly like dried-up stubble.

5 Rise, Agni, drive off those who fight against us: make manifest
thine own celestial vigour.
Slacken the strong bows of the demondriven: destroy our
foemen whether kin or stranger.

6 Most Youthful God, he knoweth well thy favour who gave an
impulse to this high devotion.
All fair days and magnificence of riches hast thou beamed forth
upon the good man's portals.

7 Blest, Agni, be the man, the liberal giver, who with his lauds
and regular oblation
Is fain to please thee for his life and dwelling. May all his days
be bright: be this his longing.

8 I praise thy gracious favour: sing in answer. May this my song
sing like a loved one with thee.
Lords of good steeds and cars may we adorn thee, and day by
day vouchsafe thou us dominion.

9 Here of free choice let each one serve thee richly, resplendent
day by day at eve and morning.
So may we honour thee, content and joyous, passing beyond the
glories of the people.

10 Whoso with good steeds and fine gold, O Agni, comes nigh
thee on a car laden with treasure,
His Friend art thou, yea, thou art his Protector whose joy it is to
entertain thee duly.

11 Through words and kinship I destroy the miglity: this power I
have from Gotama my father.
Mark thou this speech of ours, O thou Most Youthful, Friend of
the House, exceeding wise, Invoker.

12 Knowing no slumber, speedy and propitious, alert and ever
friendly, most unwearied,
May thy protecting powers, unerring Agni, taking their places
here, combined, preserve us.

13 Thy guardian rays, O Agni, when they saw him, preserved

blind Mamateya from affliction.

Lord of all riches, he preserved the pious: the fees who fain
would harm them did no mischief

14 Aided by thee with thee may we be wealthy, may we gain
strength with thee to guide us onward.

Fulfil the words of both, O Ever Truthful: straightway do this,
thou God whom power emboldens.

15 O Agni, with this fuel will we serve thee; accept the laud we
sing to thee with favour

Destroy the cursing Raksasas: preserve us, O rich in friends,
from guile and scorn and slander.

HYMN V. Agni.

1. How shall we give with one accord oblation to Agni, to
Vaisvanara the Bounteous?

Great light, with full high growth hath he uplifted, and, as a
pillar bears the roof, sustains it.

2 Reproach not him who, God and selfreliant, vouchsafed this
bounty unto me a mortal,-

Deathless, discernor, wise, to me the simple, Vaisvanara most
manly, youthful Aini.

3 Sharp-pointed, powerful, strong, of boundless vigour, Agni
who knows the lofty hymn, kept secret

As the lost milch-cow's track, the doubly Mighty,-he hath
declared to me this hidden knowledge.

4 May he with sharpened teeth, the Bounteous Giver, Agni,
consume with flame most fiercely glowing.

Those who regard not Varuna's commandments and the dear
stedfast laws of sapient Mitra.

5 Like youthful women without brothers, straying, like dames
who hate their lords, of evil conduct,

They who are full of sin, untrue, unfaithful, they have
engendered this abysmal station.

6 To me, weak, innocent, thou, luminous Agni, bast boldly given
as 'twere a heavy burthen,

This Prstha hymn, profound and strong and mighty, of seven
elements, and with offered dainties.

7 So may our song that purifies, through wisdom reach in a
moment him the Universal,

Established on the height, on earth's best station, above the
beauteous grassy skin of Prsni.

8 Of this my speech what shall I utter further? They indicate the
milk stored up in secret

When they have thrown as 'twere the cows' stalls open. The Bird
protects earths' best and well-loved station.

9 This is the Great Ones' mighty apparition which from of old
the radiant Cow hath followed.

This, shining brightly in the place of Order, swift, hasting on in

secret, she discovered.

10 He then who shone together with his Parents remembered
Prsni's fair and secret treasure,
Which, in the Mother Cow's most lofty station, the Bull's tongue,
of the flame bent forward, tasted.

11 With reverence I declare the Law, O Agni; what is, comes by
thine order, Jatavedas.
Of this, whate'er it be, thou art the Sovran, yea, all the wealth
that is in earth or
heaven.

12 What is our wealth therefrom, and what our treasure? Tell us
O Jatavedas, for thou
knowest,
What is our best course in this secret passage: we, unrepached,
have reached a t)lace far distant.

13 What is the limit, what the rules, the guerdon? Like fleet-foot
coursers speed we to the contest.
When will the Goddesses, the Immortal's Spouses, the Dawns,
spread over us the Sun-God's splendour?

14 Unsatisfied, with speech devoid of vigour, scanty and
frivolous and inconclusive,
Wherefore do they address thee here, O Agni? Let these who
have no weapons suffer sorrow.

15 The majesty of him the Good, the Mighty, aflame, hath shone
for glory in the dwelling.
He, clothed in light, hath shone most fair to look on, wealthy in
boons, as a home shines with riches.

HYMN VI. Agni.

1. PRIEST of our rite, stand up erect, O Agni, in
the Gods' service best of sacrificers,
For over evei y thought thou art the Ruler: thou
furtherest e'en the wisdom of the pious.

2 He was set down mid men as Priest unerring,
Agni, wise, welcome in our holy synods.
Like Savitar he hath lifted up his splendour, and
like a builder raised his smoke to heaven.

3 The glowing ladle, filled with oil, is lifted;
choosing Gods' service to the right he circles.
Eager he rises like the new-wrought pillar
which, firmly set and fixed, anoints the victims.

4 When sacred grass is strewn and Agni
kindled, the Adhvaryu rises to, his task rej o
cing.
Agni the Priest, like one who tends the cattle,
goes three times round, as from of old he wills

it.

5 Agni himself, the Priest, with measured motion, goes round, with sweet speech, cheerful, true to Order.

His fulgent flames run forth like vigorous horses; all creatures are affrighted when he blazes.

6 Beautiful and auspicious is thine aspect, O lovely Agni, terrible when spreading.

Thy splendours are not covered by the darkness: detraction leaves no stain upon thy body.

7 Naught hindered his production, Bounteous Giver: his Mother and his Sire were free to send him.

Then as Friend benevolent, refulgent, Agni shone forth in human habitations.

8 He, Agni, whom the twice-five sisters, dwelling together, in the homes of men engendered,

Bright like a spear's tooth, wakened in the morning, with powerful mouth and like an axe well-sharpened.

9 These thy Bay Coursers, Agni, dropping fatness, ruddy vigorous, speeding straightly forward,

And red steeds, wonderful, of mighty muscle, are to this service of the Gods invited:

10 These brightly-shining games of thine, O Agni, that move for ever restless, allsubduing, Like falcons hasting eagerly to the quarry, roar loudly like the army of the Maruts.

11 To thee, O flaming God, hath prayer been offered. Let the priest laud thee: give to him who worships.

Men have established Agni as Invoker, fain to adore the glory of the living.

HYMN VII. Agni.

1. HERE by ordainers was this God appointed first Invoker, best at worship, to be praised at rites:

Whom Apnavana, and the Bhrgus caused to shine bright-coloured in the wood, spreading from home to home.

2 When shall thy glory as a God, Agni, be suddenly shown forth.

For mortal men have held thee fast, adorable in all their homes,

3 Seeing thee faithful to the Law, most sapient,
like the starry heaven,
Illumining with cheerful ray each solemn rite in
every house.

4 Vivasvan's envoy living men have taken as
their ensign, swift,
The ruler over all mankind, moving like Bhrgu
in each home.

5 Him the intelligent have they placed duly as
Invoking Priest,
Welcome, with sanctifying flame, best
worshipper, with sevenfold might;
6 In his Eternal Mothers, in the wood, concealed
and unapproached,
Kept secret though his flames are bright
seeking on all sides, quickly found.

7 That as food spreads forth in this earthly
udder, Gods may rejoice them in the home of
Order,
Great Agni, served with reverence and oblation,
flies ever to the sacrifice, the Faithful.

8 Bird of each rite, skilled in an envoy's duties,
knowing both worlds and that which lies
between them,

Thou goest from of old a willing Herald,
knowing full well heaven's innermost recesses.
9 Bright God, thy path is black: light is before
thee: thy moving splendour is the chief of
wonders.

When she, yet unimpregnate, hath conceived
thee, even when newly born thou art an envoy.
10 Yet newly born, his vigour is apparent when
the wind blows upon his fiery splendour,
His sharpened tongue he layeth on the
brushwood, and with his teeth e'en solid food
consumeth.

11 When he hath borne off food with swift
flame swiftly, strong Agni makes himself a
speedy envoy,
Follows the rustling of the wind, consuming,
and courser-like, speeds, drives the swift horse
onward.

HYMN VIII. Agni.

1. YOUR envoy who possesses all, Immortal,
bearer of your gifts,

Best worshipper, I woo with song.

2 He, Mighty, knows the gift of wealth, he

knows the deep recess of heaven:
He shall bring hitherward the Gods.
3 He knows, a God himself, to guide Gods to
the righteous in his home:
He gives e'en treasures that we love.
4 He is the Herald: well-informed, he doth his
errand to and fro,
Knowing the deep recess of heaven.
5 May we be they who gratify Agni with
sacrificial gifts,
Who cherish and enkindle him.
6 Illustrious for wealth are they, and hero deeds,
victorious,
Who have served Agni reverently.
7 So unto us, day after day, may riches craved
by many come,
And power and might spring up for us.
8 That holy Singer in his strength shoots forth
his arrows swifter than
The swift shafts of the tribes of men.

HYMN IX. Agni.

1. AGNI, show favour: great art thou who to
this pious man art come,
To seat thee on the sacred grass.
2 May he the Immortal, Helper, bard to be
deceived among mankind,
Become the messenger of all.
3 Around the altar is he led, welcome Chief
Priest at solemn rites,
Or as the Potter sits him down.
4 Agni in fire at sacrifice, and in the house as
Lord thereof,
And as a Brahman takes his seat.
5 Thou comest as the guide of folk who
celebrate a sacrifice,
And to oblations brought by men.
6 Thou servest as his messenger whose sacrifice
thou lovest well,
To bear the mortal's gifts to heaven.
7 Accept our solemn rite; be pleased, Angiras,
with our sacrifice:
Give ear and listen to our call.
8 May thine inviolable car, wherewith thou
guardest those who give,
Come near to us from every side.

HYMN X. Agni.

I. This day with praises, Agni, we bring thee

that which thou lovest.
Right judgment, like a horse, with our
devotions.
2 For thou hast ever been the Car-driver, Agni,
of noble
Strength, lofty sacrifice, and rightful judgment.
3 Through these our praises come thou to meet
us, bright as the sunlight,
O Agni, well disposed, with all thine aspects.
4 Now may we serve thee singing these lauds
this day to thee, Agni.
Loud as the voice of Heaven thy blasts are
roaring.
5 just at this time of the day and the night thy
look is the sweetest .
It shineth near us even as gold for glory.
6 Spotless thy body, brilliant as gold, like
clarified butter:
This gleams like gold on thee, O Self.
dependent.
7 All hate and mischief, yea, if committed,
Agni, thou turnest,
Holy One, from the man who rightly worships.
8 Agni, with you Gods, prosperous be our
friendships and kinships.
Be this our bond here by this place, thine al tar.

HYMN XI. Agni.

1. THY blessed majesty, victorious Agni, shines
brightly in the neighbourhood of Surya.
Splendid to see, it shows even at nighttime, and
food is fair to look on in thy beauty.
2 Agni, disclose his thought for him who
singeth, the well, Strong God! while thou art
praised with fervour.
Vouchsafe to us that powerful hymn, O Mighty,
which, Radiant One! with all the Gods thou
lovest.
3 From thee, O Agni, springs poetic wisdom,
from thee come thoughts and hymns of praise
that prosper;
From thee flows wealth, with heroes to adorn it,
to the true-hearted man who gives oblation.
4 From thee the hero springs who wins the
booty, bringer of help, mighty, of real courage.
From thee comes wealth, sent by the Gods,
bliss-giving; Agni, from thee the fleet
impetuous charger.

5 Immortal Agni, thee whose voice is pleasant,
as first in rank, as God, religious mortals
Invite with hymns; thee who removest hatred,
Friend of the Home, the household's Lord,
unerring.

6 Far from us thou removest want and sorrow,
far from us all ill-will when thou protectest.
Son of Strength, Agni, blest is he at evening,
whom thou as God attendest for his welfare.

HYMN XII. Agni.

1. WHOSO enkindles thee, with lifted ladle, and
thrice this day offers thee food, O Agni,
May he excel, triumphant through thy
splendours, wise through thy mental power, O
Jatavedas.

2 Whoso with toil and trouble brings thee fuel,
serving the majesty of mighty Agni,
He, kindling thee at evening and at morning,
prosper, and comes to wealth, and slays his
foemen.

3 Agni is Master of sublime dominion, Agni is
Lord of strength and lofty riches.
Straightway the self-reliant God, Most
Youthful, gives treasures to the mortal who
adores him.

4 Most Youthful God, whatever sin, through
folly, we here, as human beings, have
committed,

In sight of Aditi make thou us sinless remit,
entirely, Agni, our offences.

5 Even in the presence of great sin, O Agni, free
us from prison of the Gods or mortals.

Never may we who are thy friends be injured:
grant health and strength unto our seed and
offspring.

6 Even as ye here, Gods Excellent and Holy,
have loosed the cow that by the foot was
tethered,

So also set us free from this affliction long let
our life, O Agni, be extended.

HYMN XIII. Agni.

1. AGNI hath looked, benevolently-minded, on
the wealth-giving spring of radiant Mornings.
Come, Asvins, to the dwelling of the pious:

Surya the God is rising with his splendour.
2 Savitar, God, hath spread on high his lustre,
waving his flag like a spoil-seeking hero.
Their stablished way go Varuna and Mitra, what
time they make the Sun ascend the heaven.
3 Him whom they made to drive away the
darkness, Lords of sure mansions, constant to
their object,
Him who beholds the universe, the Sun-God,
seven strong and youthful Coursers carry
onward.
4 Spreading thy web with mightiest Steeds thou
comest, rending apart, thou God, the black-hued
mantle.
The rays of Surya tremulously shining sink, like
a hide, the darkness in the waters.
5 How is it that, unbound and not supported, he
falleth not although directed downward?
By what self power moves he? Who liath seen
it? He guards the vault of heaven, a close-set
pillar.

HYMN XIV. Agni.

1. THE God hath looked, even Agni Jatavedas,
to meet the Dawns refulgent in their glories.
Come on your chariot, ye who travel widely,
come to this sacrifice of ours, Nasatyas.
2 Producing light for all the world of creatures,
God Savitar hath raised aloft his banner.
Making his presence known by sunbeams,
Surya hath filled the firmament and earth and
heaven.
3 Red Dawn is come, riding with brightness
onward, distinguished by her beams, gay-hued
and mighty.
Dawn on her nobly-harnessed car, the Goddess,
awaking men to happiness, approacheth.
4 May those most powerful steeds and chariot
bring you, O Asvins, hither at the break of
morning.
Here for your draught of meath are Soma juices:
at this our sacrifice rejoice, ye Mighty.
5 How is it that, unbound and unsupported, he
falleth not although directed downward?
By what self-power moves he? Who hath seen
it? He guards the vault of heaven, a close-set
pillar?

HYMN XV. Agni.

1. AGNI the Herald, like a horse, is led forth at
 our solemn rite,
 God among Gods adorable.
 2 Three times unto our solemn rite comes Agni
 like a charioteer,
 Bearing the viands to the Gods.
 3 Round the oblations hath he paced, Agni the
 Wise, the Lord of Strength,
 Giving the offerer precious boons.
 4 He who is kindled eastward for Srnjaya,
 Devavata's son,
 Resplendent, tamer of the foe.
 5 So mighty be the Agni whom the mortal hero
 shall command,
 With sharpened teeth and bountiful.
 6 Day after day they dress him, as they clean a
 horse who wins the prize.
 Dress the red Scion of the Sky.
 7 When Sahadeva's princely son with two bay
 horses thought of me,
 Summoned by him I drew not back.
 8 And truly those two noble bays I straightway
 took when offered me,
 From Sahadeva's princely son.
 9 Long, O ye Asvins, may he live, your care, ye
 Gods, the princely son.
 Of Sahadeva, Somaka.
 10 Cause him the youthful prince, the son of
 Sahadeva, to enjoy
 Long life, O Asvins, O ye Gods.

HYMN XVI. Indra.

1. IMPETUOUS, true, let Maghavan come
 hither, and let his Tawny Coursers speed to
 reach us.
 For him have we pressed juice exceeding
 potent: here, praised with song, let him effect
 his visit.
 2 Unyoke, as at thy journey's end, O Hero, to
 gladden thee today at this libation.
 Like Usana, the priest a laud shall utter, a hymn
 to thee, the Lord Divine, who markest.
 3 When the Bull, quaffing, praises our libation,
 as a sage paying holy rites in secret,
 Seven singers here from heaven hath he
 begotten, who e'en by day have wrought their
 works while singing.
 4 When heaven's fair light by hymns was made

apparent (they made great splendour shine at
 break of morning),
 He with his succour, best of Heroes, scattered
 the blinding darkness so that men saw clearly.
 5 Indra, Impetuous One, hath waxed
 immensely: he with his vastness hath filled earth
 and heaven.
 E'en beyond this his majesty extendeth who
 hath exceeded all the worlds in greatness.
 6 Sakra who knoweth well all human actions
 hath with his eager Friends let loose the waters.
 They with their songs cleft e'en the mountain
 open and willingly disclosed the stall of cattle.
 7 He smote away the floods' obstructor, Vrtra;
 Earth, conscious, lent her aid to speed thy
 thunder.
 Thou sentest forth the waters of the ocean, as
 Lord through power and might, O daring Hero.
 8 When, Much-invoked! the water's rock thou
 cleftest, Sarama showed herself and went before
 thee.
 Hymned by Angirases, bursting the cowstalls,
 much strength thou foundest for us as our
 leader.
 9 Come, Maghavan, Friend of Man, to aid the
 singer imploring thee in battle for the sunlight.
 Speed him with help in his irypired invocings:
 down sink the sorcerer, the prayerless Dasyu.
 10 Come to our home resolved to slay the
 Dasyu: Kutsa longed eagerly to win thy
 friendship.
 Alike in form ye both sate in his dwelling the
 faithful Lady was in doubt between you.
 11 Thou comest, fain to succour him, with
 Kutsa,-a goad that masters both the Wind-God's
 horses,
 That, holding the brown steeds like spoil for
 capture, the sage may on the final day be
 present.
 12 For Kutsa, with thy thousand, thou at day-
 break didst hurl down greedy Susna, foe of
 harvest.
 Quickly with Kutsa's friend destroy the Dasyus,
 and roll the chariot-wheel of Sarya near us.
 13 Thou to the son of Vidathin, Rjisvan, gavest
 up mighty Mrgaya and Pipru.
 Thou smotest down the swarthy fifty thousand,
 and rentest forts as age consumes a garment.

14 What time thou settest near the Sun thy
 body, thy form, Immortal One, is seen
 expanding:
 Thou a wild elephant with might invested. like a
 dread lion as thou wielded weapons.
 15 Wishes for wealth have gone to Indra,
 longing for him in war for light and at libation,
 Eager for glory, labouring with praisesongs: he
 is like home, like sweet and fair nutrition.
 16 Call we for you that Indra, prompt to listen,
 him who hath done so much for men's
 advantage;
 Who, Lord of envied bounty, to a singer like me
 brings quickly booty worth the capture.
 17 When the sharp-pointed arrow, O thou Hero,
 flieth mid any conflict of the people,
 When, Faithful One, the dread encounter
 cometh, then be thou the Protector of our body.
 18 Further the holy thoughts of Vamadeva be
 thou a guileless Friend in fight for booty.
 We come to thee whose providence protects us:
 wide be thy sway for ever for thy singer.
 19 O Indra, with these men who love thee truly,
 free givers, Maghavan, in every battle,
 May we rejoice through many autumns, quelling
 our foes, as days subdue the nights with
 splendour.
 20 Now, as the Bhrgus wrought a car, for Indra
 the Strong, the Mighty, we our prayer have
 fashioned,
 That he may, ne'er withdraw from us his
 friendship, but be our bodies' guard and strong
 defender.
 21 Now, Indra! lauded, glorified with praises,
 let power swell. high like rivers for the singer.
 For thee a new hymn, Lord of Bays, is
 fashioned. May we, car-borne, through song be
 victors ever.

HYMN XVII. Indra.

1. GREAT art thou, Indra; yea, the earth, with
 gladness, and heaven confess to thee thine high
 dominion.
 Thou in thy vigour having slaughtered Vrtra
 didst free the floods arrested by the Dragon.
 2 Heaven trembled at the birth of thine
 effulgence; Earth trembled at the fear of thy
 displeasure.

The stedfast mountains shook in agitation . the
waters flowed, and desert spots were flooded.

3 Hurling his bolt with might he cleft the
mountain, while, putting forth his strength, he
showed his vigour.

He slaughtered Vrtra with his bolt, exulting,
and, their lord slain, forth flowed the waters
swiftly.

4 Thy Father Dyaus esteemed himself a hero:
most noble was the work of Indra's Maker,
His who begat the strong bolt's Lord who
roareth, immovable like earth from her
foundation.

5 He who alone o'erthrows the world of
creatures, Indra the peoples' King, invoked of
many-

Verily all rejoice in him, extolling the boons
which Maghavan the God hath sent them.

6 All Soma juices are his own for ever, most
gladdening draughts are ever his, the Mighty,
Thou ever wast the Treasure-Lord of treasures:
Indra, thou lettest all folk share thy bounty.

7 Moreover, when thou first wast born, O Indra,
thou struckest terror into all the people.

Thou, Maghavan, rentest with thy bolt the
Dragon who lay against the waterfloods of
heaven.

8 The ever-slaying, bold and furious Indra, the
bright bolt's Lord, infinite, strong and mighty,
Who slayeth Vrtra and acquireth booty, giver of
blessings, Maghavan the bounteous:

9 Alone renowned as Maghavan in battles, he
frighteneth away assembled armies.

He bringeth us the booty that he winneth may
we, well-loved, continue in his friendship.

10 Renowned is he when conquering and when
slaying: 'tis he who winneth cattle in the
combat.

When Indra hardeneth his indignation all that is
fixed and all that moveth fear him.

11 Indra hath won all kine, all gold, all horses,-
Maghavan, he who breaketh forts in pieces;
Most manly with these men of his who help
him, dealing out wealth and gathering the
treasure.

12 What is the care of Indra for his Mother,
what cares he for the Father who begat him?
His care is that which speeds his might in

conflicts, like wind borne onward by the clouds
that thunder.

13 Maghavan makes the settled man unsettled:
he scatters dust that he hath swept together,
Breaking in pieces like Heaven armed with
lightning: Maghavan shall enrich the man who
lauds h;m.

14 He urged the chariot-wheel of Surya
forward: Etasa, speeding on his way, he rested.
Him the black undulating cloud bedeweth, in
this mid-air's depth, at the base of darkness,

15 As in the night the sacrificing priest.

16 Eager for booty, craving strength and horses,
we-singers stir Indra, the strong, for friendship,
Who gives the wives we seek, whose succour
fails not, to hasten, like a pitcher to the fountain.

17 Be thou our guardian, show thyself our
kinsman, watching and blessing those who pour
the Soma;

As Friend, as Sire, most fatherly of fathers
giving the suppliant vital strength and freedom.

18 Be helping Friend of those who seek thy
friendship . give life, when lauded, Indra, to the
singer.

For, Indra, we the priests have paid thee
worship, exalting thee with these our sacrifices.

19 Alone, when Indra Maghavan is lauded, he
slayeth many ne'er-resisted Vrtras.

Him in whose keeping is the well-loved singer
never do Gods or mortals stay or hinder.

20 E'en so let Maghavan, the loud-voiced Indra,
give us true blessings, foeless, men's upholder.

King of all creatures, give us glory amply,
exalted glory due to him who lauds thee.

21 Now, Indra! lauded, glorified with praises,
let power swell high like rivers for the singer.

For thee a new hymn, Lord of Bays! is
fashioned. May we, car-borne, through song be
victors ever.

HYMN XVIII. Indra and Others.

1. THIS is the ancient and accepted pathway by
which all Gods have come into existence.

Hereby could one be born though waxen
mighty. Let him not, otherwise, destroy his
Mother.

2 Not this way go I forth: hard is the passage.

Forth from the side obliquely will I issue.
Much that is yet undone must I accomplish; one
must I combat and the other question.

3 He bent his eye upon the dying Mother: My
word I now withdraw. That way I follow.
In Tvastar's dwelling India drank the Soma, a
hundredworth of juice pressed from the mortar.
4 What strange act shall he do, he whom his
Mother bore for a thousand months and many
autumns?

No peer hath he among those born already, nor
among those who shall be born hereafter.
5 Deeming him a reproach, his mother hid him,
Indra, endowed with all heroic valour.

Then up he sprang himself, assumed his vesture,
and filled, as soon as born, the earth and heaven.

6 With lively motion onward flow these waters,
the Holy Ones, shouting, as 'twere, together.
Ask them to. tell thee what the floods are
saying, what girdling rock the waters burst
asunder.

7 Are they addressing him with words of
welcome? Will the floods take on them the
shame of Indra?

With his great thunderbolt my Son hath
slaughtered Vrtra, and set these rivers free to
wander.

8 I cast thee from me, mine, -thy youthful
mother: thee, mine own offspring, Kusava hath
swallowed.

To him, mine infant, were the waters gracious.
Indra, my Son, rose up in conquering vigour.

9 Thou art mine own, O Maghavan, whom
Vyamsa struck to the ground and smote thy
jaws in pieces.

But, smitten through, the mastery thou wonnest,
and with thy bolt the Dasa's head thou
crushedst.

10 The Heifer hath brought forth the Strong, the
Mighty, the unconquerable Bull, the furious
Indra.

The Mother left her unlicked Calf to wander,
seeking himself, the path that he would follow.

11 Then to her mighty Child the Mother turned
her, saying, My son, these Deities forsake thee.
Then Indra said, about to slaughter Vrtra, O my
friend Vrtra, stride full boldly forward.

12 Who was he then who made thy Mother

widow? Who sought to stay thee lying still or moving?

What God, when by the foot thy Sire thou tookest and slewest, was at hand to give thee comfort?

13 In deep distress I cooked a dog's intestines.
Among the Gods I found not one to comfort.
My consort I beheld in degradation. The Falcon
then brought me the pleasant Soma.

HYMN XIX. Indra.

1. THEE, verily, O Thunder-wielding Indra, all
the Gods here, the Helpers swift to listen,
And both the worlds elected, thee the Mighty,
High, waxen strong, alone to slaughter Vrtra.

2 The Gods, as worn withheld, relaxed their
efforts: thou, Indra, born of truth, wast Sovran
Ruler.

Thou slewest Ahi who besieged the waters, and
duggest out their all-supporting channels.

3 The insatiate one, extended, hard to waken,
who slumbered in perpetual sleep, O Indra,-
The Dragon stretched against the seven prone
rivers, where no joint was, thou rentest with thy
thunder.

4 Indra with might shook earth and her
foundation as the wind stirs the water with its
fury.

Striving, with strength he burst the firm asunder,
and tore away the summits of the mountains.

5 They ran to thee as mothers to their offspring:
the clouds, like chariots, hastened forth together.
Thou didst refresh the streams and force the
billows: thou, Indra, settest free obstructed
rivers.

6 Thou for the sake of Vayya and Turviti didst
stay the great stream, flowing, allsustaining:
Yea, at their prayer didst check the rushing river
and make the floods easy to cross, O Indra.

7 He let the young Maids skilled in Law,
unwedded, like fountains, bubbling, flow forth
streaming onward.

He inundated thirsty plains and deserts, and
milked the dry Cows of the mighty master.

8 Through many a morn and many a lovely
autumn, having slain Vrtra, lie set free the
rivers.

Indra hath set at liberty to wander on earth the

streams encompassed pressed together.

9 Lord of Bay Steeds, thou broughtest from the
ant-hill the unwedded damsel's son whom ants
were eating.

The blind saw clearly, as he grasped the serpent,
rose, brake the jar: his joints again united.

10 To the wise man, O Sage and Sovran Ruler,
the man who knoweth all thine ancient exploits.
Hath told these deeds of might as thou hast
wrought them, great acts, spontaneous, and to
man's advantage.

11 Now, Indra! lauded, glorified with praises,
let powers swell high, like rivers, for the singer.
For thee a new hymn, Lord of Bays! is
fashioned. May we, car-borne, through song be
victors ever.

HYMN XX. Indra.

1. FROM near or far away may mighty Indra
giver of succour, come for our protection
Lord of men, armed with thunder, with the
Strongest, slaying his foes in conflict, in the
battles.

2 May Indra come to us with Tawny Coursers,
inclined to us, to favour and enrich us.
May Maghavan, loud-voiced and wielding
thunder, stand by us at this sacrifice, in combat.

3 Thou, honouring this our sacrifice, O Indra,
shalt give us strength and fill us full of courage.
To win the booty, Thunder-armed! like hunters
may we with thee subdue in fight our foemen.

4 Loving us well, benevolent, close beside us,
drink, Godlike Indra, of the wellpressed Soma.
Drink of the meath we offer, and delight thee
with food that cometh from the mountain ridges.

5 Him who is sung aloud by recent sages, like a
ripe-fruited tree, a scythe-armed victor,-
I, like a bridegroom thinking of his consort, call
hither Indra, him invoked of many;

6 Him who in native strength is like a mountain,
the lofty Indra born or old for conquest,
Terrific wielder of the ancient thunder. filled
full with splendour as a jar with water.

7 Whom from of old there is not one to hinder,
none to curtail the riches of his bounty.
Pouring forth freely, O thou Strong and Mighty,
vouchsafe us riches, God invoked of many!

8 Of wealth and homes of men thou art the

ruler, and opener of the stable of the cattle.
Helper of men, winner of spoil in combats, thou
ledest to an ample heap of riches.

9 By what great might is he renowned as
strongest, wherewith the Lofty One stirs up wild
battles?

Best soother of the worshipper's great sorrow,
he gives possessions to the man who lauds him.

10 Slay us not; bring, bestow onus the ample
gift which thou hast to give to him who offers.
At this new gift, with this laud sung before thee,
extolling thee, we, Indra, will declare it.

11 Now, Indra! lauded, glorified with praises,
let power swell high, like rivers, for the singer.
A new hymn, Lord of Bays! for thee is
fashioned. May we, car-born, through song be
victors ever.

HYMN XXI. Indra.

1. MAY Indra come to us for our protection;
here be the Hero, praised, our feast-companion.
May he whose powers are many, waxen mighty,
cherish, like Dyaus, his own supreme dominion.

2 Here magnify his great heroic exploits, most
glorious One, enriching men with bounties,
Whose will is like a Sovran in assembly, who
rules the people, Conqueror, all-surpassing.

3 Hither let Indra come from earth or heaven,
hither with speech from firmament or ocean;
With Maruts, from the realm of light to aid us,
or from a distance, from the seat of Order.

4 That Indra will we laud in our assemblies, him
who is Lord of great and lasting riches,
Victor with Vayu where the herds are gathered,
who leads with boldness on to higher fortune.

5 May the Priest, Lord of many blessings,
striving, -who fixing reverence on reverence,
giving

Vent to his voice, inciteth men to worship with
lauds bring Indra hither to our dwellings.

6 When sitting pondering in deep devotion in
Ausija's abode they ply the press-stone,
May he whose wrath is fierce, the mighty
bearer, come as the house-lord's priest within
our chambers.

7 Surely the power of Bharvara the mighty for
ever helpeth to support the singer;
That which in Ausija's abode lies hidden, to

come forth for delight and for devotion.

8 When he unbars the spaces of the mountains,
and quickens with his floods the water-torrents,
He finds in lair the buffalo and wild-ox when
the wise lead him on to vigorous exploit.

9 Auspicious are thy hands, thine arms
wellfashioned which proffer bounty, Indra, to
thy praiser.

What sloth is this? Why dost thou not rejoice
thee? Why dost thou not delight thyself with
giving?

10 So Indra is the truthful Lord of treasure.
Freedom he gave to man by slaying Vrtra.
Much-lauded! help us with thy power to riches:
may I be sharer of thy Godlike favour.

11 Now, Indra! lauded, glorified with praises,
let power swell high, like rivers, for, the singer.
For thee a new hymn, Lord of Bays! is
fashioned. May we, care-borne, through song be
victors ever.

HYMN XXII. Indra.

1. THAT gift of ours which Indra loves and
welcomes, even that he makes for us, the Great
and Strong One.

He who comes wielding in his might the
thunder, Maghavan, gives prayer, praise, and
laud, and Soma.

2 Bull, hurler of the four-edged rain-producer
with both his arms, strong, mighty, most heroic;
Wearing as wool Parusni for adornment, whose
joints for sake of friendship he hath covered.

3 God who of all the Gods was born divinest,
endowed with ample strength and mighty
powers,

And bearing in his arms the yearning thunder,
with violent rush caused heaven and earth to
tremble.

4 Before the High God, at his birth, heaven
trembled, earth, many floods and all the
precipices.

The Strong One bringeth nigh the Bull's two
Parents: loud sing the winds, like men, in air's
mid-region.

5 These are thy great deeds, Indra, thine, the
Mighty, deeds to be told aloud at all libations,
That thou, O Hero, bold and boldly daring, didst
with thy bolt, by strength, destroy the Dragon.

6 True are all these thy deeds, O Most Heroic.
The Milch-kine issued from the streaming
udder.

In fear of thee, O thou of manly spirit, the rivers
swiftly set themselves in motion.

7 With joy, O Indra, Lord of Tawny Coursers,
the Sisters then, these Goddesses, extolled thee,
When thou didst give the prisoned ones their
freedom to wander at their will in long
succession.

8 Pressed is the gladdening stalk as 'twere a
river: so let the rite, the toiler's power, attract
thee

To us-ward, of the Bright One, as the courser
strains his. exceedingly strong leather bridle.

9 Ever by us perform thy most heroic, thine
highest, best victorious deeds, O Victor.

For us make Vrtras easy to be conquered:
destroy the weapon of our mortal foeman.

10 Graciously listen to our prayer, O Indra, and
strength of varied sort bestow thou on us.

Send to us all intelligence and wisdom O
Maghavan, be he who gives us cattle.

11 Now, Indra! lauded, glorified with praises,
let wealth swell like rivers to the singer.

For thee a new hymn, Lord of Bays, is
fashioned. May we, car-borne, through song be
victors ever.

HYMN XXIII. Indra.

1. How, what priest's sacrifice hath he made
mighty, rejoicing in the Soma and its fountain?
Delighting in juice, eagerly drinking, the Lofty
One hath waxed for splendid riches.

2 What hero hath been made his feast-
companion? Who hath been partner in his
loving-kindness?

What know we of his wondrous acts? How
often comes he to aid and speed the pious toiler?

3 How heareth Indra offered invocation? How,
hearing, marketh he the invoker's wishes?
What are his ancient acts of bounty? Wherefore
call they him One who filleth full the singer?

4 How doth the priest who laboreth, ever
longing, win for himself the wealth which he
possesseth?

May he, the God, mark well my truthful praises,
having received the homage which he loveth.

5 How, and what bond of friendship with a mortal hath the God chosen as this morn is breaking?

How, and what love hath he for those who love him, who have entwined in him their firm affection?

6 Is then thy friendship with thy friends most mighty? Thy brotherhood with us, -when may we tell it?

The streams of milk move, as most wondrous sunlight, the beauty of the Lovely One for glory.

7 About to stay the Indra-less destructive spirit he sharpens his keen arms to strike her.

Whereby the Strong, although our debts' exactor, drives in the distant mornings that we know not.

8 Eternal Law hath varied food that strengthens; thought of eternal Law, removes transgressions.

The praise-hymn of eternal Law, arousing, glowing, hath oped the deaf ears of the living.

9 Firm-seated are eternal Law's foundations in its fair form are many splendid beauties.

By holy Law long lasting food they bring us; by holy Law have cows come to our worship.

10 Fixing eternal Law he, too, upholds it swift moves the might of Law and wins the booty.

To Law belong the vast deep Earth and Heaven: Milch-kine supreme, to Law their milk they render.

11 Now, Indra! lauded,- glorified with praises, let power swell high like rivers to the singer.

For thee a new hymn, Lord of Bays, is fashioned. May we, car-borne, through song be victors ever.

HYMN XXIV. Indra.

1. WHAT worthy praise will bring before us Indra, the Son of Strength, that he may grant us riches;

For he the Hero, gives the singer treasures: he is the Lord who sends us gifts, ye people.

2 To be invoked and hymned in fight with Vrtra, that well-praised Indra gives us real bounties.

That Maghavan brings comfort in the foray to the religious man who pours libations.

3 Him, verily, the men invoke in combat; risking their lives they make him their protector,

When heroes, foe to foe, give up their bodies,
fighting, each side, for children and their
offspring.

4 Strong God! the folk at need put forth their
vigour, striving together in the whirl of battle.
When warrior bands encounter one another
some in the grapple quit themselves like Indra.
5 Hence many a one worships the might of
Indra: hence let the brew succeed the meal-
oblation.

Hence let the Soma banish those who pour not:
even hence I joy to pay the Strong One worship.

6 Indra gives comfort to the man who truly
presses, for him who longs for it, the Soma,
Not disaffected, with devoted spirit this man he
takes to be his friend in battles.

7 He who this day for Indra presses Soma,
prepares the brew and fries the grains of barley-
Loving the hymns of that devoted servant, to
him may Indra give heroic vigour.

8 When the impetuous chief hath sought the
conflict, and the lord looked upon the long-
drawn battle,

The matron calls to the Strong God whom
pressers of Soma have encouraged into the
dwelling.

9 He bid a small price for a thing of value: I was
content, returning, still unpurchased.

He heightened not his insufficient offer. Simple
and clever, both milk out the udder.

10 Who for ten milch-kine purchaseth from me
this Indra who is mine?

When he hath slain the Vrtras let the buyer give
him back to me.

11 Now, Indra! lauded, glorified with praises,
let wealth swell high like rivers for the singer.
For thee a new hymn, Lord of Bays, is
fashioned. May we, car-borne, through song be
victors ever.

HYMN XXV. Indra.

1. WHAT friend of man, God-loving, hath
delighted, yearning therefor, this day in Indra's
friendship?

Who with enkindled flame and flowing Soma
laudeth him for his great protecting favour?

2 Who hath with prayer bowed to the Soma-
lover? What pious man endues the beams of

morning?

Who seeks bond, friendship, brotherhood with
Indra? Who hath recourse unto the Sage for
succour?

3 Who claims to-day the Deities' protection,
asks Aditi for light, or the Adityas?

Of whose pressed stalk of Soma drink the
Asvins, Indra, and Agni, well-inclined in spirit?

4 To him shall Agni Bharata give shelter: long
shall he look upon the Sun up-rising,

Who sayeth, Let us press the juice for Indra,
man's Friend, the Hero manliest of heroes.

5 Him neither few men overcome, nor many to
him shall Aditi give spacious shelter.

Dear is the pious, the devout, to Indra dear is the
zealous, dear the Soma-bringer.

6 This Hero curbs the mighty for the zealous:
the presser's brew Indra possesses solely:

No brother, kin, or friend to him who pours not,
destroyer of the dumb who would resist him.

7 Not with the wealthy churl who pours no
Soma doth Indra, Soma-drinker, bind alliance.
He draws away his wealth and slays him naked,
own Friend to him who offers, for oblation.

8 Highest and lowest, men who stand between
diem, going, returning, dwelling in contentment,
Those who show forth their strength when urged
to battle-these are the men who call for aid on
Indra.

HYMN XXVI. Indra.

1. I WAS aforetime Manu, I was Surya: I am
the sage Kaksivan, holy singer.

Kutsa the son of Arjuni I master. I am the
sapient Usana behold me.

2 I have bestowed the earth upon the Arya, and
rain upon the man who brings oblation.

I guided forth the loudly-roaring waters, and the
Gods moved according to my pleasure.

3 In the wild joy of Soma I demolished
Sambara's forts, ninety-and-nine, together;
And, utterly, the hundredth habitation, when
helping Divodasa Atithigva.

4 Before all birds be ranked this Bird, O Maruts;
supreme of falcons be this fleet-winged Falcon,
Because, strong- pinioned, with no car to bear
him, he brought to Manu the Godloved oblation.

5 When the Bird brought it, hence in rapid

motion sent on the wide path fleet as thought he hurried.

Swift he returned with sweetness of the Soma,
and hence the Falcon hath acquired his glory.

6 Bearing the stalk, the Falcon speeding
onward, Bird bringing from afar the draught that
gladdens,

Friend of the Gods, brought, grasping fast, the
Soma which be had taken from yon loftiest
heaven.

7 The Falcon took and brought the Soma,
bearing thousand libations with him, yea, ten
thousand.

The Bold One left Malignities behind him, wise,
in wild joy of Soma, left the foolish.

HYMN XXVII. The Falcon.

1. I, As I lay within the womb, considered all
generations of these Gods in order.
A hundred iron fortresses confined me but forth
I flew with rapid speed a Falcon.

2 Not at his own free pleasure did he bear me:
he conquered with his strength and manly
courage.

Straightway the Bold One left the fiends behind
him and passed the winds as he grew yet more
mighty.

3 When with loud cry from heaven down sped
the Falcon, thence hasting like the wind he bore
the Bold One.

Then, wildly raging in his mind, the archer
Krsanu aimed and loosed the string to strike
him.

4 The Falcon bore him from heaven's lofty
summit as the swift car of Indra's Friend bore
Bhujyu.

Then downward bither fell a flying feather of
the Bird hasting forward in his journey.

5 And now let Maghavan accept the beaker,
white, filled with milk, filled with the shining
liquid;

The best of sweet meath which the priests have
offered: that Indra to his joy may drink, the
Hero, that he may take and drink it to his
rapture.

HYMN XXVIII. Indra-Soma.

1. ALLIED with thee, in this thy friendship,
Soma, Indra for man made waters flow together,

Slew Ahi, and sent forth the Seven Rivers, and
opened as it were obstructed fountains.

2 Indu, with thee for his confederate, Indra
swiftly with might pressed down the wheel of
Surya.

What rolled, all life's support, on heaven's high
summit was separated from the great oppressor.

3 Indra smote down, Agni consumed, O Indu,
the Dasyus ere the noontide in the conflict.

Of those who gladly sought a hard-won
dwelling he cast down many a thousand with his
arrow.

4 Lower than all besides hast thou, O Indra, cast
down the Dasyus, abject tribes of Dasas.

Ye drave away, ye put to death the foemen, and
took great vengeance with your murdering
weapons.

5 So, of a truth, Indra and Soma, Heroes, ye
burst the stable of the kine and horses,
The stable which the bar or stone obstructed;
and piercing through set free the habitations.

HYMN XXIX. Indra.

1. COME, lauded, unto us with powers and
succours, O Indra, with thy Tawny Steeds;
exulting,

Past even the foeman's manifold libations,
glorified with our hymns, true Wealth-bestower.

2 Man's Friend, to this our sacrifice he cometh
marking how he is called by Soma-pressers.

Fearless, and conscious that his Steeds are
noble, he joyeth with the Soma-pouring heroes.

3 Make his cars hear, that he may show his
vigour and may be joyful in the way he loveth.

May mighty Indra pouring forth in bounty
bestow on us good roads and perfect safety;

4 He who with succour comes to his implorer,
the singer here who with his song invites him;
He who himself sets to the pole swift Coursers,
he who hath hundreds, thousands, Thunder-
wielder.

5 O Indra Maghavan, by thee protected may we
be thine, princes and priests and singers,
Sharing the riches sent from lofty heaven which
yields much food, and all desire its bounty.

HYMN XXX. Indra.

1. O INDRA, Vrtra-slayer, none is better,
mightier than thou:
Verily there is none like thee.
2 Like chariot-wheels these people all together
follow after thee:
Thou ever art renowned as Great.
3 Not even all the gathered Gods conquered
thee, Indra, in the war,
When thou didst lengthen days by night.
4 When for the sake of those oppressed, and
Kutsa as he battled,
Thou stolest away the Sun's car-wheel.
5 When, fighting singly, Indra. thou o'ercamest
all the furious Gods, thou slewest those who
strove with thee.
6 When also for a mortal man, Indra, thou
speddest forth the Sun,
And holpest Etasa with might.
7 What? Vrtra-slayer, art not thou, Maghavan,
fiercest in thy wrath?
So hast thou quelled the demon too.
8 And this heroic deed of might thou, Indra, also
hast achieved,
That thou didst smite to death the Dame,
Heaven's Daughter, meditating ill.
9 Thou, Indra, Mighty One, didst crush Usas,
though Daughter of the Sky.
When lifting up herself in pride.
10 Then from her chariot Usas fled, affrighted,
from her ruined car.
When the strong God had shattered it.
11 So there this car of Usas lay, broken to
pieces, in Vipas,
And she herself fled far away.
12 Thou, Indra, didst. with magic power resist
the overflowing stream
Who spread her waters o'er the land.
13 Valiantly didst thou seize and take the store
which Susna had amassed,
When thou didst crush his fortresses.
14 Thou, Indra, also smotest down Kulitara's
son Sambara,
The Dasa, from the lofty hill.
15 Of Dasa Varcin's thou didst slay the hundred
thousand and the five,
Crushed like the fellies, of a car.
16 So Indra, Lord of Heroes, Powers, caused the
unwedded damsel's son,

The castaway, to share the lauds.
 17 So sapient Indra, Lord of Might, brought
 Turvaga and Yadu, those
 Who feared the flood, in safel o'er.
 18 Arpa and Citraratha, both Aryas, thou, Indra,
 slewest swift,
 On yonder side of Sarayu,
 19 Thou, Vrtra-slayer, didst conduct those two
 forlorn, the blind, the lame.
 None may attain this bliss of thine.
 20 For Divodasa, him who brought oblationt,
 Indra overthrew
 A hundred fortresses of stone.
 21 The thirty thousand Disas he with magic
 power and weapons sent
 To slumber, for Dabhiti's sake.
 22 As such, O Vrtra-slayer, thou art general
 Lord of kine for all,
 Thou Shaker of all things that be.
 23 Indra, whatever deed of might thou hast this
 day to execute,
 None be there now to hinder it.
 24 O Watchful One, may Aryaman the God give
 thee all goodly things.
 May Risan, Bhaga, and the God Karulati give
 all things fair.

HYMN XXXI. Indra.

1. WITH what help will he come to us,
 wonderful, ever-waxing Friend;
 With what most mighty company?
 2 What genuine and most liberal draught will
 spirit thee with juice to burst
 Open e'en strongly-guarded wealth?
 3 Do thou who art Protector of us thy friends
 who praise thee
 With hundred aids approach us.
 4 Like as a courser's circling wheel, so turn thee
 hitherward to us,
 Attracted by the hymns of men.
 5 Thou seekest as it were thine own stations
 with swift descent of powers:
 I share thee even with the Sun.
 6 What time thy courage and his wheels
 together, Indra, run their course
 With thee and with the Sun alike,
 7 So even, Lord of Power and Might, the people
 call thee Maghavan,

Giver, who pauses not to think.
8 And verily to him who toils and presses Soma
juice for thee
Thou quickly givest ample wealth.
9 No, not a hundred hinderers can check thy
gracious bounty's flow,
Nor thy great deeds when thou wilt act.
10 May thine assistance keep us safe, thy
hundred and thy thousand aids:
May all thy favours strengthen us.
11 Do thou elect us this place for friendship and
prosperity,
And great celestial opulence.
12 Favour us, Indra, evermore with overflowing
store of wealth:
With all thy succours aid thou us.
13 With new protections, Indra, like an archer,
open thou for us
The stables that are filled with kine.
14 Our chariot, Indra, boldly moves endued
with splendour, ne'er repulsed,
Winning for us both kine and steeds.
15 O Surya, make our fame to be most excellent
among the Gods,
Most lofty as the heaven on high.

HYMN XXXII. Indra.

1. O THOU who slewest Vrtra, come, O Indra,
hither to our side,
Mighty One with thy mighty aids.
2 Swift and impetuous art thou, wondrous amid
the well-dressed folk:
Thou doest marvels for our help.
3 Even with the weak thou smitest down him
who is stronger, with thy strength
The mighty, with the Friends thou hast.
4 O Indra, we are close to thee; to thee we sing
aloud our songs:
Help and defend us, even us.
5 As such, O Caster of the Stone, come with thy
succours wonderful,
Blameless, and irresistible.
6 May we be friends of one like thee, O Indra,
with the wealth of kine,
Comrades for lively energy.
7 For thou, O Indra, art alone the Lord of
strength that comes from kine
So grant thou us abundant food.

8 They turn thee not another way, when, lauded,
Lover of the Song,
Thou wilt give wealth to those who praise.
9 The Gotamas have sung their song of praise to
thee that thou mayst give,
Indra, for lively energy.
10 We will declare thy hero deeds, what Disa
forts thou brakest down,
Attacking them in rapturous joy.
11 The sages sing those manly deeds which,
Indra, Lover of the Song,
Thou wroughtest when the Soma flowed.
12 Indra, the Gotamas who bring thee praises
have grown strong by thee.
Give them renown with hero sons.
13 For, Indra, verily thou art the general
treasure even of all .
Thee, therefore, do we invoke.
14 Excellent Indra, turn to us: glad thee among
us with the juice
Of Somas, Soma-drinker thou.
15 May praise from us who think On thee, O
Indra, bring thee near to us.
Turn thy two Bay Steeds hitherward.
16 Eat of our sacrificial cake: rejoice thee in the
songs we sing.
Even as a lover in his bride.
17 To India for a thousand steeds well-trained
and fleet of foot we pray,
And hundred jars of Soma juice.
18 We make a hundred of thy kine, yea, and a
thousand, hasten nigh:
So let thy bounty come to us.
19 We have obtained, a gift from thee, ten
water-ewers wrought of gold:
Thou, Vrtra-slayer, givest much.
20 A bounteous Giver, give us much, bring
much and not a trifling gift:
Much, Indra, wilt thou fain bestow.
21 O Vrtra-slayer, thou art famed in many a
place as bountiful
Hero, thy bounty let us share.
22 I praise thy pair of Tawny Steeds, wise Son
of him who giveth kine
Terrify not the cows with these.
23 Like two slight images of girls, unrobed,
upon a new-wrought post,
So shine the Bay Steeds in their course.

24 For me the Bays are ready when I start, or
start not, with the dawn, Innocuous in the ways
they take.

HYMN XXXIII. Rbhus.

I. I SEND my voice as herald to the Rbhus; I
crave the white cow for the overspreading.
Wind-spel, the Skillful Ones in rapid motion
have in an instant compassed round the heaven.
2 What time the Rbus had with care and marvels
done proper service to assist their Parents,
They won the friendship of the Gods; the Sages
carried away the fruit of their devotion.
3 May they who made their Parents, who were
lying like posts that moulder, young again for
ever,-
May Vaja, Vibhvan, Rbhu, joined with Indra ,
protect our sacrifice, the Soma-lovers.
4 As for a year the Rbhus kept the Milch-cow,
throughout a year fashioned and formed her
body,
And through a year's space still sustained her
brightness, through these their labours they were
made immortal.
5 Two beakers let us make,- thus said the eldest.
Lct us make three,- this was the younger's
sentence.
Four beakers let us make,- thus spoke the
youngest. Tvastar approved this rede of yours,
O Rbhus.
6 The men spake truth and even so they acted:
this Godlike way of theirs the Rbhus followed.
And Tvastar, when he looked on the four
beakers resplendent as the day, was moved with
envy.
7 When for twelve days the Rbhus joyed
reposing as guests of him who never may be
hidden,
lley made fair fertile fields, they brought the
rivers. Plants spread o'er deserts, waters filled
the hollows.
8 May they who formed the swift car, bearing
Heroes, and the Cow omniform and all-
impelling,
Even may they form wealth for us,-the Rbhus,
dexterous-handed, deft in work and gracious.
9 So in their work the Gods had satisfaction,
pondering it with thought and mental insight.

The Gods' expert artificer was Vaja, Indra's
Rbhuksan, Varuna's was Vibhvan.

10 They whol made glad with sacrifice and
praises, wrought the two Bays, his docile
Steeds, for Indra,-

Rbhus, as those who wish a friend to prosper,
bestow upon us gear and growth of riches.

11 This day have they set gladdening drink
before you. Not without toil are Gods inclined
to friendship.

Therefore do ye who are so great, O Rbhus,
vouchsafe us treasures at this third libation.

HYMN XXXIV. Rbhus.

1. To this our sacrifice come Rbhu, Vibhvan,
Vaja, and Indra with the gift of riches,
Because this day hath Dhisana the Goddess set
drink for you: the gladdening draughts have
reached you.

2 Knowing your birth and rich in gathered
treasure, Rbhus, rejoice together with the Rtus.
The gladdening draughts and wisdom have
approached you: send ye us riches with good
store of heroes.

3 For you was made this sacrifice, O Rbhus,
which ye, like men, won for yourselves
aforetime.

To you come all who find in you their pleasure:
ye all were-even the two elder-Vajas.

4 Now for the mortal worshipper, O Heroes, for
him who served you, was the gift of riches.
Drink, Vajas, Rbhus! unto you is offered, to
gladden you, the third and great libation.

5 Come to us, Heroes, Vajas and Rbhuksans,
glorified for the sake of mighty treasure.
These draughts approach you as the day is
closing, as cows, whose calves are newly-born,
their stable.

6 Come to this sacrifice of ours, ye Children of
Strength, invoked with humble adoration.
Drink of this meath, Wealth-givers, joined with
Indra with whom ye are in full accord, ye
Princes.

7 Close knit with Varuna drink the Soma, Indra;
close-knit, ilymn-lover! with the Maruts drink
it:

Close-knit with drinkers first, who drink in
season; close-knit with heavenly Dames who

give us treasures.

8 Rejoice in full accord with the Adityas, in
concord with the Parvatas, O Rbhus;
In full accord with Savitar, Divine One; in full
accord with floods that pour forth riches.

9 Rbhus, who helped their Parents and the
Asvins, who formed the Milch-cow and the pair
of horses,

Made armour, set the heaven and earth asunder,-
far- reaching Heroes, they have made good
offspring.

10 Ye who have wealth in cattle and in booty, in
heroes, in rich sustenance and treasure,
Such, O ye Rbhus, first to drink, rejoicing, give
unto us and those who laud our present.

11 Ye were not far: we have not left you
thirsting, blameless in this our sacrifice, O
Rbhus.

Rejoice you with the Maruts and with Indra,
with the Kings, Gods! that ye may give us
riches.

HYMN XXXV. Rbhus.

1. Come hither, O ye Sons of Strength, ye
Rbhus; stay not afar, ye Children of Sudhanvan.
At this libation is your gift of treasure. Let
gladdening draughts approach you after Indra's.

2 Hither is come the Rbhus' gift of riches; here
was the drinking of the well-pressed Soma,
Since by dexterity and skill as craftsmen ye
made the single chalice to be fourfold

3 Ye made fourfold the chalice that wag single:
ye spake these words and said, O Friend, assist
us;

Then, Vajas! gained the path of life eternal,
deft-handed Rbhus, to the Gods' assembly.

4 Out of what substance was that chalice
fashioned which ye made fourfold by your art
and wisdom?

Now for the gladdening draught press out the
liquor, and drink, O Rbhus, of the meath of
Soma.

5 Ye with your cunning made your Parents
youthful; the cup, for Gods to drink, ye formed
with cunning;

With cunning, Rbhus, rich in treasure, fashioned
the two swift Tawny Steeds who carry Indra.

6 Whoso pours out for you, when days are
closing, the sharp libation for your joy, O Vajas,
For him, O mighty Rbhus, ye, rejoicing, have
fashioned wealth with plenteous store of heroes.

7 Lord of Bay Steeds, at dawn the juice thou
drankest: thine, only thine, is the noonday
libation.

Now drink thou with the wealth-bestowing
Rbhus, whom for their skill thou madest friends,
O Indra.

8 Ye, whom your artist skill hath raised to
Godhead have set you down above in heaven
like falcons.

So give us riches, Children of Sudhanvan, O
Sons of Strength; ye have become immortal.

9 The third libation, that bestoweth treasure,
which ye have won by skill, ye dexterous-
handed,-

This drink hath been effused for you, O Rbhus .
drink it with high delight, with joy like Indra's.

HYMN XXXVI. Rbhus.

1. This car that was not made for horses or for
reins, three-wheeled, worthy of lauds, rolls
round the firmament.

That is the great announcement of your Deity,
that, O ye Rbhus, ye sustain the earth and
heaven.

2 Ye Sapient Ones who made the lightly-rolling
car out of your mind, by thought, the car that
never errs,

You, being such, to drink of this drink offering,
you, O ye Vajas, and ye Rbhus, we invoke.

3 O Vajas, Rbhus, reaching far, among the Gods
this was your exaltation gloriously declared,
In that your aged Parents, worn with length of
days, ye wrought again to youth so that they
moved at will.

4 The chalice that wag single ye have made
fourfold, and by your wisdom brought the Cow
forth from the hide.

So quickly, mid the Gods, ye gained immortal
life. Vajas and Rbhus, your great work must be
extolled.

5 Wealth from the Rbhus is most glorious in
renown, that which the Heroes, famed for
vigour, have produced.

In synods must be sung the car which Vibhvan

wrought: that which ye favour, Gods! is famed
among mankind.

6 Strong is the steed, the man a sage in
eloquence, the bowman is a hero hard to beat in
fight,

Great store of wealth and manly power hath he
obtained whom Vaja, Vibhvan, Rbhus have
looked kindly on.

7 To you hath been assigned the fairest
ornament, the hymn of praise: Vajas and Rbhus,
joy therein;

For ye have lore and wisdom and poetic skill: as
such, with this our prayer we call on you to
come.

8 According to the wishes of our hearts may ye,
who have full knowledge of all the delights of
men,

Fashion for us, O Rbhus, power and splendid
wealth, rich in high courage, excellent, and vital
strength.

9 Bestowing on us here riches and offspring,
here fashion fame for us befitting heroes.

Vouchsafe us wealth of splendid sort, O Rbhus,
that we may make us more renowned than
others.

HYMN XXXVII. Rbhus.

1. COME to our sacrifice, Vajas, Rbhüksans,
Gods, by the paths which Gods are wont to
travel,

As ye, gay Gods, accept in splendid weather the
sacrifice among these folk of Manus.

2 May these rites please you in your heart and
spirit; may the drops clothed in oil this day
approach you.

May the abundant juices bear you onward to
power and strength, and, when imbibed, delight
you.

3 Your threefold going near is God-appointed,
so praise is given you, Vajas and Rbhüksans.

So, Manus-like, mid younger folk I offer, to you
who are aloft in heaven, the Soma.

4 Strong, with fair chains of gold and jaws of
iron, ye have a splendid car and well-fed horses.

Ye Sons of Strength, ye progeny of Indra, to
you the best is offered to delight you.

5 Rbhüksans! him, for handy wealth, the
mightiest comrade in the fight,

Him, Indra's equal, we invoke, most bounteous
ever, rich in steeds.

6 The mortal man whom, Rbhus, ye and Indra
favour with your help,
Must be successful, by his thoughts, at sacrifice
and with the steed.

7 O Vajas and Rbhuksans, free for us the paths
to sacrifice,
Ye Princes, lauded, that we may press forward
to each point of heaven.

8 O Vajas and Rbhuksans, ye Nasatyas, Indra,
bless this wealth,
And, before other men's, the steed, that ample
riches may be won.

HYMN XXXVIII. Dadhikris.

1. FROM you two came the gifts in days
aforetime which Trasadasyu granted to the
Purus.

Ye gave the winner of our fields and plough-
lands, and the strong smiter who subdued the
Dasytis.

2 And ye gave mighty Dadhikras, the giver of
many gifts, who visiteth all people,
Impetuous hawk, swift and of varied colour, like
a brave King whom each true man must honour.

3 Whom, as 'twere down a precipice, swift
rushing, each Puru praises and his heart
rejoices,-

Springing forth like a hero fain for battle,
whirling the car and flying like the tempest.

4 Who gaineth precious booty in the combats
and moveth, winning spoil, among the cattle;
Shown in bright colour, looking on the
assemblies, beyond the churl, to worship of the
living.

5 Loudly the folk cry after him in battles, as
'twere a thief who steals away a garment;
Speeding to glory, or a herd of cattle, even as a
hungry falcon swooping downward.

6 And, fain to come forth first amid these
armies, this way and that with rows of cars he
rushes,

Gay like a bridesman, making him a garland,
tossing the dust, champing the rein that holds
him.

7 And that strong Steed, victorious and faithful,
obedient with his body in the combat,

Speeding straight on amid the swiftly ressing,
casts o'er his brows the dust he tosses upward.
8 And at his thunder, like the roar of heaven,
those who attack tremble and are affrighted;
For when he fights against embattled thousands,
dread is he in his striving; none may stay him.
9 The people praise the overpowering swiftness
of this fleet Steed who giveth men abundance.
Of him they say when drawing back from battle.
Dadhikras hath sped forward with his
thousands.
10 Dadhikras hath o'erspread the Fivefold
People with vigour, as the Sun lightens the
waters.
May the strong Steed who winneth bundreds,
thousands, requite with sweetness these my
words and praises.

HYMN XXXIX Dadhikras.

1. Now give we praise to Dadhikras the rapid,
and mention in our laud the Earth and Heaven.
May the Dawns flushing move me to exertion,
and bear me safely over every trouble.
2 I praise the mighty Steed who fills my spirit,
the Stallion Dadhikravan rich in bounties,
Whom, swift of foot and shining bright as
Agni, ye, Varuna and Mitra, gave to Purus.
3 Him who hath honoured, when the flame is
kindled at break of dawn, the Courser
Dadhikrivan,
Him, of one mind with Varuna and Mitra may
Aditi make free from all transgression.
4 When we remember mighty Dadhikravan our
food and strength, then the blest name of
Maruts,
Varuna, Mitra, we invoke for welfare, and Agni,
and the thunder-wielding Indra.
5 Both sides invoke him as they call on Indra
when they stir forth and turn to sacrificing.
To us have Varuna and Mitra granted the
Courser Dadhikris, a guide for mortals.
6 So have I glorified with praise strong
Dadhikravan, conquering Steed.
Sweet may he make our mouths; may he
prolong the days we have to live.

HYMN XL. Dadhikravan.

1. LET us recite the praise of Dadhikravan: may
all the Mornings move me to exertion;

Praise of the Lord of Waters, Dawn, and Agni,
Brhaspati Son of Angiras, and Surya.

2 Brave, seeking war and booty, dwelling with
the good and with the swift, may he hasten the
food of Dawn.

May he the true, the fleet, the lover of the
course, the bird-like Dadhikravan, bring food,
strength, and light.

3 His pinion, rapid runner, fans him in his way,
as of a bird that hastens onward to its aim,
And, as it were a falcon's gliding through the
air, strikes Dadhikravan's side as he speeds on
with might.

4 Bound by the neck and by the flanks and by
the mouth, the vigorous Courser lends new
swiftness to his speed.

Drawing himself together, as his strength
allows, Dadhikras springs along the windings of
the paths.

5 The Hamsa homed in light, the Vasu in mid-
air, the priest beside the altar, in the house the
guest,

Dweller in noblest place, mid men, in truth, in
sky, born of flood, kine, truth, mountain, he is
holy Law.

HYMN XLI. Indra-Varuna.

1. WHAT laud, O Indra-Varuna, with oblation,
hath like the Immortal Priest obtained your
favour?

Hath our effectual laud, addressed with homage,
touched you, O Indra-Varuna, in spirit?

2 He who with dainty food hath won you, Indra
and Varuna, Gods, as his allies to friendship,
Jayeth the Vrtras and his foes in battles, and
through your mighty favours is made famous.

3 Indra and Varuna are most liberal givers of
treasure to the men who toil to serve them,
When they, as Friends inclined to friendship,
honoured with dainty food, delight in flowing
Soma.

4 Indra and Varuna, ye hurl, O Mighty, on him
your strongest flashing bolt of thunder
Who treats us ill, the robber and oppressor:
measure on him your overwhelming vigour.

5 O Indra-Varuna, be ye the lovers of this my
song, as steers who love the milch-Cow.
Milk may it yield us as, gone forth to pasture,

the great Cow pouring out her thousand rivers.

6 For fertile fields, for worthy sons and
grandsons, for the Sun's beauty and for steer-
like vigour,

May Indra-Varuna with gracious favours work
marvels for us in the stress of battle.

7 For you, as Princes, for your ancient kindness,
good comrades of the man who seeks for booty,
We choose to us for the dear bond of friendship,
most liberal Heroes bringing bliss like parents.

8 Showing their strength, these hymns for grace,
Free-givers I have gone to you, devoted, as to
battle.

For glory have they gone, as milk to Soma, to
Indra-Varuna my thoughts and praises.

9 To Indra and to Varuna, desirous of gaining
wealth have these my thoughts proceeded.

They have come nigh to you as treasurelovers,
like mares, fleet-footed, eager for the glory.

10 May we ourselves be lords of during riches,
of ample sustenance for car and hones.

So may the Twain who work with newest
succours bring yoked teams hitherward to us
and riches.

11 Come with your mighty succours, O ye
Mighty; come, Indra-Varuna, to us in battle.
What time the flashing arrows play in combat,
may we through you be winners in the contest.

HYMN XLII Indra-Varuna.

1. I AM the royal Ruler, mine is empire, as mine
who sway all life are all Immortals.

Varuna's will the Gods obey and follow. I am
the King of men's most lofty cover.

2 I am King Varuna. To me were given these
first existing high celestial powers.

Varuna's will the Gods obey and follow. I am
the King of men's most lofty cover.

3 I Varuna am Indra: in their greatness, these
the two wide deep fairly-fashioned regions,
These the two world-halves have I, even as
Tvastar knowing all beings, joined and held
together.

4 I made to flow the moisture-shedding waters,
and set the heaven firm in the seat of Order.

By Law the Son of Aditi, Law Observer, hath
spread abroad the world in threefold measure.

5 Heroes with noble horses, fain for battle,
selected warriors, call on me in combat.
I Indra Maghavan, excite the conflict; I stir the
dust, Lord of surpassing vigour.
6 All this I did. The Gods' own conquering
power never impedeth me whom none opposeth.
When lauds and Soma juice have made me
joyful, both the unbounded regions are
affrighted.
7 All beings know these deeds of thine thou
tellest this unto Varuna, thou great Disposer!
Thou art renowned as having slain the Vrtras.
Thou madest flow the floods that were
obstructed.
8 Our fathers then were these, the Seven his,
what time the son of Durgaha was captive.
For her they gained by sacrifice Trasadasyu, a
demi-god, like Indra, conquering foemen.
9 The spouse of Purukutsa gave oblations to
you, O Indra-Varuna, with homage.
Then unto her ye gave King Trasadasyu, the
demi-god, the slayer of the foeman.
10 May we, possessing much, delight in riches,
Gods in oblations and the kine in pasture;
And that Milch-cow who ahrinks not from the
milking, O Indra-Varuna, give to us daily.

HYMN XLIII. Asvins.

1. WHO will hear, who of those who merit
worship, which of all Gods take pleasure in our
homage?
On whose heart shall we lay this laud celestial,
rich with fair offerings, dearest to Immortals?
2 Who will be gracious? Who will come most
quickly of all the Gods? Who will
bring liss most largely?
What car do they call swift with rapid coursers?
That which the Daughter of the Sun elected.
3 So many days do ye come swiftly hither, as
Indra to give help in stress of battle.
Descended from the sky, divine, strong-
pinioned, by which of all your powers are ye
most mighty?
4 What is the prayer that we should bring you,
Asvins, whereby ye come to us when
invocated?
Whether of you confronts e'en great betrayal?
Lovers of sweetness, Dasras, help and save us.

5 In the wide space your chariot reacheth
heaven, what time it turneth hither from the
ocean.

Sweets from your sweet shall drop, lovers of
sweetness! These have they dressed for you as
dainty viands.

6 Let Sindhu with his wave bedew your horses:
in fiery glow have the red birds come hither.
Observed of all was that your rapid going,
whereby ye were the Lords of Siirya's Daughter.

7 Whene'er I gratified you here together, your
grace was given us, O ye rich in booty.
Protect, ye Twain, the singer of your praises: to
you, Nasatyas, is my wish directed.

HYMN XLIV. Asvins.

1. WE will invoke this day your car,
farspreading, O Asvins, even the gathering, of
the sunlight,-

Car praised in hymns, most ample, rich in
treasure, fitted with seats, the car that beareth
Surya.

2 Asvins, ye gained that glory by your Godhead,
ye Sons of Heaven, by your own might and
power.

Food followeth close upon your bright
appearing when stately horses in your chariot
draw you.

3 Who bringeth you to-day for help with offered
oblation, or with hymns to drink the juices?

Who, for the sacrifice's ancient lover, turneth
you hither, Asvins, offering homage?

4 Borne on your golden car, ye omnipresent!
come to this sacrifice of ours, Nasatyas.

Drink of the pleasant liquor of the Soma give
riches to the people who adore you.

5 Come hitherward to us from earth, from
heaven, borne on your golden chariot rolling
lightly.

Suffer not other worshippers to stay you here
are ye bound by earlier bonds of friendship.

6 Now for us both, mete out, O
WonderWorkers, riches exceeding great with
store of heroes,

Because the men have sent you praise, O
Asvins, and Ajamilhas come to the laudation.

7 Whene'er I gratified you here together, your
grace was given us, O ye rich in booty.

Protect, ye Twain, the singer of your praises: to you, Nasatyas, is my wish directed.

HYMN XLV. Asvins

1. YONDER goes up that light: your chariot is yoked that travels round upon the summit of this heaven.

Within this car are stored three kindred shares of food, and a skin filled with meath is rustling as the fourth.

2 Forth come your viands rich with store of pleasant meath, and cars and horses at the flushing of the dawn,

Stripping the covering from the surrounded gloom, and spreading through mid-air bright radiance like the Sun.

3 Drink of the meath with lips accustomed to the draught; harness for the meath's sake the chariot that ye love.

Refresh the way ye go, refresh the paths with meath: hither, O Asvins, bring the skin that holds the meath.

4 The swans ye have are friendly, rich in store of meath, gold-pinioned, strong to draw, awake at early morn,

Swimming the flood, exultant, fain for draughts that cheer: ye come like flies to our libations of the meath.

5 Well knowing solemn rites and rich in meath, the fires sing to the morning Asvins at the break of day,

When with pure hands the prudent energetic priest hath with the stones pressed out the Soma rich in meath.

6 The rays advancing nigh, chasing with day the gloom, spread through the firmament bright radiance like the Sun;

And the Sun harnessing his horses goeth forth: ye through your Godlike nature let his paths be known.

7 Devout in thought I have declared, O Asvins, your chariot with good steeds, which lasts for ever,

Wherewith ye travel swiftly through the regions to the prompt worshipper who brings oblation.

HYMN XLVI. Vayu. Indra-Vayu

1. DRINK the best draught of Soma-juice, O Vayu, at our holy rites:

For thou art he who drinketh first.
2 Come, team-drawn, with thy hundred helps,
with Indra, seated in the car,
Vaya, and drink your fill of juice.
3 May steeds a thousand bring you both, Indra.
and Vayu, hitherward
To drink the Soma, to the feagt.
4 For ye, O Indra-Vayu, mount the goldenseated
car that aids
The sacrifice, that reaches heaven.
5 On far-refulgent chariot come unto the man
who offers gifts:
Come, Indra-Vayu, hitherward.
6 Here, Indra-Vayu, is the juice: drink it,
accordant with the Gods,
Within the giver's dwelling-place.
7 Hither, O Indra-Vayu, be your journey here
unyoke your steeds,
Here for your draught of Soma juice.

HYMN XLVIL Vayu. Indra-Vayu.

1. Vayu, the bright is offered thee, best of the
meath at holy rites.
Come thou to drink the Soma juice, God,
longed-for, on thy team-drawn car.
2 O Vayu, thou and Indra are meet drinkers of
these Soma-draughts,
For unto you the drops proceed as waters gather
to the vale.
3 O Indra-Vayu, mighty Twain, speeding
together, Lords of Strength,
Come to our succour with your team, that ye
may drink the Soma juice.
4 The longed-for teams which ye possess, O
Heroes, for the worshipper,
Turn to us, Indra-Vayu, ye to whom the
sacrifice is paid.

HYMN XLVIII. Vayu.

1. TASTE offerings never tasted yet, as bards
enjoy the foeman's wealth.
O Vayu, on refulgent car come to the drinking
of the juice.
2 Removing curses, drawn by teams, with
Indra, seated by thy side,
O Vayu, on refulgent car come to the drinking
of the juice.
3 The two dark treasures of wealth that wear
all beauties wait on thee.

O Vayu, on refulgent car come to the drinking
of the juice.

4 May nine-and-ninety harnessed steeds who
yoke them at thy will bring thee.

O Vayu, on refulgent car come to the drinking
of the juice.

5 Harness, O Vayu, to thy car a hundred well-
fed tawny steeds,

Yea, or a thousand steeds, and let thy chariot
come to us with might.

HYMN XLIX. Indra-Brhaspati.

1. DEAR is this offering in your mouth, O Indra
and Brhaspati:

Famed is the laud, the gladdening draught.

2 This lovely Soma is effused, O Indra and
Brhaspati,

For you, to drink it and rejoice.

3 As Soma-drinkers to our house come, Indra
and Brhaspati-and Indra-to drink Soma juice.

4 Vouchsafe us riches hundredfold, O Indra, and
Brhaspati,

With store of horses, thousandfold.

5 O Indra. and Brhaspati, we call you when the
meath is shed,

With songs, to drink the Soma juice.

6 Drink, Indra and Brhaspati, the Soma in the
giver's house:

Delight yourselves abiding there.

HYMN L. Brhaspati.

1. Him who with might hath propped earth's
ends, who sitteth in threefold seat, Brhaspati,
with thunder,

Him of the pleasant tongue have ancient sages,
deep-thinking, holy singers, set before them.

2 Wild in their course, in well-marked wise
rejoicing were they, Brhaspati, who pressed
around us.

Preserve Brhaspati, the stall uninjured, this
company's raining, ever-moving birthplace.

3 Brhaspati, from thy remotest distance have
they sat down who love the law eternal.

For thee were dug wells springing from the
mountain, which murmuring round about pour
streams of sweetness.

4 Brhaspati, when first he had his being from
mighty splendour in supremest heaven,
Strong, with his sevenfold mouth, with noise of

thunder, with his seven rays, blew and dispersed the darkness.

5 With the loud-shouting band who sang his praises, with thunder, he destroyed obstructive Vala.

Brhaspati thundering drave forth the cattle, the lowing cows who make oblations ready.

6 Serve we with sacrifices, gifts, and homage even thus the Steer of all the Gods, the Father. Brhaspati, may we be lords of riches, with noble progeny and store of heroes.

7 Surely that King by power and might heroic hath made him lord of all his foes' possessions, Who cherishes Brhaspati well-tended, adorns and worships him as foremost sharer.

8 In his own house he dwells in peace and comfort: to him for ever holy food flows richly. To him the people with free will pay homage—the King with whom the Brahman hath precedence.

9 He, unopposed, is master of the riches of his own subjects and of hostile people. The Gods uphold that King with their protection who helps the Brahman when he seeks his favour.

10 Indra, Brhaspati, rainers of treasure, rejoicing at this sacrifice drink the Soma.

Let the abundant drops sink deep within you: vouchsafe us riches with full store of heroes.

11 Brhaspati and Indra, make us prosper may this be your benevolence to usward.

Assist our holy thoughts, wake up our spirit: weaken the hatred of our foe and rivals.

HYMN LI. Dawn.

1. FORTH from the darkness in the region eastward this most abundant splendid light hath mounted.

Now verily the far-refulgent Mornings, Daughters of Heaven, bring welfare to the people.

2 The richly-coloured Dawns have mounted eastward, like pillars planted at our sacrifices, And, flushing far, splendid and purifying, unbarred the portals of the fold of darkness.

3 Dispelling gloom this day the wealthy Mornings urge liberal givers to present their treasures.

In the unlightened depth of darkness round them
let niggard traffickers sleep unawakened.

4 O Goddesses, is this your car, I ask you,
ancient this day, or is it new, ye Mornings,
Wherewith, rich Dawns, ye seek with wealth
Navagva, Dasagva Angira, the seven-toned
singer?

5 With horses harnessed by eternal Order,
Goddesses, swiftly round the worlds ye travel,
Arousing from their rest, O Dawns, the
sleeping, and all that lives, man, bird, and beast,
to motion.

6 Which among these is eldest, and where is she
through whom they fixed the Rbhus'
regulations?

What time the splendid Dawns go forth for
splendour, they are not known aparto alike,
unwasting.

7 Blest were these Dawns of old, shining with
succour, true with the truth that springs from
holy Order;

With whom the toiling worshipper, by praises,
hymning and lauding, soon attained to riches.

8 Hither from eastward all at once they travel,
from one place spreading in the selfsame
manner.

Awaking, from the seat of holy Order the
Godlike Dawns come nigh like troops of cattle.

9 Thus they go forth with undiminished colours,
these Mornings similar, in self-same fashion,
Concealing the gigantic might of darkness with
radiant bodies bright and pure and shining.

10 O Goddesses, O Heaven's refulgent
Daughters, bestow upon us wealth with store of
children.

As from our pleasant place of rest ye rouse us
may we be masters of heroic vigour.

11 Well-skilled in lore of sacrifice, ye
Daughters of Heaven, refulgent Dawns, I thus
address you.

May we be glorious among the people. May
Heaven vouchsafe us this, and Earth the
Goddess,

HYMN LIL Dawm.

1. THIS Lady, giver of delight, after her Sister
shining forth, Daughter of Heaven, hath shown

herself.-

2 Unfailing, Mother of the Kine, in colour like a
bright red mare,

The Dawn became the Asvins' Friend.

3 Yea, and thou art the Asvins' Friend, the

Mother of the Kine art thou:

O Dawn thou rulest over wealth.

4 Thinking of thee, O joyous One, as her who
driveth hate away,

We woke to meet thee with our lauds.

5 Our eyes behold thy blessed rays like troops
of cattle loosed to feed.

Dawn hath filled full the wide expanse.

6 When thou hast filled it, Fulgent One! thou
layest bare the gloom with light.

After thy nature aid us, Dawn.

7 Thou overspreadest heaven with rays, the dear
wide region of mid-air.

With thy bright shining lustre, Dawn.

HYMN LIII. Savitar.

1. OF Savitar the God, the sapient Asura, we
crave this great gift which is worthy of our
choice,

Wherewith he freely grants his worshiper
defence. This with his rays the Great God hath
vouchsafed to us.

2 Sustainer of the heaven, Lord of the whole
world's life, the Sage, he putteth on his golden-
coloured mail.

Clear-sighted, spreading far, filling the spacious
realm, Savitar hath brought forth bliss that
deserveth laud.

3 He hath filled full the regions of the heaven
and earth: the God for his own strengthening
waketh up the hymn.

Savitar hath stretched out his arms to cherish
life, producing with his rays and lulling all that
moves.

4 Lighting all living creatures, neer to be
deceived, Savitar, God, protects each holy
ordinance.

He hath stretched out his arms to all the folk of
earth, and, with his laws observed, rules his own
mighty course.

5 Savitar thrice surrounding with his mightiness
mid-air, three regions, and the triple sphere of
light,

Sets the three heavens in motion and the
threefold earth, and willingly protects us with
his triple law.

6 Most gracious God, who brings to life and
lulls to rest, he who controls the world, what
moves not and what moves,
May he vouchsafe us shelter, -Savitar the God,-
for tranquil life, with triple bar against distress.

7 With the year's seasons hath Savitar, God,
come nigh: may he prosper our home, give food
and noble sons.

May he invigorate us through the days and
nights, and may he send us opulence with
progeny.

HYMN LIV. Savitar.

1. Now must we praise and honour Savitar the
God: at this time of the day the men must call to
him,

Him who distributes wealth to Manu's progeny,
that he may grant us here riches most excellent.

2 For thou at first producest for the holy Gods
the noblest of all portions, immor-tality:

Thereafter as a gift to men, O Savitar, thou
openest existence, life succeeding life.

3 If we, men as we are, have sinned against the
Gods through want of thought, in weakness, or
through insolence,

Absolve us from the guilt and make us free from
sin, O Savitar, alike among both Gods and men.

4 None may impede that power of Savitar the
God whereby he will maintain the universal
world.

What the fair-fingered God brings forth on
earth's expanse or in the height of heaven, that
work of his stands sure.

5 To lofty hills thou sendest those whom Indra
leads, and givest fixed abodes with houses unto
these.

However they may fly and draw themselves
apart, still, Savitar, they stand obeying thy
behest.

6 May the libations poured to thee thrice daily,
day after day, O Savitar, bring us blessing.

May Indra, Heaven, Earth, Sindhu with the
Waters, Aditi with Adityas, give us shelter.

HYMN LV. Visvedevas.

1. WHO of you, Vasus, saveth? who protecteth?

O Heaven and Earth and Aditi, preserve us,
Varuna., Mitra, from the stronger mortal. Gods,
which of you at sacrifice giveth comfort?

2 They who with laud extol the ancient statutes,
when they shine forth infallible dividers,
Have ordered as perpetual Ordainers, and
beamed as holy-thoughted WonderWorkers.

3 The Housewife Goddess, Aditi, and Sindhu,
the Goddess Svasti I implore for friendship:
And may the unobstructed Night and Morning
both, day and night, provide for our protection.

4 Aryaman, Varuna have disclosed the pathway,
Agni as Lord of Strength the road to welfare.
Lauded in manly mode may Indra-Visnu grant
us their powerful defence and shelter.

5 I have besought the favourof the Maruts, of
Parvata, of Bhaga God who rescues.
From trouble caused by man the Lord preserve
us; from woe sent by his friend let Mitra save
us.

6 Agree, through these our watery oblations,
Goddesses, Heaven and Earth, with
Ahibudhnya.

As if to win the sea, the Gharma-heaters have
opened, as they come anear, the rivers.

7 May Goddess Aditi with Gods defend us, save
us the saviour God with care unceasing.

We dare not stint the sacred food of Mitra and
Varuna upon the back of Agni.

8 Agni is Sovran Lord of wealth, Agni of great
prosperity:

May he bestow these gifts on us.

9 Hither to us, rich pleasant Dawn, bring many
things to be desired,

Thou who hast ample store of wealth.

10 So then may Bhaga, Savitar, Varuna, Mitra,
Aryaman, Indra, with bounty come to us.

HYMN LVI. Heaven and Earth.

1. MAY mighty Heaven and Earth, most meet
for honour, be present here with light and
gleaming splendours;

When, fixing them apart, vast, most extensive,
the Steer roars loudly in far-reaching courses.

2 The Goddesses with Gods, holy with holy, the
Two stand pouring out their rain, exhaustless:
Faithful and guileless, having Gods for children,
leaders of sacrifice with shining splendours.

3 Sure in the worlds he was a skilful Craftsman,
he who produced these Twain the Earth and
Heaven.

Wise, with his power he brought both realms,
together spacious and deep, wellfashioned,
unsupported.

4 O Heaven and Earth, with one accord
promoting, with high protection as of Queens,
our welfare,
Far-reaching, universal, holy, guard us. May we,
car-borne, through song be victors ever.

5 To both of you, O Heaven and Earth, we bring
our lofty song of praise,
Pure Ones! to glorify you both.

6 Ye sanctify each other's form, by your own
proper might ye rule,
And from of old observe the Law.

7 Furthering and fulfilling, ye, O Mighty,
perfect Mitra's Law.

Ye sit around our sacrifice.

HYMN LVII. Ksetrapati, Etc.

1. WE through the Master of the Field, even as
through a friend, obtain
What nourisheth our kine and steeds. In such
may he be good to us.

2 As the cow yieldeth milk, pour for us freely,
Lord of the Field, the wave that beareth
sweetness,

Distilling meath, well-purified like butter, and
let the. Lords of holy Law be gracious.

3 Sweet be the plants for us. the heavens, the
waters, and full of sweets for us be air's mid-
region.

May the Field's Lord for us be full of sweetness,
and may we follow after him uninjured.

4 Happily work our steers and men, may the
plough furrow happily.

Happily be the traces bound; happily may he ply
the goad.

5 Suna and Sira, welcome ye this laud, and with
the milk which ye have made in heaven
Bedew ye both this earth of ours.

6 Auspicious Sita, come thou near: we venerate
and worship thee

That thou mayst bless and prosper us and bring
us fruits abundantly.

7 May Indra press the furrow down, may Pusan

guide its course aright.
May she, as rich in milk, be drained for us
through each succeeding year.
8 Happily let the shares turn up the ploughland,
happily go the ploughers with the oxen.
With meath and milk Parjanya make us happy.
Grant us prosperity, Suna and Sira.

HYMN LVIII. Ghrta.

1. FORTH from the ocean sprang the wave of
sweetness: together with the stalk it turned to
Amrta,
That which is holy oil's mysterious title: but the
Gods' tongue is truly Amrta's centre.
2 Let us declare aloud the name of Ghrta, and at
this sacrifice hold it up with homage.
So let the Brahman hear the praise we utter.
This hath the four-horned Buffalo emitted.
3 Four are his horns, three are the feet that bear
him; his heads are two, his hands are seven in
number.
Bound with a triple bond the Steer roars loudly:
the mighty God hath entered in to mortals.
4 That oil in triple shape the Gods discovered
laid down within the Cow, concealed by Panis.
Indra produced one shape, Surya another: by
their own power they formed the third from
Vena.
5 From inmost reservoir in countless channels
flow down these rivers which the foe beholds
not.
I look upon the streams of oil descending, and
lo! the Golden Reed is there among them.
6 Like rivers our libations flow together,
cleansing themselves in inmost heart and spirit.
The streams of holy oil pour swiftly downward
like the wild beasts that fly before the bowman.
7 As rushing down the rapids of a river, flow
swifter than the wind the vigorous currents,
The streams of oil in swelling fluctuation like a
red courser bursting through the fences.
8. Like women at a gathering fair to look on and
gently smiling, they incline to Agni.
The streams of holy oil attain the fuel, and
Jatavedas joyfully receives them.
9 As maidens dock themselves with gay
adornment to join the bridal feast, I now behold
them.

Where Soma flows and sacrifice is ready,
thither the streams of holy oil are running.
10 Send to our eulogy a herd of cattle bestow
upon us excellent possessions.
Bear to the Gods the sacrifice we offer the
streams of oil flow pure and full of sweetness.
11 The universe depends upon thy power and
might within the sea, within the heart, within all
life.
May we attain that sweetly-flavoured wave of
thine, brought, at its gathering, o'er the surface of
the floods.

RIG VEDA BOOK 5

HYMN I. Agni

1. Agni is wakened by the people's fuel to meet
the Dawn who cometh like a milch-cow.
Like young trees shooting up on high their
branches, his flames are rising to the vault of
heaven.
- 2 For worship of the Gods the Priest was
wakened: at morning gracious Agni hath arisen.
Kindled, his radiant might is made apparent, and
the great Deity set free from darkness.
- 3 When he hath stirred the line of his attendants,
with the pure milk pure Agni is anointed.
The strength-bestowing gift is then made ready,
which spread in front, with tongues, erect, he
drinketh.
- 4 The spirits of the pious turn together to Agni,
as the eyes of all to Surya.
He, when both Dawns of different hues have
borne him, springs up at daybreak as a strong
white charger.
- 5 The noble One was born at days' beginning,
laid red in colour mid the well-laid fuel.
Yielding in every house his seven rich treasures,
Agni is seated, Priest most skilled in worship.
- 6 Agni hath sat him down, a Priest most skilful,
on a sweet-smelling place, his Mother's bosom.
Young, faithful, sage, preeminent o'er many,
kindled among the folk whom he sustaineth.
- 7 This Singer excellent at sacrifices, Agni the

Priest, they glorify with homage.
Him who spread out both worlds by Law
Eternal they balm with oil, strong Steed who
never faileth.

8. He, worshipful House-Friend, in his home is
worshipped, our own auspicious guest, lauded
by sages.

That strength the Bull with thousand horns
possesses. In might, O Agni, thou excellest
others.

9 Thou quickly passest by all others, Agni, for
him to whom thou hast appeared most lovely,
Wondrously fair, adorable, effulgent, the guest
of men, the darling of the people.

10 To thee, Most Youthful God! to thee, O Agni
from near and far the people bring their tribute.
Mark well the prayer of him who best extols
thee. Great, high, auspicious, Agni, is thy
shelter.

11 Ascend to-day thy splendid car, O Agni, in
splendour, with the Holy Ones around it.
Knowing the paths by mid-air's spacious region
bring hither Gods to feast on our oblation.

12 To him adorable, sage, strong and mighty we
have sung forth our song of praise and homage.
Gavisthira hath raised with prayer to Agni this
laud far-reaching, like gold light to heaven.

HYMN II. Agni.

1. THE youthful Mother keeps the Boy in secret
pressed to her close, nor yields him to the
Father.

But, when he lies upon the arm, the people see
his unfading countenance before them.

2 What child is this thou carriest as handmaid, O
Youthful One? The Consort-Queen hath borne
him.

The Babe unborn increased through many
autumns. I saw him born what time his Mother
bare him.

3 I saw him from afar gold-toothed, bright-
coloured, hurling his weapons from his
habitation,

What time I gave him Amrta free from mixture.
How can the Indraless, the hymnless harm me?

4 I saw him moving from the place he dwells in,
even as with a herd, brilliantly shining.

These seized him not: he had been born already.

They who were grey with age again grow
youthful.

5 Who separate my young bull from the cattle,
they whose protector was in truth no stranger?
Let those whose hands have seized upon them
free them. May he, observant, drive the herd to
us-ward.

6 Mid mortal men godless have secreted the
King of all who live, home of the people.
So may the prayers of Atri give him freedom.
Reproached in turn be those who now reproach
him.

7 Thou from the stake didst loose e'en
Sunahsepa bound for a thousand; for he prayed
with fervour.

So, Agni, loose from us the bonds that bind us,
when thou art seated here, O Priest who
knowest.

8 Thou hast sped from me, Agni, in thine anger:
this the protector of Gods' Laws hath told me.
Indra who knoweth bent his eye upon thee: by
him instructed am I come, O Agni.

9 Agni shines far and wide with lofty splendour,
and by his greatness makes all things apparent.
He conquers godless and malign enchantments,
and sharpens both his horns to gore the Raksas.

10 Loud in the heaven above be Agni's roarings
with keen-edged weapons to destroy the
demons.

Forth burst his splendours in the Soma's rapture.
The godless bands press round but cannot
stay him.

11 As a skilled craftsman makes a car, a singer
I, Mighty One! this hymn for thee have
fashioned.

If thou, O Agni, God, accept it gladly, may we
obtain thereby the heavenly Waters.

12 May he, the strong-necked Steer, waxing in
vigour, gather the foeman's wealth with none to
check him.

Thus to this Agni have the Immortals spoken.
To man who spreads the grass may he grant
shelter, grant shelter to the man who brings
oblation.

HYMN III. Agni.

1. THOU at thy birth art Varuna, O Agni; when
thou art kindled thou becomest Mitra.

In thee, O Son of Strength, all Gods are centred.
Indra art thou to man who brings oblation.

2 Aryaman art thou as regardeth maidens
mysterious, is thy name, O Self-sustainer.
As a kind friend with streams of milk they balm
thee what time thou makest wife and lord one-
minded.

3 The Maruts deck their beauty for thy glory,
yea, Rudra! for thy birth fair, brightly-coloured.
That which was fixed as Visnu's loftiest station-
therewith the secret of the Cows thou guardest.

4 Gods through thy glory, God who art so
lovely! granting abundant gifts gained life
immortal.

As their own Priest have men established Agni;
and serve him fain for praise from him who
liveth.

5 There is no priest more skilled than thou in
worship; none Self-sustainer pass thee in
wisdom.

Ile man within whose house as guest thou
dwellest, O God, by sacrifice shall conquer
mortals.

6 Aided by thee, O Agni may we conquer
through our oblation, fain for wealth, awakened:
May we in battle, in the days' assemblies, O Son
of Strength, by riches conquer mortals.

7 He shall bring evil on the evil-plotter whoever
turns against us sin and outrage.

Destroy this calumny of him, O Agni, whoever
injures us with double-dealing.

8 At this dawn's flushing, God! our ancient
fathers served thee with offerings, making thee
their envoy,

When, Agni, to the store of wealth thou goest, a
God enkindled with good things by mortals.

9 Save, thou who knowest, draw thy father near
thee, who counts as thine own son, O Child of
Power.

O sapient Agni, when wilt thou regard us?
When, skilled in holy Law, wilt thou direct us?

10 Adoring thee he gives thee many a title,
when thou, Good Lord! acceptest this as Father.
And doth not Agni, glad in strength of Godhead,
gain splendid bliss when he hath waxen mighty?

11 Most Youthful Agni, verily thou bearest thy
praiser safely over all his troubles.

Thieves have been seen by us and open foemen:

unknown have been the plottings of the wicked.
12 To thee these eulogies have been directed: or
to the Vasu hath this sin been spoken.
But this our Agni, flaming high, shall never
yield us to calumny, to him who wrongs us.

HYMN IV. Agni.

1. O AGNI, King and Lord of wealth and
treasures, in thee is my delight at sacrifices.
Through thee may we obtain the strength we
long for, and overcome the fierce attacks of
mortals.
2 Agni, Eternal Father, offering- bearer, fair to
behold, far-reaching, far-refulgent,
From well-kept household fire beam food to
feed us, and measure out to us abundant glory.
3 The Sage of men, the Lord of human races,
pure, purifying Agni, balmed with butter,
Him the Omniscient as your Priest ye stablish:
he wins among the Gods things worth the
choosing.
4 Agni, enjoy, of one accord with Ila, striving in
rivalry with beams of Sarya,
Enjoy, O Jatavedas, this our fuel, and bring the
Gods to us to taste oblations.
5 As dear House-Friend, guest welcome in the
dwelling, to this our sacrifice come thou who
knowest.
And, Agni, having scattered all assailants, bring
to us the possessions of our foemen.
6 Drive thou away the Dasyu with thy weapon.
As, gaining vital power for thine own body,
O Son of Strength, the Gods thou satisfiest, so
in fight save us, most heroic Agni.
7 May we, O Agni, with our lauds adore thee,
and with our gifts, fair-beaming Purifier!
Send to us wealth containing all things precious:
bestow upon us every sort of riches.
8 Son of Strength, Agni, dweller in three
regions, accept our sacrifice and our oblation.
Among the Gods may we be counted pious:
protect us with a triply-guarding shelter.
9 Over all woes and dangers, Jatavedas, bear us
as in a boat across a river.
Praised with our homage even as Atri praised
thee, O Agni, be the guardian of our bodies.
10 As I, remembering thee with grateful spirit, a
mortal, call with might on thee Immortal,

Vouchsafe us high renown, O Jatavedas, and
may I be immortal by my children.

11 The pious man, O Jatavedas Agni, to whom
thou grantest ample room and pleasure,
Gaineth abundant wealth with sons and horses,
with heroes and with kine for his well-being.

HYMN V. Apris.

1. To Agni, Jatavedas, to the flame, the well-
enkindled God,

Offer thick sacrificial oil.

2 He, Narasamsa, ne'er beguiled, inspiriteth this
sacrifice:

For sage is he, with sweets in hand.

3 Adored, O Agni, hither bring Indra the
Wonderful, the Friend,

On lightly-rolling car to aid.

4 Spread thyself out, thou soft as wool The holy
hymns have sung to thee.

Bring gain to us, O beautiful!

5 Open yourselves, ye Doors Divine, easy of
access for our aid:

Fill, more and more, the sacrifice.

6 Fair strengtheners of vital power, young
Mothers of eternal Law,

Morning and Night we supplicate.

7 On the wind's flight come, glorified, ye two
celestial Priests of man

Come ye to this our sacrifice.

8 ! Sarasvati, Mahi, three Goddesses who bring
us weal,

Be seated harmless on the grass.

9 Rich in all plenty, Tvastar, come auspicious of
thine own accord

Help us in every sacrifice.

10 Vanaspati, wherever thou knowest the Gods'
mysterious names,

Send our oblations thitherward.

11 To Agni and to Varuna, Indra, the Maruts,
and the Gods,

With Svaha be oblation brought.

HYMN VI. Agni.

1. I VALUE Agni that good Lord, the home to
which the kine return:

Whom fleet-foot coursers seek as home, and

strong enduring steeds as home. Bring food to those who sing thy praise.

2 'Tis Agni whom we laud as good, to whom the milch-kine come in herds,

To whom the chargers swift of foot, to whom our well-born princes come. Bring food to those who sing thy praise.

3 Agni the God of all mankind, gives, verily, a steed to man.

Agni gives precious gear for wealth, treasure he gives when he is pleased. Bring food to those who sing thy praise.

4 God, Agni, we will kindle thee, rich in thy splendour, fading not,
So that this glorious fuel may send forth by day its light for thee. Bring food to those who sing thy praise.

5 To thee the splendid, Lord of flame, bright, wondrous, Prince of men, is brought.
Oblation with the holy verse, O Agni, bearer of our gifts.

Bring food to those who sing thy praise.

6 These Agnis in the seats of the fire nourish each thing most excellent.

They give delight, they spread abroad, they move themselves continually. Bring food to those who sing thy praise.

7 Agni, these brilliant flames of thine wax like strong chargers mightily,
Who with the treadings of their hoofs go swiftly to the stalls of kine. Bring food to those who sing thy praise.

8 To us who laud thee, Agni, bring fresh food and safe and happy homes.

May we who have sung hymns to thee have thee for envoy in each house. Bring food to those who sing thy praise.

9 Thou, brilliant God, within thy mouth warmest both ladies of the oil.

So fill us also, in our hymns, abundantly, O Lord of Strength, Bring food to those who sing thy praise.

10 Thus Agni have we duly served with sacrifices and with hymns.

So may he give us what we crave, store of brave sons and fleet-foot steeds. Bring food to those who sing thy praise.

HYMN VII. Agni.

1. OFFER to Agni, O my friends, your seemly
food, your seemly praise;
To him supremest o'er the folk, the Son of
Strength, the mighty Lord:
2 Him in whose presence, when they meet in
full assembly, men rejoice;
Even him whom worthy ones inflame, and
living creatures bring to life.
3 When we present to him the food and
sacrificial gifts of men,
He by the might of splendour grasps the holy
Ordinance's rein.
4 He gives a signal in the night even to him who
is afar,
When he, the Bright, unchanged by eld,
consumes the sovran of the wood.
5 He in whose service on the ways they offer up
their drops of sweat,
On him is their high kin have they mounted, as
ridges on the earth.
6 Whom, sought of many, mortal man hath
found to be the Stay of all;
He who gives flavour to our food, the home of
every man that lives.
7 Even as a herd that crops the grass he shears
the field and wilderness,
With flashing teeth and beard of gold, deft with
his unabated might.
8 For him, to whom, bright as an axe he, as to
Atri, hath flashed forth,
Hath the well-bearing Mother borne, producing
when her time is come.
9 Agni to whom the oil is shed by him thou
lovest to support,
Bestow upon these mortals fame and splendour
and intelligence.
10 Such zeal hath he, resistless one: he gained
the cattle given by thee.
Agni, may Atri overcome the Dasyus who
bestow no gifts, subdue the men who give no
food.

HYMN VIII. Agni.

1. O AGNI urged to strength, the men of old
who loved the Law enkindled thee,
the Ancient, for their aid,
Thee very bright, and holy, nourisher of all,

most excellent, the Friend and Master of the home.

2 Thee, Agni, men have stablished as their guest of old, as Master of the household, thee, with hair of flame;

High-bannered, multiform, distributor of wealth, kind helper, good protector, drier of the floods.

3 The tribes of men praise thee, Agni, who knowest well burnt offerings, the Discerner, lavishest of wealth,

Dwelling in secret, Blest One! visible to all, loud-roaring, skilled in worship, glorified with oil.

4 Ever to thee, O Agni, as exceeding strong have we drawn nigh with songs and reverence singing hymns.

So be thou pleased with us, Angiras! as a God enkindled by the noble with man's goodly light.

5 Thou, Agni! multiform, God who art lauded much! givest in every house subsistence as of old.

Thou rulest by thy might o'er food of many a sort: that light of thine when blazing may not be opposed.

6 The Gods, Most Youthful Agni, have made thee, inflamed, the bearer of oblations and the messenger.

Thee, widely-reaching, homed in sacred oil, invoked, effulgent, have they made the Eye that stirs the thought.

7 Men seeking joy have lit thee worshipped from of old, O Agni, with good fuel and with sacred oil.

So thou, bedewed and waxing mighty by the plants, spreadest thyself abroad over the realms of earth.

HYMN IX. Agni.

1. BEARING; oblations mortal men, O Agni, worship thee the God.

I deem thee Jatavedas: bear our offerings, thou, unceasingly.

2 In the man's home who offers gifts, where grass is trimmed, Agni is Priest,

To whom all sacrifices come and strengthenings that win renown.

3 Whom, as an infant newly-born, the kindling-sticks have brought to life,

Sustainer of the tribes of men, skilled in well-ordered sacrifice.

4 Yea, very hard art thou to grasp, like offspring of the wriggling snakes,

When thou consumest many woods like an ox, Agni, in the mead.

5 Whose flames, when thou art sending forth the smoke, completely reach the mark,

When Trta in the height of heaven, like as a smelter fanneth thee, e'en as a smelter sharpeneth thee.

6 O Agni, by thy succour and by Mitra's friendly furtherance,

May we, averting hate, subdue the wickedness of mortal men.

7 O Agni, to our heroes bring such riches, thou victorious God.

May he protect and nourish us, and help in aining strength: be thou near us in 6rht for our success.

HYMN X. Agni.

1. BRING us most mighty splendour thou, Agni, resistless on thy way.

With overflowing store of wealth mark out for us a path to strength.

2 Ours art thou, wondrous Agni, bywisdom and bounteousness of power.

The might of Asuras rests on thee, like Mitra worshipful in act.

3 Agni, increase our means of life, increase the house and home of these,

The men, the princes who have won great riches through our hymns of praise.

4 Bright Agni, they who deck their songs for thee have horses as their meed.

The men are mighty in their might, they whose high laud, as that of heaven, awakes thee of its own accord.

5 O Agni, those resplendent flames of thine go valorously forth,

Like lightnings flashing round us, like a rattling car that seeks the spoil.

6 Now, Agni, come to succour us; let priests draw nigh to offer gifts;

And let the patrons of our rites subdue all regions of the earth.

7 Bring to us, Agni, Angiras, lauded of old and

lauded now,
Invoker! wealth to quell the strong, that singers
may extol thee. Be near us in fight for our
success.

HYMN XI. Agni.

1. THE watchful Guardian of the people hath
been born, Agni, the very strong, for fresh
prosperity.

With oil upon his face, with high
heaventouching flame, he shineth splendidly,
pure, for the Bharatas.

2 Ensign of sacrifice, the earliest Household-
Priest, the men have kindled Agni in his
threefold seat,

With Indra and the Gods together on the grass
let the wise Priest sit to complete the sacrifice.

3 Pure, unadorned, from thy two Mothers art
thou born: thou camest from Vivasvan as a
charming Sage.

With oil they strengthened thee, O Agni,
worshipped God: thy banner was the smoke that
mounted to the sky.

4 May Agni graciously come to our sacrifice.
The men bear Agni here and there in every
house.

He hath become an envoy, bearer of our gifts:
electing Agni, men choose one exceeding wise.

5 For thee, O Agni, is this sweetest prayer of
mine: dear to thy spirit be this product of my
thought.

As great streams fill the river so our song of
praise fill thee, and make thee yet more mighty
in thy strength.

6 O Agni, the Angirases discovered thee what
time thou layest hidden, fleeing back from wood
to wood.

Thou by attrition art produced as conquering
might, and men, O Angiras, call thee the Son of
Strength.

HYMN XII. Agni.

I. To Agni, lofty Asura, meet for worship, Steer
of eternal Law, my prayer I offer;

I bring my song directed to the Mighty like pure
oil for his mouth at sacrifices.

2 Mark the Law, thou who knowest, yea,
observe it: send forth the full streams of eternal
Order.

I use no sorcery with might or falsehood the
sacred Law of the Red Steer I follow.

3 How hast thou, follower of the Law eternal,
become the knower of a new song, Agni?
The God, the Guardian of the seasons, knows
me: the Lord of him who won this wealth I
know not.

4 Who, Agni, in alliance with thy foeman, what
splendid helpers won for them their riches?
Agni, who guard the dwelling-place of
falsehood? Who are protectors of the speech of
liars?

5 Agni, those friends of thine have turned them
from thee: gracious of old, they have become
ungracious.
They have deceived themselves by their own
speeches, uttering wicked words against the
righteous.

6 He who pays sacrifice to thee with homage, O
Agni, keeps the Red Steer's Law eternal;
Wide is his dwelling. May the noble offspring of
Nahusa who wandered forth come hither.

HYMN XIII. Agni.

1. WITH songs of praise we call on thee, we
kindle thee with songs of praise,
Agni, -with songs of praise, for help.

2 Eager for wealth, we meditate Agni's effectual
praise to-day,
Praise of the God who touches heaven.

3 May Agni, Priest among mankind, take
pleasure in our songs of praise,
And worship the Celestial Folk.

4 Thou, Agni, art spread widely forth, Priest
dear and excellent; through thee
Men make the sacrifice complete.

5 Singers exalt thee, Agni, well lauded, best
giver of our strength:
So grant thou us heroic might.

6 Thou Agni, as the felly rings the spokes,
encompasses the Gods.

1 yearn for bounty manifold.

HYMN XIV. Agni.

1. ENKINDLING the Immortal, wake Agni
with song of praise: may he bear our oblations

to the Gods.
2 At high solemnities mortal men glorify him
the Immortal, best
At sacrifice among mankind.
3 That he may bear their gifts to heaven, all
glorify him Agni, God,
With ladle that distilleth oil.
4 Agni shone bright when born, with light
killing the Dasyus and the dark:
He found the Kine, the Floods, the Sun.
5 Serve Agni, God adorable, the Sage whose
back is balmed with oil:
Let him approach, and hear my call.
6 They have exalted Agni, God of all mankind,
with oil and hymns
Of praise, devout and eloquent.

HYMN XV. Agni.

1. To him, the far-renowned, the wise Ordainer,
ancient and glorious, a song I offer.
Enthroned in oil, the Asura, bliss-giver, is Agni,
firm support of noble, riches.
2 By holy Law they kept supporting Order, by
help of sacrifice, in loftiest heaven,-
They who attained with born men to the unborn,
men seated on that stay, heaven's firm sustainer.
3 Averting woe, they labour hard to bring him,
the ancient, plenteous food as power resistless.
May he, born newly, conquer his assailants:
round him they stand as round an angry lion.
4 When, like a mother, spreading forth to
nourish, to cherish and regard each man that
liveth,-
Consuming all the strength that thou hast gotten,
thou wanderest round, thyself,
in varied fashion.
5 May strength preserve the compass of thy
vigour, God! that broad stream of thine that
beareth riches.
Thou, like a thief who keeps his refuge secret,
hast holpen Atri to great wealth, by teaching.

HYMN XVI. Agni.

1. GREAT power is in the beam of light, sing
praise to, Agni, to the God
Whom men have set in foremost place like
Mitra with their eulogies.
2 He by the splendour of his arms is Priest of
every able man.

Agni conveys oblation straight, and deals, as
Bhaga deals, his boons.

3 All rests upon the laud and love of him the
rich, high-flaming God,

On whom, loud-roaring, men have laid great
strength as on a faithful friend.

4 So, Agni, be the Friend of these with liberal
gift of hero strength.

Yea, Heaven and Earth have not surpassed this
Youthful One in glorious fame.

5 O Agni, quickly come to us, and, glorified,
bring precious wealth.

So we and these our princes will assemble for
the good of all. Be near in fight to prosper us.

HYMN XVII. Agni.

1. GOD, may a mortal call the Strong hither,
with solemn rites, to aid,

A man call Agni to protect when sacrifice is
well prepared.

2 Near him thou seemest mightier still in native
glory, set to hold

Apart yon flame-hued vault of heaven, lovely
beyond the thought of man.

3 Yea, this is by the light of him whom
powerful siong hath bound to act,

Whose bearns of splendour flash on high as
though they sprang from heavenly seed.

4 Wealth loads the Wonder-Worker's car
through his, the very wise One's power.

Then, meet to be invoked among all tribes, is
Agni ghorified.

5 Now, too, the princes shall obtain excellent
riches by our lips.

Protect us for our welfare: lend thy succour, O
thou Son of Strength. Be near in fight to prosper
us.

HYMN XVIII. Agni.

1. AT dawn let: Agni, much-beloved guest of
the house, be glorified;

Immortal who delights in all oblations brought
by mortal men.

2 For Dvita who receives through wealth of
native strength maimed offerings,

Thy praiser even gains at once the Soma-drops,
Immortal Gods!

3 Nobles, with song I call that car of yours that
shines with lengthened life,

For, God who givest steeds! that car hither and
thither goes unharmed.

4 They who have varied ways of thought, who
guard, the lauds within their lips,
And strew the grass before the light, have
decked themselves with high renown.

5 Immortal Agni, give the chiefs, heroes who
institute the rite,
Heroes' illustrious, lofty fame, who at the synod
met for praise presented me with fifty steeds.

HYMN XIX. Agni.

1. ONE state begets another state: husk is made
visible from husk:

Within his Mother's side he speaks.

2 Discerning, have they offered gifts: they guard
the strength that never wastes.

To a strong fort have they pressed in.

3 Svaitreya's people, all his men, have
gloriously increased in might.

A gold chain Brhaduktha wears, as, through this
Soma, seeking spoil.

4 I bring, as 'twere, the longed-for milk, the dear
milk of the Sister-Pair.

Like to a caldron filled with food is he,
unconquered, conquering all.

5 Beam of light, come to us in sportive fashion,
finding thyself close to the wind that fans thee.

These flames of his are wasting flames, like
arrows keen-pointed, sharpened, on his breast.

HYMN XX. Agni.

1. AGNI, best winner of the spoil, cause us to
praise before the Gods

As our associate meet for lauds, wealth which
thou verily deemest wealth.

2 Agni, the great who ward not off the anger of
thy power and might

Stir up the wrath and hatred due to one who
holds an alien creed.

3 Thee, Agni, would we choose as Priest, the
perfecter of strength and skill;

We who bring sacred food invoke with song
thee Chief at holy rites.

4 Here as is needful for thine aid we toil, O
Conqueror, day by day,

For wealth, for Law. May we rejoice, Most
Wise One! at the feast, with kine, rejoice, with

heroes, at the feast.

HYMN XXI. Agni.

1. WE stablish thee as Manus used, as Manus
used we kindle thee.

Like Manus, for the pious man , Angiras, Agni,
worship Gods.

2 For well, O Agni, art thou pleased when thou
art kindled mid mankind.

Straight go the ladles unto thee, thou highborn
God whose food is oil.

3 Thee have all Gods of one accord established
as their messenger.

Serving at sacrifices men adore thee as a God, O
Sage.

4 Let mortal man adore your God, Agni, with
worship due to Gods.

Shine forth enkindled, Radiant One. Sit in the
chamber of the Law, sit in the chamber of the
food.

HYMN XXII. Agni.

1. LIKE Atri, Visvasaman! sing to him of
purifying light,

Who must be praised in holy rites, the Priest
most welcome in the house.

2 Set Jatavedas in his place, Agni the God and
Minister.

Let sacrifice proceed to-day duly, comprising all
the Gods.

3 All mortals come to thee for aid, the God of
most observant mind.

Of thine excelling favour we bethink us as we
long for it.

4 Mark with attention this our speech, O Agni,
thou victorious One.

Thee, Strong-jawed! as the homestead's Lord,
the Atris with their lauds exalt, the Atris
beautify with songs.

HYMN XXIII. Agni.

1. By thy fair splendour's mighty power, O
Agni, bring victorious wealth,
Wealth that o'ercometh all mankind, and, near
us, conquereth in fight.

2 Victorious Agni, bring to us the wealth that
vanquisheth in war;

For thou art wonderful and true, giver of
strength in herds of kine.
3 For all the folk with one accord, whose sacred
grass is trimmed and strewn,
Invite thee to their worship-halls, as a dear
Priest, for choicest wealth.
4 For he, the God of all men, hath gotten him
might that quelleth foes.
O Agni, in these homes shine forth, bright God!
for our prosperity, shine, Purifier! splendidly.

HYMN XXIV. Agni.

1. O AGNI, be our nearest Friend, be thou a
kind deliverer and a gracious Friend.
2 Excellent Agni, come thou nigh to us, and
give us wealth most splendidly renowned.
3 So hear us, listen to this call of ours, and keep
us far from every sinful man.
4 To thee then, O Most Bright, O Radiant God,
we come with prayer for happiness for our
friends.

HYMN XXV. Agni.

1. I WILL sing near, for grace, your God Agni,
for he is good to us.
Son of the Brands, may he give gifts, and,
righteous, save us from the foe.
2 For he is true, whpm men of old enkindled,
and the Gods themselves,
The Priest with the delicious tongue, rich with
the light of glorious beams.
3 With wisdom that surpasseth all, with
gracious will most excellent,
O Agni, worthy of our choice, shine wealth on
us through hymns of praise.
4 Agni is King, for he extends to mortals and to
Gods alike.
Agni is bearer of our gifts. Worship ye Agni
with your thoughts.
5 Agni gives to the worshipper a son, the best,
of mightiest fame,
Of deep devotion, ne'er subdued, bringer of
glory to his sire.
6 Agni bestows the hero-lord who conquers
with the men in fight.
Agni bestows the fleet-foot steed, the victor
never overcome.
7 The mightiest song is Agni's: shine on high,
thou who art rich in light.

Like the Chief Consort of a King, riches and
strength proceed -from thee.
8 Resplendent are thy rays of light: loud is thy
voice like pressing-stones.
Yea, of itself thy thunder goes forth like the
roaring of the heaven.
9 Thus, seeking riches, have we paid homage to
Agni Conqueror.
May he, most wise, as with a ship, carry us over
all our foes.

HYMN XXVI. Agni.

1. O AGNI, Holy and Divine, with splendour
and thy pleasant tongue
Bring hither and adore the Gods.
2 We pray thee, thou who droppest oil, bright-
rayed! who lookest on the Sun,
Bring the Gods hither to the feast.
3 We have enkindled thee, O Sage, bright caller
of the Gods to feast.
O Agni, great in Sacrifice.
4 O Agni, come with all the Gods, come to our
sacrificial gift:
We choose thee as Invoking Priest.
5 Bring, Agni, to the worshipper who pours the
juice, heroic strength:
Sit with the Gods upon the grass.
6 Victor of thousands, Agni, thou, enkindled,
cherishest the laws,
Laud-worthy, envoy of the Gods.
7 Set Agni Jatavedas down, the bearer of our
sacred gifts,
Most Youthful, God and Minister.
8 Duly proceed our sacrifice, comprising all the
Gods, to-day:
Strew holy grass to be their seat.
9 So may the Maruts sit thereon, the Asvins,
Mitra, Varuna:
The Gods with all their company.

HYMN XXVII. Agni.

1. THE Godlike hero, famousest of nobles, hath
granted me two oxen with a wagon.
Trvrsan's son Tryaruna hath distinguished
himself, Vaisvanara Agni! with ten thousands.
2 Protect Tryaruna, as thou art waxing strong
and art highly praised, Vaisvanara Agni!
Who granteth me a hundred kine and twenty,
and two bay horses, good at draught, and

harnessed.

3 So Trasadasyu served thee, God Most
Youthful, craving thy favour for the ninth time,
Agni;

Tryaruya who with attentive spirit accepteth
many a song from me the mighty.

4 He who declares his wish to me, to
Asvamedha, to the Prince,
Pays him who with his verse seeks gain, gives
power to him who keeps the Law.

5 From whom a hundred oxen, all of speckled
hue, delight my heart,
The gifts of Asvamedha, like thrice-mingled
draughts of Soma juice.

6 To Asvamedha who bestows a hundred gifts
grant hero power,
O Indra-Agni! lofty rule like the unwasting Sun
in heaven.

HYMN XXVIII. Agni.

1. AGNI inflamed hath sent to heaven his lustre:
he shines forth widely turning unto Morning.
Eastward the ladle goes that brings all blessing,
praising the Godswith homage and oblation.

2 Enkindled, thou art King of the immortal
world: him who brings offerings thou attendest
for his weal.

He whom thou urgest on makes all possessions
his: he sets before thee, Agni, gifts that guests
may claim.

3 Show thyself strong for mighty bliss, O Agni,
most excellent be thine effulgent splendours.
Make easy to maintain our household lordship,
and overcome the might of those who hate us.

4 Thy glory, Agni, I adore, kindled, exalted in
thy strength.

A Steer of brilliant splendour, thou art lighted
well at sacred rites.

5 Agni, invoked and kindled, serve the Gods,
thou skilled in sacrifice:

For thou art bearer of our gifts.

6 Invoke and worship Agni while the sacrificial
rite proceeds:

For offering-bearer choose ye him.

HYMN XXIX. Agni.

1. MAN'S worship of the Gods hath three great
lustres, and three celestial lights have they
established

The Maruts gifted with pure strength adore thee,
for thou, O Indra, art their sapient Rsi.

2 What time the Maruts sang their song to Indra,
joyous when he had drunk of Soma juices,
He grasped his thunderbolt to slay the Dragon,
and loosed, that they might flow, the youthful
Waters.

3 And, O ye Brahmans, Maruts, so may Indra
drink draughts of this my carefully pressed
Soma;

For this oblation found for man the cattle, and
Indra, having quaffed it, slew the Dragon.

4 Then heaven and earth he sundered and
supported: wrapped even in these he struck the
Beast with terror.

So Indra forced the Engulfer to disgorgement,
and slew the Danava. panting against him.

5 Thus all the Gods, O Maghavan, delivered to
thee of their free will the draught of Soma;
When thou for Etasa didst cause to tarry the
flying mares of Surya racing forward.

6 When Maghavan with the thunderbolt
demolished his nine-and-ninety castles all
together,

The Maruts, where they met, glorified Indra: ye
with the Tristup hymn obstructed heaven.

7 As friend to aid a friend, Agni dressed quickly
three hundred buffaloes, even as he willed it.

And Indra, from man's gift, for Vrtra's slaughter,
drank ofr at once three lakes of pressed-out
Soma.

8 When thou three hundred buffaloes' flesh
hadst eaten, and drunk, as Maghavan, three
lakes of Soma,

All the Gods raised as 'twere a shout of triumph
to Indra praise because he slew the Dragon.

9 What time ye came with strong steeds swiftly
speeding, O Usana and Indra, to the dwelling,
Thou camest thither -conquering together with
Kutsa and the Gods: thou slewest Susna.

10 One car-wheel of the Sun thou rolledst
forward, and one thou settest free to move for
Kutsa.

Thou slewest noseless Dasyus with thy weapon,
and in their home o'erthrewest hostile speakers.

11 The lauds of Gauriviti made thee mighty to
Vidathin's son, as prey, thou gavest Pipru.
Rjisivan drew thee into friendship dressing the

sacred food, and thou hast drunk his Soma.
12 Navagvas and Dasgvas with libations of
Soma juice sing hymns of praise to Indra.
Labouring at their task the men laid open the
stall of Kine though firmly closed and fastened.
13 How shall I serve thee, Maghavan, though
knowing full well what hero deeds thou hast
accomplished?
And the fresh deeds which thou wilt do, Most
Mighty! these, too, will we tell forth in sacred
synods.
14 Resistless from of old through hero courage,
thou hast done all these many acts, O Indra.
What thou wilt do in bravery, Thunder-wielder!
none is there who may hinder this thy prowess.
15 Indra, accept the prayers which now are
offered, accept the new prayers, Mightiest!
which we utter.
Like fair and well-made robes, I, seeking riches,
as a deft craftsman makes a car, have wrought
them.

HYMN XXX. Indra.

1. WHERE is that Hero? Who hath looked on
Indra borne on light-rolling car by Tawny
Coursers,
Who, Thunderer, seeks with wealth the Soma-
presser, and to his house goes, much-invoked, to
aid him?
2 I have beheld his strong and secret dwelling,
longing have sought the Founder's habitation.
I asked of others, and they said in answer, May
we, awakened men, attain to Indra.
3 We will tell, Indra, when we pour libation,
what mighty deeds thou hast performed to
please us.
Let him who knows not learn, who knows them
listen: hither rides Maghavan with all his army.
4 Indra, when born, thou madest firm thy spirit:
alone thou seekest war to fight with many.
With might thou clavest e'en the rock asunder,
and foundest out the stable of the Milch-kine.
5 When thou wast born supremest at a distance,
bearing a name renowned in far-off regions,
Since then e'en Gods have been afraid of Indra:
he conquered all the floods which served the
Dasa.
6 These blissful Maruts sing their psalm to

praise thee, and pour to thee libation of the Soma.

Indra with wondrous powers subdued the Dragon, the guileful lurker who beset the waters.

7 Thou, Maghavan, from the first didst scatter foemen, speeding, while joying in the milk, the Giver.

There, seeking man's prosperity, thou torest away the head of Namuci the Dasa.

8 Pounding the head of Namuci the Dasa, me, too thou madest thine associate, Indra!

Yea, and the rolling stone that is in heaven both worlds, as on a car, brought to the Maruts.

9 Women for weapons hath the Dasa taken, What injury can his feeble armies To me?

Well he distinguished his two different voices, and Indra then advanced to fight the Dasyu.

10 Divided from their calves the Cows went lowing around, on every side, hither and thither.

These Indra re-united with his helpers, what time the well-pressed Soma made him joyful.

11 What time the Somas mixed by Babhru cheered him, loud the Steer bellowed in his habitations.

So Indra drank thereof, the Fort-destroyer, and gave him guerdon, in return, of milch-kine.

12 This good deed have the Rusamas done, Agni! that they have granted me four thousand cattle.

We have received Rnancaya's wealth, of heroes the most heroic, which was freely offered.

13 The Rusamas, O Agni, sent me homeward with fair adornment and with kine in thousands.

The strong libations have made Indra joyful, when night, whose course was ending, changed to morning.

14 Night, well-nigh ended, at Rnancaya's coming, King of the Rusamas, was changed to morning.

Like a strong courser, fleet of foot, urged onward, Babhru hath gained four thousand as his guerdon.

15 We have received four thousand head of cattle presented by the Rusamas, O Agni.

And we, the singers, have received the caldron of metal which was heated for Pravargya.

HYMN XXXI. Indra.

1. MAGHAVAN Indra turns his chariot
downward, the strength-displaying car which he
hath mounted.

Even as a herdsman driveth forth his cattle, he
goeth, first, uninjured, fain for treasure.

2. Haste to us, Lord of Bays; be not ungracious:
visit us, lover of gold-hued oblation.

There is naught else better than thou art, Indra:
e'en to the wifeless hast thou given spouses.

3 When out of strength arose the strength that
conquers, Indra displayed all powers that he
possesses.

Forth from the cave he drove the milky mothers,
and with the light laid bare investing darkness.

4. Anus have wrought a chariot for thy Courser,
and Tvastar, Much-invoked! thy bolt that
glitters.

The Brahmans with their songs exalting Indra
increased his strength that he might slaughter
Ahi.

5 When heroes sang their laud to thee the Hero,
Indra! and stones and Aditi accordant,
Without or steed or chariot were the fellies
which, sped by Indra, rolled upon the Dasytis.

6 I will declare thine exploits wrought
aforetime, and, Maghavan, thy deeds of late
achievement,

When, Lord of Might, thou sunderedst earth and
heaven, winning for man the moistly-gleaming
waters.

7 This is thy deed, e'en this, Wonderful! Singer!
that, slaying Ahi, here thy strength thou
showedst,

Didst check and stay e'en gusna's wiles and
magic, and, drawing nigh, didst chase away the
Dasytis.

8 Thou, Indra, on the farther bank forYadu and
Turvaga didst stay the gushing waters.

Ye both assailed the fierce: thou barest Kutsa:
when Gods and Usana came to you together.

9 Let the steeds bring you both, Indra and
Kutsa, borne on the chariot within hearing-
distance.

Ye blew him from the waters, from his
dwelling, and chased the darkness from the
noble's spirit.

10 Even this sage hath come looking for

succour even to Vata's docile harnessed horses.
Here are the Maruts, all, thy dear companions:
prayers have increased thy power and might, O
Indra.

11 When night was near its close he carried
forward e'en the Sun's chariot backward in its
running.

Etaga brought his wheel and firmly stays it:
setting it eastward he shall give us courage.

12 This Indra, O ye men, hath come to see you,
seeking a friend who hath expressed the Soma.
The creaking stone is laid upon the altar, and the
Adhvaryus come to turn it quickly.

13 Let mortals who were happy still be happy;
let them not come to sorrow, O Immortal.
Love thou the pious, and to these thy people-
with whom may we be numbered-give thou
vigour.

HYMN XXXII. Indra.

1. THE well thou clavest, settest free the
fountains, and gavest rest to floods that were
obstructed.

Thou, Indra, laying the great mountain open,
slaying the Danava, didst loose the torrents.

2 The fountain-depths obstructed in their
seasons, thou, Thunderer! madest flow, the
mountain's udder.

Strong Indra, thou by slaying e'en the Dragon
that lay extended there hast shown thy vigour.

3 Indra with violence smote down the weapon,
yea, even of that wild and mighty creature.
Although he deemed himself alone unequalled,
another had been born e'en yet more potent.

4 Him, whom the heavenly food of these
delighted, child of the mist, strong waxing,
couched in darkness,

Him the bolt-hurling Thunderer with his
lightning smote down and slew, the Danava's
wrath-fire, Susna.

5 Though he might ne'er be wounded still his
vitals felt that, the God's bolt, which his powers
supported,

When, after offered draughts, Strong Lord, thou
laidest him, fain to battle, in the pit in darkness.

6 Him as he lay there huge in length extended,
still waxing in the gloom which no sun
lightened,

Him, after loud-voiced threats, the Hero Indra,
rejoicing in the poured libation, slaughtered.
7 When 'gainst the mighty Danava his weapon
Indra uplifted, power which none could combat,
When at the hurling of his bolt he smote him, he
made him lower than all living creatures.
8 The fierce God seized that huge and restless
coiler, insatiate, drinker of the sweets,
recumbent,
And with his mighty weapon in his dwelling
smote down the footless evil-speaking ogre.
9 Who may arrest his strength or cheek his
vigour? Alone, resistless, he bears off all riches.
Even these Twain, these Goddesses, through
terror of Indra's might, retire from his dominion.
10 E'en the Celestial Axe bows down before
him, and the Earth, lover-like, gives way to
Indra.
As he imparts all vigour to these people,
straightway the folk bend them to him the
Godlike.
11 I hear that thou wast born sole Lord of
heroes of the Five Races, famed among the
people.
As such my wishes have most lately grasped
him, invoking Indra both at eve and morning.
12 So, too, I hear of thee as in due season urging
to action and enriching singers.
What have thy friends received from thee, the
Brahmans who, faithful, rest their hopes on
thee, O Indra?

HYMN XXXIII. Indra.

1. GREAT praise to Indra, great and strong mid
heroes, I ponder thus, the feeble to the Mighty,
Who with his band shows favour to this people,
when lauded, in the fight where spoil is
gathered.
2 So made attentive by our hymns, Steer! Indra!
thou fastenedst the girth of thy Bay Coursers,
Which, Maghavan, at thy will thou drivest
hither. With these subdue for us the men who
hate us.
3 They were not turned to us-wtrd, lofty Indra!
while yet through lack of prayer they stood
unharnessed.
Ascend this chariot, thou whose hand wields
thunder, and draw the rein, O Lord of noble

horses.

4 Thou, because many lauds are thine, O Indra,
wast active warring in the fields
for cattle.

For Surya in his own abode thou, Hero,
formedst in fights even a Dasa's nature.

5 Thine are we, Indra; thine are all these people,
conscious of might, whose cars are set in
motion.

Some hero come to us, O Strong as Ahi
beauteous in war, to be invoked like Bhaga.

6 Strength much to be desired is in thee, Indra:
the Immortal dances forth his hero exploits.
Such, Lord of Treasure, give us splendid riches.
I praise the Friend's gift, his whose wealth is
mighty.

7 Thus favour us, O Indra, with thy succour;
Hero, protect the bards who sing thy praises.
Be friendly in the fray to those who offer the
skin of beautiful and well-pressed Soma.

8 And these ten steeds which Trasadasyu gives
me, the goldrich chief, the son of Purukutsa,
Resplendent in their brightness shall convey me.
Gairiksita willed it and so came I hither.

9 And these, bestowed as sacrificial guerdon,
the powerful tawny steeds of Marutasva;
And thousands which kind Cyavatana gave me,
abundantly bestowed for my adornment.

10 And these commended horses, bright and
active, by Dhvanya son of Laksmana presented,
Came unto me, as cows into the Rsi
Samvarana's stall, with magnitude of riches.

HYMN XXXIV. Indra.

1. BOUNDLESS and wasting not, the heavenly
food of Gods goes to the foeless One, doer of
wondrous deeds.

Press out, make ready, offer gifts with special
zeal to him whom many laud, accepter of the
prayer.

2 He who filled full his belly with the Soma's
juice, Maghavan, was delighted with the meath's
sweet draught,

When Usana, that he might slay the monstrous
beast, gave him the mighty weapon with a
thousand points.

3 Illustrious is the man whoever presseth out

Soma for him in sunshine or in cloud and rain.
The mighty Maghavan who is the sage's Friend
advanceth more and more his beauteous
progeny.

4 The Strong God doth not flee away from him
whose sire, whose mother or whose brother he
hath done to death.

He, the Avenger, seeketh this man's offered
gifts: this God, the source of riches, doth not
flee from sin.

5 He seeks no enterprise with five or ten to aid,
nor stays with him who pours no juice though
prospering well.

The Shaker conquers or slays in this way or
that, and to the pious gives a stable full of kine.

6 Exceeding strong in war he stays the chariot
wheel, and, hating him who pours not, prospers
him who pours.

Indra the terrible, tamer of every man, as Arya
leads away the Dasa at his will.

7 He gathers up for plunder all the niggard's
gear: excellent wealth he gives to him who
offers gifts.

Not even in wide stronghold may all the folk
stand firm who have provoked to anger his
surpassing might.

8 When Indra Maghavan hath marked two
wealthy men fighting for beauteous cows with
all their followers,

He who stirs all things takes one as his close
ally, and, Shaker, with his Heroes, sends the
kine to him.

9 Agni! I laud the liberal Agnivesi, Satri the
type and standard of the pious.

May the collected waters yield him plenty, and
his be powerful and bright dominion.

HYMN XXXV. Indra.

1. INDRA, for our assistance bring that most
effectual power of thine,
Which conquers men for us, and wins the spoil,
invincible in fight.

2 Indra, whatever aids be thine, four be they, or,
O Hero, three,
Or those of the Five Tribes of men, bring
quickly all that help to us.

3 The aid most excellent of thee the Mightiest
hitherward we call,

For thou wast born with hero might, conquering,
Indra, with the Strong.

4 Mighty to prosper us wast thou born, and
mighty is the strength thou hast.

In native power thy soul is firm: thy valour,
Indra, slays a host.

5 O Satakratu, Lord of Strength, O Indra, Caster
of the Stone.

With all thy chariot's force assail the man who
shows himself thy foe.

6 For, Mightiest Vrtra-slayer, thee, fierce,
foremost among many, folk

Whose sacred grass is trimmed invite to battle
where the spoil is won.

7 Indra, do thou protect our car that mingles
foremost in the fights,

That bears its part in every fray, invincible and
seeking spoil.

8 Come to us, Indra, and protect our car with
thine intelligence.

May we, O Mightiest One, obtain excellent
fame at break of day, and meditate our hymn at
dawn.

HYMN XXXVI. Indra.

1. MAY Indra come to us, he who knows rightly
to give forth treasures from his store of riches.

Even as a thirsty steer who roams the deserts
may he drink eagerly the milked-out Soma.

2 Lord of Bay Horses, Hero, may the Soma rise
to thy cheeks and jaws like mountain-ridges.

May we, O King, as he who driveth coursers, all
joy in thee with hymns, invoked of many!

3 Invoked of many, Caster of the Stone my
heart quakes like a rolling wheel for fear of
penury.

Shall not Puruvasu the singer give thee praise, O
ever-prospering Maghavan, mounted on thy
car?

4 Like the press-stone is this thy praiser, Indra.

Loudly he lifts his voice with strong endeavour.

With thy left hand, O Maghavan, give us riches:
with thy right, Lord of Bays, be not reluctant.

5 May the strong Heaven make thee the Strong
wax stronger: Strong, thou art borne by thy two
strong Bay Horses.

So, fair of cheek, with mighty chariot, mighty,
uphold us, strong-willed, thunderarmed, in

battle.

6 Maruts, let all the people in obeisance bow
down before this youthful Srutaratha,
Who, rich in steeds, gave me two dark red
horses together with three hundred head of
cattle.

HYMN XXXVII. Indra.

1. BEDEWED with holy oil and meetly
worshipped, the Swift One vies with Surya's
beam in splendour.

For him may mornings dawn without cessation
who saith, Let us press Soma out for Indra.

2 With kindled fire and strewn grass let him
worship, and, Soma-presser, sing with stones
adjusted:

And let the priest whose press-stones ring forth
loudly, go down with his oblation to the river.

3 This wife is coming near who loves her
husband who carries to his home a vigorous
consort.

Here may his car seek fame, here loudly
thunder, and his wheel make a thousand
revolutions.

4 No troubles vex that King in whose home
Indra drinks the sharp Soma juice with milk
commingled.

With heroes he drives near, he slays the foeman:
Blest, cherishing that name, he guards his
people.

5 May he support in peace and win in battle: he
masters both the hosts that meet together.
Dear shall he be to Surya, dear to Agni, who
with pressed Soma offers gifts to India.

HYMN XXXVIII. Indra.

1. WIDE, Indra Satakratu, spreads the bounty of
thine ample grace:

So, Lord of fair dominion, Friend of all men,
give us splendid wealth.

2 The food which, Mightiest Indra, thou
possessest worthy of renown
Is bruited as most widely famed, invincible, O
Golden-hued!

3 O Darter of the Stone, the powers which
readily obey thy will,-
Divinities, both thou and they, ye rule, to guard
them, earth and heaven.

4 And from whatever power of thine, O Vrtra-

slayer, it may be,
Bring thou to us heroic strength: thou hast a
man's regard for us.
5 In thy protection, with these aids of thine, O
Lord of Hundred Powers,
Indra, may we be guarded well, Hero, may we
be guarded well.

HYMN XXXIX. Indra.

1. STONE-DARTING Indra. Wondrous One,
what wealth is richly given from thee,
That bounty, Treasure-Finder! bring filling both
thy hands, to us.
2 Bring what thou deemest worth the wish, O
Indra, that which is in heaven.
So may we know thee as thou art, boundless in
thy munificence.
3 Thy lofty spirit, far-renowned as fain to give
and prompt to win,-
With this thou rendest e'en the firm, Stone-
Darter! so to gain thee strength.
4 Singers with many songs have made Indra
propitious to their fame,
Him who is King of human kind, most liberal of
your wealthy ones.
5 To him, to Indra must be sung the poet's word,
the hymn of praise.
To him, acceptor of the prayer, the Atris raise
their songs on high, the Atris beautify their
songs.

HYMN XL. Indra. Surya. Atri.

1. COME thou to what the stones have pressed,
drink Soma, O thou Soma's Lord,
Indra best Vrtra-slayer Strong One, with the
Strong.
2 Strong is the stone, the draught is strong,
strong is this Soma that is pressed,
Indra, best Vrtra-slayer, Strong One with the
Strong.
3 As strong I call on thee the Strong, O
Thunder-armed, with various aids,
Indra, best Vrtra-slayer, Strong One with the
Strong.
4 Impetuous, Thunderer, Strong, quelling the
mighty, King, potent, Vrtra-slayer, Soma-
drinker,
May he come hither with his yoked Bay Horses;
may Indra gladden him at the noon libation.

5 O Surya, when the Asura's descendant
Svarbhanu, pierced thee through and through
with darkness,
All creatures looked like one who is bewildered,
who knoweth not the place where he is standing.
6 What time thou smotest down Svarbhanu's
magic that spread itself beneath the sky, O
Indra,
By his fourth sacred prayer Atri discovered
Surya concealed in gloom that stayed his
function.
7 Let not the oppressor with this dread, through
anger swallow me up, for I am thine, O Atri.
Mitra art thou, the sender of true blessings: thou
and King Varuna be both my helpers.
8 The Brahman Atri, as he set the press-stones,
serving the Gods with praise and adoration,
Established in the heaven the eye of Surya, and
caused Svarbhanu's magic arts to vanish.
9 The Atris found the Sun again, him whom
Svarbhanu of the brood
Of Asuras had pierced with gloom. This none
besides had power to do.

HYMN XLI. Visvedevas

1. WHO, Mitra-Varuna, is your pious servant to
give you gifts from earth or mighty heaven?
Preserve us in the seat of holy Order, and give
the offerer power that winneth cattle.
2 May Mitra, Varuna, Aryaman, and Ayu, Indra
Rbhuksan, and the Maruts, love us,
And they who of one mind with bounteous
Rudra accept the hymn and laud with
adorations.
3 You will I call to feed the car-horse, Asvins,
with the wind's flight swiftest of those who
travel:
Or also to the Asura of heaven, Worshipful,
bring a hymn as 'twere libation.
4 The heavenly Victor, he whose priest is
Kanva, Trta with Dyaus accordant, Vata, Agni,
All-feeding Pusan, Bhaga sought the oblation,
as they whose steeds are fleetest seek the
contest.
5 Bring ye your riches forward borne on horses:
let thought be framed for help and gain of
treasure.
Blest he the priest of Ausija through courses, the

courses which are yours the fleet, O Maruts.

6 Bring hither him who yokes the car, your
Vayu, who praises with his songs, the God and
Singer;

And, praying and devout, noble and prudent,
may the Gods' Spouses in their thoughts retain
us.

7 I speed to you with powers that should be
honoured, with songs distinguishing Heaven's
mighty Daughters,

Morning and Night, the Two, as 'twere all-
knowing: these bring the sacrifice unto the
mortal.

8 You I extol, the nourishers of heroes bringing
you gifts, Vastospati and Tvastar-

Rich Dhisana accords through our obeisance -
and Trees and Plants, for the swift gain of riches.

9 Ours be the Parvatas, even they, for offspring,
free-moving, who are Heroes like the Vasus.

May holy Aptya, Friend of man, exalted,
strengthen our word for ever and be near us.

10 Trta praised him, germ of the earthly hero,
with pure songs him the Offspring of the
Waters.

Agn; with might neighs loudly like a charger: he
of the flaming hair destroys the forests.

11 How shall we speak to the great might of
Rudra? How speak to Bhaga who takes thought
for riches?

May Plants, the Waters, and the Sky preserve
us, and Woods and Mountains with their trees
for tresses.

12 May the swift Wanderer, Lord of
refreshments listen to our songs, who speeds
through cloudy heaven:

And may the Waters, bright like castles, hear us,
as they flow onward from the cloven mountain.

13 We know your ways, ye Mighty Ones
receiving choice meed, ye Wonderful, we will
proclaim it.

Even strong birds descend not to the mortal who
strives to reach them with swift blow and
weapons.

14 Celestial and terrestrial generations, and
Waters will I summon to the feasting.

May days with bright dawns cause my songs to
prosper, and may the conquered streams
increase their waters.

15 Duly to each one hath my laud been offered.
Strong be Varutri with her powers to succour.
May the great Mother Rasa here befriend us,
straight-handed, with the princes, striving
forward.

16 How may we serve the Liberal Ones with
worship, the Maruts swift of course in
invocation, the Maruts far-renowned in
invocation?

Let not the Dragon of the Deep annoy us, and
gladly may he welcome our addresses.

17 Thus thinking, O ye Gods, the mortal wins
you to give him increase of his herds of cattle:
the mortal wins him, O ye Gods, your favour.
Here he wins wholesome food to feed this body:
as for mine old age, Nirrti consume it

18 O Gods, may we obtain from you this favour,
strengthening food through the Cow's praise, ye
Vasus.

May she who gives good gifts, the gracious
Goddess, come speeding nigh to us for our
well-being.

19 May Ila, Mother of the herds of cattle, and
Urvashi with all the streams accept us;
May Urvashi in lofty heaven accepting, as she
partakes the oblation of the living,

20 Visit us while she shares Urjavya's food.

HYMN XLII. Visvedevas.

1. Now may our sweetest song with deep
devotion reach Varuna, Mitra, Aditi, and Bhaga.
May the Five Priests' Lord, dwelling in
oblations, bliss-giving Asura, hear, whose paths
are open.

2 May Aditi welcome, even as a mother her
dear heart-gladdening son, my song that lauds
her.

The prayer they love, bliss-giving, God-
appointed, I offer unto Varuna and Mitra.

3 In spirit him, the Sagest of the Sages; with
sacrificial oil and meath bedew him

So then let him, God Savitar, provide us
excellent, ready, and resplendent treasures.

4 With willing mind, Indra, vouchsafe us cattle,
prosperity, Lord of Bays! and pious patrons;
And, with the sacred prayer by Gods appointed,
give us the holy Deities' lovingkindness.

5 God Bhaga, Savitar who deals forth riches,
Indra, and they who conquer Vrtra's treasures,
And Vaja and Rbhuksan and Purandhi, the
Mighty and Immortal Ones, protect us!
6 Let us declare his deeds, the undecaying
unrivalled Victor whom the Maruts follow.
None of old times, O Maghavan, nor later, none
of these days hath reached thy hero prowess.
7 Praise him the Chief who gives the boon of
riches, Brhaspati distributor of treasures,
Who, blessing most the man who sings and
praises, comes with abundant wealth to his
invoker.
8 Tended, Brhaspati, with thy protections, the
princes are unharmed and girt by heroes.
Wealth that brings bliss is found among the
givers of horses and of cattle and of raiment.
9 Make their wealth flee who, through our
hymns enjoying their riches, yield us not an
ample guerdon.
Far from the sun keep those who hate devotion,
the godless, prospering in their vocation.
10 With wheelless chariots drive down him, O
Maruts, who at the feasts of Gods regards the
demons.
May he, though bathed in sweat, form empty
wishes, who blames his sacred rite who toils to
serve you.
11 Praise him whose bow is strong and sure his
arrow, him who is Lord of every balm that
bealeth.
Worship thou Rudra for his great good favour:
adore the Asura, God, with salutations.
12 May the House-friends, the cunning-handed
Artists, may the Steer's Wives, the streams
carved out by Vibhvan,
And may the fair Ones honour and befriend us,
Sarasvati, Brhaddiva, and Raka.
13 My newest song, thought that now springs
within me, I offer to the Great, the Sure
Protector,
Who made for us this All, in fond love laying
each varied form within his Daughter's bosom.
14 Now, even now, may thy fair praise, O
Singer, attain Idaspati who roars and thunders,
Who, rich in clouds and waters with his
lightning speeds forth bedewing both the earth
and heaven.

15 May this my laud attain the troop of Maruts,
those who are youths in act, the Sons of Rudra.
The wish calls me to riches and well-being:
praise the unwearied Ones whose steeds are
dappled.

16 May this my laud reach earth and air's mid-
region, and forest trees and plants to win me
riches.

May every Deity be swift to listen, and Mother
Earth with no ill thought regard me.

17 Gods, may we dwell in free untroubled bliss.

18 May we obtain the Asvins' newest favour,
and gain their health-bestowing happy guidance.
Bring riches hither unto us, and heroes, and all
felicity and joy, Immortals!

HYMN XLIII. Visvedevas.

1. MAY the Milch-cows who hasten to their
object come harmless unto us with liquid
sweetness.

The Singer, lauding, calls, for ample riches, the
Seven Mighty Ones who bring enjoyment.

2 With reverence and fair praise will I bring
hither, for sake of strength, exhaustless Earth
and Heaven.

Father and Mother, sweet of speech, fairhanded,
may they, far-famed, in every fight protect us.

3 Adhvaryus, make the sweet libations ready,
and bring the beautiful bright juice to Vayu.

God, as our Priest, be thou the first to drink it:
we give thee of the mead to make thee joyful.

4 Two arms-the Soma's dexterous immo. lators-
and the ten fingers set and fix the press-stone.
The stalk hath poured, fair with its spreading
branches, the mead's bright glittering juice that
dwells on mountains.

5 The Soma hath been pressed for thee, its
lover, to give thee power and might and high
enjoyment.

Invoked, turn hither in thy car, O Indra, at need,
thy two well-trained and dear Bay Horses.

6 Bring by God-traversed paths, accordant,
Agni, the great Aramati, Celestial Lady,
Exalted, worshipped with our gifts and homage,
who knoweth holy Law, to drink sweet Soma.

7 As on his father's lap the son, the darling, so
on the fire is set the sacred caldron,
Which holy singers deck, as if extending and

heating that which holds the fatty membrane.
 8 Hither, as herald to invite the Asvins, come
 the great lofty song, most sweet and pleasant!
 Come in one car, joy-givers! to the banquet, like
 the bolt binding pole and nave, come hither.
 9 I have declared this speech of adoration to
 mightiest Pusan and victorious Vayu,
 Who by their bounty are the hymns' inspirers,
 and of themselves give power as a possession.
 10 Invoked by us bring hither, jatavedas the
 Maruts all under their names and figures.
 Come to the sacrifice with aid all Maruts, all to
 the songs and praises of the singer!
 11 From high heaven may Sarasvati the Holy
 visit our sacrifice, and from the mountain.
 Eager, propitious, may the balmy Goddess hear
 our effectual speech, our invocation.
 12 Set in his seat the God whose back is dusky,
 Brhaspati the lofty, the Disposer.
 Him let us worship, set within the dwelling, the
 red, the golden-hued, the allresplendent.
 13 May the Sustainer, high in heaven, come
 hither, the Bounteous One, invoked, with all his
 favours,
 Dweller with Dames divine, with plants,
 unwearied, the Steer with triple horn, the life-
 bestower.
 14 The tuneful eloquent priests of him who
 liveth have sought the Mother's bright and
 loftiest station.
 As living men, with offered gifts and homage
 they deck the most auspicious Child to clothe
 him.
 15 Agni, great vital power is thine, the mighty:
 pairs waxing old in their devotion seek thee.
 May every Deity be swift to listen, and Mother
 Earth with no ill thought regard me.
 16 Gods, may we dwell in free untroubled bliss.
 17 May we obtain the Asvins' newest favour,
 and gain their health-bestowing happy guidance.
 Bring riches hither unto us, and heroes, and all
 felicity and joy, Immortals!

HYMN XLIV. Visvedevas.

1. As in the first old times, as all were wont, as
 now, he draweth forth the power turned
 hitherward with song,
 The Princedom throned on holy grass, who

findeth light, swift, conquering in the' plants
wherein he waxeth strong.

2 Shining to him who leaves heaven's regions
undisturbed, which to his sheen who is beneath
show fair in light,
Good guardian art thou, not to be deceived,
Most Wise! Far from deceits thy name dwelleth
in holy Law.

3 Truth waits upon oblation present and to
come: naught checks him in his way, this vic-
tory- bringing Priest:
The Mighty Child who glides along the sacred
grass, the undecaying Youth set in the midst of
plants.

4 These come, well-yoked, to you for
furtherance in the rite: down come the twinborn
strengtheners of Law for him,
With reins easily guided and commanding all.
In the deep fall the hide stealeth away their
names.

5 Thou, moving beauteously in visibly pregnant
ones, snatching with trees the branching plant
that grasps the juice,
Shinest, true Singer! mid the upholders of the
voice. Increase thy Consorts thou, lively at
sacrifice.

6 Like as he is beheld such is he said to be.
They with effectual splendour in the floods have
made
Earth yield us room enough and amply wide
extent, great might invincible, with store of hero
sons.

7 Surya the Sage, as if unwedded, with a
Spouse, in battle-loving spirit moveth o'er the
foes.

May he, self-excellent, grant us a sheltering
home, a house that wards the fierce heat off on
every side.

8 Thy name, sung forth by Rsis in these hymns
of ours, goes to the loftier One with this swift
mover's light.

By skill he wins the boon whereon his heart is
set: he who bestirs himself shall bring the thing
to pass.

9 The chief and best of these abideth in the sea,
nor doth libation fail wherein it is prolonged.
The heart of him who praiseth trembleth not in
fear there where the hymn is found connected

with the pure.

10 For it is he: with thought to of Ksatra,
Manasa, of Yajata, and Sadhri, and Evavada,
With Avatsara's sweet songs will we strive to
win the mightiest strength which even he who
knows should gain.

11 The Hawk is their full source, girth-
stretching rapturous drink of Visvavara, of
Mayin, and Yajata.

They ever seek a fresh draught so that they may
come, know when thy time to halt and drink thy
fill is near.

12 Sadaprna the holy, Tarya, Srutavit, and
Bahuvrkta, joined with you, have slain the foes.
He gains his wish in both the worlds and
brightly shines-when he adores the host with
well-advancing steeds.

13 The worshipper's defender is Sutambhara,
producer and uplifter of all holy thoughts.
The milch-cow brought, sweet-flavoured milk
was dealt around. Who speaks the bidding text
knows this, not he who sleeps.

11 The sacred hymns love him who wakes and
watches: to him who watches come the Sama
verses.

This Soma saith unto the man who watches, I
rest and have my dwelling in thy friendship.

15 Agni is watchful, and the gcas love him;
Agni is watchful, Sama verses seek him.
Agni is watchful, to him saith this Soma, I rest
and have my dwelling in thy friendship.

HYMN XLV. Visvedevas.

1. BARDS of approaching Dawn who know the
heavens are come with hymns to throw the
mountain open.

The Sun hath risen and oped the stable portals:
the doors of men, too, hath the God thrown
open.

2 Surya hath spread his light as splendour:
hither came the Cows' Mother, conscious, from
the stable,

To streams that flow with biting waves to
deserts; and heaven is stablished like a firm-set
pillar.

3 This laud hath won the burden of the
mountain. To aid the ancient birth of mighty
waters

The mountain parted, Heaven performed his office. The worshippers were worn with constant serving.

4 With hymns and God-loved words will I invoke you, Indra and Agni, to obtain your favour,

For verily sages, skilled in sacrificing, worship the Maruts and with lauds invite them.

5 This day approach us: may our thoughts be holy, far from us let us cast away misfortune.

Let us keep those who hate us at a distance, and haste to meet the man who sacrifices.

6 Come, let us carry out, O friends, the purpose wherewith the Mother threw the Cow's stall open,

That wherewith Manu conquered Visisipra, wherewith the wandering merchant gained heaven's water.

7 Here, urged by hands, loudly hath rung the press-stone wherewith Navagvas through ten months sang praises.

Sarama went aright and found the cattle.

Angiras gave effect to all their labours.

8 When at the dawning of this mighty Goddess, Angirases all sang forth with the cattle,-

Their spring is in the loftiest place of meeting,-

Sarama found the kine by Order's pathway.

9 Borne by his Coursers Seven may Surya visit the field that spreadeth wide for his long journey.

Down on the Soma swooped the rapid Falcon.

Bright was the young Sage moving mid his cattle.

10 Surya hath mounted to the shining ocean when he hath yoked his fair-backed Tawny Horses.

The wise have drawn him like a ship through water: the floods obedient have descended hither.

11 I lay upon the Floods your hymn, lightwinning, wherewith Navagvas their ten months completed.

Through this our hymn may we have Gods to guard us: through this our hymn pass safe beyond affliction.

HYMN XLVI. Visvedevas.

1. WELL knowing I have bound me, horselike,

to the pole: I carry that which bears as on and gives us help.
 I seek for no release, no turning back therefrom.
 May he who knows the way, the Leader, guide me straight.
 2 O Agni, Indra, Varuna, and Mitra, give, O ye Gods, and Marut host, and Visnu.
 May both Nasatyas, Rudra, heavenly Matrons, Pusan, Sarasvati, Bhaga, accept us.
 3 Indra and Agni, Mitra, Varuna, Aditi, the Waters, Mountains, Maruts, Sky, and Earth and Heaven,
 Visnu I call, Pusan, and Brahmanaspati, and Bhaga, Samsa, Savitar that they may help.
 4 May Visnu also and Vata who injures none, and Soma granter of possessions give us joy;
 And may the Rbhus and the Asvins, Tvastar and Vibhvan remember us so that we may have wealth.
 5 So may the band of Maruts dwelling in the sky, the holy, come to us to sit on sacred grass;
 Brhaspati and Pusan grant us sure defence, Varuna, Mitra, Aryaman guard and shelter us.
 6 And may the Mountains famed in noble eulogies, and the fair-gleaming Rivers keep us safe from harm.
 May Bhaga the Dispenser come with power and grace, and far-pervading Aditi listen to my call.
 7 May the Gods' Spouses aid us of their own freewill, aid us to offspring and the winning of the spoil.
 Grant us protection, O ye gracious Goddesses, ye who are on the earth or in the waters' realm.
 8 May the Dames, wives of Gods, enjoy our presents, Rat, Asvini, Agnaya, and Indrani.
 May Rodasi and Varunani hear us, and Goddesses come at the Matrons' season.

HYMN XLVII. Visvedevas.

1. URGING to toil and making proclamation, seeking Heaven's Daughter comes the Mighty Mother:
 She comes, the youthful Hymn, unto the Fathers, inviting to her home and loudly calling.
 2 Swift in their motion, hasting to their duty, reaching the central point of life immortal,
 On every side about the earth and heaven go forth the spacious paths without a limit.

3 Steer, Sea, Red Bird with strong wings, he
hath entered the dwelling-place of the Primeval
Father.

A gay-hued Stone set in the midst of heaven, he
hath gone forth and guards mid-air's two limits.

4 Four bear him up and give him rest and quiet,
and ten invigorate the Babe for travel.

His kine most excellent, of threefold nature,
pass swiftly round the boundaries of heaven.

5 Wondrous, O people, is the mystic knowledge
that while the waters stand the streams are
flowing:

That, separate from his Mother, Two support
him, closely-united, twins, here made apparent.

6 For him they lengthen prayers and acts of
worship: the Mothers weave garments for him
their offspring.

Rejoicing, for the Steer's impregning contact,
his Spouses move on paths or heaven to meet
him.

7 Be this our praise, O Varuna and Mitra may
this be health and force to us, O Agni.

May we obtain firm ground and room for
resting: Glory to Heaven, the lofty habitation!

HYMN XLVIII. Visvedevas.

1. WHAT may we meditate for the beloved
Power, mighty in native strength and glorious in
itself,

Which as a magic energy seeking waters
spreads even to the immeasurable middle
region's cloud?

2 O'er all the region with their uniform advance
these have spread out the lore that giveth heroes
strength.

Back, with their course reversed, the others pass
away: the pious lengthens life with those that
are before.

3 With pressing-stones and with the bright
beams of the day he hurls his broadest bolt
against the Guileful One.

Even he whose hundred wander in his own
abode, driving the days afar and bringing them
again.

4 I, to enjoy the beauty of his form, behold that
rapid rush of his as 'twere an axe's edge,
What time he gives the man who calls on him in
fight wealth like a dwelling-house filled full

with store of food.

5 Four-faced and nobly clad, Varuna, urging on
the pious to his task, stirs himself with the
tongue.

Naught by our human nature do we know of
him, him from whom Bhaga Savitar bestows the
boon.

HYMN XLIX. Visvedevas.

1. THIS day I bring God Savitar to meet you,
and Bhaga who allots the wealth of mortals.
You, Asvins, Heroes rich in treasures, daily
seeking your friendship fain would I turn hither.
2 Knowing full well the Asura's time of coming,
worship God Savitar with hymns and praises.
Let him who rightly knoweth speak with
homage to him who dealeth out man's noblest
treasure.

3 Not for reward doth Pusan send his blessings,
Bhaga, or Aditi: his garb is splendour.

May Indra, Visniu, Varuna, Mitra, Agni
produce auspicious days, the Wonder-Workers.

4 Sending the shelter which we ask, the foeless
Savitar and the Rivers shall approach us.

When I, the sacrifice's priest, invite them, may
we be lords of wealth and rich possessions.

5 They who devote such worship to the Vasus,
singing their hymns to Varuna and Mitra,
Vouchsafe them ample room, far off be danger.
Through grace of Heaven and Earth may we be
happy.

HYMN L. Visvedevas.

1. LET every mortal man elect the friendship of
the guiding God.

Each one solicits him for wealth and seeks
renown to prosper him.

2 These, leading God, are thine, and these here
ready to speak after us.

As such may we attain to wealth and wait with
services on thee.

3 So further honour as our guests the Hero Gods
and then the Dames.

May he remove and keep afar our foes and all
who block our path.

4 Where fire is set, and swiftly runs the victim
dwelling in the trough,

He wins, with heroes in his home, friendly to
man, like constant streams.

5 May these thy riches, Leader God! that rule
the car, be blest to us,
Yea, blest to us for wealth and weal. This will
we ponder praising strength, this ponder as we
praise the God.

HYMN LI. Visvedevas.

1. WITH all assistants, Agni, come hither to
drink the Soma-juice;

With Gods unto our sacred gifts.

2 Come to the sacrifice, O ye whose ways are
right, whose laws are true,
And drink the draught with Agni's tongue.

3 O Singer, with the singers, O Gracious, with
those who move at dawn,
Come to the Soma-draught with Gods.

4 To Indra and to Vayu dear, this Soma, by the
mortar pressed,

Is now poured forth to fill the jar.

5 Vayu, come hither to the feast, wellpleased
unto our sacred gifts:

Drink of the Soma juice effused come to the
food.

6 Ye, Indra, Vayu, well deserve to drink the
juices pressed by us.

Gladly accept them, spotless Pair come to the
food.

7 For Indra and for Vayu pressed are Soma
juices blent with curd,

As rivers to the lowland flow: come to the food.

8 Associate with all the Gods, come, with the
Asvins and with Dawn,

Agni, as erst with Atri, so enjoy the juice.

9 Associate with Varuna, with Mitra, Soma,
Visnu, come,

Agni, as erstwith Atri, so enjoy the juice.

10 Associate with Vasus, with Adityas, Indra,
Viyu, come, Agni as erst with Atri, so enjoy the
juice.

11 May Bhaga and the Asvins grant us health
and wealth, and Goddess Adid and he whom
none resist.

The Asura Pusan grant us all prosperity, and
Heaven and Earth most wise vouchsafe us
happiness.

12 Let us solicit Vayu for prosperity, and Soma

who is Lord of all the world for weal;
For weal Brhaspati with all his company. May
the Adityas bring us health and happiness.
13 May all the Gods, may Agni the beneficent,
God of all men, this day be with us for our weal.
Help us the Rbhus, the Divine Ones, for our
good. May Rudra bless and keep us from
calamity.
14 Prosper us, Mitra, Varuna. O wealthy Pathya,
prosper us.
Indra and Agni, prosper us; prosper us thou, O
Aditi.
15 Like Sun and Moon may we pursue in full
prosperity our path,
And meet with one who gives again, -who
knows us well and slays us not.

HYMN LII Maruts.

1. SING boldly forth, Syavasva, with the Maruts
who are loud in song,
Who, holy, as their wont is, joy in glory that is
free from guile.
2 For in their boldness they are friends of firm
and sure heroic strength.
They in their course, bold-spirited, guard all
men of their own accord.
3 Like steers in rapid motion they advance and
overtake the nights;
And thus the Maruts' power in heaven and on
the earth we celebrate.
4 With boldness to your Maruts let us offer laud
and sacrifice:
Who all, through ages of mankind, guard mortal
man from injury.
5 Praiseworthy, givers of good gifts, Heroes
with full and perfect strength -
To Maruts, Holy Ones of heaven, will I extol
the sacrifice.
6 The lofty Heroes cast their spears and
weapons bright with gleaming gold.
After these Maruts followed close, like laughing
lightning from the sky, a splendour of its own
accord.
7 They who waxed mighty, of the earth, they
who are in the wide mid-air,
Or in the rivers' compass, or in the abode of
ample heaven.
8 Praise thou the Maruts' company, the valorous

and truly strong,
The Heroes, hasting, by themselves have yoked
their deer for victory.

9 Fair-gleaming, on Parusni they have clothed
themselves in robes of wool,
And with their chariot tires they cleave the rock
asunder in their might.

10 Whether as wanderers from the way or
speeders on or to the path,
Under these names the spreading band tend well
the sacrifice for me.

11 To this the Heroes well attend, well do their
teams attend to this.

Visible are their varied forms. Behold, they are
Paravatas.

12 Hymn-singing, seeking water, they, praising,
have danced about the spring.

What are they unto me? No thieves, but helpers,
splendid to behold.

13 Sublime, with lightnings for their spears,
Sages and Orderers are they.

Rsi, adore that Marut host, and make them
happy with thy song.

14 Rsi, invite the Marut band with offerings, as
a maid her friend.

From heaven, too, Bold Ones, in your might
haste hither glorified with songs.

15 Thinking of these now let him come, as with
the escort of the Gods,
And with the splendid Princes, famed for rapid
courses, to the gifts.

16 Princes, who, when I asked their kin, named
Prsni as their Mother-cow,
And the impetuous Rudra they, the Mighty
Ones, declared their Sire.

17 The mighty ones, the seven times seven,
have singly given me hundred gifts.

I have obtained on Yamuna famed wealth in
kine and wealth in steeds.

HYMN LIII. Maruts.

1. Who knows the birth of these, or who lived in
the Maruts' favour in the days of old
What time their spotted deer were yoked?

2 Who, when they stood upon their cars, hath
heard them tell the way they went?

Who was the bounteous man to whom their
kindred rains flowed down with food of

sacrifice?

3 To me they told it, and they came with winged
steeds radiant to the draught,

Youths, Heroes free from spot or stain: Behold
us here and praise thou us;

4 Who shine self-luminous with ornaments and
swords, with breastplates, armlets, and with
wreaths,

Arrayed on chariots and with bows.

5 O swift to pour your bounties down, ye
Maruts, with delight I look upon your cars,
Like splendours coming through the rain.

6 Munificent Heroes, they have cast heaven's
treasury down for the worshipper's behoof:
They set the storm-cloud free to stream through
both the worlds, and rainfloods flow o'er desert
spots.

7 The bursting streams in billowy flood have
spread abroad, like milch-kine, o'er the
firmament.

Like swift steeds hasting to their journey's
resting-place, to every side run glittering
brooks.

8 Hither, O Maruts, come from heaven, from
mid-air, or from near at hand

Tarry not far away from us.

9 So let not Rasa, Krumu, or Anitabha, Kubha,
or Sindhu hold you back.

Let not the watery Sarayti obstruct your way.

With us be all the bliss ye give.

10 That brilliant gathering of your cars, the
company of Maruts, of the Youthful Ones,
The rain-showers, speeding on, attend.

11 With eulogies and hymns may we follow
your army, troop by troop, and band by band,
And company by company.

12 To what oblation-giver, sprung of noble
ancestry, have sped

The Maruts on this course to-day?

13 Vouchsafe to us the bounty, that which we
implore, through which, for child and progeny,
Ye give the seed of corn that wasteth not away,
and bliss that reacheth to all life.

14 May we in safety pass by those who slander
us, leaving behind disgrace and hate.

Maruts, may we be there when ye, at dawn, in
rest and toil, rain waters down and balm.

15 Favoured by Gods shall he the man, O

Heroes, Marutr! and possessed of noble sons,
Whom ye protect. Such may we be.
16 Praise the Free-givers. At this liberal patron's
rite they joy like cattle in the mead.
So call thou unto them who come as ancient
Friends: hymn those who love thee with a song.

HYMN LIV. Maruts.

1. THIS hymn will I make for the Marut host
who bright in native splendour cast the
mountains down.

Sing the great strength of those illustrious in
renown, who stay the heat, who sacrifice on
heights of heaven.

2 O Maruts, rich in water, strengtheners of life
are your strong bands with harnessed steeds,
that wander far.

Trita roars out at him who aims the lightning-
flash. The waters sweeping round are
thundering on their way.

3 They gleam with lightning, Heroes, Casters of
the Stone, wind-rapid Maruts, overthrowers of
the bills,

Oft through desire to rain coming with storm of
hail, roaring in onset, violent and exceeding
strong.

4 When, mighty Rudras, through the nights and
through the days, when through the sky and
realms of air, shakers of all,

When over the broad fields ye drive along like
ships, e'en to strongholds ye come, Maruts, but
are not harmed.

5 Maruts, this hero strength and majesty of
yours hath, like the Sun, extended o'er a
lengthened way,

When in your course like deer with splendour
unsubdued ye bowed the hill that gives
imperishable rain.

6 Bright shone your host, ye Sages, Maruts,
when ye smote the waving tree as when the
worm consumeth it.

Accordant, as the eye guides him who walks,
have ye led our devotion onward by an easy
path.

7 Never is he, O Maruts, slain or overcome,
never doth he decay ne'er is distressed or
harmed;

His treasures, his resources, never waste away,

whom. whether he be prince or Rsi, ye direct.
8 With harnessed team like heroes overcoming
troops, the friendly Maruts, laden with their
water-casks,

Let the spring flow, and when impetuous' they
roar they inundate the earth with floods of
pleasant meath.

9 Free for the Maruts is the earth with sloping
ways, free for the rushing Ones is heaven with
steep descents.

The paths of air's mid-region are precipitous,
precipitous the mountains with their running
streams.

10 When, as the Sun hath risen up, ye take
delight, O bounteous radiant Maruts, Heroes of
the sky,

Your coursers weary not when speeding on their
way, and rapidly ye reach the end of this your
path.

11 Lances are on your shoulders, anklets on
your feet, gold chains are on your breasts, gems,
Maruts, on your car.

Lightnings aglow with flame are flashing in
your hands, and visors wrought of gold are laid
upon your heads.

12 Maruts, in eager stir ye shake the vault of
heaven, splendid beyond conception, for its
shining fruit.

They gathered when they let their deeds of
might flash forth. The Pious Ones send forth a
far-resounding shout.

13 Sage Maruts, may we be the drivers of the
car of riches full of life that have been given by
you.

O Maruts, let that wealth in thousands dwell
with us which never vanishes like Tisya from
the sky.

14 Maruts, ye further wealth with longed for
heroes, further the Rsi skilled in chanted verses.
Ye give the Bharata as his strength, a charger,
and ye bestow a king who quickly listens.

15 Of you, most swift to succour! I solicit
wealth wherewith we may spread forth mid men
like as the Sun.

Accept, O Maruts, graciously this hymn of mine
that we may live a hundred winters through its
power.

HYMN LV. Maruts.

1. WITH gleaming lances, with their breasts
adorned with gold, the Maruts, rushing onward,
hold high power of life.

They hasten with swift steeds easy to be
controlled. Their cars moved onward as they
went to victory.

2 Ye, as ye wist, have gained of your own
selves your power: high, O ye Mighty Ones, and
wide ye shine abroad.

They with their strength have even measured
out the sky.

Their cars moved onward as they went to
victory.

3 Strong, born together, they together have
waxed great: the Heroes more and more have
grown to majesty

Resplendent as the Sun's beams in their light are
they. Their cars moved onward as they went to
victory.

4 Maruts, your mightiness deserves to be
adored, sight to be longed for like the shining of
the Sun.

So lead us with your aid to immortality.

Their cars moved onward as they went to
victory.

5 O Maruts, from the Ocean ye uplift the rain,
and fraught with vaporous moisture pour the
torrents down.

Never, ye Wonder-Workers, are your Milch-
kine dry. Their cars moved onward as they went
to victory.

6 When to your car-poles ye have yoked your
spotted deer to be your steeds, and put your
golden mantles on,

O Maruts, ye disperse all enemies abroad. Their
cars moved onward as they went to victory.

7 Neither the mountains nor the rivers keep you
back: whither ye have resolved thither ye,
Maruts, go.

Ye compass round about even the heaven and
earth. Their cars moved onward as they went to
victory.

Whate'er is ancient, Maruts, what of recent time,
whate'er is spoken, Vasus, what is chanted forth,
They who take cognizance of all of this are ye.

Their cars moved onward as they went to
victory.

9 Be gracious unto us, ye Maruts, slay us not
extend ye unto us shelter of many a sort.
Pay due regard unto our friendship and our
praise. Their cars moved onward as they went to
victory.

10 O Maruts, lead us on to higher fortune
deliver us, when lauded, from afflictions.
Accept, ye Holy Ones, the gifts we bring you.
May we be masters of abundant riches.

HYMN LVI. Maruts.

1. AGNI, that valorous company adorned with
ornaments of gold,
The people of the Maruts, I call down to-day
even from the luminous realm of heaven.

2 Even as thou thinkest in thy heart, thither my
wishes also tend.

Those who have come most near to thine
invoking calls, strengthen them fearful to
behold.

3 Earth, like a bounteous lady, liberal of her
gifts, struck down and shaken, yet exultant,
comes to us.

Impetuous as a bear, O Maruts, is your rush
terrible as a dreadful bull.

4 They who with mighty strength overthrow like
oxen difficult to yoke,

Cause even the heavenly stone to shake 'yea,
shake the rocky mountain as they race along.

5 Rise up! even now with lauds I call the very
numerous company,

Unequaled, of these Maruts, like a herd of kine,
grown up together in their strength.

6 Bind to your car the bright red mares, yoke the
red coursers to your car.

Bind to the pole, to draw, the fleet-foot tawny
steeds, the best at drawing, to the pole.

7 Yea, and this loudly-neighing bright red
vigorous horse who hath been suitioned, fair to
see,

Let him not cause delay, O Maruts, in your
course, urge ye him onward in your cars.

8 The Maruts' chariot, ever fain to gather glory,
we invoke,

Which Rodasi hath mounted, bringing pleasant
gifts, with Maruts in her company.

9 I call that brilliant band of yours, adorable,
rapid on the car

Whereon the bounteous Dame, auspicious,
nobly born, shows glorious with the Marut host.

HYMN LVII. Maruts.

1. OF one accord, with Indra, O ye Rudras,
come borne on your golden car for our
prosperity.

An offering from us, this hymn is brought to
you, as, unto one who thirsts for water,
heavenly springs.

2 Armed with your daggers, full of wisdom,
armed with spears, armed with your quivers,
armed with arrows, with good bows,
Good horses and good cars have ye, O Prsni's
Sons: ye, Maruts, with good weapons go to
victory.

3 From hills and heaven ye shake wealth for the
worshipper: in terror at your coming low the
woods bow down.

Ye make the earth to tremble, Sons of Prsni,
when for victory ye have yoked, fierce Ones!
your spotted deer.

4 Bright with the blasts of wind, wrapped in
their robes of rain, like twins of noble aspect
and of lovely form,
The Maruts, spotless, with steeds tawnyhued
and red, strong in their mightiness and
spreading wide like heaven.

5 Rich in adornment, rich in drops, munificent,
bright in their aspect, yielding bounties that
endure,

Noble by birth, adorned with gold upon their
breasts, the Singers of the sky have won
immortal fame.

6 Borne on both shoulders, O ye Maruts, are
your spears: within your arms is laid your
energy and strength.

Bold thoughts are in your heads, your weapons
in your cars, all glorious majesty is moulded on
your forms.

7 Vouchsafe to us, O Maruts, splendid bounty in
cattle and in steeds, in cars and heroes.

Children of Rudra, give us high distinction: may
I enjoy your Godlike help and favour.

8 Ho! Maruts, Heroes, skilled in Law, immortal,
be gracious unto us, ye rich in treasures,
Ye hearers of the truth, ye sage and youthful,
grown mighty, dwelling on the lofty mountains.

HYMN LVIII. Maruts.

1. Now do I glorify their mighty cohort, the
company of these the youthful Maruts,
Who ride impetuous on with rapid horses, and
radiant in themselves, are Lords of Amrta.
2 The mighty glittering band, arm-bound with
bracelets, givers of bliss, unmeasured in their
greatness,
With magical powers, bountiful, ever-roaring,-
these, liberal Heroes, venerate thou singer.
3 This day may all your water-bringers, Maruts,
they who impel the falling rain, approach us.
This fire, O Maruts, hath been duly kindled; let
it find favour with you, youthful Sages.
4 Ye raise up for the folk an active ruler whom,
Holy Ones! a Master's hand hath fashioned.
Ye send the fighter hand to hand, armmighty,
and the brave hero, Maruts with good horses.
5 They spring forth more and more, strong in
their glories, like days, like spokes where none
are last in order.
Highest and mightiest are the Sons of Prsni.
Firm to their own intention cling the Maruts.
6 When ye have hastened on with spotted
coursers, O Maruts, on your cars with strong-
wrought fellies,
The waters are disturbed, the woods are
shattered. Let Dyaus the Red Steer send his
thunder downward.
7 Even Earth hath spread herself wide at their
coming, and they as husbands have with power
impregnated her.
They to the pole have yoked the winds for
coursers: their sweat have they made rain, these
Sons of Rudra.
8 Ho! Maruts, Heroes, skilled in Law, immortal,
be gracious unto us, ye rich in treasures,
Ye hearers of the truth, ye sage and youthful,
grown mighty, dwelling on the lofty mountains.

HYMN LIX. Maruts.

1. YOUR spy hath called to you to give
prosperity. I sing to Heaven and Earth and offer
sacrifice.
They bathe their steeds and hasten through the
firmament: they spread abroad their radiance
through the sea of cloud.
2 Earth shakes and reels in terror at their onward

rush, like a full ship which, quivering, lets the water in.

Marked on their ways are they, visible from afar: the Heroes press between in mighty armament.

3 As the exalted horn of bulls for splendid might, as the Sun's eye set in the firmament's expanse,

Like vigorous horses ye are beauteous to behold, and for your glory show like bridegrooms, O ye Men.

4 Who, O ye Maruts, may attain the mighty lore of you the mighty, who may reach your manly deeds?

Ye, verily, make earth tremble like a ray of light what time ye bring your boons to give prosperity,

5 Like steeds of ruddy colour, scions of one race, as foremost champions they have battled in the van.

The Heroes have waxed strong like we. I grown manly youths; with floods of rain they make the Sun's eye fade away,

6 Having no eldest and no youngest in their band, no middlomost, preeminent they have waxed in might,

These Sons of Prsni, sprung of noble ancestry: come hitberward to us, ye bridegrooms of the sky.

7 Like birds of air they flew with might in lengthened lines from heaven's high ridges to the borders of the sky.

The steeds who carry them, as Gods and mortals know, have caused the waters of the mounuains to desGend.

8 May Dyaus, the Infinite, roar for our banquet: may Dawns toil for us, glittering with moisture. Lauded by thee, these Maruts, Sons o Rudra, O Rsi, have sent down the heavenly treasure.

HYMN LX. Maruts.

1. I LAUD with reverence the gracious Agni: here may he sit and part our meed among us. As with spoil-seeking cars I bring oblation: turned rightward I will swell the Marut's, praise-song.

2 The Maruts, yea, the Rudras, who have

mounted their famous spotted deer and cars
 swift-moving,-
 Before you, fierce Ones! woods bow down in
 terror: Earth, even the mountain, trembles at
 your coming.
 3 Though vast and tall, the mountain is
 affrighted, the height of heaven is shaken at
 your roaring
 When, armed with lances, ye are sporting,
 Maruts, and rush along together like the waters.
 4 They, like young suitors, sons of wealthy
 houses, have with their golden natures decked
 their bodies.
 Strong on their cars, the lordly Ones, for glory,
 have set their splendours on their forms for ever.
 5 None being eldest, none among them
 youngest, as brothers they have grown to happy
 fortune.
 May their Sire Rudra, young and deft, and Prsni
 pouring much milk, bring fair days to the
 Maruts.
 6 Whether, O blessed Maruts, ye be dwelling in
 highest, midmost, or in lowest heaven,
 Thence, O ye Rudras, and thou also, Agni,
 notice the sacrificial food we offer.
 7 O Maruts, Lords of all, when Agni and when
 ye drive downward from sublimest heaven
 along the heights,
 Shakers of all, rejoicing, slayers of the foe, give
 riches to the Soma-pressing worshipper.
 8 O Agni, with the Maruts as they gleam and
 sing, gathered in troop, rejoicing drink the Soma
 juice;
 With these the living ones who cleanse and
 further all, joined with thy banner, O
 Vaisvanara, from of old.

HYMN LXI. Maruts.

1. O HEROES lordliest of all, who are ye that
 have singly come
 Forth from a region most remote?
 2. Where are your horses, where the reins? How
 came ye? how had ye the power?
 Rein was on nose and seat on back.
 3 The whip is laid upon the flank. The heroes
 stretch their thighs apart,
 Like women when the babe is born.
 4 Go ye, O Heroes, far away, ye bridegrooms

with a lovely Spouse
That ye may warm you at the fire.
5 May she gain cattle for her meed, hundreds of
sheep and steeds and kine,
Who threw embracing arms around the hero
whom gyavaiva praised.
6 Yea, many a woman is more firm and better
than the man who turns
Away from Gods, and offers not.
7 She who discerns the weak and worn, the man
who thirsts and is in want
She sets her mind upon the Gods.
8 And yet full many a one, unpraised, mean
niggard, is entitled man:
Only in weregild is he such.
9 And she, the young, the joyous-spirited,
divulged the path to Syava, yea, to me.
Two red steeds carried me to Purumilha's side,
that sage of far-extended fame,
10 Him who, like Vaidadasvi, like Taranta, hath
bestowed on me
A hundred cows in liberal gift.
11 They who are borne by rapid steeds, drinking
the meath that gives delight,
They have attained high glories here.
12 They by whose splendour both the worlds
are over-spread they shine on cars
As the gold gleams above in heaven.
13 That Marut band is ever young, borne on
bright cars, unblamable,
Moving to victory, checked by none.
14 Who knoweth, verily, of these where the All-
shakers take delight,
Born, spotless, after sacred Law?
15 Guides are ye, lovers of the song to mortal
man through holy hymn,
And hearers when he cries for help.
16 Do ye, destroyers of the foe, worshipful and
exceeding bright,
Send down the treasures that we crave.
17 OUrmya, bear thou far away to Darbhya this
my hymn of praise,
Songs, Goddess, as if chariot-borne.
18 From me to Rathaviti say, when he hath
pressed the Soma juice,
The wish I had departeth not.
19 This wealthy Rathaviti dwells among the
people rich in kine,

Among the mountains, far withdrawn.

HYMN LXII. Mitra-Varuna

1. BY your high Law firm order is established
there where they loose for travel Surya's horses.
Ten hundred stood together: there I looked on
this the most marvellous Deities' one chief
glory.

2 This, Mitra-Varuna, is your special greatness:
floods that stood there they with the days
attracted.

Ye cause to flow all voices of the cowpen: your
single chariotfelly hath rolled hither.

3 O Mitra-Varuna, ye by your greatness, both
Kings, have firmly stablished earth and heaven,
Ye caused the cows to stream, the plants to
flourish, and, scattering swift drops, sent down
the rain-flood.

4 Let your well-harnessed horses bear you
hither: hitherward let them come with reins
drawn tightly.

A covering cloud of sacred oil attends you, and
your streams flow to us from days aforetime.

5 To make the lustre wider and more famous,
guarding the sacred grass with veneration,
Ye, Mitra-Varuna, firm, strong, awe-inspiring,
are seated on a throne amid oblations.

6 With hands that shed no blood, guarding the
pious, whom, Varuni³, ye save amid oblations.
Ye Twain, together, Kings of willing spirit,
uphold dominion based on thousand pillars.

7 Adorned with gold, its columns are of iron. in
heaven it glitters like a whip for horses;
Or stablished on a field deep-spoiled and
fruitful. So may we share the meath that loads
your car-seat.

8 Ye mount your car gold-hued at break of
morning, and iron-pillared when the Sun is
setting,

And from that place, O Varuna and Mitra,
behold infinity and limit~tion.

9 Bountiful guardians of the world! the shelter
that is impenetrable, strongest, flawless,
Aid us with that, O Varuna and Mitra, and when
we long to win may we be victors.

HYMN LXIII. Mitra-Varuna.

1. GUARDIANS of Order, ye whose Laws are
ever true, in the sublimest heaven your chariot

ye ascend.

O Mitra-Varuna whomsoe'er ye: favour, here, to
him the rain with sweetness streameth down
from heaven.

2 This world's imperial Kings, O Mitra-Varuna,
ye rule in holy synod, looking on the light.
We pray for rain, your boon, and immortality.
Through heaven and over earth the thunderers
take their way.

3 Imperial Kings, strong, Heroes, Lords of earth
and heaven, Mitra and Varuna, ye ever active
Ones,
Ye wait on thunder with the many-tinted clouds,
and by the Asura's magic power cause Heaven
to rain.

4 Your magic, Mitra-Varuna, resteth in the
heaven. The Sun, the wondrous weapon, cometh
forth as light.
Ye hide him in the sky with cloud and flood of
rain, and water-drops, Parjanya! full of
sweetness flow.

5 The Maruts yoke their easy car for victory, O
Mitra-Varuna, as a hero in the wars.
The thunderers roam through regions varied in
their hues. Imperial Kings, bedew us with the
milk of heaven.

6 Refreshing is your voice, O Mitra-Varuna:
Parjanya sendeth out a wondrous mighty voice.
With magic power the Maruts clothe them with
the clouds. Ye Two cause Heaven to rain, the
red, the spotless One.

7 Wise, with your Law and through the Asura's
magic power ye guard the ordinances, Mitra-
Varuna.

Ye by eternal Order govern all the world. Ye set
the Sun in heaven as a refulgent car.

HYMN LXIV. Mitra-Varuna

1. You, foeman-slaying Varuna and Mitra, we
invoke with song,

Who, as with penfold of your arms, encompass
round the realm of light.

2 Stretch out your arms with favouring love
unto this man who singeth hymns,
For in all places is sung forth your evergracious
friendliness.

3 That I may gain a refuge now, may my steps
be on Mitra's path.

Men go protected in the charge of this dear
Friend who harms us not.

4 Mitra and Varuna, from you may I, by song,
win noblest meed.

That shall stir envy in the homes of wealthy
chiefs and those who praise.

5 With your fair splendours, Varuna and Mitra,
to our gathering come,

That in their homes the wealthy chiefs and they
who are your friends may thrive.

6 With those, moreover, among whom ye hold
your high supremacy,
Vouchsafe us room that we may win strength
for prosperity and wealth.

7 When morning flushes, Holy Ones! in the
Gods' realm where white Cows shine,
Supporting Arcananas, speed, ye Heroes, with
your active feet hither to my pressed Soma
juice.

HYMN LXV Mitra-Varuna.

1. FULL wise is he who hath discerned: let him
speak to us of the Gods,-

The man whose praise-songs Varuna the
beautiful, or Mitra, loves.

2 For they are Kings of noblest might, of
glorious fame most widely spread;
Lords of the brave, who strengthen Law, the
Holy Ones with every race.

3 Approaching you with prayer for aid, together
I address you first

We who have good steeds call on you, Most
Sage, to give us strength besides.

4 E'en out of misery Mitra gives a way to
dwelling at our case,

For he who worships hath the grace of Mitra,
fighter in the van. '

5 In Mitra's shelter that extends to utmost
distance may we dwell,

Unmenaced, guarded by the care, ever as sons
of Varuna.

6 Ye, Mitra, urge this people on, and to one end
direct their ways.

Neglect not ye the wealthy chiefs, neglect not us
the Rsis: be our guardians when ye quaff the
milk.

HYMN LXVI. Mitra-Varuna.

1. O SAPIENT man, call the Two Gods, the

very wise, who slay the foe.
For Varuna, whose form is Law, place offerings
for his great delight.
2 For they have won unbroken sway in full
perfection, power divine.
And, like high laws, the world of man hath been
made beautiful as light.
3 Therefore we praise you that your cars may
travel far in front of ours-
You who accept the eulogy of Ratahavya with
his hymns.
4 And ye show wMom, Wondrous Gods with
fulness of intelligence.
By men's discernment are Ve marked, O ye
whose might is purified.
5 This is the Law sublime, O Earth: to aid the
Rsis' toil for fame
The Two, wide-spreading, are prepared. They
come with ample overflow.
6 Mitra, ye Gods with wandering eyes, would
that the worshippers and we
Might strive to reach the realm ye rule, most
spacious and protected well,

HYMN LXVII. Mitra-Varuna.

1. YE Gods, Adityas, Varuna, Aryaman, Mitra,
verily
Have here obtained supremest sway, high, holy,
set apart for you.
2 When, Varuna and Mitra, ye sit in your golden
dwelling-place,
Ye Twain, supporters of mankind, foeslayers,
give felicity.
3 All these, possessors of all wealth, Varuna,
Mitra, Aryaman,
Follow their ways, as if with feet, and guard
from injury mortal man.
4 For they are true, they cleave to Law, held
holy among every race,
Good leaders, bounteous in their gifts,
deliverers even from distress.
5 Which of your persons, Varuna or Mitra,
merits not our praise?
Therefore our thought is turned to you, the
Atris' thought is turned to you.

HYMN LXVIII. Mitra-Varuna.

1. SING forth unto your Varuna and Mitra with
a song inspired.

They, Mighty Lords, are lofty Law
 2 Full springs of fatness, Sovran Kings, Mitra.
 and Varuna, the Twain,
 Gods glorified among the Gods.
 3 So help ye us to riches, great terrestrial and
 celestial wealth:
 Vast is your sway among the Gods.
 4 Carefully tending Law with Law they have
 attained their vigorous might.
 The two Gods wax devoid of guile.
 5 With rainy skies and streaming floods, Lords
 of the strength that bringeth gifts,
 A lofty seat have they attained.

HYMN LXIX. Mitra-Varuna.

1. THREE spheres of light, O Varuna, three
 heavens, three firmaments ye comprehend, O
 Mitra:
 Waxed strong, ye keep the splendour of
 dominion, guarding the Ordinance that lasts for
 ever.
 2 Ye, Varuna, have kine who yield refreshment;
 Mitra, your floods pour water full of sweetness.
 There stand the Three Steers, splendid in their
 brightness, who fill the three world-bowls with
 genial moisture.
 3 I call at dawn on Aditi the Goddess, I call at
 noon and when the Sun is setting.
 I pray, O Mitra-Varuna, for safety, for wealth
 and progeny, in rest and trouble.
 4 Ye who uphold the region, sphere of
 brightness, ye who support earth's realm Divine
 Adityas,
 The Immortal Gods, O Varuna and Mitra, never
 impair your everlasting statutes.

HYMN LXX. Mitra-Varuna.

1. EVEN far and wide, O Varuna and Mitra,
 doth your grace extend.
 May I obtain your kind good-will.
 2 From you, benignant Gods, may we gain fully
 food for sustenance.
 Such, O ye Rudras, my we be.
 3 Guard us, O Rudras. with your guar4 save us,
 ye skilled to save, my we
 Subdue the Dasyus, we ourselves,
 4 Or ne'er may we, O Wondrous Strong, enjoy

another's solemn feast,
Ourselves, our sons, or progeny.

HYMN LXXI. Mitra-Varuna.

1. O Varuna and Mitra, ye who slay the foemen,
come with might
To this our goodly sacrifice.
2 For, Varuna and Mitra, ye Sages are Rulers
over all. Fill full our songs, for this ye can.
3 Come to the juice that we have pressed.
Varuna, Mitra, come to drink
This Soma of the worshipper.

HYMN LXXII. Mitra-Varuna.

1 To Varuna and Mitra we offer with songs, as
Atri did. Sit on the sacred grass to drink the
Soma juice.
2 By Ordinance and Law ye dwell in peace
secure, bestirring men.
Sit on the sacred grass to drink the Soma juice.
3 May Varuna and Mitra, for our help, accept
the sacrifice.
Sit on the sacred grass to drink the Soma juice.

HYMN LXXIII. Asvins.

1. WHETHER, O Asvins, ye this day be far
remote or near at hand,
In many spots or in mid-air, come hither, Lords
of ample wealth.
2 These here, who show o'er widest space,
bringing full many a wondrous act,
Resistless, lovingly I seek, I call the Mightiest
to enjoy.
3 Another beauteous wheel have ye fixed there
to decorate your car.
With others through the realms ye roam in
might unto the neighbouring tribes.
4 That deed of yours that is extolled, Visvas!
hath all been done with this.
Born otherwise, and spotless, ye have entered
kinship's bonds with us.
5 When Surya mounted on your car that rolls for
ever rapidly,
Birds of red hue were round about and burning
splendours compassed you.
6 Atri bethinks himself of you, O Heroes, with a
friendly mind,
What time, Nasatyas, with his mouth he stirs the
spotless flame for you.

7 Strong is your swiftly moving steed, famed his
exertion in the course

When by your great deeds, Atyins, Chiefs, Atri
is brought to us again.

8 Lovers of sweetness, Rudras, she who streams
with sweetness waits on you.

When ye have travelled through the seas men
bring you gifts of well-dressed food.

9 Asvins, with truth they call you Twain
bestowers of felicity;

At sacrifice most prompt to hear, most gracious
ye at sacrifice.

10 Most pleasing to the Asvins be these prayers
which magnify their might,

Which we have fashioned, even as cars high
reverence have we spoken forth.

HYMN LXXIV. Asvins.

1. WHERE in the heavens are ye to-day, Gods,
Asvins, rich in constancy?

Hear this, ye excellent as Steers: Atri inviteth
you to come.

2 Where are they now? Where are the Twain,
the famed Nasatyas, Gods in heaven?

Who is the man ye strive to reach? Who of your
suppliants is with you?

3 Whom do ye visit, whom approach? to whom
direct your harnessed car?

With whose devotions are ye pleased? We long
for you to further us.

4 Ye, Strengtheners, for Paura stir the filler
swimming in the flood,

Advancing to be captured like a lion to the
ambuscade.

5 Ye from cyavana worn with age removed his
skin as 'twere a robe.

So, when ye made him young again, he stirred
the longing of a dame.

6 Here is the man who lauds you both: to see
your glory are we here.

Now bear me, come with saving help, ye who
are rich in store of wealth.

7 Who among many mortal men this day hath
won you to himself?

What bard, accepters of the bard? Who, rich in
wealth! with sacrifice?

8 O Asvins, may your car approach, most
excellent of cars for speed.

Through many regions may our praise pass
onward among mortal men.

9 May our laudation of you Twain, lovers of
meath! be sweet to you.

Fly hitherward, ye wise of heart, like falcons
with your winged steeds.

10 O Asvins, when at any time ye listen to this
call of mine,

For you is dainty food prepared: they mix
refreshing food for you.

HYMN LXXV. Asvins.

1. To meet your treasure-bringing car, the
mighty car most dear to us,
Asvins, the Rsi is prepared, your raiser, with his
song of praise. Lovers of sweetness, hear my
call.

2 Pass, O ye Asvins, pass away beyond all tribes
of selfish men,

Wonderful, with your golden paths, most
gracious, bringers of the flood. Lovers of
sweetness, hear my call.

3 Come to us, O ye Asvin Pair, bringing your
precious treasures, come

Ye Rudras, on your paths of gold, rejoicing, rich
in store of wealth. Lovers of sweetness, hear my
call.

4 O strong and Good, the voice of him who
lauds you well cleaves to your car.

And that great beast, your chariot-steed, fair,
wonderful, makes dainty food. Lovers of
sweetness, hear my call.

5 Watchful in spirit, born on cars, impetuous,
listing to his cry,

Asvins, with winged steeds ye speed down to
cyavana void of guile. Lovers of sweetness, hear
my call.

6 Hither, O Heroes, let your steeds, of dappled
hue, yoked at the thought,

Your flying steeds, O Asvins, bring you
hitherward, with bliss, to drink. Lovers of
sweetness, hear my call.

7 O Asvins, hither come to us; Nasatyas, be not
disinclined.

Through longing for the pious turn out of the
way to reach our home. Lovers of sweetness,
bear my call.

8 Ye Lords of Splendour, free from guile, come,

stand at this our sacrifice.

Beside the singer, Asvins, who longs for your
grace and lauds you both. Lovers of sweetness,
hear my call.

9 Dawn with her white herd hath appeared, and
in due time hath fire been placed.

Harnessed is your immortal car, O
WonderWorkers, strong and kind. Lovers of
sweetness, bear my call.

HYMN LXXVI. Asvins

1. AGNI, the bright face of the Dawns, is
shining; the singers' pious voices have
ascended.

Borne on your chariot, Asvins, turn you hither
and come unto our full and rich libation.

2 Most frequent guests, they scorn not what is
ready: even now the lauded Asvins are beside
us.

With promptest aid they come at morn and
evening, the worshipper's most blessed guards
from trouble.

3 Yea, come at milking-time, at early morning,
at noon of day and when the Sun is setting,
By day, by night, with favour most auspicious.
Not only now the draught hath drawn the
Asvins.

4 For this place, Asvins, was of old your
dwelling, these were your houses, this your
habitation.

Come to us from high heaven and from the
mountain. Come from the waters bringing food
and vigour.

5 May we obtain the Asvins' newest favour, and
gain their health-bestowing happy guidance.
Bring riches hither unto us, and heroes, and all
felicity and joy, Immortals!

HYMN LXXVII. Asvins.

1. FIRST worship those who come at early
morning: let the Twain drink before the giftless
niggard.

The Asvins claim the sacrifice at daybreak: the
sages yielding the first share extol them.

2 Worship at dawn and instigate the Asvins: nor
is the worshipper at eve rejected.

Besides ourselves another craves and worships:
each first in worship is most highly favoured.

3 Covered with gold, meath-tinted, dropping

fatness, your chariot with its freight of food
comes hither,
Swift as thought, Asvins, rapid as the tempest,
wherewith ye travel over all obstructions.
4 He who hath served most often the Nasatyas,
and gives the sweetest food at distribution,
Furthers with his own holy works his offspring,
and ever passes those whose flames ascend not.
5 May we obtain the Asvins' newest favour, and
gain their health-bestowing happy ildance.
Bring riches hither unto us, and heroes, and all
felicity and joy, Immortals!

HYMN LXXVIII. Asvins.

1. YE Asvins, hither come to us: Nasatyas, be
not disinclined.
Fly hither like two swans unto the juice we
shed.
2 O Asvins, like a pair of deer, like two wild
cattle to the mead:
Fly hither like two swans unto the juice we
shed.
3 O Asvins rich in gifts, accept our sacrifice to
prosper it:
Fly hither like two swans unto the juice we
shed.
4 As Atri when descending to the cavern called
on you loudly like a wailing woman.
Ye came to him, O Asvins, with the freshest and
most auspicious fleetness of a falcon.
5 Tree, part asunder like the side of her who
bringeth forth a child.
Ye Asvins, listen to my call: loose Saptavadhri
from his bonds.
6 For Saptavadhri, for the seer affrighted when
he wept and wailed,
Ye, Asvins, with your magic powers rent up the
tree and shattered it.
7 Like as the wind on every side ruffles a pool
of lotuses,
So stir in thee the babe unborn, so may the ten-
month babe descend.
8 Like as the wind, like as the wood, like as the
sea is set astir,
So also, ten-month babe, descend together with
the after-birth.
9 The child who hath for ten months' time been
lying in his mother's side,-

May he come forth alive, unharmed, yea,
living from the living dame.

HYMN LXXIX. Dawn.

1. O HEAVENLY Dawn, awaken us to ample
opulence to-day
Even as thou hast wakened us with Satyasravas,
Vayya's son, high-born! delightful with thy
steeds!

2 Daughter of Heaven, thou dawnedst on
Sunitha Sucadratha's son,
So dawn thou on one mightier still, on
Satyasravas, Vayya's son, high-born! delightful
with thy steeds!

3 So, bringing treasure, dawn to-day on us thou
Daughter of the Sky,
As thou, O mightier yet. didst shine for
Satyatravas, Vayya's son, high-born! delightful
with thy steeds!

4 Here round about thee are the priests who laud
thee, Bright One, with their hymns,
And men with gifts, O Bounteous Dame,
splendid with wealth and offering much, high-
born! delightful with thy steeds!

5 Whatever these thy bands perform to please
thee or to win them wealth,
E'en fain they gird us round and give rich gifts
which ne'er are reft away, high-born! delightful
with thy steeds!

6 Give to these wealthy patrons fame, O affluent
Dawn, with hero sons,
To these our princes who have brought rich gifts
ne'er to be reft away, highborn! delightful with
thy steeds!

7 Bring lofty and resplendent fame, O thou
munificent Dawn, to these
Our wealthy patrons who bestow rich gifts on us
of steeds and kine, high-born! delightful with
thy steeds!

8 Bring us, O Daughter of the Sky, subsistence
in our herds of kine,
Together with the sunbeams, with the shine of
pure refulgent flames, highborn! delightful with
thy steeds!

9 O Daughter of the Sky, shine forth; delay not
to perform thy task.
Let not the Sun with fervent heat consume thee
like a robber foe, high-born! delightful with the

steeds!

10 So much, and more exceedingly, O Dawn, it
suits thee to bestow,
Thou Radiant One who ceasest not to shine for
those who sing thy praise, highborn! delightful
with thy steeds!

HYMN LXXX. Dawn.

1. THE singers welcome with their hymns and
praises the Goddess Dawn who bringeth in the
sunlight,
Sublime, by Law true to eternal Order, bright on
her path, red-tinted, far-refulgent.

2 She comes in front, fair, rousing up the
people, making the pathways easy to be
travelled.

High, on her lofty chariot, all-impelling, Dawn
gives her splendour at the days' beginning.

3 She, harnessing her car with purple oxen.
injuring none, hath brought perpetual riches.
Opening paths to happiness, the Goddess shines,
praised by all, giver of every blessing.

4 With changing tints she gleams in double
splendour while from the eastward she displays
her body.

She travels perfectly the path of Order, nor fails
to reach, as one who knows, the quarters.

5 As conscious that her limbs are bright with
bathing, she stands, as 'twere, erect that we may
see her.

Driving away malignity and darkness, Dawn,
Child of Heaven, hath come to us with lustre.

6 The Daughter of the Sky, like some chaste
woman, bends, opposite to men, her forehead
downward.

The Maid, disclosing boons to him who
worships, hath brought again the daylight as
aforetime.

HYMN LXXXI. Savitar.

1. THE priests of him the lofty Priest well-
skilled in hymns harness their spirit, yea,
harness their holy thoughts.

He only knowing works assigns their priestly
tasks. Yea, lofty is the praise of Savitar the God.

2 The Sapient One arrays himself in every form:
for quadruped and biped he hath brought forth
good.

Excellent Savitar hath looked on heaven's high

vault, and shineth after the outgoing of the Dawn.

3 Even he, the God whose going-forth and majesty the other Deities have followed with their might,

He who hath measured the terrestrial regions out by his great power, he is the Courser Savitar.

4 To the three spheres of light thou goest, Savitar, and with the rays of Sidrya thou combinest thee.

Around, on both sides thou encompassest the night: yea, thou, O God, art Mitra through thy righteous laws.

5 Over all generation thou art Lord alone: Pusan art thou, O God, in all thy goings-forth.

Yea, thou hast domination over all this world.

Syavasva hath brought praise to thee, O Savitar,

HYMN LXXXII. Savitar.

1. WE crave of Savitar the God this treasure much to be enjoyed.

The best, all-yielding, conquering gift of Bhaga we would gladly win.

2 Savitar's own supremacy, most glorious and beloved of all,

No one diminisheth in aught.

3 For Savitar who is Bhaga shall send riches to his worshipper.

That wondrous portion we implore.

4 Send us this day, God Savitar, prosperity with progeny.

Drive thou the evil dream away.

5 Savitar, God, send far away all sorrows and calamities,

And send us only what is good.

6 Sinless in sight of Aditi through the God Savitar's influence,

May we obtain all lovely things.

7 We with our hymns this day elect the general God, Lord of the good,

Savitar whose decrees are true.

8 He who for ever vigilant precedes these Twain, the Day and Night,

Is Savitar the thoughtful God.

9 He who gives glory unto all these living creatures with the song,

And brings them forth, is Savitar.

HYMN LXXXIII. Parjanya.

1. SING with these songs thy welcome to the
Mighty, with adoration praise and call Parjanya.
The Bull, loud roaring, swift to send his bounty,
lays in the plants the seed. for germination.

2 He smites the trees apart, he slays the demons:
all life fears him who wields the mighty
weapon.

From him exceeding strong fices e'en the
guiltless, when thundering Parjanya smites the
wicked.

3 Like a car-driver whipping on his horses, he
makes the messengers of rain spring forward.
Far off resounds the roaring of the lion, what
time Parjanya fills the sky with rain-cloud.

4 Forth burst the winds, down come the
lightning-flashes: the plants shoot up, the realm
of light is streaming.

Food springs abundant for all living creatures,
what time Parjanya quickens earth with
moisture.

5 Thou at whose bidding earth bows low before
thee, at whose command hoofed cattle fly in
terror,

At whose behest the plants assume all colours,
even thou Parjanya, yield us great protection.

6 Send down for us the rain of heaven, ye
Maruts, and let the Stallion's flood descend in
torrents.

Come hither with this thunder while thou
pourest the waters down, our heavenly Lord and
Father.

7 Thunder and roar: the germ of life deposit. Fly
round us on thy chariot waterladen.

Thine opened water-skin draw with thee
downward, and let the hollows and the heights
be level.

8 Lift up the mighty vessel, pour down water,
and let the liberated streams rush forward.
Saturate both the earth and heaven with fatness,
and for the cows let there be drink abundant.

9 When thou, with thunder and with roar,
Parjanya, smitest sinners down,
This universe exults thereat, yea, all that is upon
the earth.

10 Thou hast poured down the rain-flood now
withhold it. Thou hast made desert places fit for
travel.

Thou hast made herbs to grow for our
enjoyment: yea, thou hast won thee praise from
living creatures.

HYMN LXXXIV. Prthivi.

1. THOU, of a truth, O Prthivi, bearest the tool
that rends the hills:

Thou rich in torrents, who with might
quickenest earth, O Mighty One.

2 To thee, O wanderer at will, ring out the lauds
with beams of day,

Who drivest, like a neighing steed, the swelling
cloud, O bright of hue.

3 Who graspest with thy might on earth. e'en the
strong sovran of the wood,
When from the lightning of thy cloud the rain-
floods of the heaven descend.

HYMN LXXXV. Varuna.

1. SING forth a hymn sublime and solemn,
grateful to glorious. Varuna, imperial Ruler,
Who hath struck out, like one who slays the
victim, earth as a skin to spread in front of
Surya.

2 In the tree-tops the air he hath extended, put
milk in kine and vigorous speed in horses,
Set intellect in hearts, fire in the waters, Siurya
in heaven and Soma on the mountain.

3 Varuna lets the big cask, opening downward,
flow through the heaven and earth and air's mid-
region.

Therewith the universe's Sovran waters earth as
the shower of rain bedews the barley.

4 When Varuna is fain for milk he moistens the
sky, the land, and earth to her foundation.

Then straight the mountains clothe them in the
rain-cloud: the Heroes, putting forth their
vigour, loose them.

5 I will declare this mighty deed of magic, of
glorious Varuna the Lord Immortal,
Who standing in the firmament hath meted the
earth out with the Sun as with a measure.

6 None, verily, hath ever let or hindered this the
most wise God's mighty deed of magic,
Whereby with all their flood, the lucid rivers fill
not one sea wherein they pour their waters.

7 If we have sinned against the man who loves
us, have ever wronged a brother, friend, or
comrade,

The neighbour ever with us, or a stranger, O
Varuna, remove from us the trespass.
8 If we, as gamesters cheat at play, have
cheated, done wrong unwittingly or sinned of
purpose,
Cast all these sins away like loosened fetters,
and, Varuna let us be thine own beloved.

HYMN LXXXVI. Indra-Agni.

1. THE mortal man whom ye, the Twain, Indra
and Agni, help in fight,
Breaks through e'en strongly-guarded wealth as
Trta burst his way through reeds.

2 The Twain invincible in war, worthy to be
renowned in frays,
Lords of the Fivefold. People, these, Indra and
Agni, we invoke.

3 Impetuous is their strength, and keen the
lightning of the mighty Pair,
Which from their arms speeds with the car to
Vrtra's slayer for the kine.

4 Indra and Agni, we invoke you both, as such,
to send your cars:

Lords of quick-coming bounty, ye who know,
chief lovers of the song.

5 These who give increase day by day, Gods
without guile for mortal man,
Worthy themselves, I honour most, Two Gods
as partners, for my horse.

6 The strength-bestowing offering thus to Indra-
Agni hath been paid, as butter, purified by
stones.

Deal to our princes high renown, deal wealth to
those who sing your praise, deal food to those
who sing your praise.

HYMN LXXXVII. Maruts.

1. To Visnu, to the Mighty whom the Maruts
follow let your hymns born in song go forth,
Evayamarut;
To the impetuous, strong band, adorned with
bracelets, that rushes on in joy and ever roars
for vigour.

2 They who with might were manifest, and who
willingly by their own knowledge told it forth,
Evayamarut.

Maruts, this strength of yours no wisdom
comprehendeth: through their gifts' greatness
they are moveless as the mountains.

3 Who by the psalm they sing are heard, from
lofty heaven, the strong, the brightly shining
Ones, Evayamarut;

In whose abode there is no mightier one to
move them, whose lightnings are as fires, who
urge the roaring rivers.

4 He of the Mighty Stride forth strode,
Evayamarut, out of the spacious dwelling-place,
their home in common.

When he, himself, hath yoked his emulous
strong horses on heights, he cometh forth, joy-
giving, with the Heroes.

5 Like your tremendous roar, the rainer with
light flashing, strong, speeding, hath made all
tremble, Evayamarut,

Wherewith victorious ye, self-luminous, press
onward, with strong reins, decked with gold,
impetuous and well-weaponed.

6 Unbounded is your greatness, ye of mighty
power: may your bright vigour be our aid,
Evayamarut;

For ye are visible helpers in the time of trouble:
like fires, aglow with light, save us from shame
and insult.

7 So may the Rudras, mighty warriors,
Evayamarut, with splendid brilliancy, like fires,
be our protectors;

They whose terrestrial dwelling-place is wide-
extended, whom none suspect of sin, whose
bands have lofty courage.

8 Come in a friendly spirit, come to us, O
Maruts, and hear his call who praises you,
Evayamarut.

Like car-borne men, one-minded with the
mighty Visnu, keep enmity far from us with
your deeds of wonder.

9 Come to our sacrifice, ye Hnly Ones, to bless
it, and, free from demons, hear our call,
Evayamarut.

Most excellent, like mountains in the air's raid-
region, be irresistible, ye, Wise, to this man'a
hater.

RIG VEDA BOOK 6

HYMN I. Agni.

1. THOU, first inventor of this prayer, O Agni, Worker of Marvels, hast become our Herald.

Thou, Bull, hast made us strength which none may conquer, strength that shall overcome all other prowess.

2 As Priest thou sittest at the seat of worship, furthering us, best Offerer, meet for honour.

So first to thee have pious men resorted, turning thy mind to thoughts of ample riches.

3 In thee, still watching, they have followed riches, who goest with much wealth as with an army,

The radiant Agni, lofty, fair to look on, worshipped with marrow, evermore resplendent.

4 They who approached the God's abode with homage, eager for glory, won them perfect glory:

Yea, they gained even sacrificial titles, and found delight in thine auspicious aspect.

5 On earth the people magnify thee greatly, thee their celestial and terrestrial riches.

Thou, Helper, must be known as our Preserver, Father and Mother of mankind for ever.

6 Dear priest among mankind, adorable Agni hath seated him, joy-giver, skilled in worship.

Let us approach thee shining in thy dwelling, kneeling upon our knees, with adoration.

7 Longing for bliss, pure-minded, God-devoted, Agni, we seek thee, such, meet to be lauded.

Thou, Agni, leddest forth our men to battle, refulgent with the heaven's exalted splendour.

8 Sage of mankind, all peoples' Lord and

Master, the Bull of men, the sender down
of blessings,

Still pressing on, promoting, purifying,
Agni the Holy One, the Lord of riches.

9 Agni, the mortal who hath toiled and
worshipped, brought thee oblations with
his kindled fuel,

And well knows sacrifice with adoration,
gains every joy with thee to guard and
help him.

10 Mightily let us worship thee the
Mighty, with reverence, Agni! fuel and
oblations,

With songs, O Son of Strength, with
hymns, with altar: so may we strive for
thine auspicious favour.

11 Thou who hast covered heaven and
earth with splendour and with thy glories,
glorious and triumphant.

Continue thou to shine on us, O Agni,
with strength abundant, rich, and long
enduring.

12 Vouchsafe us ever, as man needs, O
Vasu, abundant wealth of kine for son and
offspring.

Food noble, plenteous, far from sin and
evil, he with us, and fair fame to make us
happy.

13 May I obtain much wealth in many
places by love of thee and through thy
grace, King Agni;

For in thee Bounteous One, in thee the
Sovran, Agni, are many boons for him
who serves thee.

HYMN II. Agni.

1. THOU, Agni, even as Mitra, hast a
princely glory of thine own.

Thou, active Vasu, makest fame increase
like full prosperity.

2 For, verily, men pray to thee with
sacrifices and with songs.

To thee the Friendly Courser, seen of all,
comes speeding through the air.

3 Of one accord men kindle thee Heaven's
signal of the sacrifice,

When, craving bliss, this race of man
invites thee to the solemn rite.

4 Let the man thrive who travails sore, in
 prayer, far thee the Bountiful.
 He with the help of lofty Dyaus comes
 safe through straits of enmity.
 5 The mortal who with fuel lights thy
 flame and offers unto thee,
 Supports a house with many a branch,
 Agni, to live a hundred years.
 6 Thy bright smoke lifts itself aloft, and
 far-extended shines in heaven.
 For, Purifier! like the Sun thou beamest
 with thy radiant glow.
 7 For in men's houses thou must be
 glorified as a well-loved guest,
 Gay like an elder in a fort, claiming
 protection like a son.
 8 Thou, Agni, like an able steed, art urged
 by wisdom in the wood.
 Thou art like wind; food, home art thou,
 like a young horse that runs astray.
 9 E'en things imperishable, thou, O Agni,
 like a gazing ox,
 Eatest, when hosts, Eternal One! of thee
 the Mighty rend the woods.
 10 Agni, thou enterest as Priest the home
 of men who sacrifice.
 Lord of the people, prosper them. Accept
 the offering, Angiras!
 11 O Agni, God with Mitra's might, call
 hither the favour of the Gods from earth
 and heaven.
 Bring weal from heaven, that men may
 dwell securely. May we o'ercome the foe's
 malign oppressions, may we o'ercome
 them, through thy help o'ercome them.

HYMN III. Agni.

1. TRUE, guardian of the Law, thy faithful
 servant wins ample light and dwells in
 peace, O Agni,
 Whom thou, as Varuna in accord with
 Mitra, guardest, O God, by banishing his
 trouble.
 2 He hath paid sacrifices, toiled in
 worship, and offered gifts to wealth-
 increasing Agni.
 Him the displeasure of the famous moves
 not, outrage and scorn affect not such a

mortal.

3 Bright God, whose look is free from
stain like Surya's, thou, swift, what time
thou earnestly desirest,
Hast gear to give us. Come with joy at
evening, where, Child of Wood, thou
mayest also tarry.

4 Fierce is his gait and vast his wondrous
body: he champeth like a horse with bit
and bridle,
And, darting forth his tongue, as 'twere a
hatchet, burning the woods, smelteth them
like a smelter.

5 Archer-like, fain to shoot, he sets his
arrow, and whets his splendour like the
edge of iron:

The messenger of night with brilliant
pathway, like a tree-roosting bird of rapid
pinion.

6 In beams of morn he clothes him like the
singer, and bright as Mitra with his
splendour crackles.

Red in the night, by day the men's
possession: red, he belongs to men by day,
Immortal.

7 Like Heaven's when scattering beams
his voice was uttered: among the plants
the radiant Hero shouted,

Who with his glow in rapid course came
hither to fill both worlds, well-wedded
Dames, with treasure.

8 Who, with supporting streams and rays
that suit him, hath flashed like lightning
with his native vigour.

Like the deft Maker of the band of Maruts,
the bright impetuous One hath shone
refulgent.

HYMN IV Agni.

1. As at man's service of the Gods, Invoker,
thou, Son of Strength, dost sacrifice and
worship,
So bring for us to-day all Gods together, bring
willingly the willing Gods, O Agni.
2 May Agni, radiant Herald of the morning,
meet to be known, accept our praise with

favour.

Dear to all life, mid mortal men Immortal, our
guest, awake at dawn, is Jatavedas.

3 Whose might the very heavens regard with
wonder: bright as the Sun he clothes himself
with lustre.

He who sends forth,, Eternal Purifier, hath
shattered e'en the ancient works of Asna.

4 Thou art a Singer, Son! our feast-companion:
Agni at birth prepared his food and pathway.
Therefore vouchsafe us strength, O Strength-
bestower. Win like a King: foes trouble not thy
dwelling.

5 Even he who cats his firm hard food with
swiftness, and overtakes the nights as Vayu
kingdoms.

May we o'ercome those who resist thine orders,
like a steed casting down the flying foemen.

6 Like Surya with his fulgent rays, O Agni, thou
overspreadest both the worlds with splendour.
Decked with bright colour he dispels the
darkness, like Ausija, with clear flame swiftly
flying.

7 We have elected thee as most delightful for
thy beams' glow: hear our great laud, O Agni.
The best men praise thee as the peer of Indra in
strength, mid Gods, like Viyu in thy bounty.

8 Now, Agni, on the tranquil paths of riches
come to us for our weal: save us from sorrow.
Grant chiefs and bard this boon. May we live
happy, with hero children, through a hundred
winters.

HYMN V. Agni.

1. I INVOCATE your Son of Strength, the
Youthful, with hymns, the Youngest God,
whose speech is guileless;
Sage who sends wealth comprising every
treasure, bringer of many boons, devoid of
malice.

2 At eve and morn thy pious servants bring thee
their precious gifts, O Priest of many aspects,
On whom, the Purifier, all things living as on
firm ground their happiness have stablished.

3 Thou from of old hast dwelt among these
people, by mental power the charioteer of
blessings.

Hence sendest thou, O sapient Jatavedas, to him

who serves thee treasures in succession.
4 Agni, whoever secretly attacks us, the
neighbour, thou with Mitra's might! who harms
us,
Burn him with thine own Steers for ever
youthful, burning with burning heat, thou
fiercest burner.
5 He who serves thee with sacrifice and fuel,
with hymn, O Son of Strength, and chanted
praises,
Shines out, Immortal! in the midst of mortals, a
sage, with wealth, with splendour and with
glory.
6 Do this, O Agni, when we urge thee, quickly,
triumphant in thy might subdue our foemen.
When thou art praised with words and decked
with brightness, accept this chanted hymn, the
singer's worship.
7 Help us, that we may gain this wish, O Agni,
gain riches, Wealthy One! with store of heroes.
Desiring strength from thee may we be
strengthened, and win, Eternal! thine eternal
glory.

HYMN VI. Agni.

1. HE who seeks furtherance and grace to help
him goes to the Son of Strength with newest
worship,
Calling the heavenly Priest to share the banquet,
who rends the wood, bright, with his blackened
pathway.
2 White-hued and thundering he dwells in
splendour, Most Youthful, with the loudvoiced
and eternal-
Agni, most variform, the Purifier, who follows
crunching many ample forests.
3 Incited by the wind thy flames, O Agni, move
onward, Pure One! pure, in all directions.
Thy most destructive heavenly Navagvas break
the woods down and devastate them boldly.
4 Thy pure white horses from their bonds are
loosened: O Radiant One, they shear the ground
beneath them,
And far and wide shines out thy flame, and
flickers rapidly moving over earth's high ridges.
5 Forth darts the Bull's tongue like the sharp
stone weapon discharged by him who fights to
win the cattle.

Agni's fierce flame is like a hero's onset: dread
and resistless he destroys the forests.
6 Thou with the sunlight of the great Impeller
hast boldly over-spread the earth's expanses.
So drive away with conquering might all perils.
fighting out foemen burn up those who harm us.
7 Wondrous! of wondrous power! give to the
singer wealth wondrous, marked, most
wonderful, life-giving.
Wealth bright, O Bright One, vast, with many
heroes, give with thy bright flames to the man
who lauds thee.

HYMN VII. Agni.

1. Him, messenger of earth and head of heaven,
Agni Vaisvanara, born in holy Order,
The Sage, the King, the guest of men, a vessel
fit for their mouths, the Gods have generated.
2 Him have they praised, mid-point of
sacrifices, great cistern of libations, seat of
riches.
Vaisvanara, conveyer of oblations, ensign of
worship, have the Gods engendered.
3 From thee, O Agni, springs the mighty singer,
from thee come heroes who subdue the foeman.
O King, Vaisvanara, bestow thou on us
excellent treasures worthy to belonged fo r.
4 To thee, Immortal! when to life thou
springest, all the Gods sing for joy as to their
infant.
They by thy mental powers were made
immortal, Vaisvanara, when thou shonest from
thy Parents.
5 Agni Vaisvanara, no one hath ever resisted
these thy mighty ordinances,
When thou, arising from thy Parents' bosom,
foundest the light for days' appointed courses.
6 The summits of the heaven are traversed
through and through by the Immortal's light,
Vaisvanara's brilliancy.
All creatures in existence rest upon his head.
The Seven swift-flowing Streams have grown
like branches forth,
7 Vaisvanara, who measured out the realms of
air, Sage very wise who made the lucid spheres
of heaven,
The Undeceivable who spread out all the

worlds, keeper is he and guard of immortality.

HYMN VIII. Agni.

1. AT Jatavedas' holy gathering I will tell aloud
the conquering might of the swift red-hued
Steer.

A pure and fresher hymn flows to Vaisvanara,
even as for Agni lovely Soma is made pure.

2 That Agni, when in loftiest heaven he sprang
to life, Guardian of Holy Laws, kept and
observed them well.

Exceeding wise, he measured out the
firmament. Vaisvanara attained to heaven by
mightiness.

3 Wonderful Mitra propped the heaven and
earth apart, and covered and concealed
the darkness with his light.

He made the two bowls part asunder like two
skins. Vaisvanara put forth all his creative
power.

4 The Migbty seized him in the bosom of the
floods: the people waited on the King who
should be praised.

As envoy of Vivasvan MatariSvan brought Agni
Vaisvanara hither from far away.

5 In every age bestow upon the singers wealth,
worthy of holy synods, glorious, ever new.
King, undecaying, as it were with sharpened
bolt, smite down the sinner like a tree with
lightning-flash.

6 Do thou bestow, O Agni, on our wealthy
chiefs, rule, with good heroes, undecaying,
bending not.

So may we win for us strength. O Vaisvanara,
hundredfold, thousandfold, O Agni, by thy help.

7 O thou who dwellest in three places, Helper,
keep with effective guards our princely patrons.
Keep our band, Agni, who have brought thee
presents. Lengthen their lives, Vaisvanara, when
lauded.

HYMN IX. Agni.

1. ONE half of day is dark, and bright the other:
both atmospheres move on by sage devices.

Agni Vaisvanara, when born as Sovran, hath
with his lustre overcome the darkness.

2 I know not either warp or woof, I know not
the web they weave when moving to the contest.

Whose son shall here speak words that must be
spoken without assistance from the Father near
him?

3 For both the warp and woof he understandeth,
and in due time shall speak what should be
spoken,

Who knoweth as the immortal world's Protector,
descending, seeing with no aid from other.

4 He is the Priest, the first of all: behold him.

Mid mortal men he is the light immortal.

Here was he born, firm-seated in his station

Immortal, ever waxing in his body.

5 A firm light hath been set for men to look on:

among all things that fly the mind is swiftest.

All Gods of one accord, with one intention,
move unobstructed to a single purpose.

6 Mine ears uncloseto hear, mine eye to see
him; the light that harbours in my spirit
broadens.

Far roams my mind whose thoughts are in the
distance. What shall I speak, what shall I now
imagine?

7 All the Gods bowed them down in fear before
thee, Agni, when thou wast dwelling in the
darkness.

Vaisvanara be gracious to assist us, may the
Immortal favour us and help us.

HYMN X. Agni.

1. INSTALL at sacrifice, while the rite
advances, your pleasant, heavenly Agni, meet
for praises.

With hymns-for he illumines us-install him. He,
Jatavedas, makes our rites successful.

2 Hear this laud, Radiant Priest of many aspects,
O Agni with the fires of man enkindled,
Laud which bards send forth pure as sacred
butter, strength to this man, as 'twere for self-
advantage.

3 Mid mortal men that singer thrives in glory
who offers gifts with hymns of praise to Agni,
And the God, wondrous bright, with wondrous
succours helps him to win a stable filled with
cattle.

4 He, at his birth, whose path is black behind
him, filled heaven and earth with far-apparent
splendour:

And he himself hath been. through night's thick

darkness, made manifest by light, the Purifier.
5 With thy most mighty aid, confer, O Agni,
wonderful wealth on us and on our princes,
Who stand preeminent, surpassing others in
liberal gifts, in fame, and hero virtues.
6 Agni, accept this sacrifice with gladness,
which, seated here, the worshipper presenteth.
Fair hymns hadst thou among the Bharadvajas,
and holpest them to gain abundant vigour.
7 Scatter our foes, increase our store. May we
be glad a hundred winters with brave sons.

HYMN XI. Agni.

1. EAGERLY Sacrifice thou, most skilful,
Agni! Priest, pressing on as if the Maruts sent
thee.
To our oblation bring the two Nasatyas, Mitra
and Varuna and Earth and Heaven.
2 Thou art our guileless, most delightful Herald,
the God, among mankind, of holy synods.
A Priest with purifying tongue, O Agni,
sacrifice with thy mouth to thine own body.
3 For even the blessed longing that is in thee
would bring the Gods down to the singer's
worship,
When the Angirases' sagest Sage, the Poet,
sings the sweet measure at the solemn service.
4 Bright hath he beamed, the wise, the far-
refulgent. Worship the two widespreading
Worlds, O Agni,
Whom as the Living One rich in oblations the
Five Tribes, bringing gifts, adorn with homage.
5 When I with reverence clip the grass for Agni,
when the trimmed ladle, full of oil, is lifted,
Firm on the seat of earth is based the altar: eye-
like, the sacrifice is directed Sun-ward.
6 Enrich us, O thou Priest of many aspects, with
the Gods, Agni, with thy fires, enkindled.
O Son of Strength, clad in the robe of riches,
may we escape from woe as from
a prison.

HYMN XII. Agni.

1. KING of trimmed grass, Herald within the
dwelling, may Agni worship the Impeller's
World-halves.

He, Son of Strength, the Holy, from a distance
hath spread himself abroad with light like
Surya.

2 In thee, most wise, shall Dyaus, for full
perfection, King! Holy One! pronounce the call
to worship.

Found in three places, like the Speeder's
footstep, come to present men's riches as
oblations!

3 Whose blaze most splendid, sovran in the
forest, shines waxing on his way like the -
Impeller.

He knows himself, like as a guileless smelter,
not to be stayed among the plants, Immortal.

4 Our friends extol him like a steed for vigour
even Agni in the dwelling, jatave~as.

Tree-fed, he fights with power as doth a
champion, like Dawn's Sire to be praised with
sacrifices.

5 Men wonder at his shining glows when,
paring the woods with case, o'er the broad earth
he goeth,

And, like a rushing flood, loosed quickly,
burneth, swift as a guilty thief, o'er desert
places.

6 So mighty thou protectest us from slander, O
Champion, Agni! with all fires enkindled.

Bring opulence and drive away affliction. May
brave sons gladden us through a hundred
winters.

HYMN XIII. Agni.

1. FROM thee, as branches from a tree, O Agni,
from thee, Auspicious God! spring all our
blessings-

Wealth swiftly, strength in battle with our
foemen, the rain besought of heaven, the flow of
waters.

2 Thou art our Bhaga to send wealth thou
dwellest, like circumambient air, with wondrous
splendour.

Friend art thou of the lofty Law, like Mitra,
Controller, Agni! God! of many a blessing.

3 Agni! the hero slays with might his foeman;
the singer bears away the Pani's booty-
Even he whom thou, Sage, born in Law, incitest
by wealth, accordant with the Child of Waters.

4 The man who, Son of Strength 1 with

sacrifices, hymns, lauds, attracts thy fervour to
the altar,
Enjoys each precious thing, O God, O Agni,
gains wealth of corn and is the lord of treasures.
5 Grant, Son of Strength, to men for their
subsistence such things as bring high fame and
hero children.
For thou with might givest much food in cattle
even to the wicked wolf when he is hungry.
6 Eloquent, Son of Strength, Most Mighty,
Agni, vouchsafe us seed and offspring, full of
vigour.
May I by all my songs obtain abundance. May
brave sons gladden us through a hundred
winters.

HYMN XIV. Agni.

1. WHOSO to Agni hath endeared his thought
and service by his hymns,
That mortal cats before the rest, and finds
sufficiency of food.
2 Agni, in truth, is passing wise, most skilled in
ordering, a Seer.
At sacrifices Manus' sons glorify Agni as their
Priest.
3 The foeman's wealth in many a place, Agni, is
emulous to help.
Men fight the fiend, and seek by rites to
overcome the riteless foe.
4 Agni bestows the hero chief, winner of waters,
firm in fray.
Soon as they look upon his might his enemies
tremble in alarm.
5 For with his wisdom Agni, God, protects the
mortal from reproach,
Whose conquering wealth is never checked, is
never checked in deeds of might.
6 O Agni, God with Mitra's might call hither the
favour of the Gods from earth and heaven.
Bring weal from heaven that men may dwell
securely. May we o'ercome the foe's malign
oppressions, may we o'ercome them, through
thy help o'ercome them.

HYMN XV. Agni.

1. WITH this my song I strive to reach this
guest of yours, who wakes at early morn, the
Lord of all the tribes.

Each time he comes from heaven, the Pure One
from of old: from ancient days the Child eats
everlasting food.

2 Whom, well-dis sed, the Blirgus stablished as
a rriend, whom men must glorify, high-flaming
in the wood.

As such, most friendly, thou art every day
extolled in lauds by Vitahavya, O thou
wondrous God.

3 Be thou the foeless helper of the skilful man,
subduer of the enemy near or far away.

Bestow a wealthy home on men, O Son of
Strength. Give Vitahavya riches spreading far
and wide, give Bharadvaja wide-spread wealth.

4 Him, your refulgent guest, Agni who comes
from heaven, the Herald of mankind, well-
skilled in sacred rites,

Who, like a holy singer, utters heavenly words,
oblation-bearer, envoy, God, I seek with hymns.

5 Who with his purifying, eye-attracting form
hath shone upon the earth as with the light of
Dawn;

Who speeding on, as in the fight of Etaia,
cometh, untouched by age, as one athirst in heat.

6 Worship ye Agni, Agni, with your log of
wood; praise your beloved, your beloved guest
with songs.

Invite ye the Immortal hither with your hymns.

A God among the Gods, he loveth what is
choice, loveth our service, God mid Gods.

7 Agni inflamed with fuel in my song I sing,
pure, Cleanser, steadfast, set in front at sacrifice.

Wise Jatavedas we implore with prayers for
bliss the Priest, the holy Singer, bounteous, void
of guile.

8 Men, Agni, in each age have made thee,
Deathiess One, their envoy, offering-bearer,
guard adorable.

With reverence Gods and mortals have
established thee, the ever-watchful, omnipresent
Household Lord.

9 Thou, Agni, ordering the works and ways of
both, as envoy of the Gods traverses both the
worlds.

When we lay claim to thy regard and gracious
fare, be thou to us a thriceprotecting friendly
guard.

10 Him fair of face, rapid, and fair to look on,

him very wise may we who know not follow.
Let him who knows all rules invite for worship,
Agni announce our offering to the Immortals.

11 Him, Agni, thou deliverest and savest who
brings him prayer to thee the Wise, O Hero,
The end of sacrifice or its inception; yea, thou
endowest him with power and riches.

12 Guard us from him who would assail us,
Agni; preserve us, O thou Victor, from
dishonour.

Here let the place of darkening come upon thee:
may wealth be ours, desirable in thousands.

13 Agni, the Priest, is King, Lord of the
homestead, he, Jatayeda, knows all
generations.

Most skilful worshipper mid Gods and mortals,
may he begin the sacrifice, the Holy.

14 Whate'er to-day thou, bright-flamed Priest,
enjoyest from the man's rite-for thou art
sacrificer-

Worship, for duly dost thou spread in greatness:
bear off thine offerings of to-day, Most
Youthful.

15 Look thou upon the viands duly laid for thee.
Fain would he set thee here to worship Heaven
and Earth.

Help us, O liberal Agni, in the strife for spoil, so
that we may o'ercome all things that trouble us,
o'ercome, o'ercome them with thy help.

16 Together with all Gods, O fair-faced Agni,
be seated first upon the woollined altar,
Nest-like, bedewed with oil. Bear this our
worship to Savitar who sacrifices rightly.

17 Here the arranging priests, as did Atharvan,
rub this Agni forth,

Whom, not bewildered, as he moved in winding
ways, they brought from gloom.

18 For the Gods' banquet be thou born, for full
perfection and for weal.

Bring the Immortal Gods who strengthen holy
Law: so let our sacrifice reach the Gods.

19 O Agni, Lord and Master of men's
homesteads, with kindled fuel we have made
thee mighty.

Let not our household gear be found defective.
Sharpen us with thy penetrating splendour.

HYMN XVI. Agni.

1. PRIEST of all sacrifices hast thou been
appointed by the Gods,
Agni, amid the race of man.
2 So with thy joyous tongues for us sacrifice
nobly in this rite.
Bring thou the Gods and worship them.
3 For well, O God, Disposer, thou knowest,
straight on, the paths and ways,
Agni, most wise in sacrifice.
4 Thee, too, hath Bharata of old, with mighty
men, implored for bliss.
And worshipped thee the worshipful.
5 Thou givest these abundant boons to Divodasa
pouring forth,
To Bharadvaja offering gifts.
6 Do thou, Immortal Messenger, bring hither the
Celestial Folk;
Hearing the singer's eulogy.
7 Mortals with pious thought implore thee,
Agni, God, at holy rites,
To come unto the feast of Gods.
8 I glorify thine aspect and the might of thee the
Bountiful.
All those who love shall joy in thee,
9 Invoker placed by Manus, thou, Agni, art
near, the wisest Priest:
Pay worship to the Tribes of Heaven.
10 Come, Agni, lauded, to the feast; come to the
offering of the gifts.
As Priest be seated on the grass.
11 So, Angiras, we make thee strong with fuel
and with holy oil.
Blaze high, thou youngest of the Gods.
12 For us thou winnest, Agni, God, heroic
strength exceeding great,
Far-spreading and of high renown.
13 Agni, Atharvan brought thee forth, by
rubbing, from the lotus-flower,
The head of Visva, of the Priest.
14 Thee. Vrtra's slayer, breaker down of castles,
hath Atharvan's son,
Dadhya the Rsi, lighted up.
15 The hero Pathya kindled thee the Dasyus'.
most destructive foe,
Winner of spoil in every fight.
16 Come, here, O Agni, will I sing verily other
songs to thee,
And with these drops shalt thou grow strong.

17 Where'er thy mind applies itself, vigour
preeminent hast thou:
There wilt thou gain a dwelling-place.
18 Not for a moment only lasts thy bounty,
good to many a one!
Our service therefore shalt thou gain.
19 Agni, the Bharata, hath been sought, the
Vrtra-slayer, marked of all,
Yea, Divodasa's Hero Lord.
20 For he gave riches that surpass in greatness
all the things of earth,
Fighting untroubled, unsubdued.
21 Thou, Agni, as in days of old, with recent
glory, gathered light,
Hast overspread the lofty heaven.
22 Bring to your Agni, O my friends, boldly
your laud and sacrifice:
Give the Disposer praise and song.
23 For as sagacious Herald he hath sat through
every age of man,
Oblation-bearing messenger.
24 Bring those Two Kings whose ways are pure,
Adityas, and the Marut host,
Excellent God! and Heaven and Earth.
25 For strong and active mortal man, excellent,
Agni, is the look Of thee Immortal, Son of
Strength
26 Rich through his wisdom, noblest be the
giver serving thee to-day:
The man hath brought his hymn of praise.
27 These, Agni, these are helped by thee, who
strong and active all their lives,
O'ercome the malice of the foe, fight down the
malice of the foe.
28 May Agni with his pointed blaze cast down
each fierce devouring fiend
May Agni win us wealth by war.
29 O active Jatavedas, bring riches with store of
hero sons:
Slay thou the demons, O Most Wise.
30 Keep us, O Jatavedas, from the troubling of
the man of sin:
Guard us thou Sage who knowest prayer.
31 Whatever sinner, Agni, brings oblations to
procure our death,
Save us from woe that he would work.
32 Drive from us with thy tongue, O God, the
man who doeth evil deeds,

The mortal who would strike us dead.
33 Give shelter reaching far and wide to
Bharadvaja, conquering Lord!
Agni, send wealth most excellent.
34 May Agni slay the Vrtras,-fain for riches,
through the lord of song,
Served with oblation, kindled, bright.
35 His Father's Father, shining in his Mother's
everlasting side,
Set on the seat of holy Law.
36 O active Jatavedas, bring devotion that wins
progeny, Agni, that it may shine to heaven.
37 O Child of Strength, to thee whose look is
lovely we with dainty food,
O Agni, have poured forth our songs.
38 To thee for shelter are we come, as to the
shade from fervent heat
Agni, who glitterest like gold.
39 Mighty as one who slays with shafts, or like
a bull with sharpened horn,
Agni, thou breakest down the forts.
40 Whom, like an infant newly born, devourer,
in their arms they bear,
Men's Agni, skilled in holy rites.
41 Bear to the banquet of the Gods the God best
finder-out of wealth,
Let him be seated in his place.
42 In Jatavedas kindle ye the dear guest who
hath now appeared
In a soft place, the homestead's Lord.
43 Harness, O Agni, O thou God, thy steeds
which are most excellent:
They bear thee as thy spirit wills.
44 Come hither, bring the Gods to us to taste the
sacrificial feast,
To drink the draught of Soma juice.
45 O Agni of the Bharatas, blaze high with
everlasting might,
Shine forth and gleam, Eternal One.
46 The mortal man who serves the God with
banquet, and, bringing gifts at sacrifice, lauds
Agni,
May well attract, with prayer and hands
uplifted, the Priest of Heaven and Earth, true
Sacrificer.
47 Agni, we bring thee, with our hymn, oblation
fashioned in the heart.
Let these be oxen unto thee, let these be bulls

and kine to thee.

48 The Gods enkindle Agni, best slayer of
Vrtra, first in rank,
The Mighty, One who brings us wealth and
crushes down the Raksasas.

HYMN XVII. Indra.

1. DRINK Soma, Mighty One, for which, when
lauded, thou breakest through the cattle-stall, O
Indra;

Thou who, O Bold One, armed with thunder
smotest Vrtra with might, and every hostile
being.

2 Drink it thou God who art impetuous victor,
Lord of our hymns, with beauteous jaws, the
Hero,

Render of kine-stalls, car-borne, thunder-
wielding, so pierce thy way to wondrous
strength, O Indra.

3 Drink as of old, and let the draught delight
thee. hear thou our prayer and let our songs
exalt thee.

Make the Sun visible, make food abundant,
slaughter the foes, pierce through and free the
cattle.

4 These gladdening drops, O Indra, Self-
sustainer, quaffed shall augment thee in thy
mighty splendour.

Yea, let the cheering drops delight thee greatly,
great, perfect, strong, powerful, all-subduing.

5 Gladdened whereby, bursting the firm
enclosures, thou gavest splendour to the Sun
and Morning.

The mighty rock that compassed in the cattle,
ne'er moved, thou shookest from its seat, O
Indra.

6 Thou with thy wisdom, power, and works of
wonder, hast stored the ripe milk in the raw
cows' udders

Unbarred the firm doors for the kine of
Morning, and, with the Angirases, set free the
cattle.

7 Thou hast spread out wide earth, a mighty
marvel, and, high thyself, propped lofty heaven,
O Indra.

Both worlds, whose Sons are Gods, thou hast
supported, young, Mothers from old time of holy
Order.

8 Yea, Indra, all the Deities installed thee their
 one strong Champion in the van for battle.
 What time the godless was the Gods' assailant,
 Indra they chose to win the light of heaven.
 9 Yea, e'en that heaven itself of old bent
 backward before thy bolt, in terror of its anger,
 When Indra, life of every living creature, smote
 down within his lair the assailing Dragon.
 10 Yea, Strong One! Tvastar turned for thee, the
 Mighty, the bolt with thousand spikes and
 hundred edges,
 Eager and prompt at will, wherewith thou
 crushedst the boasting Dragon, O impetuous
 Hero.
 11 He dressed a hundred buffaloes, O Indra, for
 thee whom all accordant Maruts strengthen.
 He, Pusan Visnu, poured forth three great
 vessels to him, the juice that cheers, that
 slaughters Vrtra.
 12 Thou settest free the rushing wave of waters,
 the floods' great swell encompassed and
 obstructed.
 Along steep slopes their course thou turnedst,
 Indra, directed downward, speeding to the
 ocean.
 13 So may our new prayer bring thee to protect
 us, thee well-armed Hero with thy bolt of
 thunder,
 Indra, who made these worlds, the Strong, the
 ty, who never groweth old, the victory-giver.
 14 So, Indra, form us brilliant holy singers for
 strength, for glory, and for food and riches.
 Give Bharadvaja hero patrons, Indra Indra, be
 ours upon the day of trial.
 15 With this may we obtain strength God-
 appointed, and brave sons gladden us through a
 hundred winters.

HYMN XVIII. Indra.

1. GLORIFY him whose might is all-
 surpassing, Indra the much-invoked who fights
 uninjured.
 Magnify with these songs the never-vanquished,
 the Strong, the Bull of men, the Mighty Victor.
 2 He, Champion, Hero, Warrior, Lord of battles,
 impetuous, loudly roaring, great destroyer,
 Who whirls the dust on high, alone, oerthrower,
 hath made all races of mankind his subjects.

3 Thou, thou alone, hast tamed the Dasyus;
singly thou hast subdued the people for the
Arya.

In this, or is it not, thine hero exploit, Indra?
Declare it at the proper season.

4 For true, I deem, thy strength is, thine the
Mighty, thine, O Most Potent, thine the
Conquering Victor;

Strong, of the strong, Most Mighty, of the
mighty, thine, driver of the churl to acts of
bounty.

5 Be this our ancient bond of friendship with
you and with Angirases here who speak of Vala.
Thou, Wondrous, Shaker of things firm, didst
smite him in his fresh strength, and force his
doors and castles.

6 With holy thoughts must he be called, the
Mighty, showing his power in the great fight
with Vrtra.

He must be called to give us seed and offspring,
the Thunderer must he moved and sped to
battle.

7 He in his might, with name that lives for ever,
hath far surpassed all human generations.

He, most heroic, hath his home with splendour,
with glory and with riches and with valour.

8 Stranger to guile, who ne'er was false or
faithless, bearing a name that may be well
remembered,

Indra crushed Cumuri, Dhuni, Sambara, Pipru,
and Susna, that their castles fell in ruin.

9 With saving might that must be praised and
lauded, Indra, ascend thy car to smite down
Vrtra.

In thy right hand hold fast thy bolt of thunder,
and weaken, Bounteous Lord, his art and magic.

10 As Agni, as the dart burns the dry forest, like
the dread shaft burn down the fiends, O Indra;
Thou who with high deep-reaching spear hast
broken, hast covered over mischief and
destroyed it.

11 With wealth, by thousand paths come hither,
Agni, paths that bring ample strength, O thou
Most Splendid.

Come, Son of Strength, o'er whom, Invoked of
many! the godless hath no power to keep thee
distant.

12 From heaven, from earth is bruited forth the

greatness of him the firm, the fiery, the
resplendent.

No foe hath he, no counterpart, no refuge is
there from him the Conqueror full of wisdom

13 This day the deed that thou hast done is
famous, when thou, for him, with many
thousand others

Laidest low Kutsa, Ayu, Atithigva, and boldly
didst deliver Turvayana.

14 In thee, O God, the wisest of the Sages, all
Gods were joyful when thou slewest Ahi.

When lauded for thyself, thou gavest freedom to
sore-afflicted Heaven and to the people.

15 This power of thine both heaven and earth
acknowledge, the deathless Gods acknowledge
it, O Indra.

Do what thou ne'er hast done, O Mighty
Worker: beget a new hymn at thy sacrifices.

HYMN XIX. Indra.

1. GREAT, hero-like controlling men is Indra,
unwasting in his powers, doubled in vastness.
He, turned to us, hath grown to hero vigour:
broad, wide, he hath been decked by those who
serve him.

2 The bowl made Indra swift to gather booty,
the High, the Lofty, Youthful, Undecaying,
Him who hath waxed by strength which none
may conquer, and even at once grown to
complete perfection.

3 Stretch out those hands of thine, extend to us-
ward thy wide capacious arms, and grant us
glory.

Like as the household herdsman guards the
cattle, so move thou round about us in the
combat.

4 Now, fain for strength, let us invite your Indra
hither, who lieth hidden with his Heroes,-
Free from all blame, without reproach,
uninjured, e'en as were those who sang, of old,
his praises.

5 With steadfast laws, wealth-giver, strong
through Soma, he hath much fair and precious
food to feed us.

In him unite all paths that lead to riches, like
rivers that commingle with the ocean.

6 Bring unto us the mightiest might, O Hero,
strong and most potent force, thou great

Subduer!

All splendid vigorous powers of men vouchsafe us, Lord of Bay Steeds, that they may make us joyful.

7 Bring us, grown mighty in its strength, O Indra, thy friendly rapturous joy that wins the battle,

Wherewith by thee assisted and triumphant, we may laud thee in gaining seed and offspring.

8 Indra, bestow on us the power heroic skilled and exceeding strong, that wins the booty, Wherewith, by thine assistance, we may conquer our foes in battle, be they kin or stranger.

9 Let thine heroic strength come from behind us, before us, from above us or below us.

From every side may it approach us, Indra. Give us the glory of the realm of splendour.

10 With most heroic aid from thee, like heroes Indra, may we win wealth by deeds glory.

Thou, King, art Lord of earthly, heavenly treasure: vouchsafe us riches vast, sublime, and lasting.

11 The Bull, whose strength hath waxed, whom Maruts follow, free-giving Indra, the Celestial Ruler,

Mighty, all-conquering, the victory-giver, him let us call to grant us new protection.

12 Give up the people who are high and haughty to these men and to me, O Thunder-wielder!

Therefore upon the earth do we invoke thee, where heroes win, for sons and kine and waters.

13 Through these thy friendships, God invoked of many! may we be victors over every foeman.

Slaying both kinds of foe, may we, O Hero, be happy, helped by thee, with ample riches.

HYMN XX. Indra.

1. GIVE us wealth, Indra, that with might, as heaven o'ertops the earth, o'ercomes our foes in battle

Wealth that brings thousands and that wins the corn-lands, wealth, Son of Strength! that vanquishes the foeman.

2 Even as the power of Dyaus, to thee, O Indra, all Asura sway was by the Gods entrusted, When thou, Impetuous! leagued with Visnu, slewest Vrtra the Dragon who enclosed the

waters.

3 Indra, Strong, Victor, Mightier than the
mighty, addressed with prayer and perfect in his
splendour,

Lord of the bolt that breaketh forts in pieces,
became the King of the sweet juice of Soma..

4 There, Indra, while the light was won, the
Panis fled, 'neath a hundred blows, for wise
Dasoni,

And greedy Susna's magical devices nor left he
any of their food remaining.

5 What time the thunder fell and Susna
perished, all life's support from the great Druh
was taken.

Indra made room for his car-driver Kutsa who
sate beside him, when he gained the sunlight.

6 As the Hawk rent for him the stalk that
gladdens, he wrenched the head from Namuci
the Dasa.

He guarded Nam, Sayya's son, in slumber, and
sated him with food, success, and riches.

7 Thou, thunder-armed, with thy great might
hast shattered Pipru's strong forts who knew the
wiles of serpents.

Thou gavest to thy worshipper Rjisvan
imperishable Wealth, O Bounteous Giver.

8 The crafty Vetasu, the swift Dasni, and Tugra
speedily with all his servants,

Hath Indra, gladdening with strong assistance,
forced near as 'twere to glorify the Mother.

9 Resistless, with the hosts he battles, bearing in
both his arms the Vrtra-slaying thunder.

He mounts his Bays, as the car-seat an archer:
yoked at a word they bear the lofty Indra.

10 May we, O Indra, gain by thy new favour: so
Parus laud thee, with their sacrifices,

That thou hast wrecked seven autumn forts,
their shelter, slain Dasa tribes and aided
Purukutsa.

11 Favouring Usana the son of Kavi, thou wast
his ancient strengthener, O Indra.

Thou gavest Navavastva. as a present, to the
great father gavest back his grandson.

12 Thou, roaring Indra, drovest on the waters
that made a roaring sound like rushing rivers,

What time, O Hero, o'er the sea thou broughtest,
in safety broughtest Turvasa and Yadu.

13 This Indra, was thy work in war: thou sentest

Dhuni and Cumuri to sleep and slumber.
Dabhiti lit the flame for thee, and worshipped
with fuel, hymns, poured Soma, dressed
oblations.

HYMN XXI. Indra. Visvedevas.

1. THESE the most constant singer's
invocations call thee who art to be invoked, O
Hero;
Hymns call anew the chariot-borne, Eternal: by
eloquence men gain abundant riches.
2 I praise that Indra, known to all men,
honoured with songs, extolled with hymns at
sacrifices,
Whose majesty, rich in wondrous arts,
surpasseth the magnitude of earth, and heaven
in greatness.
3 He hath made pathways, with the Sun to aid
him, throughout the darkness that extended
pathless.
Mortals who yearn to worship ne'er dishonour,
O Mighty God, thy Law who art Immortal.
4 And he who did these things, where is that
Indra? among what tribes? what people doth he
visit?
What sacrifice contents thy mind, and wishes?
What priest among them all? what hymn, O
Indra?
5 Yea, here were they who, born of old, have
served thee, thy friends of ancient time, thou
active Worker.
Bethink thee now of these, Invoked of many!
the midmost and the recent, and the youngest.
6 Inquiring after him, thy later servants, Indra,
have gained thy former old traditions.
Hero, to whom the prayer is brought, we praise
thee as great for that wherein we know thee
mighty.
7 The demon's strength is gathered fast against
thee: great as that strength hath grown, go forth
to meet it.
With thine own ancient friend and companion,
the thunderbolt, brave Champion! drive it
backward.
8 Hear, too, the prayer of this thy present
beadsman, O Indra, Hero, cherishing the singer.
For thou wast aye our fathers' Friend aforetime,
still swift to listen to their supplication.

9 Bring to our help this day, for our protection,
Varuna, Mitra , Indra, and the Maruts,
Pusan and Visnu, Agni and Purandhi, Savitar
also, and the Plants and Mountains.

10 The singers here exalt with hymns and
praises thee who art very Mighty and Most
Holy.

Hear, when invoked, the invoker's invocation.
Beside thee there is nonelike thee, Immortal!

11 Now to my words come quickly thou who
knowest, O Son of Strength, with all who claim
our worship,

Who visit sacred rites, whose tongue is Agni,
Gods who made Manu stronger than the Dasyu.

12 On good and evil ways be thou our Leader,
thou who art known to all as Path-preparer.
Bring power to us, O Indra, with thy Horses,
Steeds that are best to draw, broad-backed,
unwearied.

HYMN XXII. Indra.

1. WITH these my hymns I glorify that Indra
who is alone to be invoked by mortals,
The Lord, the Mighty One, of manly vigour,
victorious, Hero, true, and full of wisdom.

2 Our sires of old,. Navagvas, sages seven,
while urging him to show his might, extolled
him,

Dwelling on heights, swift, smiting down
opponents, guileless in word, and in his
thoughts most mighty.

3 We seek that Indra to obtain his riches that
bring much food, and men, and store of heroes.
Bring us, Lord of Bay Steeds, to make us joyful,
celestial wealth, abundant, undecaying.

4 Tell thou us this, if at thy hand aforetime the
earlier singers have obtained good fortune,
What is thy share and portion, Strong Subduer,
Asura-slayer, rich, invoked of many?

5 He who for car-borne Indra, armed with
thunder, hath a hymn, craving, deeply-piercing,
fluent,

Who sends a song effectual, firmly-grasping,
and strength-bestowing, he comes near the
mighty.

6 Strong of thyself, thou by this art hast
shattered, with thought-swift Parvata, him who
waxed against thee,

And, Mightiest! roaring! boldly rent in pieces
 things that were firmly fixed and never shaken.
 7 Him will we fit for you with new devotion, the
 strongest Ancient One, in ancient manner.
 So may that Indra, boundless, faithful Leader,
 conduct us o'er all places hard to traverse.
 8 Thou for the people who oppress hast kindled
 the earthly firmament and that of heaven.
 With heat, O Bull, on every side consume them:
 heat earth and flood for him who hates devotion.
 9 Of all the Heavenly Folk, of earthly creatures
 thou art the King, O God of splendid aspect.
 In thy right hand, O Indra, grasp the thunder:
 Eternal! thou destroyest all enchantments.
 10 Give us confirmed prosperity, O Indra, vast
 and exhaustless for the foe's subduing.
 Strengthen therewith the Arya's hate and Dasa's,
 and let the arms of Nahusas be mighty.
 11 Come with thy team which brings all
 blessings hither, Disposer, much-invoked,
 exceeding holy.
 Thou whom no fiend, no God can stay or
 hinder, come swifly with these Steeds in my
 direction.

HYMN XXIII. Indra.

1. THOU art attached to pressed-out Soma,
 Indra, at laud, at prayer, and when the hymn is
 chanted;
 Or when with yoked Bays, Maghavan, thou
 comest, O Indra, bearing in thine arms the
 thunder.
 2 Or when on that decisive day thou holpest the
 presser of the juice at Vrtra's slaughter;
 Or when thou, while the strong one feared,
 undaunted, gavest to death, Indra, the daring
 Dasyus.
 3 Let Indra drink the pressed-out Soma, Helper
 and mighty Guide of him who sings his praises.
 He gives the hero room who pours oblations,
 and treasure even to the lowly singer.
 4 E'en humble rites with his Bay steeds he
 visits: he wields the bolt, drinks Soma, gives us
 cattle.
 He makes the valiant rich in store of heroes,
 accepts our praise and hears the singer's calling.
 5 What he hath longed for we have brought to

Indra, who from the days of old hath done us service.

While Soma flows we will sing hymn, and laud him, so that our prayer may streng. then Indra's vigour.

6 Thou hast made prayer the means of thine exalting, therefore we wait on thee with hymns, O Indra.

May we, by the pressed Soma, Somadrinker! bring thee, with sacrifice, blissful sweet refreshment.

7 Mark well our sacrificial cake, delighted Indra, drink Soma and the milk commingled. Here on the sacrificer's grass be seated: give ample room to thy devoted servant.

8 O Mighty One, be joyful as thou willest. Let these our sacrifices reach and find thee;

And may this hymn and these our invocations turn thee, whom many men invoke, to help us.

9 Friends, when thejuices flow, replenish duly your own, your bounteous Indra with the Soma. Will it not aid him to support us? Indra. spares him who sheds the juice to win his favour.

10 While Soma flowed, thus Indra hath been lauded, Ruler of nobles, mid the Bharadvajas, That Indra may become the singer's patron and give him wealth in every kind of treasure.

HYMN XXIV. Indra.

1. STRONG rapturous joy, praise, glory are with Indra: impetuous God, he quaffs the juice of Soma:

That Maghavan whom men must laud with singing, Heaven-dweller, King of songs, whose help is lasting.

2 He, Friend of man, most wise, victorious Hero, hears, with far-reaching aid, the singer call him.

Excellent, Praise of Men, the bard's Supporter, Strong, he gives strength, extolled in holy synod.

3 The lofty axle of thy wheels, O Hero, is not surpassed by heaven and earth in greatness.

Like branches of a tree, Invoked of many manifold aids spring forth from thee, O Indra.

4 Strong Lord, thine energies, endowed with vigour, are like the paths of kine converging homeward.

Like bonds of cord, Indra, that bind the
younglings, no bonds are they, O thou of
boundless bounty.

5 One act to-day, another act tomorrow oft Indra
makes what is not yet existeni.

Here have we Mitra, Varuna, and Pusan to
overcome the foeman's domination.

6 By song and sacrifice men brought the waters
from thee, as from a mountain's ridge, O Indra.
Urging thy might, with these fair lauds they
seek thee, O theme of song, as horses rush
tobattle.

7 That Indra whom nor months nor autumn
seasons wither with age, nor fleeting days
enfeeble,-

Still may his body Wax, e'en now so mighty,
glorified by the lauds and hymns that praise
him.

8 Extolled, he bends not to the strong, the
steadfast, nor to the bold incited by the Dasyu.
High mountains are as level plains to Indra:
even in the deep he finds firm ground to rest on.

9 Impetuous Speeder through all depth and
distance, give strengthening food, thou drinker
of the juices.

Stand up erect to help us, unreluctant, what time
the gloom of night brightens to morning.

10 Hasting to help, come hither and protect him,
keep him from harm when he is here, O Indra.

At home, abroad, from injury preserve him.

May brave sons gladden us through a hundred
winters.

HYMN XXV. Indra.

1. WITH thine assistance, O thou Mighty Indra,
be it the least, the midmost, or the highest,-
Great with those aids and by these powers
support us, Strong God! in battle that subdues
our foemen.

2 With these discomfit hosts that fight against
us, and check the opponent's wrath, thyself
uninjured.

With these chase all our foes to every quarter:
subdue the tribes of Dasas to the Arya.

3 Those who array themselves as foes to smite
us, O Indra, be they kin or be they strangers,-
Strike thou their manly strength that it be feeble,
and drive in headlong flight our foemen

backward.

4 With strength of limb the hero slays the hero,
when bright in arms they range them for the
combat.

When two opposing hosts contend in battle for
seed and offspring, waters, kine, or corn-lands.

5 Yet no strong man hath conquered thee, no
hero, no brave, no warrior trusting in his valour.
Not one of these is match for thee, O Indra.
Thou far surpasses all these living creatures.

6 He is the Lord of both these armies' valour
when the commanders call them to the conflict:
When with their ranks expanded they are
fighting with a great foe or for a home with
heroes.

7 And when the people stir themselves for
battle, be thou their saviour, Indra, and
protector,
And theirs, thy manliest of our friends, the
pious, the chiefs who have installed us priests,
O Indra.

8 To thee for high dominion hath been for
evermore, for slaughtering the Vrtras,
All lordly power and might, O Holy Indra,
given by Gods for victory in battle.

9 So urge our hosts together in the combats:
yield up the godless bands that fight against us.
Singing, at morn may we find thee with favour,
yea, Indra, and e'en now, we Bharadvajas.

HYMN XXVI. Indra.

1. O INDRA, hear us. Raining down the Soma,
we call on thee to win us mighty valour.
Give us strong succour on the day of trial, when
the tribes gather on the field of battle.

2 The warrior, son of warrior sire, invokes thee,
to gain great strength that may be won as booty:
To thee, the brave man's Lord, the fiends'
subduer, he looks when fighting hand to hand
for cattle.

3 Thou didst impel the sage to win the daylight,
didst ruin Susna for the pious Kutsa.

The invulnerable demon's head thou clavest
when thou wouldst win the praise of Atithigva.

4 The lofty battle-car thou broughtest forward;
thou holpest Dasadyu the strong when fighting.
Along with Vetasu thou slewest Tugra, and
madest Tuji strong, who praised thee, Indra.

5 Thou madest good the laud, what time thou
renewest a hundred thousand fighting foes, O
Hero,
Slewest the Dasa Sambara of the mountain, and
with strange aids didst succour Divodasa.
6 Made glad with Soma-draughts and faith, thou
sentest Cumuri to his sleep, to please Dabhati.
Thou, kindly giving Raji to Pithinas, slewest
with might, at once, the sixty thousand.
7 May I too, with the liberal chiefs, O Indra,
acquire thy blin supreme and domination,
When, Mightiest! Hero-girt! Nahusa heroes
boast them in thee, the triply-strong Defender.
8 So may we be thy friends, thy best beloved, O
Indra, at this holy invocation.
Best be Pratardani, illustrious ruler, in slaying
foemen and in gaining riches.

HYMN XXVII. Indra.

1 WHAT deed hath Indra done in the wild
transport, in quaffing or in friendship with, the
Soma?
What joys have men of ancient times or recent
obtained within the chamber of libation?
2 In its wild joy Indra hath proved him faithful,
faithful in quaffing, faithful in its friendship.
His truth is the delight that in this chamber the
men of old and recent times have tasted.
3 All thy vast power, O Maghavan, we know
not, know not the riches of thy full abundance.
No one hath seen that might of thine, productive
of bounty every day renewed, O Indra.
4 This one great power of thine our eyes have
witnessed, wherewith thou slewest Varasikha's
children,
When by the force of thy descending thunder, at
the mere sound, their boldest was demolished.
5 In aid of Abhyavartin Cayamana, Indra
destroyed the seed of Varasikha.
At Hariyupiya he smote the vanguard of the
Vrcivans, and the rear fled frightened.
6 Three thousand, mailed, in quest of fame,
together, on the Yavyavati, O much-sought
Indra,
Vrcivan's sons, falling before the arrow, like
bursting vessels went to their destruction.
7 He, whose two red Steers, seeking goodly

pasture, plying their tongues move on 'twixt
earth and heaven,
Gave Turvasa to Srñjaya, and, to aid him, gave
the Vrcivans up to Daivavata.
8 Two wagon-teams, with damsels, twenty
oxen, O Agni, Abhydvartin Cayamdna,
The liberal Sovran, giveth me. This guerdon of
Prthu's seed is hard to win from others.

HYMN XXVIII. Cows.

I. THE Kine have come and brought good
fortune: let them rest in the cow-pen and be
happy near us.
Here let them stay prolific, many-coloured, and
yield through many morns their milk for Indra.
2 Indra aids him who offers sacrifice and gifts:
he takes not what is his, and gives him more
thereto.
Increasing ever more and ever more his wealth,
he makes the pious dwell within unbroken
bounds.
3 These are ne'er lost, no robber ever injures
them: no evil-minded foe attempts to harass
them.
The master of the Kine lives many a year with
these, the Cows whereby he pours his gifts and
serves the Gods.
4 The charger with his dusty brow o'ertakes
them not, and never to the shambles do they
take their way.
These Cows, the cattle of the pious worshipper,
roam over widespread pasture where no danger
is.
5 To me the Cows seem Bhaga, they seem
Indra, they seem a portion of the first-poured
Soma.
These present Cows, they, O ye Indra. I long for
Indra with my heart and spirit.
6 O Cows, ye fatten e'en the worn and wasted,
and make the unlovely beautiful to look on.
Prosper my house, ye with auspicious voices.
Your power is glorified in our assemblies.
7 Crop goodly pasturage and be prolific drink
pure sweet water at good drinking places.
Never be thief or sinful man your matter, and
may the dart of Rudra still avoid you.
8 Now let this close admixture be close
intermingled with these Cows,

Mixt with the Steer's prolific flow, and, Indra,
with thy hero might.

HYMN XXIX Indra.

1. YOUR men have followed Indra for his
friendship, and for his loving-kindness glorified
him.

For he bestows great wealth, the Thunder-
wielder: worship him, Great and Kind, to win
his favour.

2 Him to whose hand, men closely cling, and
drivers stand on his golden chariot firmly
stationed.

With his firm arms he holds the reins; his
Horses, the Stallions, are yoked ready for the
journey.

3 Thy devotees embrace thy feet for glory.
Bold, thunder-armed, rich, through thy strength,
in guerdon,

Robed in a garment fair as heaven to look on,
thou hast displayed thee like an active dancer.

4 That Soma when effused hath best
consistence, for which the food is dressed and
grain is mingled;

By which the men who pray, extolling Indra
chief favourites of Gods, recite their praises.

5 No limit of thy might hath been appointed,
which by its greatness sundered earth and
heaven.

These the Prince filleth full with strong
endeavour, driving, as 'twere, with help his
flocks to waters.

6 So be the lofty Indra prompt to listen, Helper
unaided, golden-visored Hero.

Yea, so may he, shown forth in might
unequalled, smite down the many Vrtras and the
Dasyus.

HYMN XXX. Indra.

1. INDRA hath waxed yet more for hero
prowess, alone, Eternal, he bestoweth treasures.
Indra transcendeth both the worlds in greatness:
one half of him equalleth earth and heaven.

2 Yea, mighty I esteem his Godlike nature: none
hindereth what he hath once determined.

Near and afar he spread and set the regions, and
every day the Sun became apparent.

3 E'en now endures thine exploit of the Rivers,

when, Indra, for their floods thou clavest
passage.
Like men who sit at meat the mountains settled:
by thee, Most Wise! the regions were made
steadfast.
4 This is the truth, none else is like thee, Indra,
no God superior to thee, no mortal.
Thou slewest Ahi who besieged the waters, and
lettest loose the streams to hurry seaward.
5 Indra, thou breakest up the floods and portals
on all sides, and the firmness of the mountain.
Thou art the King of men, of all that liveth,
engendering at once Sun, Heaven, and Morning.

HYMN XXXI Indra.

1. SOLE Lord of wealth art thou, O Lord of
riches: thou in thine hands hast held the people,
Indra!
Men have invoked thee with contending voices
for seed and waters, progeny and sunlight.
2 Through fear of thee, O Indra, all the regions
of earth, though naught may move them, shake
and tremble.
All that is firm is frightened at thy coming, -the
earth, the heaven, the mountain, and the forest.
3 With Kutsa, Indra! thou didst conquer Susna,
voracious, bane of crops, in fight for cattle.
In the close fray thou rentest him: thou stolest
the Sun's wheel and didst drive away
misfortunes.
4 Thou smotest to the ground the hundred
castles, impregnable, of Sambara the Dasyu,
When, Strong, with might thou holpest
Divodasa who poured libations out, O Soma-
buyer, and madest Bharadvaja rich who praised
thee.
5 As such, true Hero, for great joy of battle
mount thy terrific car, O Brave and Manly.
Come with thine help to me, thou distant
Roamer, and, glorious God, spread among men
my glory.

HYMN XXXII Indra.

1. I WITH my lips have fashioned for this Hero
words never matched, most plentiful and
auspicious,
For him the Ancient, Great, Strong, Energetic,
the very mighty Wielder of the Thunder.

2 Amid the sages, with the Sun he brightened
the Parents: glorified, he burst the mountain;
And, roaring with the holy-thoughted singers,
he loosed the bond that held the beams of
Morning.

3 Famed for great deeds, with priests who kneel
and laud him, he still hath conquered in the
frays for cattle,

And broken down the forts, the Fort-destroyer, a
Friend with friends, a Sage among the sages.

4 Come with thy girthed mares, with abundant
vigour and plenteous strength to him who sings
thy praises.

Come hither, borne by mares with many heroes,
Lover of song! Steer! for the people's welfare.

5 Indra with rush and might, sped by his
Coursers, hath swiftly won the waters from the
southward.

Thus set at liberty the rivers daily flow to their
goal, incessant and exhaustless.

HYMN XXXIII. Indra.

1. GIVE us the rapture that is mightiest, Indra,
prompt to bestow and swift to aid, O Hero,
That wins with brave steeds where brave steeds
encounter, and quells the Vrtras and the foes in
battle.

2 For with loud voice the tribes invoke thee,
Indra, to aid them in the battlefield of heroes.
Thou, with the singers, hast pierced through the
Panis: the charger whom thou aidest wins the
booty.

3 Both races, Indra, of opposing foemen, O
Hero, both the Arya and the Dasa,
Hast thou struck down like woods with well-
shot lightnings: thou rentest them in fight, most
manly Chieftain!

4 Indra, befriend us with no scanty succour,
prosper and aid us, Loved of all that liveth,
When, fighting for the sunlight, we invoke thee,
O Hero, in the fray, in war's division.

5 Be ours, O Indra, now and for the future, be
graciously inclined and near to help us.
Thus may we, singing, sheltered by the Mighty,
win many cattle on the day of trial.

HYMN XXXIV. Indra.

1. FULL Many songs have met in thee, O Indra,
and many a noble thought from thee proceedeth.
Now and of old the eulogies of sages, their holy
hymns and lauds, have yearned for Indra.

2 He, praised of many, bold, invoked of many,
alone is glorified at sacrifices.

Like a car harnessed for some great
achievement, Indra must be the cause of our
rejoicing.

3 They make their way to Indra and exalt him,
him whom no prayers and no laudations trouble;
For when a hundred or a thousand singers. laud
him who loves the song their praise delights
him.

4 As brightness mingles with the Moon in
heaven, the offered Soma yearns to mix with
Indra.

Like water brought to men in desert places, our
gifts at sacrifice have still refreshed him.

5 To him this mighty eulogy, to Indra hath this
our laud been uttered by the poets,
That in the great encounter with the foemen,
Loved of all life, Indra may guard and help us.

HYMN XXXV. Indra.

1. WHEN shall our prayers rest in thy car beside
thee? When dost thou give the singer food for
thousands?

When wilt thou clothe this poet's laud with
plenty, and when wilt thou enrich our hymns
with booty?

2 When wilt thou gather men with men, O
Indra, heroes with heroes, and prevail in
combat?

Thou shalt win triply kine in frays for cattle, so,
Indra, give thou us celestial glory.

3 Yea, when wilt thou, O Indra, thou Most
Mighty, make the prayer all-sustaining for the
singer?

When wilt thou yoke, as we yoke songs, thy
Horses, and come to offerings that bring wealth
in cattle?

4 Grant to the Singer food with store of cattle,
splendid with horses and the fame of riches.
Send food to swell the milch-cow good at
milking: bright be its shine among the
Bharadvajas.

5 Lead otherwise this present foeman, Sakra!
Hence art thou praised as Hero, foe destroyer
Him who gives pure gifts may I praise
unceasing. Sage, quicken the Angirases by
devotion.

HYMN XXXVI. Indra.

1. THY raptures ever were for all men's profit:
so evermore have been thine earthly riches.
Thou still hast been the dealer-forth of vigour,
since among Gods thou hast had power and
Godhead.
2 Men have obtained his strength by sacrificing,
and ever urged him, on to hero valour.
For the rein-seizing, the impetuous Charger they
furnished power even for Vrtra's slaughter.
3 Associate with him, as teams of horses, help,
manly might, and vigour follow Indra.
As rivers reach the sea, so, strong with praises,
our holy songs reach him the Comprehensive.
4 Lauded by us, let flow the spring, O Indra, of
excellent and brightly-shining riches.
For thou art Lord of men, without an equal: of
all the world thou art the only Sovran.
5 Hear what thou mayst hear, thou who, fain for
worship, as heaven girds earth, guardest thy
servant's treasure;
That thou mayst be our own, joying in power,
famed through thy might in every generation.

HYMN XXXVII Indra.

1. LET thy Bay Horses, yoked, O mighty Indra,
bring thy car hither fraught with every blessing.
For thee, the Heavenly, e'en the poor invoceth:
may we this day, thy feast-companions, prosper.
2 Forth to the vat the brown drops flow for
service, and purified proceed directly forward.
May Indra drink of this, our guest aforetime,
Celestial King of the strong draught of Soma.
3 Bringing us hitherward all-potent Indra on
well-wheeled chariot, may the Steeds who bear
him
Convey him on the road direct to glory, and
ne'er may Vayu's Amrta cease and fail him.
4 Supreme, he stirs this man to give the
guerdon,-Indra, most efficacious of the princes,-
Wherewith, O Thunderer, thou removest
sorrow, and, Bold One! partest wealth among

the nobles.

5 Indra is he who gives enduring vigour: may
our songs magnify the God Most Mighty.
Best Vrtra-slayer be the Hero Indra these things
he gives as Prince, with strong endeavour.

HYMN XXXVIII. Indra.

1. HE hath drunk hence, Most Marvellous, and
carried away our great and splendid call on
Indra.

The Bounteous, when we serve the Gods,
accepteth song yet more famous and the gifts
we bring him.

2 The speaker filleth with a cry to Indra his ears
who cometh nigh e'en from a distance.

May this my call bring Indra to my presence,
this call to Gods composed in sacred verses.

3 Him have I sung with my best song and
praises, Indra of ancient birth and Everlasting.
For prayer and songs in him are concentrated:
let laud wax mighty when addressed to Indra:

4 Indra, whom sacrifice shall strengthen, Soma,
and song and hymn, and praises and devotion,
Whom Dawns shall strengthen when the night
departeth, Indra whom days shall strengthen,
months, and autumns.

5 Him, born for conquering might in full
perfection, and waxen strong for bounty and for
glory,
Great, Powerful, will we to-day, O singer, invite
to aid. us and to quell our foemen.

HYMN XXXIX Indra.

1. OF this our charming, our celestial Soma,
eloquent, wise, Priest, with inspired devotion,
Of this thy close attendant, hast thou drunken.
God, send the singer food with milk to grace it.

2 Craving the kine, rushing against the
mountain led on by Law, with holyminded
comrades,

He broke the never-broken ridge of Vala. With
words of might Indra subdued the Panis.

3 This Indu lighted darksome nights, O Indra,
throughout the years, at morning and at evening.
Him have they stablished as the days' bright
ensign. He made the Mornings to be born in
splendour.

4 He shone and caused to shine the worlds that

shone not. By Law he lighted up the host of Mornings.

He moves with Steeds yoked by eternal Order, contenting men with nave that finds the sunlight.

5 Now, praised, O Ancient King! fill thou the singer with plenteous food that he may deal forth treasures.

Give waters, herbs that have no poison, forests, and kine, and steeds, and men, to him who lauds thee.

HYMN XL. Indra

1. DRINK, Indra; juice is shed to make thee joyful: loose thy Bay Steeds and give thy friends their freedom.

Begin the song, seated in our assembly. Give strength for sacrifice to him who singeth.

2 Drink thou of this whereof at birth, O Indra, thou drankest, Mighty One for power and rapture.

The men, the pressing-stones, the cows, the waters have made this Soma ready for thy drinking.

3 The fire is kindled, Soma pressed, O Indra: let thy Bays, best to draw, convey thee hither.

With mind devoted, Indra, I invoke thee. Come, for our great prosperity approach us.

4 Indra, come hither: evermore thou camest through our great strong desire to drink the Soma.

Listen and hear the prayers which now we offer, and let this sacrifice increase thy vigour.

5 Mayst thou, O Indra, on the day of trial, present or absent, wheresoe'er thou dwellest, Thence, with thy team, accordant with the Maruts, Song-lover! guard our sacrifice, to help us.

HYMN XLL Indra.

1. COME gracious to our sacrifice, O Indra: pressed Soma-drops are purified to please thee. As cattle seek their home, so Thunderwielder, come, Indra, first of those who claim our worship.

2 With that well-formed most wide-extending palate, wherewith thou ever drinkest streams of sweetness,

Drink thou; the Adhvaryu standeth up before thee: let thy spoil-winning thunderbolt attend thee.

3 This drop, steer-strong and omniform, the Soma, hath been made ready for the Bull, for India.

Drink this, Lord of the Bays, thou Strong Supporter, this that is thine of old, thy food for ever.

4 Soma when pressed excels the unpressed Soma, better, for one who knows, to give him pleasure.

Come to this sacrifice of ours, O Victor replenish all thy powers with this libation.

5 We call on thee, O Indra: come thou hither: sufficient be the Soma for thy body.

Rejoice thee, Satakratu! in the juices guard us in wars, guard us among our people.

HYMN XLII- Indra.

1. BRING sacrificial gifts to him, Omniscient, for he longs to drink,
The Wanderer who comes with speed, the Hero ever in the van.

2 With Soma go ye nigh to him chief drinker of the Soma's juice:

With beakers to the Impetuous God, to Indra with the drops effused.

3 What time, with Soma, with the juice effused, ye come before the God,

Full wise he knows the hope of each, and, Bold One, strikes this foe and that.

4 To him, Adhvaryu! yea, to him give offerings of the juice expressed.

Will he not keep us safely from the spiteful curse of each presumptuous high-born foe?

HYMN XLIII. Indra

1. IN whose wild joy thou madest once Sambara Divodasa's prey,
This Soma is pressed out for thee, O Indra: drink!

2 Whose gladdening draught, shed from the points, thou guardest in the midst and end,
This Soma is pressed out for thee, O Indra drink!

3 In whose wild joy thou settest free the kine held fast within the rock,

This Soma is pressed out for thee, O Indra:
drink!

4 This, in whose juice delighting thou gainest
the might of Maghavan,
This Soma is pressed out for thee, O Indra
drink!

HYMN XLIV. Indra.

1. THAT which is wealthiest, Wealthy God in
splendoursmost illustrious,
Soma is pressed: thy gladdening draught, Indra!
libation's Lord! is this.

2 Effectual, Most Effectual One! thine, as
bestowing wealth of hymns,
Soma is pressed: thy gladdening draught, Indra!
libation's Lord! is this.

3 Wherewith thou art increased in strength, and
conquerest with thy proper aids,
Soma is pressed: thy gladdening draught, Indra!
libation's Lord! is this.

4 Him for your sake I glorify as Lord of
Strength who wrongeth none,
The Hero Indra, conquering all, Most
Bounteous, God of all the tribes.

5 Those Goddesses, both Heaven and Earth,
revere the power and might of him,
Him whom our songs increase in strength, the
Lord of bounty swift to come.

6 To seat your Indra, I will spread abroad with
power this song of praise.
The saving succours that abide in him, like
songs, extend and grow.

7 A recent Friend, he found the skilful priest: he
drank, and showed forth treasure from the Gods.
He conquered, borne by strong all-shaking
mares, and was with far-spread power his
friends' Protector.

8 In course of Law the sapient juice was
quaffed: the Deities to glory turned their mind.
Winning through hymns a lofty title, he, the
Lovely, made his beauteous form apparent.

9 Bestow on us the most illustrious strength
ward off men's manifold malignities.
Give with thy might abundant vital force, and
aid us graciously in gaining riches.

10 We turn to thee as Giver, liberal Indra. Lord
of the Bay Steeds, be not thou ungracious.

No friend among mankind have we to look to:
why have men called thee him who spurs the
niggard?

11 Give us not up, Strong Hero! to the hungry:
unharm'd be we whom thou, so rich,
befriendest.

Full many a boon hast thou for men demolish
those who present no gifts nor pour oblations.

12 As Indra thundering impels the rain-clouds,
so doth he send us store of kine and horses.

Thou art of old the Cherisher of singers let not
the rich who bring no gifts deceive thee.

13 Adhyayu, hero, bring to mighty Indra for he
is King thereof-the pressed-out juices;

To him exalted by the hymns and praises,
ancient and modern, of the singing Rsis.

14 In the wild joy of this hath Indra, knowing
full many a form, struck down resistless Vratas.
Proclaim aloud to him the savoury Soma so that
the Hero, strong of jaw, may drink it.

15 May Indra drink this Soma poured to please
him, and cheered therewith slay Vratas with his
thunder.

Come to our sacrifice even from a distance,
good lover of our songs, the bard's Supporter.

16 The cup whence Indra drinks the draught is
present: the Amrita dear to Indra hath been
drunken,

That it may cheer the God to gracious favour,
and keep far from us hatred and affliction.

17 Therewith enraptured, Hero, slay our
foemen, the unfriendly, Maghavan be they kin
or strangers,

Those who still aim their hostile darts to smite
us, turn them to flight, O Indra, crush and kill
them.

18 O Indra Maghavan, in these our battles win
easy paths for us and ample freedom.

That we may gain waters and seed and
offspring, set thou our princes on thy side, O
Indra.

19 Let thy Bay Stallions, harnessed, bring thee
hither, Steeds with strong chariot and strong
reins to hold them,

Strong Horses, speeding hither, bearing thunder,
well-harnessed, for the strong exciting potion.

20 Beside the vat, Strong God! stand thy strong
Horses, shining with holy oil, like waves

exulting.

Indra, they bring to thee, the Strong and Mighty,
Soma of juices shed by mighty press-stones.

21 Thou art the Bull of earth, the Bull of
heaven, Bull of the rivers, Bull of standing
waters.

For thee, the Strong, O Bull, hath Indu swollen.
juice pleasant, sweet to drink, for thine election.

22 This God, with might, when first he had his
being, with Indra for ally, held fast the Pani.

This Indu stole away the warlike weapons, and
foiled the arts of his malignant father.

23 The Dawns he wedded to a glorious Consort,
and set within the Sun the light that lights him.

He found in heaven, in the third lucid regions,
the threefold Amrta in its close concealment.

24 He stayed and held the heaven and earth
asunder: the chariot with the sevenfold reins he
harnessed.

This Soma Set with power within the milch-kine
a spring whose ripe contents ten fingers empty.

HYMN XLV. Indra.

1. THAT Indra is our youthful Friend, who with
his trusty guidance led

Turvasa, Yadu from afar.

2 Even to the dull and uninspired Indra, gives
vital power, and wins

Even with slow steed the offered prize.

3 Great are his ways of guiding us, and!nanilbld
are Ins eulogies:

His kind protections never fail.

4 Friends, sing your psalm and offer praise to
him to whom the prayer is brought:

For our great Providence is he.

5 Thou, Slaughterer of Vrtra, art Guardian and
Friend of one and two,

Yea, of a man like one of us.

6 Beyond men's hate thou ledest us, and givest
cause to sing thy praise:

Good hero art thou called by men.

7 I call with hymns, as 'twere a cow to milk, the
Friend who merits praise,

The Brahman who accepts the prayer.

8 Him in whose hands they say are stored all
treasures from the days of old,

The Hero, conquering in the fight.

9 Lord of Strength, Caster of the Stone, destroy

the firm forts built by men,
And foil their arts, unbending God!
10 Thee, thee as such, O Lord of Power, O
Indra, Soma-drinker, true,
We, fain for glory, have invoked.
11 Such as thou wast of old, and art now to be
called on when the prize
lies ready, listen to our call.
12 With hymns and coursers we will gain,
Indra, through thee, both steeds and spoil
Most glorious, and the proffered prize.
13 Thou, Indra, Lover of the Song, whom men
must stir to help, hast been
Great in the contest for the prize.
14 Slayer of foes, whatever aid of thine imparts
the swiftest course,
With that impel our car to speed.
15 As skilfullest of those who drive the chariot,
with our art and aim,
O Conqueror, win the proffered prize.
16 Praise him who, Matchless and Alone, was
born the Lord of living men,
Most active, with heroic soul.
17 Thou who hast been the singers' Friend, a
Friend auspicious with thine aid,
As such, O Indra, favour us.
18 Grasp in thine arms the thunderbolt, O
Thunder-armed, to slay the fiends:
Mayst thou subdue the foemen's host.
19 I call the ancient Friend, allied with wealth,
who speeds the lowly man,
Him to whom chiefly prayer is brought.
20 For he alone is Lord of all the treasures of
the earth: he speeds
Hither, chief Lover of the Song.
21 So with thy yoked teams satisfy our wish
with power and wealth in steeds
And cattle, boldly, Lord of kine!
22 Sing this, what time the ' juice is pressed, to
him your Hero, Much-invoked,
To please him as a mighty Steer.
23 He, Excellent, withholdeth not his gift of
power and wealth in kine,
When he hath listened to our songs.
24 May he with might uncloset for us the cow's
stall, whosoever it be,
To which the Dasyu-slayer goes.
25 O Indra Satakratu, these our songs have

called aloud to thee,
 Like mother cows to meet their calves.
 26 Hard is thy love to win: thou art a Steer to
 him who longs for steers:
 Be to one craving steeds a Steed.
 27 Delight thee with the juice we pour for thine
 own great munificence:
 Yield not thy singer to reproach.
 28 These songs with every draught we pour
 come, Lover of the Song, to thee,
 As milch-kine hasten to their young
 29 To thee most oft invoked, amid the many
 singers' rivalry
 Who beg with all their might for wealth.
 30 Nearest and most attractive may our laud, O
 Indra come to thee.
 Urge thou us on to ample wealth.
 31 Brbu hath set himself above the Panis, o'er
 their highest head,
 Like the wide bush on Ganga's bank.
 32 He whose good bounty, thousandfold, swift
 as the rushing of the wind,
 Suddenly offers as a gift.
 33 So all our singers ever praise the pious
 Brbu's noble deed,
 Chief, best to give his thousands, best to give a
 thousand liberal gifts.

HYMN XLVI. Indra.

1. THAT we may win us wealth and power we
 poets, verily, call on thee:
 In war men call on thee, Indra, the hero's Lord,
 in the steed's race-course call on thee.
 2 As such, O Wonderful, whose hand holds
 thunder, praised as mighty, Caster of the Stone!
 Pour on us boldly, Indra, kine and chariotsteeds,
 ever to be the conqueror's strength.
 3 We call upon that Indra, who, most active,
 ever slays the foe:
 Lord of the brave, Most Manly, with a thousand
 powers, help thou and prosper us in fight.
 4 Rcisama, thou forcest men as with a bull, with
 anger, in the furious fray.
 Be thou our Helper in the mighty battle fought
 for sunlight, water, and for life.
 5 O Indra, bring us name and fame, enriching,
 mightiest, excellent,
 Wherewith, O Wondrous God, fair-visored,

thunder-armed, thou hast filled full this earth
and heaven.

6 We call on thee, O King, Mighty amid the
Gods, Ruler of men, to succour us.

All that is weak in us, Excellent God, make
firm: make our foes easy to subdue.

7 All strength and valour that is found, Indra, in
tribes of Nahusas, and all the splendid fame that
the Five Tribes enjoy

Bring, yea, all manly powers at once.

8 Or, Maghavan, what vigorous strength in
Trksi lay, in Druhyus or in Paru's folk,
Fully bestow on us, that, in the conquering fray,
we may subdue our foes in fight.

9 O Indra, grant a happy home, a triple refuge
triplly strong.

Bestow a dwelling-place on the rich lords and
me, and keep thy dart afar from these.

10 They who with minds intent on spoil subdue
the foe, boldly attack and smite him down,-
From these, O Indra Maghavan who lovest
song, be closest guardian of our lives.

11 And now, O Indra, strengthen us: come near
and aid us in the fight,

What time the feathered shafts are flying in the
air, the arrows with their sharpened points.

12 Give us, where heroes strain their bodies in
the fight, the shelter that our fathers loved.

To us and to our sons give refuge: keep afar all
unobserved hostility.

13 When, Indra, in the mighty fray thou urgest
chargers to their speed,

On the uneven road and on a toilsome path, like
falcons, eager for renown,

14 Speeding like rivers rushing down a steep
descent, responsive to the urging call,

That come like birds attracted to the bait, held in
by reins in both the driver's hands.

HYMN XLVII. Indra, Etc.

1. YEA, this is good to taste and full of.
sweetness, verily it is strong and rich in flavour.
No one may conquer Indra in the battle when he
hath drunken of the draught we offer.

2 This sweet juice here had mightiest power to
gladden: it boldened Indra when he siaughtered
Vrtra,

When he defeated Sambara's many onslaughts,

and battered down his nineand ninety ramparts.
3 This stirreth up my voice when I have drunk
it: this hath aroused from sleep my yearning
spirit.

This Sage hath measured out the six expanses
from which no single creature is excluded.

4 This, even this, is he who hath created the
breadth of earth, the lofty height of heaven.
He formed the nectar in three headlong rivers.
Soma supports the wide mid-air above us.

5 He found the wavy sea of brilliant colours in
forefront of the Dawns who dwell in brightness.
This Mighty One, the Steer begirt by Maruts,
hath propped the heavens up with a mighty
pillar.

6 Drink Soma boldly from the beaker, Indra, in
war for treasures, Hero, Vrtra-slayer!
Fill thyself full at the mid-day libation, and give
us wealth, thou Treasury of riches.

7 Look out for us, O Indra, as our Leader, and
guide us on to gain yet goodlier treasure.
Excellent Guardian, bear us well through peril,
and lead us on to wealth with careful guidance.
8 Lead us to ample room, O thou who knowest,
to happiness, security, and sunlight.

High, Indra, are the arms of thee the Mighty:
may we betake us to their lofty shelter.

9 Set us on widest chariot-seat, O Indra, with
two steeds best to draw, O Lord of Hundreds!
Bring us the best among all sorts of viands: let
not the foe's wealth, Maghavan, subdue us.

10 Be gracious, Indra, let my days be
lengthened: sharpen my thought as 'twere a
blade of iron

Approve whatever words I speak, dependent on
thee, and grant me thy divine protection.

11 Indra the Rescuer, Indra the Helper, Hero
who listens at each invocation,
Sakra I call, Indra invoked of many. May Indra
Maghavan prosper and bless us.

12 May helpful Indra as our good Protector,
Lord of all treasures, favour us with succour,
Baffle our foes, and give us rest and safety, and
may we be the lords of hero vigour.

13 May we enjoy the grace of him the Holy,
yea, may we dwell in his auspicious favour.
May helpful Indra as our good Preserver drive
from us, even from afar, our foemen.

14 Like rivers rushing down a slope, O Indra, to thee haste songs and prayers and linked verses. Thou gatherest, Thunderer! like widespread bounty, kine, water, drops, and manifold libations.

15 Who lauds him, satisfies him, pays him worship? E'en the rich noble still hath found him mighty.

With power, as when one moves his feet alternate, he makes the last precede, the foremost follow.

16 Famed is the Hero as each strong man's tamer, ever advancing one and then another. King of both worlds, hating the high and haughty, Indra protects the men who are his people.

17 He loves no more the men he loved aforetime: he turns and moves away allied with others.

Rejecting those who disregard his worship, Indra victorious lives through many autumns.

18 In every figure he hath been the mode: this is his only form for us to look on.

Indra moves multiform by his illusions; for his Bay Steeds are yoked, ten times a hundred.

19 Here Tvastar, yoking to the car the Bay Steeds, hath extended sway.

Who will for ever stand upon the foeman's side, even when our princes sit at ease?

20 Gods, we have reached a country void of pasture the land, though spacious, was too small to hold us.

Brhaspati, provide in war for cattle; find a path, Indra, for this faithful singer.

21 Day after day far from their seat he drove them, alike, from place to place, those darksome creatures.

The Hero slew the meanly-huckstering Dasas, Varcin and Sambara, where the waters gather.

22 Out of thy bounty, Indra, hath Prastoka bestowed ten coffers and ten mettled horses.

We have received in turn from Divodasa Sambara's wealth, the gift of Atithigva.

23 Ten horses and ten treasure-chests, ten garments as an added gift,

These and ten lumps of gold have I received from Divodasa's hand.

24 Ten cars with extra steed to each, for the

Atharvans hundred cows,
 Hath Asvatha to Payu given.
 25 Thus Sṛnjaya's son honoured the
 Bharadvajas, recipients of all noble gifts and
 bounty.
 26 Lord of the wood, be firm and strong in
 body: be, bearing us, a brave victorious hero
 Show forth thy strength, compact with straps of
 leather, and let thy rider win all spoils of battle.
 27 Its mighty strength was borrowed from the
 heaven and earth: its conquering force was
 brought from sovran of the wood.
 Honour with holy gifts the Car like Indra's bolt,
 the Car bound round with straps, the vigour of
 the floods.
 28 Thou Bolt of Indra, Vanguard of the Maruts,
 close knit to Varuna and Child of Mitra,-
 As such, accepting gifts which here we offer,
 receive, O Godlike Chariot, these oblations.
 29 Send forth thy voice aloud through earth and
 heaven, and let the world in all its breadth
 regard thee;
 O Drum, accordant with the Gods and Indra,
 drive thou afar, yea, very far, our foemen.
 30 Thunder out strength and fill us full of
 vigour: yea, thunder forth and drive away all
 dangers.
 Drive hence, O War-drum, drive away
 misfortune: thou art the Fist of Indra: show thy
 firmness.
 31 Drive hither those, and these again bring
 hither: the War-drum speaks aloud as battle's
 signal.
 Our heroes, winged with horses, come together.
 Let our car-warriors, Indra, be triumphant.

HYMN XLVIII. Agni and Others.

1. SING to your Agni with each song, at every
 sacrifice, for strength.
 Come, let us praise the Wise and Everlasting
 God, even as a well-beloved Friend,
 2 The Son of Strength; for is he not our gracious
 Lord? Let us serve him who bears our gifts.
 In battle may he be our help and strengthener,
 yea, be the saviour of our lives.
 3 Agni, thou beamest forth with light, great
 Hero, never changed by time.

Shining, pure Agni! with a light that never
fades, beam with thy fair beams brilliantly.
4 Thou worshippest great Gods: bring them
without delay by wisdom and thy wondrous
power.
O Agni, make them turn hither to succour us.
Give strength, and win it for thyself.
5 He whom floods, stones, and trees support, the
offspring of eternal Law;
He who when rubbed with force is brought to
life by men upon the lofty height of earth;
6 He who hath filled both worlds fult with his
brilliant shine, who hastens with his smoke to
heaven;
He made himself apparent through the gloom by
night, the Red Bull in the darksome nights, the
Red Bull in the darksome nights.
7 O Agni, with thy lofty beams, with thy pure
brilliancy, O God,
Kindled, Most Youthful One! by Bharadvaja's
hand, shine on us, O pure God, with wealth,
shine, Purifier! splendidly.
8 Thou art the Lord of house and home of all the
tribes, O Agni, of all tribes of men.
Guard with a hundred forts thy kindler from
distress, through hundred winters, Youngest
God! and those who make thy singers rich.
9 Wonderful, with thy favouring help, send us
thy bounties, gracious Lord.
Thou art the Charioteer, Agni, of earthly wealth:
find rest and safety for our seed.
10 With guards unfailing never negligent speed
thou our children and our progeny.
Keep far from us, O Agni, all celestial wrath
and wickedness of godless men.
11 Hither, O friends, with newest song drive her
who freely pours her milk;
Loose her who never turns away;
12 Who, for the host of Maruts bright with
native sheen, hath shed immortal fame like
milk;
Whom the impetuous Maruts look upon with
love, who moves in splendour on their ways.
13 For Bharadvaja she poured down in days of
old
The milch-cow yielding milk for all, and food
that gives all nourishment.
14 Your friend like Indra passing wise, with

magic power like Varuna.
 Like Aryaman joy-giving, bringing plenteous
 food like ViSnxu for my wish, I praise,
 15 Bright as the host of Maruts mighty in their
 roar. May they bring Pusan free from foes;
 May they bring hither hundreds, thousands for
 our men: may they bring hidden stores to light,
 and make wealth easy to be found.
 16 Haste to me, Pusan, in thine car, bright
 Deity: I fain would speak:
 Most sinful is our foeman's hate.
 17 Tear not up by the roots the Kakambira tree:
 destroy thou all malignity.
 Let them not snare by day the neck of that
 Celestial Bird the Sun.
 18 Uninjured let thy friendship be, like the
 smooth surface of a skin,
 A flawless skin, containing curds, full to the
 mouth, containing curds.
 19 For thou art high above mankind, in glory
 equal to the Gods.
 Therefore, O Pusan, look upon us in the fight:
 now help us as in days of old.
 20 May the kind excellence of him the Kind,
 loud Roarers! be our guide,
 Be it the God's, O Maruts, or a mortal man's
 who worships, ye impetuous Ones!
 21 They whose high glory in a moment like the
 God, the Sun, goes round the space of heaven,
 The Maruts have obtained bright strength, a
 sacred name, strength that destroys the Vrtras,
 strength Vrtra-destroying excellent.
 22 Once, only once, the heaven was made, once
 only once, the earth was formed-
 Once, only Prsni's milk was shed: no second,
 after this, is born.

HYMN XLIX. Visvedevas.

1. I LAUD with newest songs the Righteous
 People, Mitra and Varuna who make us happy.
 Let them approach, here let them listen, Agni,
 Varuna, Mitra, Lords of fair dominion.
 2 Him, to be praised at each tribe's sacrifices,
 the Two young Matrons' sober-minded Herald,
 The Son of Strength, the Child of Heaven, the
 signal of sacrifice, red Agni will I worship.
 3 Unlike in form are the Red God's two
 Daughters: one is the Sun's, and stars bedeck the

other.

Apart, the Sanctifiers, in succession, come to
the famed hymn, praised in holy verses.

4 I with a lofty song call hither Vayu, all-
bounteous, filler of his car, most wealthy.
Thou, Sage, with bright path, Lord of harnessed
horses, impetuous, promptly honourest the
prudent.

5 That chariot of the Asvins, fair to look on,
pleaseth me well, yoked with a thought,
refulgent,

Wherewith, Nasatyas, Chiefs, ye seek our
dwelling, to give new strength to us and to our
children.

6 Bulls of the Earth, O Vata and Parjanya, stir
up for us the regions of the water.

Hearers of truth, ye, Sages, World-Supporters,
increase his living wealth whose songs delight
you.

7 So may Sarasvati, the Hero's Consort, brisk
with rare life, the lightning's Child, inspire us,
And, with the Dames accordant, give the singer
a refuge unassailable and flawless.

8 I praise with eloquence him who guards all
pathways. He, when his love impelled him,
went to Arka.

May he vouchsafe us gear with gold to grace it:
may Pusan make each prayer of ours effective.

9 May Herald Agni, fulgent, bring for worship
Tvastar adored, in homes and swift to listen,
Glorious, first to share, the life-bestower, the
ever active God, fair-armed, fair-handed.

10 Rudra by day, Rudra at night we honour with
these our songs, the Universe's Father.

Him great and lofty, blissful, undecaying let us
call specially as the Sage impels us.

11 Ye who are youthful, wise, and meet for
worship, come, Martits, to the longing of the
singer.

Coming, as erst to Angiras, O Heroes, ye
animate and quicken e'en the desert.

12 Even as the herdsman driveth home his
cattle, I urge my songs to him the strong swift
Hero

May he, the glorious, lay upon his body the
singer's hymns, as stars bedeck the heaven.

13 He who for man's behoof in his affliction
thrice measured out the earthly regions, Visnu-

When one so great as thou affordeth shelter,
may we with wealth and with ourselves be
happy.

14 Sweet be this song of mine to Ahibudhnya,
Parvata, Savitar, with Floods and Lightnings;
Sweet, with the Plants, to Gods who seek
oblations. May liberal Bhaga speed us on to
riches.

15 Give riches borne on cars, with many heroes,
contenting men, the guard of mighty Order.
Give us a lasting home that we may battle with
godless bands of men who fight against us, and
meet with tribes to whom the Gods are gracious.

HYMN L. Visvedevas.

1. I CALL with prayers on Aditi your Goddess,
on Agni, Mitra, Varuna for favour,
On Aryaman who gives unasked, the gracious,
on Gods who save, on Savitar and Bhaga.

2 Visit, to prove us free from sin, O Surya Lord
of great might, the bright Gods sprung from
Daksa,

Twice-born and true, observing sacred duties,
Holy and full of light, whose tongue is Agni.

3 And, O ye Heaven and Earth, a wide
dominion, O ye most blissful Worlds, our lofty
shelter,

Give ample room and freedom for our dwelling,
a home, ye Hemispheres, which none may rival.

4 This day invited may the Sons of Rudra,
resistless, excellent, stoop down to meet us;
For, when beset with slight or sore affliction, we
ever call upon the Gods, the Maruts;

5 To whom the Goddess Rodasi clings closely,
whom Pusan follows bringing ample bounty.
What time ye hear our call and come, O Maruts,
upon your separate path all creatures tremble.

6 With a new hymn extol, O thou who singest,
the Lover of the Song, the Hero Indra.

May he, exalted, hear our invocation, and grant
us mighty wealth and strength when lauded.

7 Give full protection, Friends of man, ye
Waters, in peace and trouble, to our sons and
grandsons.

For ye are our most motherly physicians,
parents of all that standeth, all that moveth.

8 May Savitar come hither and approach us, the
God who rescues, Holy, goldenhanded,

The God who, bounteous as the face of
Morning, discloses precious gifts for him who
worships.

9 And thou, O Son of Strength, do thou turn
hither the Gods to-day to this our holy service.
May I for evermore enjoy thy bounty and, Agni,
by thy grace be rich in heroes.

10 Come also to my call, O ye Nasatyas, yea,
verily, through my prayers, ye Holy Sages.
As from great darkness ye delivered Atri,
protect us, Chiefs, from danger in the conflict.

11 O Gods, bestow upon us riches, splendid
with strength and heroes, bringing food in
plenty.

Be gracious, helpful Gods of earth, of heaven,
born of the Cow, and dwellers in the waters.

12 May Rudra and Sarasvati, accordant, Visnu
and Vayu, pour down gifts and bless us;
Rbhuksan, Vaja, and divine Vidhatar, Parjanya,
Vata make our food abundant.

13 May this God Savitar, the Lord, the
Offspring of Waters, pouring down his dew be
gracious,

And, with the Gods and Dames accordant,
Tvastar; Dyaus with the Gods and Prthivi with
oceans.

14 May Aja-Ekapad and Ahibudhnya, and Earth
and Ocean hear our invocation;

All Gods who strengthen Law, invoked and
lauded, and holy texts uttered by sages, help us.

15 So with my thoughts and hymns of praise the
children of Bharadvaja sing aloud to please you.
The Dames invoked, and the resistless Vasus,
and all ye Holy Ones have been exalted.

HYMN LI. Visvedevas.

1. THAT mighty eye of Varuna and Mitra,
infallible and dear, is moving upward.

The pure and lovely face of holy Order hath
shone like gold of heaven in its arising.

2 The Sage who knows these Gods' three ranks
and orders, and all their generations near and
distant,

Beholding good and evil acts of mortals, Sura
marks well the doing of the pious.

3 I praise you Guards of mighty Law eternal,
Aditi, Mitra, Varuna, the noble,

Aryaman, Bhaga, all whose thoughts are

faithful: hither I call the Bright who share in
common.

4 Lords of the brave, infallible, foe-destroyers,
great Kings, bestowers of fair homes to dwell
in,

Young, Heroes, ruling heaven with strong
dominion, Adityas, Aditi I seek with worship.

5 O Heaven our Father, Earth our guileless
Mother, O Brother Agni, and ye Vasus, bless us.
Grant us, O Aditi and ye Adityas, all of one
mind, your manifold protection.

6 Give us not up to any evil creature, as spoil to
wolf or she-wolf, O ye Holy.

For ye are they who guide aright our bodies, ye
are the rulers of our speech and vigour.

7 Let us not suffer for the sin of others, nor do
the deed which ye, O Vasus, punish.

Ye, Universal Gods! are all-controllers: may he
do harm unto himself who hates Me.

8 Mighty is homage: I adopt and use it. Homage
hath held in place the earth and heaven.

Homage to Gods! Homage commands and rules
them. I banish even committed sin by homage

9 You Furtherers of Law, pure in your spirit,
infallible, dwellers in the home of Order,
To you all Heroes mighty and far-seeing I bow
me down, O Holy Ones, with homage.

10 For these are they who shine with noblest
splendour; through all our troubles these
conduct us safely-

Varuna, Mitra, Agni, mighty Rulers,
trueminded, faithful to the hymn's controllers.

11 May they, Earth, Aditi, Indra, Bhaga, Pusan
increase our laud, increase the Fivefold people.
Giving good help, good refuge, goodly
guidance, be they our good deliverers, good
protectors.

12 Come now, O Gods, to your celestial station:
the Bharadvajas' priest entreats your favour.

He, sacrificing, fain for wealth, hath honoured
the Gods with those who sit and share oblations.

13 Agni, drive thou the wicked foe, the evil-
hearted thief away,

Far, far, Lord of the brave I and give us easy
paths.

14 Soma, these pressing-stones have called
aloud to win thee for our Friend.

Destroy the greedy Pani, for a wolf is he.

15 Ye, O most bountiful, are they who, led by
Indra, seek the sky.

Give us good paths for travel: guard us ivell at
home.

16 Now have we entered on the road that leads
to bliss, without a foe,

The road whereon a man escapes all enemies
and gathers wealth.

HYMN LIL Visvedevas.

1. THIS I allow not in the earth or heaven, at
sacrifice or in these holy duties.

May the huge mountains crush him down:
degraded be Atiyaja's sacrificing patron.

2 Or he who holds us in contempt, O Maruts, or
seeks to blame the prayer that we are making,
May agonies of burning be his portion. May the
sky scorch the man who hates devotion.

3 Why then, O Soma, do they call thee keeper
of prayer? Why then our guardian from
reproaches?

Why then beholdest thou how men revile us?
Cast thy hot dart at him who hates devotion.

4 May Mornings as they spring to life, protect
me, and may the Rivers as they swell preserve
me.

My guardians be the firmly-seated mountains:
the Fathers, when I call on Gods, defend me!

5 Through all our days may we be healthy.
minded, and look upon the Sun when he arises.
Grant this the Treasure-Lord of treasures,
coming, observant, oftenest of Gods, with
succour!

6 Most near, most oft comes Indra with
protection, and she Sarasvati, who swells with
rivers -

Parjanya, bringing health with herbs, and Agni,
well lauded swift to listen, like a father.

7 Hear this mine invocation; come hither, O
Universal Gods,
Be seated on this holy grass.

8 To him who comes to meet you, Gods, with
offerings bathed in holy oil-
Approach ye, one and all, to him.

9 All Sons of Immortality shall listen to the
songs we sing,
And be exceeding good to us.

10 May all the Gods who strengthen Law, with

Rtus, listening to our call,
 Be pleased with their appropriate draught.
 11 May Indra, with the Marut host, with
 Tvastar, Mitra, Aryaman,
 Accept the laud and these our gifts.
 12 O Agni, Priest, as rules ordain, offer this
 sacrifice of ours,
 Remembering the Heavenly Folk.
 13 Listen, All-Gods, to this mine invocation, Ye
 who inhabit heaven, and air's midregions,
 All ye, O Holy Ones, whose tongue is Agni,
 seated upon this sacred grass, be joyful.
 14 May the All-Gods who claim our worship
 hear my thought; may the two World-halves
 hear it, and the Waters' Child.
 Let me not utter words that ye may disregard.
 Closely allied with you may we rejoice in bliss.
 15 And those who, Mighty, with the wiles of
 serpents, were born on earth, in heaven, where
 waters gather-
 May they vouchsafe us life of full duration. May
 the Gods kindly give us nights and mornings.
 16 At this my call, O Agni and Parjanya, help,
 swift to hear, my thought and our laudation.
 One generates holy food, the other offspring, so
 grant us food enough with store of children.
 17 When holy grass is strewn and fire
 enkindled, with hymn and lowly homage I
 invite you.
 All-Gods, to day in this our great assembly
 rejoice, ye Holy, in the gifts we offer.

HYMN LIII. Pusan.

1. LORD of the path, O Pusan, we have yoked
 and bound thee to our hymn,
 Even as a car, to win the prize.
 2 Bring us the wealth that men require, a manly
 master of a house,
 Free-handed with the liberal meed.
 3 Even him who would not give, do thou,
 O glowing Pusan, urge to give,
 And make the niggard's soul grow soft.
 4 Clear paths that we may win the prize; scatter
 our enemies afar.
 Strong God, be all our thoughts fulfilled.
 5 Penetrate with an awl, O Sage, the hearts of
 avaricious churls,

And make them subject to our will.
6 Thrust with thine awl, O Pusan: seek that
which the niggard's heart holds dear,
And make him subject to our will.
7 Tear up and read in pieces, Sage, the hearts of
avaricious churls,
And make them subject to our will.
8 Thou, glowing Pusan, carriest an awl that
urges men to prayer;
Therewith do thou tear up and rend to shreds the
heart of every one.
9 Thou bearest, glowing Lord! a goad with
horny point that guides the cows
Thence do we seek thy gift of bliss.
10 And make this hymn of ours produce kine,
horses, and a store of wealth
For our delight and use as men.

HYMN LIV. Pusan.

1. O PUSAN, bring us to the man who knows,
who shall direct us straight,
And say unto us, It is here.
2 May we go forth with Pusan who shall point
the houses out to us,
And say to us, These same are they.
3 Unharmed is Pusan's chariot wheel; the box
ne'er falleth to the ground,
Nor doth the loosened felly shake.
4 Pusan forgetteth not the man who serveth him
with offered gift:
That man is first to gather wealth.
5 May Pusan follow near our kine; may Pusan
keep our horses safe:
May Pusan gather gear for us.
6 Follow the kine of him who pours libations
out and worships thee;
And ours who sing thee songs of praise.
7 Let none be lost, none injured, none sink in a
pit and break a limb.
Return with these all safe and sound.
8 Pusan who listens to our prayers, the Strong
whose wealth is never lost,
The Lord of riches, we implore.
9 Secure in thy protecting care, O Pusan, never
may we fail.
We here are they who sing thy praise.
10 From out the distance, far and wide, may
Pusan stretch his right hand forth,

And drive our lost again to us.

HYMN LV. Pusan.

1. SON of Deliverance, come, bright God!
Let us twain go together: be our charioteer of
sacrifice.
- 2 We pray for wealth to thee most skilled of
charioteers, with braided hair,
Lord of great riches, and our Friend.
- 3 Bright God whose steeds are goats, thou art a
stream of wealth, a treasure-heap,
The Friend of every pious man.
- 4 Pusan, who driveth goats for steeds, the strong
and Mighty, who is called
His Sister's lover, will we laud.
- 5 His Mother's suitor I address. May he who
loves his Sister hear,
Brother of Indra, and my Friend.
- 6 May the sure-footed goats come nigh,
conveying Pusan on his car,
The God who visiteth mankind.

HYMN LVI, Pusan.

1. WHOSO remembers Pusan as cater of
mingled curd and meal
Need think no more upon the God.
- 2 And he is best of charioteers. Indra, the hero's
Lord, allied
With him as Friend, destroys the foes.
- 3 And there the best of charioteers hath guided
through the speckled cloud
The golden wheel of Sura's car.
- 4 Whate'er we speak this day to thee, Wise,
Wondrous God whom many praise,
Give thou fulfilment of our thought.
- 5 Lead on this company of ours, that longs for
kine, to win the spoil:
Thou, Pusan, art renowned afar.
- 6 Prosperity we crave from thee, afar from sin
and near to wealth,
Tending to perfect happiness both for to-
morrow and to-day.

HYMN LVII. Indra and Pusan.

1. INDRA and Pusan will we call for friend ship
and prosperity
And for the winning of the spoil.
- 2 One by the Soma sits to drink juice which the

mortar hath expressed:
The other longs for curd and meal.
3 Goats are the team that draws the one: the
other hath Bay Steeds at hand;
With both of these he slays the fiends.
4 When Indra, wondrous strong, brought down
the streams, the mighty waterfloods,
Pusan was standing by his side.
5 To this, to Pusan's favouring love, and Indra's,
may we closely cling,
As to a tree's extended bough.
6 As one who drives a car draws in his reins,
may we draw Pusan near,
And Indra, for our great success.

HYMN LVIII. Pusan.

1. LIKE heaven art thou: one form is bright, one
holy, like Day and Night dissimilar in colour.
All magic powers thou adest, self-depen. dent!
Auspicious be thy bounty here, O Pusan.
2 Goat-borne, the guard of cattle, he whose
home is strength, inspirer of the hymn, set over
all the world;
Brandishing here and there his lightly. moving
goad, beholding every creature, Pusan, God,
goes forth.
3 O Pusan, with thy golden ships that travel
across the ocean, in the air's mid-region,
Thou goest on an embassy to Surya, subdued by
love, desirous of the glory.
4 Near kinsman of the heaven and earth is
Pusan, liberal, Lord of food, of wondrous iustre,
Whom strong and vigorous and swiftlymoving,
subdued by love, the Deities gave to Surya.

HYMN LIX. Indra-Agni.

1. I WILL declare, while juices flow, the manly
deeds that ye have done:
Your Fathers, enemies of Gods, were smitten
down, and, Indra-Agni, ye survive.
2 Thus, Indra-Agnip verily your greatness
merits loftiest praise,
Sprung from one common Father, brothers,
twins are ye; your Mother is in every place.
3 These who delight in flowing juice, like
fellow horses at their food,

Indra and Agni, Gods armed with the
thunderbolt, we call this day to come with help.

4 Indra and Agni, Friends of Law, served with
rich gifts, your speech is kind

To him who praises you while these libations
flow: that man, O Gods, ye ne'er consume.

5 What mortal understands, O Gods, Indra and
Agni, this your way?

One of you, yoking Steeds that move to every
side, advances in your common car.

6 First, Indra-Agni, hath this Maid come
footless unto those with feet.

Stretching her head and speaking loudly with
her tongue, she hath gone downward thirty
steps.

7 E'en now, O Indra-Agni, men hold in their
arms and stretch their bows.

Desert us not in this great fray, in battles for the
sake of kine.

8 The foeman's sinful enmities, Indra and Agni,
vex me sore.

Drive those who hate me far away, and keep
them distant from the Sun.

9 Indra and Agni, yours are all the treasures of
the heavens and earth.

Here give ye us the opulence that prospers every
living man.

10 O Indra-Agni, who accept the laud, and hear
us for our praise,

Come near us, drawn by all our songs, to drink
of this our Soma juice.

HYMN LX. Indra-Agni.

1. HE slays the foe and wins the spoil who
worships Indra and Agni, strong and mighty
Heroes,

Who rule as Sovrans over ample riches,
victorious, showing forth their power in
conquest.

2 So battle now, O Indra and thou, Agni, for
cows and waters, sunlight, stolen Mornings.
Team-borne, thou makest kine thine own, O
Agni: thou, Indra, light, Dawns, regions,
wondrous waters.

3 With Vrtra-slaying might, Indra and Agni,
come, drawn by homage, O ye Vrtra-slayers.
Indra and Agni, show yourselves among us with
your supreme and unrestricted bounties.

4 I call the Twain whose deeds of old have all
 been famed in ancient days
 O Indra-Agni, harm us not.
 5 The Strong, the scatterers of the foe, Indra and
 Agni, we invoke;
 May they be kind to one like me.
 6 They slay our Arya foes, these Lords of
 heroes, slay our Dasyu foes
 And drive our enemies away.
 7 Indra and Agni, these our songs of praise have
 sounded forth to you:
 Ye who bring blessings! drink the juice.
 8 Come, Indra-Agni, with those teams, desired
 of many, which ye have,
 O Heroes, for the worshipper.
 9 With those to this libation poured, ye Heroes,
 Indra-Agni, come:
 Come ye to drink the Soma juice.
 10 Glorify him who compasses all forests with
 his glowing flame,
 And leaves them blackened with his tongue.
 11 He who gains Indra's bliss with fire
 enkindled finds an easy way
 Over the floods to happiness.
 12 Give us fleet coursers to convey Indra and
 Agni, and bestow
 Abundant strengthening food on us.
 13 Indra and Agni, I will call you hither and
 make you joyful with the gifts I offer.
 Ye Twain are givers both of food and riches: to
 win me strength and vigour I invoke you.
 14 Come unto us with riches, come with wealth
 in horses and in kine.
 Indra and Agni, we invoke you both, the Gods,
 as Friends for friendship, bringing bliss.
 15 Indra and Agni, hear his call who worships.
 with libations poured.
 Come and enjoy the offerings, drink the
 sweetly-flavoured Soma juice.

HYMN LXI. Sarasvati.

1. To Vadhryasva when. be worshipped her with
 gifts she gave fierce Divodasa, canceller of
 debts.
 Consumer of the churlish niggard, one and all,
 thine, O Sarasvati, are these effectual boons.
 2 She with her might, like one who digs for
 lotus-stems, hath burst with her strong waves

the ridges of the hills.
 Let us invite with songs and holy hymns for
 help Sarasvati who slayeth the Paravatas.
 3 Thou castest down, Sarasvati, those who
 scorned the Gods, the brood of every Brsaya
 skilled in magic arts.
 Thou hast discovered rivers for the tribes of
 men, and, rich in wealth! made poison flow
 away from them.
 4 May the divine Sarasvati, rich in her wealth,
 protect us well,
 Furthering all our thoughts with might
 5 Whoso, divine Sarasvati, invokes thee where
 the prize is set,
 Like Indra when he smites the foe.
 6 Aid us, divine Sarasvad, thou who art strong
 in wealth and power
 Like Pusan, give us opulence.
 7 Yea, this divine Sarasvati, terrible with her
 golden path,
 Foe-slayer, claims our eulogy.
 8 Whose limitless unbroken flood, swift-moving
 with a rapid rush,
 Comes onward with tempestuous roar.
 9 She hath spread us beyond all foes, beyond
 her Sisters, Holy One,
 As Surya spreadeth out the days.
 10 Yea, she most dear amid dear stream, Seven-
 sistered, graciously inclined,
 Sarasvati hath earned our praise.
 11 Guard us from hate Sarasvati, she who hath
 filled the realms of earth,
 And that wide tract, the firmament!
 12 Seven-sistered, sprung from threefold source,
 the Five Tribes' prosperer, she must be
 Invoked in every deed of might.
 13 Marked out by majesty among the Mighty
 Ones, in glory swifter than the other rapid
 Streams,
 Created vast for victory like a chariot, Sarasvati
 must be extolled by every sage.
 14 Guide us, Sarasvati, to glorious treasure:
 refuse us not thy milk, nor spurn us from thee.
 Gladly accept our friendship and obedience: let
 us not go from thee to distant countries.

HYMN LXII. Asvins.

1. I LAUD the Heroes Twain, this heaven's

Controllers: singing with songs of praise I call
the Asvins,

Fain in a moment, when the morns are breaking,
to part the earth's ends and the spacious regions.

2 Moving to sacrifice through realms of lustre
they light the radiance of the car that bears
them.

Traversing many wide unmeasured spaces, over
the wastes ye pass, and fields, and waters.

3 Ye to that bounteous path of yours, ye mighty,
have ever borne away our thoughts with horses,
Mind-swift and full of vigour, that the trouble of
man who offers gifts might cease and slumber.

4 So ye, when ye have yoked your
chariothorses, come to the hymn of the most
recent singer.

Our true and ancient Herald Priest shall bring
you, the Youthful, bearing splendour, food, and
vigour.

5 With newest hymn I call those Wonder-
Workers, ancient and brilliant, and exceeding
mighty,

Bringers of bliss to him who lauds and praises,
bestowing varied bounties on the singer.

6 So ye, with birds, out of the sea and waters
bore Bhujyu, son of Tugra, through the regions.
Speeding with winged steeds through dustless
spaces, out of the bosom of the flood they bore
him.

7 Victors, car-borne, ye rent the rock asunder:
Bulls, heard the calling of the eunuch's consort.
Bounteous, ye filled the cow with milk for
Sayu: thus, swift and zealous Ones, ye showed
your favour.

8 Whate'er from olden time, Heaven, Earth!
existeth great object of the wrath of Gods and
mortals,

Make that, Adityas, Vasus, sons of Rudra, an
evil brand to one allied with demons.

9 May he who knows, as Varuna and Mitra, air's
realm, appointing both the Kings in season,
Against the secret fiend cast forth his weapon,
against the lying words that strangers utter.

10 Come to our home with friendly wheels, for
offspring; come on your radiant chariot rich in
heroes.

Strike off, ye Twain, the heads of our assailants
who with man's treacherous attack approach us.

11 Come hitherward to us with teams of horses,
the highest and the midmost and the lowest.
Bountiful Lords, throw open to the singer doors
e'en of the firm-closed stall of cattle.

HYMN LXIII. Asvins.

1. WHERE hath the hymn with reverence, like
an envoy, found both fair Gods to-day, invoked
of many-

Hymn that hath brought the two Nasatyas
hither? To this man's thought be ye, both Gods,
most friendly.

2 Come readily to this mine invocation, lauded
with songs, that ye may drink the juices.
Compass this house to keep it from the foeman,
that none may force it, either near or distant.

3 Juice in wide room hath been prepared to feast
you: for you the grass is strewn, most soft to
tread on.

With lifted hands your servant hath adored you.
Yearning for you the press-stones shed the
liquid.

4 Agni uplifts him at your sacrifices: forth goes
the oblation dropping oil and glowing.

Up stands the grateful-minded priest, elected,
appointed to invoke the two Nasatyas.

5 Lords of great wealth! for glory, Surya's
Daughter mounted your car that brings a
hundred succours.

Famed for your magic arts were ye, magicians!
amid the race of Gods, ye dancing Heroes!

6 Ye Twain, with these your glories fair to look
on, brought, to win victory, rich gifts for Surya.
After you flew your birds, marvels of beauty:
dear to our hearts! the song, well lauded,
reached you.

7 May your winged coursers, best to draw.
Nasatyas! convey you to the object of your
wishes.

Swift as the thought, your car hath been sent
onward to food of many a sort and dainty
viands.

8 Lords of great wealth, manifold is your
bounty: ye filled our cow with food that never
faileth.

Lovers of sweetness! yours are praise and
singers, and poured libations which have sought
your favour.

9 Mine were two mares of Puraya, brown, swift-footed; a hundred with Sumidha, food with Peruk
Sanda gave ten gold-decked and well-trained horses, tame and obedient and of lofty stature.
10 Nasatyas! Purupanthas offered hundreds, thousands of steeds to him who sang your praises,
Gave, Heroes! to the singer Bharadvaja. Ye-Wonder-Workers, let the fiends be slaughtered.
11 May I with princes share your bliss in freedom.

HYMN LXIV. Dawn.

1. THE radiant Dawns have risen up for glory, in their white splendour like the waves of waters.
She maketh paths all easy, fair to travel, and, rich, hath shown herself benign and friendly.
2 We see that thou art good: far shines thy lustre; thy beams, thy splendours have flown up to heaven.
Decking thyself, thou makest bare thy bosom, shining in majesty, thou Goddess Morning.
3 Red are the kine and luminous that bear her the Blessed One who spreadeth through the distance.
The foes she chaseth like a valiant archer, like a swift warrior she repelleth darkness.
4 Thy ways are easy on the hills: thou passest Invincible! Self-luminous! through waters.
So lofty Goddess with thine ample pathway, Daughter of Heaven, bring wealth to give us comfort.
5 Dawn, bring me wealth: untroubled, with thine oxen thou bearest riches at thy will and pleasure;
Thou who, a Goddess, Child of Heaven, hast shown thee lovely through bounty when we called thee early.
6 As the birds fly forth from their restingplaces, so men with store of food rise at thy dawning.
Yea, to the liberal mortal who remaineth at home, O Goddess Dawn, much good thou bringest.

HYMN LXV. Dawn.

1. SHEDDING her light on human habitations

this Child of Heaven hath called us from our
slumber;

She who at night-time with her argent lustre
hath shown herself e'en through the shades of
darkness.

2 All this with red-rayed steeds have they
divided: the Dawns on bright cars shine in
wondrous fashion.

They, bringing near the stately rite's
commencement, drive far away the night's
surrounding shadows.

3 Dawns, bringing hither, to the man who
worships, glory and power and might and food
and vigour,

Opulent, with imperial sway like heroes, favour
your servant and this day enrich him.

4 Now is there treasure for the man who serves
you, now for the hero, Dawns! who brings
oblation;

Now for the singer when he sings the praise-
song. Even to one like me ye brought aforetime.

5 O Dawn who standest on the mountain ridges,
Angirases now praise thy stalls of cattle.

With prayer and holy hymn they burst them
open: the heroes' calling on the Gods was
fruitful.

6 Shine on us as of old, thou Child of
Heaven, on him, rich Maid! who serves like
Bharadvaja.

Give to the singer wealth with noble heroes, and
upon us bestow wide-spreading glory.

HYMN LXVI. Maruts.

1. E'EN to the wise let that be still a wonder to
which the general name of Cow is given.

The one hath swelled among mankind for
milking: Prsni hath drained but once her fair
bright udder.

2 They who like kindled flames of fire are
glowing,. the Maruts, twice and thrice have
waxen mighty.

Golden and dustless were their cars, invested
with their great strength and their heroic vigour.

3 They who are Sons of the rain-pouring Rudra,
whom the long-lasting One had power to foster:

The Mighty Ones whose germ great Mother
Prsni is known to have received for man's
advantage.

4 They shrink not from the birth; in this same manner still resting there they purge away reproaches.

When they have streamed forth, brilliant, at their pleasure, with their own splendour they bedew their bodies.

5 Even those who bear the brave bold name of Maruts, whom not the active quickly wins for milking.

Even the liberal wards not off those fierce ones, those who are light and agile in their greatness.

6 When, strong in strength and armed with potent weapons, they had united wellformed earth and heaven,

Rodasl stood among these furious Heroes like splendour shining with her native brightness.

7 No team of goats shall draw your car, O Maruts, no horse no charioteer be he who drives it.

Halting not, reinless, through the air it travels, speeding alone its paths through earth and heaven.

8 None may obstruct, none overtake, O Maruts, him whom ye succour in the strife of battle For sons and progeny, for kine and waters: he bursts the cow-stall on the day of trial.

9 Bring a bright hymn to praise the band of Maruts, the Singers, rapid, strong in native vigour,

Who conquer mighty strength with strength more mighty: earth shakes in terror at their wars, O Agni.

10 Bright like the flashing flames of sacrifices, like tongues of fire impetuous in their onset, Chanting their psalm, singing aloud, like heroes, splendid from birth, invincible, the Maruts.

11 That swelling band I call with invocation, the brood of Rudra, armed with glittering lances. Pure hymns are meet for that celestial army: like floods and mountains have the Strong Ones battled.

HYMN LXVIL Mitra-Varuna.

1. NOW Mitra-Varuna shall be exalted high by your songs, noblest of all existing; They who, as 'twere with reins are best Controllers, unequalled with their arms to check the people.

2 To you Two Gods is this my thought
extended, turned to the sacred grass with loving
homage.

Give us, O Mitra-Varuna, a dwelling safe from
attack, which ye shall guard, Boon-Givers!

3 Come hither, Mitra-Varuna, invited with
eulogies and loving adoration,

Ye who with your might, as Work-Controllers,
urge even men who quickly hear to labour.

4 Whom, of pure origin, like two strong horses,
Aditi bore as babes in proper season,

Whom, Mighty at your birth, the Mighty
Goddess brought forth as terrors to the mortal
foeman.

5 As all the Gods in their great joy and gladness
gave you with one accord your high dominion,
As ye surround both worlds, though wide and
spacious your spies are ever true and never
bewildered.

6 So, through the days maintaining princely
power, ye prop the height as 'twere from loftiest
heaven.

The Star of all the Gods, established, filleth the
heaven and earth with food of man who liveth.

7 Take the strong drink, to quaff till ye are
sated, when he and his attendants fill the
chamber.

The young Maids brook not that none seeks to
win them, when, Quickeners of all! they scatter
moisture.

8 So with your tongue come ever, when your
envoy, faithful and very wise, attends our
worship.

Nourished by holy oil! he this yGur glory:
annihilate the sacrificer's trouble.

9 When, Mitra-Varuna, they strive against you
and break the friendly laws ye have established,
They, neither Gods nor men in estimation, like
Api's sons have godless sacrifices.

10 When singers in their song uplift their
voices, some chant the Nivid texts with steady
purpose.

Then may we sing you lauds that shall be
fruitful: do ye not rival all the Gods in
greatness?

11 O Mitra-Varuna, may your large bounty
come to us hither, near to this our dwelling,
When the kine haste to us, and when they

harness the fleet-foot mettled stallion for the battle.

HYMN LXVIII. Indra-Varuna.

1. HIS honouring rite whose grass is trimmed is offered swiftly to you, in Manu's wise, accordant,

The rite which Indra-Varuna shall carry this day to high success and glorious issue.

2 For at Gods' worship they are best through vigour; they have become the strongest of the Heroes;

With mighty strength, most liberal of the Princes, Chiefs of the host, by Law made Vrtra's slayers.

3 Praise those Twain Gods for powers that merit worship, Indra and Varuna, for bliss, the joyous. One with his might and thunderbolt slays Vrtra; the other as a Sage stands near in troubles.

4 Though dames and men have waxen strong and mighty, and all the Gods selfpraised among the Heroes,

Ye, Indra-Varuna, have in might surpassed them, and thus were ye spread wide, O Earth and Heaven.

5 Righteous is he, and liberal and helpful who, Indra-Varuna, brings you gifts with gladness. That bounteous man through food shall conquer faemen, and win him opulence and wealthy people.

6 May wealth which ye bestow in food and treasure on him who brings you gifts and sacrifices,

Wealth, Gods! which breaks the curse of those who vex us, be, Indra-Varuna, e'en our own possession.

7 So also, Indra-Varuna, may our princes have riches swift to save, with Gods to guard them- They whose great might gives victory in battles, and their triumphant glory spreads with swiftness.

8 Indra. and Varuna, Gods whom we are lauding, mingle ye wealth with our heroic glory. May we, who praise the strength of what is mighty, pass dangers, as with boats we cross the waters.

9 Now will I sing a dear and far-extending hymn to Varuna the God, sublime, imperial

Lord,
Who, mighty Governor, Eternal, as with flame,
illumines both wide worlds with majesty and
power.

10 True to Law, Indra-Varuna, drinkers of the
juice, drink this pressed Soma which shall give
you rapturous joy.

Your chariot cometh to the banquet of the Gods,
to sacrifice, as it were home, that ye may drink.

11 Indra and Varuna, drink your fill, ye Heroes,
of this invigorating sweetest Soma.

This juice is shed by us that ye may quaff it: on
this trimmed grass be seated, and rejoice you

HYMN LXIX. Indra-Visnu

1. INDRA and Visnu, at my task's completion I
urge you on with food and sacred service.

Accept the sacrifice and grant us riches, leading
us on by unobstructed pathways.

2 Ye who inspire all hymns, Indra and Visnu, ye
vessels who contain the Soma juices,

May hymns of praise that now are sung address
you, the lauds that are recited by the singers.

3 Lords of joy-giving draughts, Indra and Visnu,
come, giving gifts of treasure, to the Soma.

With brilliant rays of hymns let chanted praises,
repeated with the lauds, adorn and deck you.

4 May your foe-conquering horses bring you
hither, Indra and Visnu, sharers of the banquet.

Of all our hymns accept the invocations list to
my prayers and hear the songs I sing you.

5 This your deed, Indra-Visnu, must be lauded:
widely ye strode in the wild joy of Soma.

Ye made the firmament of larger compass, and
made the regions broad for our existence.

6 Strengthened with sacred offerings,
IndraVisnu, first eaters, served with worship and
oblation,

Fed with the holy oil, vouchsafe us riches ye are
the lake, the vat that holds the Soma.

7 Drink of this meath, O Indra, thou, and Visnu;
drink ye your fill of Soma, Wonder-Workers.

The sweet exhilarating juice hath reached you.

Hear ye my prayers, give ear unto my calling.

8 Ye Twain have conquered, ne'er have ye been
conquered: never hath either of the Twain been
vanquished.

Ye, Indra-Visnu, when ye fought the battle,

produced this infinite with three divisions.

HYMN LXX. Heaven and Earth.

1. FILLED full of fatness, compassing all things
that be, wide, spacious, dropping meath,
beautiful in their form,
The Heaven and the Earth by Varuna's decree,
unwasting, rich in germs, stand parted each
from each.

2 The Everlasting Pair, with full streams, rich in
milk, in their pure rule pour fatness for the pious
man.

Ye who are Regents of this world, O Earth and
Heaven, pour into us the genial flow that
prosper meit.

3 Whoso, for righteous life, pours offerings to
you, O Heaven and Earth, ye Hemispheres, that
man succeeds.

He in his seed is born again and spreads by
Law: from you flow things diverse in form, but
ruled alike.

4 Enclosed in fatness, Heaven and Earth are
bright therewith: they mingle with the fatness
which they still increase.

Wide, broad, set foremost at election of the
priest, to them the singers pray for bliss to
further them.

5 May Heaven and Earth pour down the balmy
rain for us, balm-dropping, yielding balm, with
balm upon your path,
Bestowing by your Godhead sacrifice and
wealth, great fame and strength for us and good
heroic might.

6 May Heaven and Earth make food swell
plenteously for us, all-knowing Father, jother,
wondrous in their works.

Pouring out bounties, may, in union, both the
Worlds, all beneficial, send us gain, and power,
and wealth.

HYMN LXXI. Savitar.

1. FULL of effectual wisdom Savitar the God
hath stretched out golden arms that he may
bring forth life.

Young and most skilful, while he holds the
region up, the Warrior sprinkles fatness over
both his hands.

2 May we enjoy the noblest vivifying force of

Savitar the God, that he may give us wealth:
For thou art mighty to produce and lull to rest
the world of life that moves on two feet and on
four.

3 Protect our habitation, Savitar, this day, with
guardian aids around, auspicious, firm and true.
God of the golden tongue, keep us for newest
bliss: let not the evil-wisher have us in his
power.

4 This Savitar the God, the golden-handed,
Friend of the home, hath risen to meet the
twilight.

With cheeks of brass, with pleasant tongue, the
Holy, he sends the worshipper rich gifts in
plenty.

5 Like a Director, Savitar hath extended his
golden arms, exceeding fair to look on.
He hath gone up the heights of earth and
heaven, and made each monster fall and cease
from troubling.

6 Fair wealth, O Savitar, to-day, to-morrow, fair
wealth produce for us each day that passes.
May we through this our song be happy gainers,
God, of a fair and spacious habitation.

HYMN LXXII. Indra-Soma.

1. GREAT is this might of yours, Indra and
Soma: the first high exploits were your own
achievements.

Ye found the Sun ye found the light of heaven:
ye killed all darkness and the Gods'
blasphemers.

2 Ye, Indra-Soma, gave her light to Morning,
and led the Sun on high with all his splendour.
Ye stayed the heaven with a supporting pillar,
and spread abroad apart, the Earth, the Mother.

3 Ye slew the flood -obstructing serpent Vrtra,
Indra and Soma: Heaven approved your exploit.
Ye urged to speed the currents of the rivers, and
many seas have ye filled full with waters.

4 Ye in the unripe udders of the milch-kine have
set the ripe milk, Indra, thou, and Soma.

Ye have held fast the unimpeded whiteness
within these many-coloured moving creatures.

5 Verily ye bestow, Indra and Soma, wealth,
famed, victorious, passing to our children.
Ye have invested men, ye Mighty Beings, with

manly strength that conquers in the battle.

HYMN LXXIII. Brhaspati.

1. SERVED with oblations, first-born,
mountain-render, Angiras' son, Brhaspati, the
Holy,

With twice-firm path, dwelling in light, our
Father, roars loudly, as a bull, to Earth and
Heaven.

2 Brhaspati, who made for such a people wide
room and verge when Gods were invocated,
Slaying his enemies, breaks down their castles,
quelling his foes and conquering those who hate
him.

3 Brhaspati in war hath won rich treasures, hath
won, this God, the great stalls filled with cattle.
Striving to win waters and light, resistless,
Brhaspati with lightning smites the foeman.

HYMN LXXIV. Soma-Rudra.

1. HOLD fast your Godlike sway, O Soma-
Rudra: let these our sacrifices quickly reach
you.

Placing in every house your seven great
treasures, bring blessing to our quadrupeds and
bipeds.

2 Soma and Rudra, chase to every quarter the
sickness that hath visited our dwelling.

Drive Nirrti away into the distance, and give us
excellent and happy glories.

3 Provide, O Soma-Rudra, for our bodies all
needful medicines to heal and cure us.

Set free and draw away the sin committed
which we have still inherent in our persons.

4 Armed with keen shafts and weapons, kind
and loving, be gracious unto us, Soma and
Rudra.

Release us from the noose of Varuna; keep us
from sorrow, in your tender loving-kindness.

HYMN LXXV. Weapons of War.

1. THE warrior's look is like a thunderous rain-
cloud's, when, armed with mail, he seeks the lap
of battle.

Be thou victorious with unwounded body: so let
the thickness of thy mail protect thee.

2 With Bow let us win kine, with Bow the
battle, with Bow be victors in our hot

encounters.

The Bow brings grief and sorrow to the foeman:
armed with the Bow may we subdue all regions.
3 Close to his car, as fain to speak, She presses,
holding her well-loved Friend in her embraces.
Strained on the Bow, She whispers like a
woman-this Bowstring that preserves us in the
combat.

4 These, meeting like a woman and her lover,
bear, mother-like, their child upon their bosom.
May the two Bow-ends, starting swift asunder,
scatter, in unison, the foes who hate us.

5 With many a son, father of many daughters,
He clangs and clashes as he goes to battle.
Slung on the back, pouring his brood, the
Quiver vanquishes all opposing bands and
armies.

6 Upstanding in the Car the skilful Charioteer
guides his strong Horses on whitherso'er he
will.

See and admire the strength of those controlling
Reins which from behind declare the will of him
who drives.

7 Horses whose hoofs rain dust are neighing
loudly, yoked to the Chariots, showing forth
their vigour,

With their forefeet descending on the foemen,
they, never flinching, trample and destroy them.

8 Car-bearer is the name of his oblation,
whercon are laid his Weapons and his Armour.
So let us here, each day that passes, honour the
helpful Car with hearts exceeding joyful.

9 In sweet association lived the fathers who
gave us life, profound and strong in trouble,
Unwearied, armed with shafts and wondrous
weapons, free, real heroes, conquerors of
armies.

10 The Brahmans, and the Fathers meet for
Soma-draughts, and, graciously inclined,
unequalled Heaven and Earth.

Guard us from evil, Pusan, guard us
strengtheners of Law: let not the evil-wisher
master us.

11 Her tooth a deer, dressed in an eagle's
feathers, bound with cow-hide, launched forth,
She flieth onward.

There where the heroes speed hither and thither,
there may the Arrows shelter and protect us.

12 Avoid us thou whose flight is straight, and
let our bodies be as stone.
May Soma kindly speak to us, and Aditi protect
us well.

13 He lays his blows upon their backs, he deals
his blows upon their thighs.
Thou, Whip, who urgest horses, drive sagacious
horses in the fray.

14 It compasses the arm with serpent windings,
fending away the friction of the bowstring:
So may the Brace, well-skilled in all its duties,
guard manfully the man from every quarter.

15 Now to the Shaft with venom smeared,
tipped with deer-horn, with iron mouth,
Celestial, of Parjanya's seed, be this great
adoration paid.

16 Loosed from the Bowstring fly away, thou
Arrow, sharpened by our prayer.
Go to the foemen, strike them home, and let not
one be left alive.

17 There where the flights of Arrows fall like
boys whose locks are yet unshorn.
Even there may Brahmanaspati, and Aditi
protect us well, protect us well through all our
days.

18 Thy vital parts I cover with thine Armour:
with immortality King Soma clothe thee.
Varuna give thee what is more than ample, and
in thy triumph may the Gods be joyful.

19 Whoso would kill us, whether he be a
strange foe or one of us,
May all the Gods discomfit him. My nearest,
closest Mail is prayer.

HYMN I. Agni.

1. THE men from fire-sticks, with their hands'
swift movement, have, in deep thought,
engendered glorious Agni,
Far-seen, with pointed flame, Lord of the
homestead.

2 The Vasus set that Agni in the dwelling, fair
to behold, for help from every quarter:

Who, in the home for ever, must be honoured.

3 Shine thou before us, Agni, well-enkindled,
with flame, Most Youthful God, that never
fadeth.

To thee come all our sacrificial viands.

4 Among all fires these fires have shone most
brightly, splendid with light, begirt by noble
heroes,

Where men of lofty birth sit down together.

5 Victorious Agni, grant us wealth with
wisdom, wealth with brave sons, famous and
independent,

Which not a foe who deals in magic conquers.

6 To whom, the Strong, at morn and eve comes,
maid-like, the ladle dropping oil, with its
oblation.

Wealth-seeking comes to him his own devotion.

7 Burn up all malice with those flames, O Agni,
wherewith of old thou burntest up Jarutha,
And drive away in silence pain and sickness.

8 With him who lighteth up thy splendour,
Agni, excellent, pure, refulgent, Purifier,
Be present, and with us through these our
praises.

9 Agni, the patriarchal men, the mortals who
have in many places spread thy lustre,-
Be gracious to us here for their sake also.

10 Let these men, heroes in the fight with
foemen, prevail against all godless arts of
4magic,-

These who improve the noble song I sing thee.

11 Let us not sit in want of men, O Agni,
without descendants, heroleu, about thee:

But, O House-Friend, in houses full of children.

12 By sacrifice which the Steeds' Lord ever
visits, there make our dwelling rich in seed and
offspring,

Increasing still with lineal successors.

13 Guard us, O Agni, from the hated demon,
guard us from malice of the churlish sinner:
Allied with thee may I subdue assailants.
14 May this same fire of mine surpass all others,
this fire where offspring, vigorous and firm-
handed,
Wins, on a thousand paths, what ne'er shall
perish.
15 This is that Agni, saviour from the foeman,
who guards the kindler of the flame from
sorrow:
Heroes of noble lineage serve and tend him.
16 This is that Agni, served in many places,
whom the rich lord who brings oblation kindles,
And round him goes the priest at sacrifices.
17 Agni, may we with riches in possession bring
thee continual offerings in abundance,
Using both means to draw thee to our worship.
18 Agni, bear thou, Eternal, these most welcome
oblations to the Deities' assembly:
Let them enjoy our very fragrant presents.
19 Give us not up, Agni, to want of heroes, to
wretched clothes, to need, to destitution.
Yield us not, Holy One, to fiend or hunger;
injure us not at home or in the forest.
20 Give strength and power to these my prayers,
O Agni; O God, pour blessings on our chiefs
and nobles.
Grant that both we and they may share thy
bounty. Ye Gods, protect us evermore with
blessings.
21 Thou Agni, swift to hear, art fair of aspect:
beam forth, O Son of Strength, in full
effulgence.
Let me not want, with thee, a son for ever: let
not a manly hero ever fail us.
22 Condemn us not to indigence, O Agni, beside
these flaming fires which Gods have kindled;
Nor, even after fault, let thy displeasure, thine as
a God, O Son of Strength, o'ertake us.
23 O Agni, fair of face, the wealthy mortal who
to the Immortal offers his oblation.
Hath him who wins him treasure by his
Godhead, to whom the prince, in need, goes
supplicating.
24 Knowing our chief felicity, O Agni, bring
hither ample riches to our nobles,
Wherewith we may enjoy ourselves, O Victor,

with undiminished life and hero children.
25 Give strength and power to these my prayers,
O Agni; O God, pour blessings on our chiefs
and nobles.
Grant that both we and they may share thy
bounty. Ye Gods, protect us evermore with
blessings.

HYMN II. Apris.

1. GLADLY accept, this day, our fuel, Agni:
send up thy sacred smoke and shine sublimely.
Touch the celestial summits with thy columns,
and overspread thee with the rays of Surya.
2 With sacrifice to these we men will honour the
majesty of holy Narasamsa-
To these the pure, most wise, the thought-
inspirers, Gods who enjoy both sorts of our
oblations.
3 We will extol at sacrifice for ever, as men may
do, Agni whom Manu kindled,
Your very skilful Asura, meet for worship,
envoy between both worlds, the truthful
speaker.
4 Bearing the sacred grass, the men who serve
him strew it with reverence, on their knees, by
Agni.
Calling him to the spotted grass, oil-sprinkled,
adorn him, ye Adhvaryus, with oblation.
5 With holy thoughts the pious have thrown
open Doors fain for chariots in the Gods'
assembly.
Like two full mother cows who lick their
youngling, like maidens for the gathering, they
adorn them.
6 And let the two exalted Heavenly Ladies,
Morning and Night, like a cow good at milking,
Come, much-invoked, and on our grass be
seated ' wealthy, deserving worship, for our
welfare.
7 You, Bards and Singers at men's sacrifices,
both filled with wisdom, I incline to worship.
Send up our offerings when we call upon you,
and so among the Gods obtain us treasures.
8 May Bharati with all her Sisters, Ila accordant
with the Gods, with mortals Agni,
Sarasvati with all her kindred Rivers, come to
this grass, Three Goddesses, and seat them.
9 Well pleased with us do thou, O God, O

Tvastar, give ready issue to our procreant
vigour,
Whence springs the hero, powerful, skilled in
action, lover of Gods, adjuster of the press-
stones.
10 Send to the Gods the oblation, Lord of
Forests, and let the Immolator, Agni, dress it.
He as the truer Priest shall offer worship, for the
God's generations well he knoweth.
11 Come thou to us, O Agni, duly kindled,
together with the potent Gods and Indra.
On this our grass sit Aditi, happy Mother, and
let our Hail! delight the Gods Immortal.

HYMN III. Agni.

1. ASSOCIATE with fires, make your God
Agni envoy at sacrifice, best skilled in worship,
Established firm among mankind, the Holy,
flame-crowned and fed with oil, the Purifier.
2 Like a steed neighing eager for the pasture,
when he hath stepped forth from the great
enclosure:
Then the wind following blows upon his
splendour, and, straight, the path is black which
thou hast travelled.
3 From thee a Bull but newly born, O Agni, the
kindled everlasting flames rise upward.
Aloft to heaven thy ruddy smoke ascendeth:
Agni, thou speedest to the Gods as envoy.
4 Thou whose fresh lustre o'er the earth
advanceth when greedily with thy jaws thy food
thou eatest.
Like a host hurried onward comes thy lasso:
fierce, with thy tongue thou piercest, as 'twere
barley.
5 The men have decked him both at eve and
morning, Most Youthful Agni, as they tend a
courser.
They kindle him, a guest within his dwelling:
bright shines the splendour of the worshipped
Hero.
6 O fair of face, beautiful is thine aspect when,
very near at hand, like gold thou gleamest,
Like Heaven's thundering roar thy might
approaches, and like the wondrous Sun thy light
thou showest.
7 That we may worship, with your Hail to Agni!
with sacrificial cakes and fat oblations,

Guard us, O Agni, with those boundless glories
as with a hundred fortresses of iron.

8 Thine are resistless songs for him who offers,
and hero-giving hymns wherewith thou savest;
With these, O Son of Strength, O Jatavedas,
guard us, preserve these princes and the singers.

9 When forth he cometh, like an axe new-
sharpened, pure in his form, resplendent in his
body,

Sprung, sought with eager longing, from his
Parents, for the Gods' worship, Sage and
Purifier:

10 Shine this felicity on us, O Agni: may we
attain to perfect understanding.

All happiness be theirs who sing and praise
thee. Ye Gods, preserve us evermore with
blessings.

HYMN IV. Agni.

1. BRING forth your gifts to his refulgent
splendour, your hymn as purest offering to
Agni,

To him who goes as messenger with knowledge
between all songs of men and Gods in heaven.

2 Wise must this Agni be, though young and
tender, since he was born, Most Youthful, of his
Mother;

He who with bright teeth seizeth fast the forests,
and eats his food, though plenteous, in a
moment.

3 Before his presence must we all assemble, this
God's whom men have seized in his white
splendour.

This Agni who hath brooked that men should
seize him hath shone for man with glow
insufferable.

4 Far-seeing hath this Agni been established,
deathless mid mortals, wise among the foolish.
Here, O victorious God, forbear to harm us: may
we forever share thy gracious favour.

5 He who hath occupied his God-made
dwelling, Agni, in wisdom hath surpassed
Immortals.

A Babe unborn, the plants and trees support
him, and the earth beareth him the All-sustainer.

6 Agni is Lord of Amrta. in abundance, Lord of
the gift of wealth and hero valour,
Victorious God, let us not sit about thee like

men devoid of strength, beauty, and worship.
7 The foeman's treasure may be won with
labour: may we be masters of our own
possessions.
Agni, no son is he who springs from others:
lengthen not out the pathways of the foolish.
8 Unwelcome for adoption is the stranger, one
to be thought of as another's offspring,
Though grown familiar by continual presence.
May our strong hero come, freshly triumphant.
9 Guard us from him who would assail us, Agni;
preserve us O thou Victor, from dishonour.
Here let the place of darkening come upon thee:
may wealth be ours, desirable, in thousands.
10 Shine this felicity on us, O Agni: may we
attain to perfect understanding.
All happiness be theirs who sing and praise
thee. Ye Gods, preserve us evermore with
blessings.

HYMN V. Agni.

1. BRING forth your song of praise to mighty
Agni, the speedy messenger of earth and
heaven,
Vaisvanara, who, with those who wake, hath
waxen great in the lap of all the Gods Immortal.
2 Sought in the heavens, on earth is Agni
stablished, leader of rivers, Bull of standing
waters.
Vaisvanara when he hath grown in glory, shines
on the tribes of men with light and treasure.
3 For fear of thee forth fled the dark-hued races,
scattered abroad, deserting their possessions,
When, glowing, O Vaisvanara, for Puru, thou
Agni didst light up and rend their castles.
4 Agni Vaisvanara, both Earth and Heaven
submit them to thy threefold jurisdiction.
Refulgent in thine undecaying lustre thou hast
invested both the worlds with splendour.
5 Agni, the tawny horses, loudly neighing our
resonant hymns that drop with oil, attend thee;
Lord of the tribes, our Charioteer of riches,
Ensign of days, Vaisvanara of mornings.
6 In thee, O bright as Mitra, Vasus seated the
might of Aduras, for they loved thy spirit.
Thou dravest Dasyus from their home, O Agni,
and broughtest forth broad light to light the
Arya.

7 Born in the loftiest heaven thou in a moment
reacheest, like wind, the place where Gods
inhabit.
Thou, favouring thine offspring, roaredst loudly
when giving life to creatures, Jatavedas.
8 Send us that strength, Vaisvanara, send it,
Agni, that strength, O Jatavedas, full of
splendour,
Wherewith, all-bounteous God, thou pourest
riches, as fame wide-spreading, on the man who
offers.
9 Agni, bestow upon our chiefs and nobles that
famous power, that wealth which feedeth many.
Accordant with the Vasus and the Rudras, Agni,
Vaisvanara, give us sure protection.

HYMN VI. Agni.

1. PRAISE of the Asura, high imperial Ruler,
the Manly One in whom the folk shall triumph-
I laud his deeds who is as strong as Indra, and
lauding celebrate the Fort-destroyer.
2 Sage, Sing, Food, Light,-they bring him from
the mountain, the blessed Sovran of the earth
and heaven.
I decorate with songs the mighty actions which
Agni, Fort-destroyer, did aforetime.
3 The foolish, faithless, rudely-speaking
niggards, without belief or sacrifice or worship,-
Far far sway hath Agni chased those Dasytis,
and, in the cast, hath turned the godless
westward.
4 Him who brought eastward, manliest with his
prowess, the Maids rejoicing in the western
darkness,

That Agni I extol, the Lord of riches, unyielding
tamer of assailing foemen.

5 Him who brake down the walls with deadly
weapons, and gave the Mornings to anoble
Husband,

Young Agni, who with conquering strength
subduing the tribes of Nahus made them bring
their tribute.

6 In whose protection all men rest by nature,
desiring to enjoy his gracious favour-

Agni Vaisvanara in his Parents, bosom hath
found the choicest seat in earth and heaven.

7 Vaisvanara the God, at the sun's setting, hath
taken to himself deep-hidden treasures:

Agni hath taken them from earth and heaven,
from the sea under and the sea above us.

HYMN VII. Agni.

1. I SEND forth even your God, victorious
Agni, like a strong courser, with mine adoration.
Herald of sacrifice be he who knoweth he hath
reached Gods, himself, with measured motion.

2 By paths that are thine own come hither, Agni,
joyous, delighting in the Gods' alliance,
Making the heights of earth roar with thy fury,
burning with eager teeth the woods and forests.

3 The grass is strewn; the sacrifice advances
adored as Priest, Agni is made propitious,
Invoking both All-boon-bestowing Mothers of
whom, Most Youthful! thou wast born to help
us.

4 Forthwith the men, the best of these for
wisdom, have made him leader in the solemn
worship.

As Lord in homes of men is Agni stablished, the
Holy One, the joyous, sweetly speaking.

5 He hath come, chosen bearer, and is seated in
man's home, Brahman, Agni, the Supporter,
He whom both Heaven anct Earth exalt and
strengthenwhom, Giver of all boons, the Hotar
worships.

6 These have passed all in glory, who, the
manly, have wrought with skill the hymn of
adoration;

Who, listening, have advanced the people's
welfare, and set their thoughts on this my holy
statute.

7 We, the Vasisthas, now implore thee, Agni, O

Son of Strength, the Lord of wealth and
treasure.
Thou hast brought food to singers and to nobles.
Ye Gods, preserve us evermore with blessings.

HYMN VIII. Agni

1. THE King whose face is decked with oil is
kindled with homage offered by his faithful
servant.
The men, the priests adore him with oblations.
Agni hath shone forth when the dawn is
breaking.
2 Yea, he hath been acknowledged as most
mighty, the joyous Priest of men, the youthful
Agni.
He, spreading o'er the earth, made light around
him, and grew among the plants with blackened
fellies..
3 How dost thou decorate our hymn, O Agni?
What power dost thou exert when thou art
lauded?
When, Bounteous God, may we be lords of
riches, winners of precious wealth which none
may conquer?
4 Far famed is this the Bharata's own Agni he
shineth like the Sun with lofty splendour.
He who hath vanquished Puru in the battle, the
heavenly guest hath glowed in full refulgence.
5 Full many oblations are in thee collected: with
all thine aspects thou hast waxen gracious.
Thou art already famed as praised and lauded,
yet still, O nobly born, increase thy body.
6 Be this my song, that winneth countless
treasure, engendered with redoubled force for
Agni,
That, splendid, chasing sickness, slaying
demons, it may delight our friend and bless the
singers.
7 We, the Vasisthas, now implore thee, Agni, O
Son of Strength, the Lord of wealth and riches.
Thou hast brought food to singers and to nobles.
Ye Gods, preserve us evermore with blessings.

HYMN IX. Agni.

1. ROUSED from their bosom is the Dawns'
beloved, the joyous Priest, most sapient,
Purifier.
He gives a signal both to Gods and mortals, to

Gods oblations, riches to the pious.
 2 Most wise is he who, forcing doors of Panis,
 brought the bright Sun to us who feedeth many.
 The cheerful Priest, men's Friend and home-
 companion, through still night's darkness he is
 made apparent.
 3 Wise, ne.'er deceived, uncircumscribed,
 refulgent, our gracious guest, a Friend with
 good attendants,
 Shines forth with wondrous light before the
 Mornings; the young plants hath he entered,
 Child of Waters.
 4 Seeking our gatherings, he, your Jatavedas,
 hath shone adorable through human ages,
 Who gleams refulgent with his lovely lustre: the
 kine have waked to meet him when enkindled.
 5 Go on thy message to the Gods, and fail not,
 O Agni, with their band who pray and worship.
 Bring all the Gods that they may give us riches,
 Sarasvati, the Maruts, Asvins, Waters.
 6 Vasistha, when enkindling thee, O Agni, hath
 slain jarutha. Give us wealth in plenty.
 Sing praise in choral song, O Jatavedas. Ye
 Gods, preserve us evermore with blessings.

HYMN X. Agni.

1. HE hath sent forth, bright, radiant, and
 refulgent, like the Dawn's Lover, his far-
 spreading lustre.
 Pure in his splendour shines the golden Hero:
 our longing thoughts hath he aroused and
 wakened.
 2 He, like the Sun, hath shone while Morn is
 breaking, and priests who weave the sacrifice
 sing praises,
 Agni, the God, who knows their generations and
 visits Gods, most bounteous, rapid envoy.
 3 Our songs and holy hymns go forth to Agni,
 seeking the God and asking him for riches,
 Him fair to see, of goodly aspect, mighty, men's
 messenger who carries their oblations.
 4 joined with the Vasus, Agni, bring thou Indra
 bring hither mighty Rudra with the Rudras,
 Aditi good to all men with Adityas, Brhaspati
 All-bounteous, with the Singers.
 5 Men eagerly implore at sacrifices Agni, Most
 Youthful God, the joyous Herald.
 For he is Lord and Ruler over riches, and for

Gods' worship an unwearied envoy.

HYMN XI. Agni.

1. GREAT art thou, Agni, sacrifice's Herald: not
without thee are deathless Gods made joyful.
Come hither with all Deities about thee here
take thy seat, the first, as Priest, O Agni.
2 Men with oblations evermore entreat thee, the
swift, to undertake an envoy's duty.
He on whose sacred grass with Gods thou
sittest, to him, O Agni, are the days propitious.
3 Three times a day in thee are shown the
treasures sent for the mortal who presents
oblation.
Bring the Gods hither like a man, O Agni: be
thou our envoy, guarding us from curses.
4 Lord of the lofty sacrifice is Agni, Agni is
Lord of every gift presented.
The Vasus were contented with his wisdom, so
the Gods made him their oblationbearer.
5 O Agni, bring the Gods to taste our presents:
with Indra leading, here let them be joyful.
Convey this sacrifice to Gods in heaven. Ye
Gods, preserve us evermore with blessings.

HYMN XII. Agni.

1. WE with great reverence have approached
The Youngest who hath shone forth well-
kindled in his dwelling,
With wondrous light between wide earth and
heaven, well-worshipped, looking forth in all
directions.
2 Through his great might o'ercoming all
misfortunes, praised in the house is Agni
Jatavedas.
May he protect us from disgrace and trouble,
both us who laud him and our noble patrons.
3 O Agni, thou art Varuna and Mitra: Vasisthas
with their holy hymns exalt thee.
With thee be most abundant gain of treasure. Ye
Gods, preserve us evermore with blessings.

HYMN XIII. Agni.

1. BRING song and hymn to Agni, Asura-
slayer, enlightener of all and thought-bestower.

Like an oblation on the grass, to please him, I
bring this to Vaisvanara, hymn-inspirer.
2 Thou with thy flame, O Agni, brightly
glowing, hast at thy birth filled full the earth and
heaven.
TIOU with thy might, Vaisvanara Jatavedas,
settest the Gods free frodi the curse that bound
them.
3 Agni, when, born thou lookedst on all
creatures, like a brisk herdsman moving round
his cattle.
The path to prayer, Vaisvanara, thou foundest.
Ye Gods, preserve us evermore with blessings.

HYMN XIV Agni.

1. WITH reverence and with offered gifts serve
we the God whose flame is bright:
Let us bring Jatavedas fuel, and adore Agni
when we invoke the Gods.
2 Agni, may we perform thy rites with fuel, and
honour thee, O Holy one, with praises:
Honour thee, Priest of sacrifice! with butter,
thee, God of blessed light! with our oblation.
3 Come, Agni, with the Gods to our invoking,
come, pleased, to offerings sanctified with
Vasat.
May we be his who pays thee, God, due honour.
Ye Gods, preserve us evermore with blessings.

HYMN XV. Agni.

1. OFFER oblations in his mouth, the bounteous
God's whom we must serve.
His who is nearest kin to us:
2 Who for the Fivefold People's take hath seated
him in every home
Wise, Youthful, Master of the house.
3 On all sides may that Agni guard our
household folk and property;
May he deliver us from woe.
4 I have begotten this new hymn for Agni,
Falcon of the sky:
Will he not give us of his wealth?
5 Whose lories when he glows in front of sacrite
are fair to see,
Like wealth of one with hero sons.
6 May he enjoy this hallowed gift, Agni accept
our songs, who bears
Oblations, best of worshippers.

7 Lord of the house, whom men must seek, we
 set thee down, O Worshipped One!
 Bright, rich in heroes, Agni! God
 8 Shine forth at night and morn: through thee
 with fires are we provided well.
 Thou, rich in heroes, art our Friend.
 9 The men come near thee for their gain, the
 singers with their songs of praise:
 Speech, thousandfold, comes near to thee.
 10 Bright, Purifier, meet for praise, Immortal
 with refulgent glow,
 Agni drives Raksasas away.
 11 As such, bring us abundant wealth, young
 Child of Strength, for this thou canst
 May Bhaga give us what is choice.
 12 Thou, Agni, givest hero fame: Bhaga and
 Savitar the God,
 And Did give us what is good.
 13 Agni, preserve us from distress: consume our
 enemies, O God,
 Eternal, with the hottest flames.
 14 And, irresistible, be thou a mighty iron fort
 to us,
 With hundred walls for man's defence.
 15 Do thou preserve us, eve and morn, from
 sorrow, from the wicked men,
 Infallible! by day and night.

HYMN XVI. Agni.

1. WITH this my reverent hymn I call Agni for
 you, the Son of Strength,
 Dear, wisest envoy, served with noble sacrifice,
 immortal messenger of all.
 2 His two red horses, all-supporting, let him
 yoke: let him, well-worshipped, urge them fast.
 Then hath the sacrifice good prayers and happy
 end, and heavenly gift of wealth to men.
 3 The flame of him the Bountiful, the Much-
 invoked, hath mounted up,
 And his red-coloured smoke-clouds reach and
 touch the sky: the men are kindling Agni well.
 4 Thee, thee Most Glorious One we make our
 messenger. Bring the Gods hither to the feast.
 Give us, O Son of Strength, all food that feedeth
 man: give that for which we pray to thee.
 5 Thou, Agni, art the homestead's Lord, our
 Herald at the sacrifice.
 Lord of all boons, thou art the Cleanser and a

Sage. Pay worship, and enjoy the good.
 6 Give riches to the sacrificer, O Most Wise, for
 thou art he who granteth wealth.
 Inspire with zeal each priest at this our solemn
 rite; all who are skilled in singing praise.
 7 O Agni who art worshipped well, dear let our
 princes be to thee,
 Our wealthy patrons who are governors of men,
 who part, as gifts, their stalls of kine.
 8 They in whose home, her hand bearing the
 sacred oil, Ila sits down well-satisfied-
 Guard them, Victorious God, from slander and
 from harm. give us a refuge famed afar.
 9 Do thou, a Priest with pleasant tongue, most
 wise, and very near to us,
 Agni, bring riches hither to our liberal chiefs,
 and speed the offering of our gifts.
 10 They who bestow as bounty plenteous wealth
 of steeds, moved by desire of great renown-
 Do thou with saving help preserve them from
 distress, Most Youthful! with a hundred forts.
 11 The God who gives your wealth demands a
 full libation poured to him.
 Pour ye it forth, then fill the vessel full again:
 then doth the God pay heed to you.
 12 Him have the Gods appointed Priest of
 sacrifice, oblation-bearer, passing wise.
 Agni gives wealth and valour to the worshipper,
 to folk who offer up their gifts.

HYMN XVII. Agni.

1. AGNI, be kindled well with proper fuel, and
 let the grass be scattered wide about thee.
 2 Let the impatient Portals be thrown open bring
 thou the Gods impatient to come hither.
 3 Taste, Agni: serve the Gods with our oblation.
 Offer good sacrifices, Jatavedas!
 4 Let Jatavedas pay fair sacrifices, worship
 and gratify the Gods Immortal.
 5 Wise God, win for us things that are all-
 goodly, and let the prayers, we pray today be
 fruitful.
 6 Thee, even thee, the Son of Strength, O Agni,
 those Gods have made the bearer of oblations.
 7 To thee the God may we perform our worship:
 do thou, besought, grant us abundant riches.

HYMN XVIII. Indra.

1. ALL is with thee, O Indra, all the treasures
which erst our fathers won who sang thy
praises.

With thee are milch-kine good to milk, and
horses: best winner thou of riches for the pious.

2 For like a King among his wives thou
dwellest: with glories, as a Sage, surround and
help us.

Make us, thy servants, strong for wealth, and
honour our songs with kine and steeds and
decoration.

3 Here these our holy hymns with joy and
gladness in pious emulation have approached
thee.

Hitherward come thy path that leads to riches:
may we find shelter in thy favour, Indra.

4 Vasistha hath poured forth his prayers,
desiring to milk thee like a cow in goodly
pasture.

All these my people call thee Lord of cattle:
may Indra. come unto the prayer we offer.

5 What though the floods spread widely, Indra
made them shallow and easy for Sudas to
traverse.

He, worthy of our praises, caused the Simyu,
foe of our hymn, to curse the rivers' fury.

6 Eager for spoil was Turvasa Purodas, fain to
win wealth, like fishes urged by hunger.

The Bhrgus and the Druhyus quickly listened:
friend rescued friend mid the two distant
peoples.

7 Together came the Pakthas, the Bhalanas, the
Alinas, the Sivas, the Visanins.

Yet to the Trtsus came the Arya's Comrade,
through love of spoil and heroes' war, to lead
them.

8 Fools, in their folly fain to waste her waters,
they parted inexhaustible Parusni.

Lord of the Earth, he with his might repressed
them: still lay the herd and the affrighted
herdsman.

9 As to their goal they sped to their destruction:
they sought Parusni; e'en the swift returned not.
Indra abandoned, to Sudas the manly, the
swiftly flying foes, unmanly babblers.

10 They went like kine unherded from the
pasture, each clinging to a friend as chance

directed.

They who drive spotted steeds, sent down by
Prsni, gave ear, the Warriors and the harnessed
horses.

11 The King who scattered one-and-twenty
people of both Vaikarna tribes through lust of
glory-

As the skilled priest clips grass within the
chamber, so hath the Hero Indra, wrought their
downfall.

12 Thou, thunder-armed, o'erwhelmedst in the
waters famed ancient Kavasa and then the
Druhyu.

Others here claiming friendship to their
friendship, devoted unto thee, in thee were
joyful.

13 Indra at once with conquering might
demolished all their strong places and their
seven castles.

The goods of Anu's son he gave to Trtsu. May
we in sacrifice conquer scorned Puru.

14 The Anavas and Druhyus, seeking booty,
have slept, the sixty hundred, yea, six thousand,
And six-and-sixty heroes. For the pious were all
these mighty exploits done by Indra.

15 These Trtsus under Indra's careful guidance
came speeding like loosed waters rushing
downward.

The foemen, measuring exceeding closely,
abandoned to Sudas all their provisions.

16 The hero's side who drank the dressed
oblation, Indra's denier, far o'er earth he
scattered.

Indra brought down the fierce destroyer's fury.
He gave them various roads, the path's
Controller.

17 E'en with the weak he wrought this
matchless exploit: e'en with a goat he did to
death a lion.

He pared the pillar's angles with a needle. Thus
to Sudas Indra gave all provisions.

18 To thee have all thine enemies submitted:
e'en the fierce Bheda hast thou made thy
subject.

Cast down thy sharpened thunderbolt, O Indra,
on him who harms the men who sing thy
praises.

19 Yamuna and the Trtsus aided Indra. There he

stripped Bheda bare of all his treasures.
The Ajas and the Sigrus and the Yaksus brought
in to him as tribute heads of horses.
20 Not to be scorned, but like Dawns past and
recent, O Indra, are thy favours and thy riches.
Devaka, Manyamana's son, thou slewest, and
smotest Sambara from the lofty mountain.
21 They who, from home, have gladdened thee,
thy servants Parasara, Vasistha, Satayatu,
Will not forget thy friendship, liberal Giver. So
shall the days dawn prosperous for the princes.
22 Priest-like, with praise, I move around the
altar, earning Paijavana's reward, O Agni,
Two hundred cows from Devavan's descendant,
two chariots from Sudas with mares to draw
them.
23 Gift of Paijavana, four horses bear me in
foremost place, trained steeds with pearl to deck
them.
Sudas's brown steeds, firmly-stepping, carry me
and my son for progeny and glory.
24 Him whose fame spreads between wide earth
and heaven, who, as dispenser, gives each chief
his portion,
Seven flowing Rivers glorify like Indra. He
slew Yudhyamadhi in close encounter.
25 Attend on him O ye heroic Maruts as on
Sudas's father Divodasa.
Further Paijavana's desire with favour. Guard
faithfully his lasting firm dominion.

HYMN XIX. Indra.

1. HE like a bull with sharpened horns, terrific,
singly excites and agitates all the people:
Thou givest him who largely pours libations his
goods who pours not, for his own possession.
2 Thou, verily, Indra, gavest help to Kutsa,
willingly giving car to him in battle,
When, aiding Arjuneya, thou subduedst to him
both Kuyava and the Dasa Susna.
3 O Bold One, thou with all thine aids hast
boldly holpen Sudas whose offerings were
accepted,
Puru in winning land and slaying foemen, and
Trasadasyu son of Purukutsa.
4 At the Gods' banquet, hero-souled! with
Heroes, Lord of Bay Steeds, thou slewest many
foemen.

Thou sentest in swift death to sleep the Dasyu,
both Cumuri and Dhuni, for Dabhiti.

5 These were thy mighty powers that, Thunder-
wielder, thou swiftly crushedst nine-and-ninety
castles:

Thou capturedst the hundredth in thine
onslaught; thou slewest Namuci, thou slewest
Vrtra.

6 Old are the blessings, Indra, which thou
gavest Sudas the worshipper who brought
oblations.

For thee, the Strong, I yoke thy strong Bay
Horses: may our prayers reach thee and win
strength, Most Mighty!

7 Give us not up, Lord of Bay Horses, Victor, in
this thine own assembly, to the wicked.

Deliver us with true and faithful succours: dear
may we be to thee among the princes.

8 May we men, Maghavan, the friends thou
lovest, near thee be joyful under thy protection.
Fain to fulfil the wish of Atithigva humble. the
pride of Turvasa and Yadva.

9 Swiftly, in truth, O Maghavan, about thee men
skilled in hymning sing their songs and praises. '
Elect us also into their assembly who by their
calls on thee despoiled the niggards.

10 Thine are these lauds, O manliest of heroes,
lauds which revert to us and give us riches.

Favour these, Indra, when they fight with
faemen, as Friend and Hero and the heroes'
Helper.

11 Now, lauded for thine aid, Heroic Indra, sped
by our prayer, wax mighty in thy body.

Apportion to us strength and habitations. Ye
Gods, protect us evermore with blessings.

HYMN XX. Indra.

1. STRONG, Godly-natured, born for hero
exploit, man's Friend, hedoth whatever deed he
willeth.

Saving us e'en from great transgression, Indra,
the Youthful, visiteth man's home with favour.

2 Waxing greatness Indra slayeth Vrtra: the
Hero with his aid hath helped the singer.

He gave Sudas wide room and space, and often
hath granted wealth to him who brought
oblations.

3 Soldier unchecked, war-rousing, battling

Hero, unconquered from of old, victorious ever,
Indra the very strong hath scattered armies; yea,
he hath slain each foe who fought against him.

4 Thou with thy greatness hast filled full, O
Indra, even both the worlds with might, O thou
Most Mighty.

Lord of Bays, Indra, brandishing his thunder, is
gratified with Soma at the banquet.

5 A Bull begat the Bull for joy of battle, and a
strong Mother brought forth him the manly.
He who is Chief of men, their armies' Leader, is
strong Hero, bold, and fain for booty.

6 The people falter not, nor suffer sorrow, who
win themselves this God's terrific spirit.
He who with sacrifices worships Indra is lord of
wealth, law-born and law's protector.

7 Whene'er the elder fain would help the
younger the greater cometh to the lesser's
present.

Shall the Immortal sit aloof inactive? O
Wondrous Indra, bring us wondrous riches.

8 Thy dear folk, Indra, who present oblations,
are, in chief place, thy friends, O Thunder-
wielder.

May we be best content in this thy favour,
sheltered by One who slays not, but preserves
us.

9 To thee the mighty hymn hath clamoured
loudly, and, Maghavan, the eloquent hath
besought thee.

Desire of wealth hath come upon thy singer:
help us then, gakra, to our share of riches.

10 Place us by food which thou hast given, O
Indra, us and the wealthy patrons who command
us.

Let thy great power bring good to him who
lauds thee. Ye Gods, preserve us evermore with
blessings.

HYMN XXI. Indra.

1. PRESSED is the juice divine with milk
commingled: thereto hath Indra ever been
accustomed.

We wake thee, Lord of Bays, with sacrifices:
mark this our laud in the wild joy of Soma.

2 On to the rite they move, the grass they
scatter, these Soma-drinkers eloquent in synod.

Hither, for men to grasp, are brought the press-stones, far-thundering, famous, strong, that wait on heroes.

3 Indra, thou settest free the many waters that were encompassed, Hero, by the Dragon.
Down rolled, as if on chariots borne, the rivers: through fear of thee all things created tremble.
4 Skilled in all manly deeds the God terrific hath with his weapons mastered these opponents.

Indra in rapturous joy shook down their castles he slew them in his might, the Thunder-wielder.
5 No evil spirits have impelled us, Indra, nor fiends, O Mightiest God, with their devices.
Let our true God subdue the hostile rabble: let not the lewd approach our holy worship.
6 Thou in thy strength surpasses Earth and Heaven: the regions comprehend not all thy greatness.

With thine own power and might thou slewest Vrtra: no foe hath found the end of thee in battle.

7 Even the earlier Deities submitted their powers to thy supreme divine dominion.
Indra wins wealth and deals it out to other's: men in the strife for booty call on Indra.

8 The humble hath invoked thee for protection, thee, Lord of great felicity, O Indra.

Thou with a hundred aids hast been our Helper: one who brings gifts like thee hath his defender.

9 May we, O Indra, be thy friends for ever, eagerly, Conqueror, yielding greater homage.
May, through thy grace, the strength of us who battle quell in the shock the onset of the foeman.

10 Place us by food which thou hast given, O Indra, us and the wealthy patrons who command us.

Let thy great power bring good to him who lauds thee. Ye Gods, preserve us evermore with blessings.

HYMN XXII Indra.

1. DRINK Soma, Lord of Bays, and let it cheer thee: Indra, the stone, like a well guided courser, Directed by the presser's arms hath pressed it.

2 So let the draught of joy, thy dear companion, by which, O Lord of Bays, thou slayest foemen, Delight thee, Indra, Lord of princely treasures.

3 Mark closely, Maghavan, the words I utter,
 this eulogy recited by Vasistha:
 Accept the prayers I offer at thy banquet.
 4 Hear thou the call of the juice-drinking press-
 stone: hear thou the Brahman's hymn who sings
 and lauds thee.
 Take to thine inmost self these adorations.
 5 I know and ne'er forget the hymns and praises
 of thee, the Conqueror, and thy strength
 immortal.
 Thy name I ever utter. Self-Refulgent
 6 Among mankind many are thy libations, and
 many a time the pious sage invokes thee.
 O Maghavan, be not long distant from us.
 7 All these libations are for thee, O Hero: to
 thee I offer these my prayers. that strengthen.
 Ever, in every place, must men invoke thee.
 8 Never do men attain, O Wonder-Worker, thy
 greatness, Mighty One, who must be lauded,
 Nor, Indra, thine heroic power and bounty.
 9 Among all Rsis, Indra, old and recent, who
 have engendered hymns as sacred singers,
 Even with us be thine auspicious friendships.
 Ye Gods, preserve us evermore with blessings.

HYMN XXIII. Indra.

1. PRAYERS have been offered up through
 love of glory: Vasistha, honour Indra in the
 battle.
 He who with might extends through all
 existence hears words which I, his faithful
 servant, utter.
 2 A cry was raised which reached the Gods, O
 Indra, a cry to them to send us strength in
 combat.
 None among men knows his own life's duration:
 bear us in safety over these our troubles.
 3 The Bays, the booty-seeking car I harness: my
 prayers have reached him who accepts them
 gladly.
 Indra, when he had slain resistless foemen,
 forced with his might the two world-halves
 asunder.
 4 Like barren cows, moreover, swelled the
 waters: the singen sought thy holy rite, O Indra.
 Come unto us as with his team comes Vayu:
 thou, through our solemn hymns bestowest
 booty.

5 So may these gladdening draughts rejoice
thee, Indra, the Mighty, very bounteous to the
singer.

Alone among the Gods thou pitiest mortals: O
Hero, make thee glad at this libation.

6 Thus the Vasisthas glorify with praises Indra,
the Powerful whose arm wields thunder.

Praised, may he guard our wealth in kine and
heroes. Ye Gods, preserve us evermore with
blessings.

HYMN XXIV. Indra.

1. A HOME is made for thee to dwell in, Indra:
O Much-invoked, go thitherwith the heroes.
That thou, to prosper us, mayst be our Helper,
vouchsafe us wealth, rejoice with draughts of
Soma.

2 Indra, thy wish, twice-strong, is
comprehended: pressed is the Soma, poured are
pleasant juices.

This hymn of praise, from loosened tongue,
made perfect, draws Indra to itself with loud
invoking.

3 Come, thou Impetuous; God, from earth or
heaven; come to our holy grass to drink the
Soma.

Hither to me let thy Bay Horses bring thee to
listen to our hymns and make thee joyful.

4 Come unto us with all thine aids, accordant,
Lord of Bay Steeds, accepting our devotions,
Fair-helmeted, o'ercoming with the mighty, and
lending us the strength of bulls, O Indra.

5 As to the chariot pole a vigorous courser, this
laud is brought to the great strong Upholder.

This hymn solicits wealth of thee: in heaven, as
'twere above the sky, set thou our glory.

6 With precious things. O Indra, thus content us:
may we attain to thine exalted favour.

Send our chiefs plenteous food with hero
children. Preserve us evermore, ye Gods, with
blessings.

HYMN XXV. Indra.

WHEN with thy mighty help, O potent Indra,
the armies rush together in their fury.

When from the strong man's arm the lightning
flieth, let not the mind go forth to side with
others.

2 O Indra, where the ground is hard to traverse,
smite down our foes, the mortals who assail us,
Keep far from us the curse of the reviler: bring
us accumulated store of treasures.

3 God of the fair helm, give Sudas a hundred
succours, a thousand blessings, and thy bounty.
Strike down the weapon of our mortal foeman:
bestow upon us splendid fame and riches.

4 I wait the power of one like thee, O Indra,
gifts of a Helper such as thou art, Hero.
Strong, Mighty God, dwell with me now and
ever: Lord of Bay Horses, do not thou desert us.

5 Here are the Kutsas supplicating Indra for
might, the Lord of Bays for God-sent conquest.
Make our foes ever easy to be vanquished: may
we, victorious, win the spoil, O Hero.

6 With precious things, O Indra, thus content us:
may we attain to thine exalted favour.
Send our chiefs plenteous food with hero
children. Preserve us evermore, ye Gods, with
blessings.

HYMN XXVI. Indra.

1. SOMA unpressed ne'er gladdened liberal
Indra, no juices pressed without a prayer have
pleased him.

I generate a laud that shall delight him, new and
heroic, so that he may hear us.

2 At every laud the Soma gladdens Indra:
pressed juices please him as each psalm is
chanted,

What time the priests with one united effort call
him to aid, as sons invoke their father.

3 These deeds he did; let him achieve new
exploits, such as the priests declare at their
libations.

Indra hath taken and possessed all castles, like
as one common husband doth his spouses.

4 Even thus have they declared him. Famed is
Indra as Conqueror, sole distributor of treasures;
Whose many succours come in close
succession. May dear delightful benefits attend
us.

5 Thus, to bring help to men, Vasistha laudeth
Indra, the peoples' Hero, at libation.

Bestow upon us strength and wealth in
thousands. Preserve us evermore, ye Gods, with

blessings.

HYMN XXVII. Indra.

1. MEN call on Indra in the armed encounter
that he may make the hymns they sing decisive.
Hero, rejoicing in thy might, in combat give us a
portion of the stall of cattle,
2 Grant, Indra Maghavan, invoked of many, to
these my friends the strength which thou
possessest.
Thou, Maghavan, hast rent strong places open:
unclose for us, Wise God, thy hidden bounty.
3 King of the living world, of men, is Indra, of
all in varied form that earth containeth.
Thence to the worshipper he giveth riches: may
he enrich us also when we laud him.
4 Maghavan Indra, when we all invoke him,
bountiful ever sendeth strength to aid us:
Whose perfect guerdon, never failing, bringeth
wealth to the men, to friends the thing they
covet.
5 Quick, Indra, give us room and way to riches,
and let us bring thy mind to grant us treasures,
That we may win us cars and Steeds and cattle.
Preserve us evermore, ye Gods, with blessings.

HYMN XXVIII. Indra.

1. COME to our prayers, O Indra, thou who
knowest: let thy Bay Steeds be yoked and
guided hither.
Though mortal men on every side invoke thee,
still give thine ear to us, O All-impeller.
2 Thy greatness reacheth to our invocation, the
sages' prayer which, Potent God, thou guardest.
What time thy hand, O Mighty, holds the
thunder, awful in strength thou hast become
resistless.
3 What time thou drewest both world-halves
together, like heroes led by thee who call each
other-
For thou wast born for strength and high
dominion-then e'en the active overthrew the
sluggish.
4 Honour us in these present days, O Indra, for
hostile men are making expiation.
Our sin that sinless Varuna discovered, the
Wondrous-Wise hath long ago forgiven.
5 We will address this liberal Lord, this Indra,

that he may grant us gifts of ample riches,
Best favourer of the singer's prayer and praises.
Preserve us evermore, ye Gods, with blessings.

HYMN XXIX Indra.

1. THIS Soma hath been pressed for thee, O
Indra: come hither, Lord of Bays, for this thou
lovest.

Drink of this fair, this well-effused libation:
Maghavan, give us wealth when we implore
thee.

2 Come to us quickly with thy Bay Steeds,
Hero, come to our prayer, accepting our
devotion.

Enjoy thyself aright at this libation, and listen
thou unto the prayers we offer.

3 What satisfaction do our hymns afford thee?
When, Maghavan? Now let us do thee service.
Hymns, only hymns, with love for thee, I weave
thee: then hear, O Indra, these mine invocations.

4 They, verily, were also human beings whom
thou wast wont to hear, those earlier sages.
Hence I, O Indra Maghavan, invoke thee: thou
art our Providence, even as a Father.

5 We will address this liberal Lord, this Indra,
that he may grant us gifts of ample riches,
Best favourer of the singer's prayer and praises.
Preserve us evermore, ye Gods, with blessings.

HYMN XXX. Indra.

1. WITH power and strength, O Mighty God,
approach us: be the augments, Indra, of these
riches;

Strong Thunderer, Lord of men, for potent
valour, for manly exploit and for high dominion.

2 Thee, worth invoking, in the din of battle,
heroes invoke in fray for life and sunlight.
Among all people thou art foremost fighter: give
up our enemies to easy slaughter.

3 When fair bright days shall dawn on us, O
Indra, and thou shalt bring thy banner near in
battle,

Agni the Asura shall sit as Herald, calling Gods
hither for our great good fortune.

4 Thine are we, Indra, thine, both these who
praise thee, and those who give rich gifts, O

God and Hero.

Grant to our princes excellent protection, may
they wax old and still be strong and happy.

5 We will address this liberal Lord, this Indra
that he may grant us gifts of ample riches:
Best favourer of the singer's prayer and praises.
Preserve us evermore, ye Gods, with blessings.

HYMN XXXI. Indra.

1. SING ye a song, to make him glad, to Indra,
Lord of Tawny Steeds,
The Soma-drinker, O my friends.

2 To him the Bounteous say the laud, and let us
glorify, as men May do, the Giver of true gifts.

3 O Indra, Lord of boundless might, for us thou
windest strength and kine,
Thou windest gold for us, Good Lord.

4 Faithful to thee we loudly sing, heroic Indra,
songs to thee: Mark, O Good Lord, this act of
ours.

5 Give us not up to man's reproach, to foeman's
hateful calumny: In thee alone is all my
strength.

6 Thou art mine ample coat of mail, my
Champion, Vrtra-Slayer, thou:
With thee for Friend I brave the foe.

7 Yea, great art thou whose conquering might
two independent Powers confess.
The Heaven, O India, and the Earth.

8 So let the voice surround thee, which attends
the Maruts on their way,
Reaching thee with the rays of light.

9 Let the ascending drops attain to thee, the
Wondrous God, in heaven:
Let all the folk bow down to thee.

10 Bring to the Wise, the Great, who waxeth
mighty, your offerings, and make ready your
devotion;

To many clans he goeth, man's controller.

11 For Indra, the sublime, the far-pervading,
have singers generated prayer and praises:
The sages never violate his statutes.

12 The choirs have stablished Indra King for
ever, for victory, him whose anger is resistless:
And, for the Bays' Lord, strengthened those he
loveth.

HYMN XXXII. Indra.

1. LET none, no, not thy worshippers, delay
thee far away from us.
Even from far away come thou unto our feast,
or listen if already here.

2 For here, like flies on honey, these who pray
to thee sit by the juice that they have poured.
Wealth-craving singers have on Indra set their
hope, as men set foot upon a car.

3 Longing for wealth I call on him, the
Thunderer with the strong right hand,
As a son calleth on his sire.

4 These Soma juices, mixed with curd, have
been expressed for Indra here.
Come with thy Bay Steeds, Thunder-wielder, to
our home, to drink them till they make thee
glad.

5 May he whose ear is open hear us. He is asked
for wealth: will he despise our prayer?
Him who bestows at once a hundred thousand
gifts none shall restrain when he would give.

6 The hero never checked by men hath gained
his strength through Indra, he
Who presses out and pours his deep libations
forth, O Vrtra-slayer, unto thee.

7 When thou dost drive the fighting men
together be, thou Mighty One, the mighty's
shield.
May we divide the wealth of him whom thou
hast slain: bring us, Unreachable, his goods.

8 For Indra, Soma-drinker, armed with thunder,
press the Soma juice.
Make ready your dressed meats: cause him to
favour us. The Giver blesses him who gives.

9 Grudge not, ye Soma pourers; stir you, pay the
rites, for wealth, to the great Conqueror.
Only the active conquers dwells in peace, and
thrives: not for the niggard are the Gods.

10 No one hath overturned or stayed the car of
him who freely gives.
The man whom Indra and the Marut host defend
comes to a stable full of kine.

11 Indra, that man when fighting shall obtain
the spoil, whose strong defender thou wilt be.
Be thou the gracious helper, Hero I of our cars,
be thou the helper of our men.

12 His portion is exceeding great like a
victorious soldier's spoil.
Him who is Indra, Lord of Bays, no foes

subdue. He gives the Soma-pourer strength.
13 Make for the Holy Gods a hymn that is not
mean, but well-arranged and fair of form.
Even many snares and bonds subdue not him
who dwells with Indra through his sacrifice.
14 Indra, what mortal will attack the man who
hath his wealth in thee?
The strong will win the spoil on the decisive day
through faith in thee, O Maghavan.
15 In battles with the foe urge on our mighty
ones who give the treasures dear to thee,
And may we with our princes, Lord of Tawny
Steeds! pass through all peril, led by thee.
16 Thine, Indra, is the lowest wealth, thou
cherishest the mid-most wealth,
Thou ever rulest all the highest: in the fray for
cattle none resisteth thee.
17 Thou art renowned as giving wealth to every
one in all the battles that are fought.
Craving protection, all these people of the earth,
O Much-invoked, implore thy name.
18 If I, O Indra, were the Lord of riches ample
as thine own,
I should support the singer, God. who givest
wealth! and not abandon him to woe.
19 Each day would I enrich the man who sang
my praise, in whatsoever place he were.
No kinship is there better, Maghavan, than
thine: a father even is no more.
20 With Plenty for his true ally the active man
will gain the spoil.
Your Indra, Much-invoked, I bend with song, as
bends a wright his wheel of solid wood.
21 A moral wins no riches by unworthy praise:
wealth comes not to the niggard churl.
Light is the task to give, O Maghavan, to one
like me on the decisive day.
22 Like kine un milked we call aloud, Hero, to
thee, and sing thy praise,
Looker on heavenly light, Lord of this moving
world, Lord, Indra, of what moveth not.
23 None other like to thee, of earth or of the
heavens, hath been or ever will be born.
Desiring horses, Indra Maghavan! and kine, as
men of might we call on thee.
24 Bring, Indra, the Victorious Ones; bring,
elder thou, the younger host.
For, Maghavan, thou art rich in treasures from

of old, and must be called in every fight.
25 Drive thou away our enemies, O Maghavan:
make riches easy to be won.
Be thou our good Protector in the strife for
spoil: Cherisher of our friends be thou.
26 O Indra, give us wisdom as a sire gives
wisdom to his sons.
Guide us, O Much-invoked, in this our way may
we still live and look upon the light.
27 Grant that no mighty foes, unknown,
malevolent, unhallowed, tread us to the ground.
With thine assistance, Hero, may we pass through
all the waters that are ruling down.

HYMN XXXIII Vasistha.

1. THESE who wear hair-knots on the right, the
movers of holy thought, white-robed, have won
me over.
I warned the men, when from the grass I raised
me, Not from afar can my Vasisthas help you.
2 With soma they brought Indra from a distance,
Over Vaisanta, from the strong libation.
Indra preferred Vasisthas to the Soma pressed
by the son of Vayata, Pasadyumna.
3 So, verily, with these he crossed the river, in
company with these he slaughtered Bheda.
So in the fight with the Ten Kings, Vasisthas!
did Indra help Sudas through your devotions.
4 I gladly, men I with prayer prayed by our
fathers have fixed your axle: ye shall not be
injured:
Since, when ye sang aloud the Sakvari verses,
Vasisthas! ye invigorated Indra.
5 Like thirsty men they looked to heaven, in
battle with the Ten Kings, surrounded and
imploring.
Then Indra heard Vasistha as he praised him,
and gave the Trtsus ample room and freedom.
6 Like sticks and staves wherewith they drive
the cattle, Stripped bare, the Bharatas were
found defenceless:
Vasistha then became their chief and leader:
then widely. were the Trtsus' clans extended.
7 Three fertilize the worlds with genial
moisture: three noble Creatures cast a light
before them.
Three that give warmth to all attend the

morning. All these have they discovered, these
Vasisthas.

8 Like the Sun's growing glory is their
splendour, and like the sea's is their
unflathomed greatness.

Their course is like the wind's. Your laud,
Vasisthas, can never be attained by any other.

9 They with perceptions of the heart in secret
resort to that which spreads a thousand
branches.

The Apsaras brought hither the Vasisthas
wearing the vesture spun for them by Yama.

10 A form of lustre springing from the lightning
wast thou, when Varuna and Mitra saw thee.

Tliy one and only birth was then, Vasistha,
when from thy stock Agastya brought thee
hither.

11 Born of their love for Urvasi, Vasistha thou,
priest, art son of Varuna and Mitra;

And as a fallen drop, in heavenly fervour, all the
Gods laid thee on a lotus-blossom.

12 He thinker, knower both of earth and heaven,
endowed with many a gift, bestowing
thousands,

Destined to wear the vesture spun by Yama,
sprang from the Apsaras to life, Vasistha.

13 Born at the sacrifice, urged by adorations,
both with a common flow bedewed the pitcher.

Then from the midst thereof there rose up Mana,
and thence they say was born the sage Vasistha.

14 He brings the bearer of the laud and Saman:
first shall he speak bringing the stone for
pressing.

With grateful hearts in reverence approach him:
to you, O Pratrdas, Vasistha cometh.

HYMN XXXIV Visvedevas.

1. MAY our divine and brilliant hymn go forth,
like a swift chariot wrought and fashioned well.

2 The waters listen as they flow along: they
know the origin of heaven and earth.

3 Yea, the broad waters swell their flood ior
him: of him strong heroes think amid their foes.

4 Set ye for him the coursers to the pole: like
Indra Thunderer is the Golden-armed.

5 Arouse you, like the days, to sacrifice speed
gladly like a traveller on the way.

6 Go swift to battles, to the sacrifice: set up a

flag, a hero for the folk.

7 Up from his strength hath risen as 'twere a
light: it bears the load as earth bears living
things.

8 Agni, no demon I invoke the Gods: by law
completing it, I form a hymn.

9 Closely about you lay your heavenly song,
and send your voice to where the Gods abide.

10 Varuna, Mighty, with a thousand eyes,
beholds the paths wherein these rivers run.

11 He, King of kings, the glory of the floods,
o'er all that liveth hath resistless sway.

12 May he assist us among all the tribes, and
make the envier's praise devoid of light.

13 May the foes' threatening arrow pass us by:
may he put far from us our bodies' sin.

14 Agni, oblation-cater, through our prayers aid
us: to him our dearest laud is brought.

15 Accordant with the Gods choose for our
Friend the Waters' Child: may he be good to us.

16 With lauds I sing the Dragon born of floods:
he sits beneath the streams in middle air.

17 Ne'er may the Dragon of the Deep harm us:
ne'er fail this faithful servant's sacrifice.

18 To these our heroes may they grant renown:
may pious men march boldly on to wealth.

19 Leading great hosts, with fierce attacks of
these, they burn their foes as the Sun burns the
earth.

20 What time our wives draw near to us, may
he, left-handed Tvastar, give us hero sons.

21 May Tvastar find our hymn acceptable, and
may Aramati, seeking wealth, be ours.

22 May they who lavish gifts bestow those
treasures: may Rodasi and Varunani listen.

May he, with the Varutris, be our refuge, may
bountiful Tvastar give us store of riches.

23 So may rich Mountains and the liberal
Waters, so may all Herbs that grow on ground,
and Heaven,

And Earth accordant with the Forest-Sovrans,
and both the World-halves round about protect
us.

24 To this may both the wide Worlds lend
approval, and Varuna in heaven, whose Friend
is Indra.

May all the Maruts give consent, the Victors,
that we may hold great wealth in firm

possession.

25 May Indra, Varuna, Mitra, and Agni, Waters,
Herbs, Trees accept the praise we offer.
May we find refuge in the Marut's bosom.
Protect us evermore, ye Gods, with blessings.

HYMN XXXV. Visvedevas.

1. BEFRIEND us with their aids Indra and
Agni, Indra and Varuna who receive oblations!
Indra and Soma give health, strength and
comfort, Indra and Pusan be our help in battle.
2 Auspicious Friends to us be Bhaga, Sathsa,
auspicious be Purandhi aid all Riches;
The blessing of the true and well-conducted,
and Aryaman in many forms apparent.
3 Kind unto us he Maker and Sustainer, and the
far-reaching Pair with God-like natures.
Auspicious unto us be Earth and Heaven, the
Mountain, and the Gods' fair invocations.
4 Favour us Agni with his face of splendour,
and Varuva and Mitra and the Asvins.
Favour us noble actions of the pious, impetuous
vita blow on us with favour.
5 Early invoked, may Heaven and Earth be
friendly, and Air's mid-region good for us to
look on.
To us may Herbs and Forest-Trees be gracious,
gracious the Lord Victorious of the region.
6 Be the God Indra with the Vasus friendly, and,
with Adityas, Varuna who blesseth.
Kind, with the Rudras, be the Healer Rudra,
and, with the Dames, may Tvastar kindly listen.
7 Blest unto us be Soma, and devotions, blest be
the Sacrifice, the Stones for pressing.
Blest be the fixing of the sacred Pillars, blest be
the tender Grass and blest the Altar.
8 May the far-seeing Sun rise up to bless us: be
the four Quarters of the sky auspicious.
Auspicious be the firmly-seated Mountains,
auspicious be the Rivers and the Waters.
9 May Adid through holy works be graciosoas,
and may the Maruts, loud in song, be friendly.
May Visnu give felicity, and Pusan, the Air that
cherisheth our life, and Vayu.
10 Prosper us Savitar, the God who rescues, and
let the radiant Mornings be propitious.
Auspicious to all creatures be Parjanya,
auspicious be the field's benign Protector.

11 May all the fellowship of Gods befriend us,
Sarasvati, with Holy Thoughts, be gracious.
Friendly be they, the Liberal Ones who seek us,
yea, those who dwell in heaven, on earth, in
waters.

12 May the great Lords of Truth protect and aid
us: blest to us be our horses and our cattle.
Kind be the pious skilful-handed Rbhus, kind be
the Fathers at our invocations.

13 May Aja-Ekapad, the God, be gracious,
gracious the Dragon of the Deep, and Ocean.
Gracious be he the swelling Child of Waters,
gracious be Prsni who hath Gods to guard her.

14 So may the Rudras, Vasus, and Adityas
accept the new hymn which we now are
making.

May all the Holy Ones of earth and heaven, and
the Cow's offspring hear our invocation.

15 They who of Holy Gods are very holy,
Immortal, knowing Law, whom man must
worship,-

May these to-day give us broad paths to travel.
Preserve us evermore, ye Gods, with blessings.

HYMN XXXVI. Visvedevas

1. LET the prayer issue from the seat of Order,
for Surya with his beams hath loosed the cattle.
With lofty ridges earth is far extended, and
Agni's flame hath lit the spacious surface.

2 O Asuras, O Varuna and Mitra, this hymn to
you, like food, anew I offer.

One of you is a strong unerring Leader, and
Mitra, speaking, stirreth men to labour.

3 The movements of the gliding wind come
hither: like cows, the springs are filled to
overflowing.

Born in the station e'en of lofty heaven the Bull
hath loudly bellowed in this region.

4 May I bring hither with my song, O Indra,
wise Aryaman who yokes thy dear Bay Horses,
Voracious, with thy noble car, O Hero, him who
defeats the wrath of the malicious.

5 In their own place of sacrifice adorers worship
to gain long life and win his friendship.

He hath poured food on men when they have
praised him; be this, the dearest reverence, paid
to Rudra.

6 Coming together, glorious, loudly roaring -

Sarasvati, Mother of Floods, the seventh-
With copious milk, with fair streams, strongly
flowing, full swelling with the volume of their
water;

7. And may the mighty Maruts, too, rejoicing,
aid our devotion and protect our offspring.
Let not swift-moving Aksara neglect us: they
have increased our own appropriate riches,
8 Bring ye the great Aramati before you, and
Pusan as the Hero of the synod,
Bhaga who looks upon this hymn with favour,
and, as our strength, the bountiful Purandbi.
9 May this our song of praise reach you, O
Maruts, and Visnu guardian of the future infant.
May they vouchsafe the singer strength for
offspring. Preserve us evermore, ye Gods, with
blessings.

HYMN XXXVII. Visvedevas.

1. LET your best-bearing car that must be
lauded, ne'er injured, bring you Vajas and
Rbhuksans.
Fill you, fair-helmeted! with mighty Soma,
thrice-mixed, at our libations to delight you.
2 Ye who behold the light of heaven,
Rbhuksans, give our rich patrons unmolested
riches.
Drink, heavenly-natured. at our sacrifices, and
give us bounties for the hymns we sing you.
3 For thou, O Bounteous One, art used to
giving, at parting treasure whether small or
ample.
Filled full are both thine arms with great
possessions: thy goodness keeps thee not from
granting riches.
4 Indra, high-famed, as Vaja and Rbhuksans,
thou goest working, singing to the dwelling.
Lord of Bay Steeds, this day may we Vasisthas
offer our prayers to thee and bring oblations.
5 Thou winnest swift advancement for thy
servant, through hymns, Lord of Bay Steeds,
which thou hast favoured.
For thee with friendly succour have we battled,
and when, O Indra, wilt thou grant us riches?
6 To us thy priests a home, as 'twere, thou
givest: when, Indra wilt thou recognize our
praises?
May thy strong Steed, through our ancestral

worship, bring food and wealth with heroes to
our dwelling.

7 Though Nirrti the Goddess reigneth round
him, Autumns with food in plenty come to
Indra.

With three close Friends to length of days he
cometh, he whom men let not rest at home in
quiet.

8 Promise us gifts, O Savitar: may riches come
unto us in Parvata's full bounty.

May the Celestial Guardian still attend us.

Preserve us evermore, ye Gods, with blessings.

HYMN XXXVIII. Savitar.

1. ON high hath Savitar, this God, extended the
golden lustre which he spreads around him.

Now, now must Bhaga be invoked by mortals,
Lord of great riches who distributes treasures.

2 Rise up, O Savitar whose hands are golden,
and hear this man while sacrifice is offered,
Spreading afar thy broad and wide effulgence,
and bringing mortal men the food that feeds
them.

3 Let Savitar the God he hymned with praises,
to whom the Vasus, even, all sing glory.

Sweet be our lauds to him whose due is
worship: may he with all protection guard our
princes.

4 Even he whom Aditi the Goddess praises,
rejoicing in God Savitar's incitement:

Even he who praise the high imperial Rulers,
Varuna, Mitra, Aryaman, sing in concert.

5 They who come emulous to our oblation,
dispensing bounty, from the earth and heaven.

May they and Ahibudhnya hear our calling:
guard us Varutri with the Ekadhenus.

6 This may the Lord of Life, entreated, grant
us,-the wealth which Savitar the God possesses.

The mighty calls on Bhaga for protection, on
Bhaga calls the weak to give him riches.

7 Bless us the Vajins when we call, while
slowly they move, strong Singers, to the Gods'
assembly.

Crushing the wolf, the serpent, and the demons,
may they completely banish all affliction.

8 Deep-skilled in Law eternal, deathless,
Singers, O Vajins, help us in each fray for
booty.

Drink of this meath, he satisfied, be joyful: then
go on paths which Gods are wont to travel.

HYMN XXXIX Visvedevas.

1. AGNI, erect, hath shown enriching favour:
the flame goes forward to the Gods' assembly.
Like car-borne men the stones their path have
chosen: let the priest, quickened, celebrate our
worship.

2 Soft to the tread, their sacred grass is
scattered: these go like Kings amid the band
around them,

At the folks early call on Night and Morning,-
Vayu, and Pusan with his team, to bless us.

3 Here on their path the noble Gods proceeded:
in the wide firmament the Beauteous decked
them.

Bend your way hither, ye who travel widely:
hear this our envoy who hath gone to meet you.

4 For they are holy aids at sacrifices: all Gods
approach the place of congregation.

Bring these, desirous, to our worship, Agni,
swift the Nisatyas, Bhaga, and Purandhi.

5 Agni, to these men's hymns, from earth, from
heaven, bring Mitra, Varuna, Indra, and Agni,
And Aryaman, and Aditi, and Visnu. Sarasvati
be joyful, and the Maruts.

6 Even as the holy wish, the gift is offered: may
he, unsated, come when men desire him.

Give never-failing ever-conquering riches: with
Gods for our allies may we be victors.

7 Now have both worlds been praised by the
Vasisthas; and holy Mitra, Varuna, and Agni.

May they, bright Deities, make our song
supremest. Preserve us evermore, ye Gods, with
blessings.

HYMN XL. Visvedevas.

1. BE gathered all the audience of the synod: let
us begin their praise whose course is rapid.

Whate'er God Savitar this day produces, may
we be where the Wealthy One distributes.

2 This, dealt from heaven ' may both the Worlds
vouchsafe us, and Varuna, Indra, Aryaman, and
Mitra.

May Goddess Aditi assign us riches, Vayu and
Bhaga make them ours for ever.

3 Strong be the man and full of power, O

Maruts, whom ye, borne on by spotted coursers,
favour.

Him, too, Sarasvati and Agni further, and there
is none to rob him of his riches.

4 This Varuna is guide of Law, he, Mitra, and
Aryaman, the Kings, our work have finished.
Divine and foeless Aditi quickly listens. May
these deliver us unharmed from trouble.

5 With offerings I propitiate the branches of this
swift-moving God, the bounteous Visnu.
Hence Rudra gained his Rudra-strength: O
Asvins, ye sought the house that hath celestial
viands.

6 Be not thou angry here, O glowing Pusan, for
what Varutri and the Bounteous gave us.
May the swift-moving Gods protect and bless
us, and Vata send us rain, wha wanders round
us.

7 Now have both worlds been praised by the
Vasisthas, and holy Mitra, Varuna, and Agni.
May they, bright Deities, make our song
supremest. Preserve us evermore, ye Gods, with
blessings.

HYMN XLI. Bhaga.

1. AGNI at dawn, and Indra we invoke at dawn,
and Varuna and Mitra, and the Asvins twain.
Bhaga at dawn, Pusan, and Brahmanaspati,
Soma at dawn, Rudra we will invoke at dawn.

2 We will invoke strong, early-conquering
Bhaga, the Son of Aditi, the great supporter:
Thinking of whom, the poor, yea, even the
mighty, even the King himself says, Give me
Bhaga.

3 Bhaga our guide, Bhaga whose gifts are
faithful, favour this song, and give us wealth, O
Bhaga.

Bhaga, augment our store of kine and horses,
Bhaga, may we be rich in men and heroes.

4 So may felicity be ours at present, and when
the day approaches, and at noontide;
And may we still, O Bounteous One, at sunset
be happy in the Deities' loving-kindness.

5 May Bhaga verily be bliss-bestower, and
through him, Gods! may happiness attend us.
As such, O Bhaga, all with might invoke thee:
as such be thou our Champion here, O Bhaga.

6 To this our worship may all Dawns incline

them, and come to the pure place like
Dadhikravan.

As strong steeds draw a chariot may they bring
us hitherward Bhaga who discovers treasure.

7 May blessed Mornings dawn on us for ever,
with wealth of kine, of horses, and of heroes,
Streaming with all abundance, pouring fatness.
Preserve us evermore, ye Gods, with blessings.

HYMN XLII Visvedevas.

1. LET Brahmans and Angirases come forward,
and let the roar of cloudy heaven surround us.
Loud low the Milch-kine swimming in the
waters: set be the stones that grace our holy
service.

2 Fair, Agni, is thy long-known path to travel:
yoke for the juice t'fy bay, thy ruddy horses,
Or red steeds, Hero-bearing, for the chamber.
Seated, I call the Deities' generations.

3 They glorify your sacrifice with worship, yet
the glad Priest near them is left unequalled.
Bring the Gods hither, thou of many aspects:
turn hitherward Aramati the Holy.

4 What time the Guest hath made himself
apparent, at ease reclining in the rich man's
dwelling,
Agni, well-pleased, well-placed within the
chamber gives to a house like this wealth worth
the choosing.

5 Accept this sacrifice of ours, O Agni; glorify
it with Indra and the Maruts.

Here on our grass let Night and Dawn be seated:
bring longing Varuna and Mitra hither.

6 Thus hath Vasistha praised victorious Agni,
yearning for wealth that giveth all subsistence.
May he bestow on us food, strength, and riches.
Preserve us evermore, ye Gods, with blessings.

HYMN XLIII Visvedevas.

1. SING out the pious at your sacrifices to move
with adorations Earth and Heaven-
The Holy Singers, whose unmatched devotions,
like a tree's branches, part in all directions.

2 Let sacrifice proceed like some fleet courser:
with one accord lift ye on high the ladles.
Strew sacred grass meet for the solemn service:
bright flames that love the Gods have mounted
upward.

3 Like babes in arms reposing on their mother,
let the Gods sit upon the grass's summit.
Let general fire make bright the flame of
worship: scorn us not, Agni, in the Gods'
assembly.

4 Gladly the Gods have let themselves be
honoured, milking the copious streams of holy
Order.

The highest might to-day is yours, the Vasits':
come ye, as many as ye are, one-minded.

5 So, Agni, send us wealth among the people:
may we be closely knit to thee, O Victor,
Unharm'd, and rich, and taking joy together.
Preserve us evermore, ye ods, with blessings.

HYMN XLIV. Dadhikras.

1. I CALL on Dadhikras, the first, to give you
aid, the Asvins, Bhaga, Dawn, and Agni kindled
well,

Indra, and Visnu, Pusan, Brahmanaspati,
Adityas, Heaven and Earth, the Waters, and the
Light.

2 When, rising, to the sacrifice we hasten,
awaking Dadhikras with adorations.

Seating on sacred grass the Goddess Ila. let us
invoke the sage swift-hearing Asvins.

3 While I am thus arousing Dadhikravan I speak
to Agni, Earth, and Dawn, and Surya,

The red, the brown of Varuna ever mindful:
may they ward off from us all grief and trouble.

4 Foremost is Dadhikravan, vigorous courser; in
forefront of the cars, his way he knoweth,
Closely allied with Surya and with Morning,
Adityas, and Angirases, and Vasus.

5 May Dadhikras prepare the way we travel that
we may pass along the path of Order.

May Agni bear us, and the Heavenly Army:
hear us all Mighty Ones whom none deceiveth.

HYMN XLV. Savitar.

1. MAY the God Savitar, rich in goodly
treasures, filling the region, borne by steeds,
come hither,

In his hand holding much that makes men
happy, lulling to slumber and arousing
creatures.

2 Golden, sublime, and easy in their motion, his
arms extend unto the bounds of heaven.

Now shall that mightiness of his he lauded: even
Surya yields to him in active vigour.

3 May this God Savitar, the Strong and Mighty,
the Lord of precious wealth, vouchsafe us
treasures.

May he, advancing his far-spreading lustre,
bestow on us the food that feedeth mortals.

4 These songs praise Savitar whose tongue is
pleasant, praise him whose arms are full, whose
hands are lovely.

High vital strength, and manifold, may he grant
us. Preserve us evermore, ye Gods, with
blessings.

HYMN XLVI. Rudra.

1. To Rudra bring these songs, whose bow is
firm and strong, the self-dependent God with
swiftly-flying shafts,
The Wise, the Conqueror whom none may
overcome, armed with sharp-pointed weapons:
may he hear our call.

2 He through his lordship thinks on beings of
the earth, on heavenly beings through his high
imperial sway.

Come willingly to our doors that gladly
welcome thee, and heal all sickness, Rudra., in
our families.

3 May thy bright arrow which, shot down by
thee from heaven, flieth upon the earth, pass us
uninjured by.

Thou, very gracious God, hast thousand
medicines: inflict no evil on our sons or
progeny.

4 Slay us not, nor abandon us, O Rudra let not
thy noose, when thou art angry, seize us.
Give us trimmed grass and fame among the
living. Preserve us evermore, ye Gods, with
blessings.

HYMN XLVII. Waters.

1. MAY we obtain this day from you, O Waters,
that wave of pure refreshment, which the pious
Made erst the special beverage of Indra, bright,
stainless, rich in sweets and dropping fatness.

2 May the Floods' Offspring, he whose course is
rapid, protect that wave most rich in sweets, O

Waters,
That shall make Indra and the Vasus joyful.
This may we gain from you to-day, we pious.
3 All-purifying, joying in their nature, to paths
of Gods the Goddesses move onward.
They never violate the laws of Indra. Present the
oil-rich offering to the Rivers.
4 Whom Surya with his bright beams hath
attracted, and Indra dug the path for them to
travel,
May these Streams give us ample room and
freedom. Preserve us evermore, ye Gods, with
blessings.

HYMN XLVIII. Rbhus.

1. YE liberal Heroes, Vajas and Rbhuksans,
come and delight you with our flowing Soma.
May your strength, Vibhus, as ye come to meet
us, turn hitherward your car that brings men
profit.
2 May we as Rbhu with your Rbhus conquer
strength with our strength, as Vibhus with the
Vibhus.
May Vaja aid us in the fight for booty, and
helped by Indra may we quell the foeman.
3 For they rule many tribes with high dominion,
and conquer all their foes in close encounter.
May Indra, Vibhvan, Vaja, and Rbhuksan
destroy by turns the wicked foeman's valour.
4 Now, Deities, give us ample room and
freedom: be all of you, one-minded, our
protection.
So let the Vasus grant us strength and vigour.
Preserve us evermore, ye Gods, with blessings.

HYMN XLIX. Waters.

1. FORTH from the middle of the flood the
Waters-their chief the Sea-flow cleansing, never
sleeping.
Indra, the Bull, the Thunderer, dug their
channels: here let those Waters, Goddesses,
protect me.
2 Waters which come from heaven, or those that
wander dug from the earth, or flowing free by
nature,
Bright, purifying, speeding to the Ocean, here
let those Waters. Goddesses, protect me.
3 Those amid whom goes Varuna the Sovran, he

who discriminates men's truth and falsehood-
Distilling meath, the bright, the purifying, here
let those Waters, Goddesses, protect me.
4 They from whom Varuna the King, and Soma,
and all the Deities drink strength and vigour,
They into whom Vaisvanara Agni entered, here
let those Waters, Goddesses, protect Me.

HYMN L. Various Deities.

1. O MITRA-VARUNA, guard and protect me
here: let not that come to me which nests within
and swells.
I drive afar the scorpion hateful to the sight: let
not the winding worm touch me and wound my
foot.
2 Eruption that appears upon the twofold joints,
and that which overspreads the ankles and the
knees,
May the refulgent Agni banish far away let not
the winding worm touch me and wound my
foot.
3 The poison that is formed upon the Salmali,
that which is found in streams, that which the
plants produce,
All this may all the Gods banish and drive
away: let not the winding worm touch me and
wound my foot.
4 The steep declivities, the valleys, and the
heights, the channels full of water, and the
waterless-
May those who swell with water, gracious
Goddesses, never afflict us with the Sipada
disease, may all the rivers keep us free from
Simida.

HYMN LI. Adityas.

1 THROUGH the Adityas' most auspicious
shelter, through their most recent succour may
we conquer.
May they, the Mighty, giving ear, establish this
sacrifice, to make us free and sinless.
2 Let Aditi rejoice and the Adityas, Varuna,
Mitra, Aryaman, most righteous.
May they, the Guardians of the world, protect
us, and, to show favour, drink this day our
Soma.
3 All Universal Deities, the Maruts, all the
Adityas, yea, and all the Rbhus,

Indra, and Agni, and the Asvins, lauded.
Preserve us evermore, ye Gods, with blessings.

HYMN LII. Adityas.

1. MAY we be free from every bond, Adityas! a
castle among Gods and men, ye Vasus.
Winning, may we win Varuna and Mitra, and,
being, may we be, O Earth and Heaven.
2 May Varuna and Mitra grant this blessing, our
Guardians, shelter to our seed and offspring.
Let us not suffer for another's trespass. nor do
the thing that ye, O Vasus, punish.
3 The ever-prompt Angirases, imploring riches
from Savitar the God, obtained them.
So may our Father who is great and holy, and all
the Gods, accordant, grant this favour.

HYMN LIII. Heaven and Earth.

1. AS priest with solemn rites and adorations I
worship Heaven and Earth, the High and Holy.
To them, great Parents of the Gods, have sages
of ancient time, singing, assigned precedence.
2 With newest hymns set in the seat of Order,
those the Two Parents, born before all others,
Come, Heaven and Earth, with the Celestial
People, hither to us, for strong is your
protection.
3 Yea, Heaven and Earth, ye hold in your
possession full many a treasure for the liberal
giver.
Grant us that wealth which comes in free
abundance. Preserve us evermore, ye Gods, with
blessings.

HYMN LIV. Vastospati.

1. ACKNOWLEDGE us, O Guardian of the
Homestead: bring no disease, and give us happy
entrance.
Whate'er we ask of thee, be pleased to grant it,
and prosper thou quadrupeds and bipeds.
2 Protector of the Home, be our promoter:
increase our wealth in kine and steeds, O Indu.
May we be ever-youthful in thy friendship: be
pleased in us as in his sons a father.
3 Through thy dear fellowship that bringeth
welfare, may we be victors, Guardian of the
Dwelling!
Protect our happiness in rest and labour.

Preserve us evermore, ye Gods, with blessings.

HYMN LV. Vastospati.

1. VASTOSPATI, who killest all disease and
wearest every form,
Be an auspicious Friend to us.
2 When, O bright Son of Sarama, thou showest,
tawny-hued! thy teeth,
They gleam like lances' points within thy mouth
when thou wouldst bite; go thou to steep.
3 Sarama's Son, retrace thy way: bark at the
robber and the thief.
At Indra's singers barkest thou? Why dost thou
seek to terrify us? Go to sleep.
4 Be on thy guard against the boar, and let the
boar beware of thee.
At Indra's singers barkest thou? Why dost thou
seek to terrify us? Go to sleep.
5 Sleep mother, let the father sleep, sleep dog
and master of the house.
Let all the kinsmen sleep, sleep all the people
who are round about.
6 The man who sits, the man who walks, and
whosoever looks on us,
Of these we closely shut the eyes, even as we
closely shut this house.
7 The Bull who hath a thousand horns, who
rises up from out the sea,-
By him the Strong and Mighty One we lull and
make the people sleep.
8 The women sleeping in the court, lying
without, or stretched on beds,
The matrons with their odorous sweetstheses,
one and all, we lull to sleep.

HYMN LVI. Maruts.

1. Who are these radiant men in serried rank,
Rudra's young heroes borne by noble steeds?
2 Verily no one knoweth whence they sprang:
they, and they only, know each other's birth.
3 They strew each other with their blasts, these
Hawks: they strove together, roaring like the
wind.
4 A sage was he who knew these mysteries,
what in her udder mighty Prsni bore.
5 Ever victorious, through the Maruts, be this

band of Heroes, nursing manly strength,
6 Most bright in splendour, flectest on their
way, close-knit to glory, strong with varied
power.

7 Yea, mighty is your power and firm your
strength: so, potent, with the Maruts, be the
band.

8 Bright is your spirit, wrathful are your minds:
your bold troop's minstrel is like one inspired.

9 Ever avert your blazing shaft from us, and let
not your displeasure reach us here

10 Your dear names, conquering Maruts, we
invoke, calling aloud till we are satisfied.

11 Well-armed, impetuous in their haste, they
deck themselves, their forms, with oblations: to
you, the pure, ornaments made of gold.

12 Pure, Maruts, pure yourselves, are your
oblations: to you, the pure, pure sacrifice I offer.
By Law they came to truth, the Law's observers,
bright by their birth, and pure, and sanctifying.

13 Your rings, O Maruts, rest upon your
shoulders, and chains of gold are twined upon
your bosoms.

Gleaming with drops of rain, like lightning-
flashes, after your wont ye whirl about your
weapons.

14 Wide in the depth of air spread forth your
glories, far, most adorable, ye bear your titles.
Maruts, accept this thousandfold allotment of
household sacrifice and household treasure.

15 If, Maruts, ye regard the praise recited here
at this mighty singer invocation,
Vouchsafe us quickly wealth with noble heroes,
wealth which no man who hateth us may injure.

16 The Maruts, fleet as coursers, while they
deck them like youths spectators of a festal
meeting,

Linger, like beauteous colts, about the dwelling,
like frisking calves, these who pour down the
water.

17 So may the Maruts help us and be gracious,
bringing free room to lovely Earth and Heaven.
Far be your bolt that slayeth men and cattle. Ye
Vasus, turn yourselves to us with blessings.

18 The priest, when seated, loudly calls you,
Maruts, praising in song your universal bounty.
He, Bulls! who hath so much in his possession,
free from duplicity, with hymns invokes you.

19 These Maruts bring the swift man to a stand-
still, and strength with mightier strength they
break and humble

These guard the singer from the man who hates
him and lay their sore displeasure on the
wicked.

20 These Maruts rouse even the poor and needy:
the Vasus love him as an active champion.

Drive to a distance, O ye Bulls, the darkness:
give us full store of children and descendants.

21 Never, O Maruts, may we lose your bounty,
nor, car-borne Lords! be hitidmost when ye deal
it.

Give us a share in that delightful treasure, the
genuine wealth that, Bulls! is your possession.

22 What time the men in fury rush together for
running streams, for pastures, and for houses.

Then, O ye Maruts, ye who spring from Rudra,
be our protectors in the strife with foemen.

23 Full many a deed ye did for our forefathers
worthy of lauds which, even of old, they sang
you.

Ile strong man, with the Maruts, wins in battle,
the charger, with the Maruts, gains the booty.

24 Ours, O ye Maruts, be the vigorous Hero, the
Lord Divine of men, the strong Sustainer,
With whom to fair lands we may cross the
waters, and dwell in our own home with you
beside us.

25 May Indra, Mitra, Varuna and Agni, Waters,
and Plants, and Trees accept our praises.

May we find shelter in the Marut's bosom.

Preserve us evermore, ye Gods, with blessings.

HYMN LVII. Maruts.

1. YEA, through the power of your sweet juice,
ye Holy! the Marut host is glad at sacrifices.
They cause even spacious heaven and earth to
tremble, they make the spring flow when they
come, the Mighty.

2 The Maruts watch the man who sings their
praises, promoters of the thought of him who
worships.

Seat you on sacred grass in our assembly, this
day, with friendly minds, to share the banquet.

3 No others gleam so brightly as these Maruts
with their own forms, their golden gauds, their
weapons.

With all adornments, decking earth and heaven,
they heighten, for bright show, their common
splendour.

4 Far from us be your blazing dart, O Maruts,
when we, through human frailty, sin against
you.

Let us not be exposed to that, ye Holy! May
your most loving favour still attend us.

5 May even what we have done delight the
Maruts, the blameless Ones, the bright, the
purifying.

Further us, O ye Holy, with your kindness:
advance us mightily that we may prosper.

6 And may the Maruts, praised by all their titles,
Heroes, enjoy the taste of our oblations.

Give us of Amrta for the sake of offspring:
awake the excellent fair stores of riches.

7 Hither, ye Maruts, praised, with all your
succours, with all felicity come to our princes,
Who, of themselves, a hundredfold increase us.
Preserve us evermore, ye Gods, with blessings.

HYMN LVIII. Maruts.

1. SING to the troop that pours down rain in
common, the Mighty Company of celestial
nature.

They make the world-halves tremble with their
greatness: from depths of earth and sky they
reach to heaven.

2 Yea, your birth, Maruts, was with wild
commotion, ye who move swiftly, fierce in
wrath, terrific.

Ye all-surpassing in your might and vigour,
each looker on the light fears at your coming.

3 Give ample vital power unto our princes let
our fair praises gratify the Maruts.

As the way travelled helpeth people onward, so
further us with your delightful succours.

4 Your favoured singer counts his wealth by
hundreds: the strong steed whom ye favour wins
a thousand.

The Sovran whom ye aid destroys the foeman.

May this your gift, ye Shakers, be distinguished.

5 I call, as such, the Sons of bounteous Rudra:
will not the Maruts turn again to us-ward?

What secret sin or open stirs their anger, that we
implore the Swift Ones to forgive us.

6 This eulogy of the Bounteous hath been

spoken: accept, ye Maruts, this our hymn of praises.
Ye Bulls, keep those who hate us at a distance.
Preserve us evermore, ye Gods, with blessings.

HYMN LIX. Maruts.

1. WHOMSO ye rescue here and there, whomso
ye guide, O Deities,
To him give shelter, Agni, Mitra, Varuna, ye
Maruts, and thou Aryaman.
2 Through your kind favour, Gods, on some
auspicious day, the worshipper subdues his foes.
That man increases home and strengthening
ample food who brings you offerings as ye list.
3 Vasistha will not overlook the lowliest one
among you all.
O Maruts, of our Soma juice effused to-day
drink all of you with eager haste.
4 Your succour in the battle injures not the man
to whom ye, Heroes, grant your gifts.
May your most recent favour turn to us again.
Come quickly, ye who fain would drink.
5 Come hitherward to drink the juice, O ye
whose bounties give you joy.
These offerings are for you, these, Maruts, I
present. Go not to any place but this.
6 Sit on our sacred grass, be graciously inclined
to give the wealth for which we long,
To take delight, ye Maruts, Friends of all, with
Svaha, in sweet Soma juice.
7 Decking the beauty of their forms in secret the
Swans with purple backs have flown down
hither.
Around me all the Company hath settled, like
joyous Heroes glad in our libation.
8 Maruts, the man whose wrath is hard to
master, he who would slay us ere we think, O
Vasus,
May he be tangled in the toils of mischief; smite
ye him down with your most flaming weapon.
9 O Maruts, ye consuming Gods, enjoy this
offering brought for you,
To help us, ye who slay the foe.
10 Sharers of household sacrifice, come,
Maruts, stay not far away,
That ye may help us, Bounteous Ones.
11 Here, Self-strong Maruts, yea, even here. ye
Sages with your sunbright skins

I dedicate your sacrifice.
12 Tryambaka we worship, sweet augments of
prosperity.
As from its stem the cucumber, so may I be
released from death, not left of immortality.

HYMN LX. Mitra-Varuna.

1. WHEN thou, O Sun, this day, arising sinless,
shalt speak the truth to Varuna and Mitra,
O Aditi, may all the Deities love us, and thou, O
Aryaman, while we are singing.
2 Looking on man, O Varuna and Mitra, this
Sun ascendeth up by both the pathways,
Guardian of all things fixt, of all that moveth,
beholding good and evil acts of mortals.
3 He from their home hath yoked the Seven
gold Coursers who, dropping oil and fatness,
carry Surya.
Yours, Varuna and Mitra, he surveyeth the
worlds and living creatures like a herdsman.
4 Your coursers rich in store of sweets have
mounted: to the bright ocean Surya hath
ascended,
For whom the Adityas make his pathway ready,
Aryaman, Mitra, Varuna, accordant.
5 For these, even Aryaman, Varuna and Mitra,
are the chastisers of all guile and falsehood.
These, Aditi's Sons, infallible and mighty, have
waxed in the home of law Eternal.
6 These, Mitra, Varuna whom none deceiveth,
with great power quicken even the fool to
wisdom,
And, wakening, moreover, thoughtful insight,
lead it by easy paths o'er grief and trouble.
7 They ever vigilant, with eyes that close not,
caring for heaven and earth, lead on the
thoughtless.
Even in the river's bed there is a shallow: across
this broad expanse may they conduct us.
8 When Aditi and Varuna and Mitra, like
guardians, give Sudas their friendly shelter,
Granting him sons and lineal succession, let us
not, bold ones! move the Gods to anger.
9 May he with offerings purify the altar from
any stains of Varuna's reviler.
Aryaman save us all those who hate us: give
room and freedom to Sudas, ye Mighty.
10 Hid from our eyes is their resplendent

meeting: by their mysterious might they hold
dominion.

Heroes! we cry trembling in fear before you,
even in the greatness of your power have mercy.

11 He who wins favour for his prayer by
worship, that he may gain him strength and
highest riches,

That good man's mind the Mighty Ones will
follow: they have brought comfort to his
spacious dwelling.

12 This priestly task, Gods! Varuna and Mitra!
hath been performed for you at sacrifices.

Convey us safely over every peril. Preserve us
evermore, ye Gods, with blessings.

HYMN LXI. Mitra-Varuna.

1. O VARUNA and Mitra, Surya spreading the
beauteous light of you Twain Gods ariseth.

He who beholdeth all existing creatures
observeth well the zeal that is in mortals.

2 The holy sage, renowned afar, directeth his
hymns to you, O Varuna and Mitra,-

He whose devotions, sapient Gods, ye favour so
that ye fill, as 'twere, with power his autumns.

3 From the wide earth, O Varuna and Mitra
from the great lofty heaven, ye, Bounteous
Givers, -

Have in the fields and houses set your warder-,
who visit every spot and watch unceasing.

4 I praise the strength of Varuna and Mitra that
strength, by mightiness, keeps both worlds
asunder.

Heroless pass the months of the ungodly he who
loves sacrifice makes his home enduring.

5 Steers, all infallible are these your people in
whom no wondrous thing is seen, no worship.
Guile follows close the men who are untruthful:
no secrets may be hidden from your knowledge.

6 I will exalt your sacrifice with homage: as
priest, I, Mitra-Varuna, invoke you.

May these new hymns and prayers that I have
fashioned delight you to the profit of the singer.

7 This priestly task, Gods! Varuna and Mitra!
hath been performed for you at sacrifices.

Convey us safely over every peril. Preserve us
evermore, ye Gods, with blessings.

HYMN LXII. Mitra-Varuna.

1. SURYA hath sent aloft his beams of splendour o'er all the tribes of men in countless places.

Together with the heaven he shines apparent, formed by his Makers well with power and wisdom.

2 So hast thou mounted up before us, Surya, through these our praises, with fleet dappled horses.

Declare us free from all offence to Mitra, and Varuna, and Aryaman, and Agni.

3 May holy Agni, Varuna, and Mitra send down their riches upon us in thousands.

May they, the Bright Ones, make our praise-song perfect, and, when we laud them, grant us all our wishes.

4 O undivided Heaven and Earth, preserve us, us, Lofty Ones! your nobly-born descendants. Let us not anger Varuna, nor Vayu, nor him, the dearest Friend of mortals, Mitra.

5 Stretch forth your arms and let our lives be lengthened: with fatness dew the pastures of our cattle.

Ye Youthful, make us famed among the people: hear, Mitra-Varuna, these mine invocations.

6 Now Mitra, Varuna, Aryaman vouchsafe us freedom and room, for us and for our children.

May we find paths all fair and good to travel. Preserve us evermore, ye Gods, with blessings.

HYMN LXIII. Mitra-Varuna.

1. COMMON to all mankind, auspicious Surya, he who beholdeth all, is mounting upward; The God, the eye of Varuna and Mitra, who rolled up darkness like a piece of leather.

2 Surya's great ensign, restless as the billow, that urgeth men to action, is advancing: Onward he still would roll the wheel well-rounded, which Etasa, harnessed to the car-pole, moveth.

3 Refulgent from the bosom of the Mornings, he in Whom singers take delight ascendeth. This Savitar, God, is my chief joy and pleasure, who breaketh not the universal statute.

4 Golden, far-seeing, from the heaven he riseth: far is his goal, he hasteth on resplendent. Men, verily, inspirited by Surya speed to their

aims and do the work assigned them.

5 Where the immortals have prepared his
pathway he flieth through the region like a
falcon.

With homage and oblations will we serve you,
O Mitra-Varuna, when the Sun hath risen.

6 Now Mitra, Varuna, Aryaman vouchsafe us
freedom and room, for us and for our children.
May we find paths all fair and good to travel.
Preserve us evermore, ye Gods, with blessings.

HYMN LXIV. Mitra-Varuna.

1. YE Twain who rule, in heaven and earth, the
region, clothed be your clouds in robes of oil
and fatness.

May the imperial Varuna, and Mitra, and high-
born Aryaman accept our presents.

2 Kings, guards of right everlasting Order,
come hitherward, ye Princes, Lords of Rivers.
Send us from heaven, O Varuna and Mitra, rain
and sweet food, ye who pour down your
bounties.

3 May the dear God, and Varuna and Mitra
conduct us by the most effective pathways,
That foes may say unto Sudas our chieftain,
May, we, too, joy in food with Gods to guard
us.

4 Him who hath wrought for you this car in
spirit, who makes the song rise upward and
sustains it,
Bedew with fatness, Varuna and Mitra ye Kings,
make glad the pleasant dwelling-places.

5 To you this laud, O Varuna and Mitra is
offered like bright Soma juice to Vayu.
Favour our songs of praise, wake thought and
spirit. Preserve us evermore, ye Gods, with
blessings.

HYMN LXV. Mitra-Varuna.

1. WITH hymns I call you, when the Sun hath
risen, Mitra, and Varuna whose thoughts are
holy,
Whose Power Divine, supreme and everlasting,
comes with good heed at each man's
supplication.

2 For they are Asuras of Gods, the friendly
make, both of you, our lands exceeding fruitful.
May we obtain you, Varuna and Mitra,

wherever Heaven and Earth and days may bless us.

3 Bonds of the sinner, they bear many nooses:
the wicked mortal hardly may escape them.

Varuna-Mitra, may your path of Order bear us
o'er trouble as a boat o'er waters.

4 Come, taste our offering, Varuna and Mitra:
bedew our pasture with sweet food and fatness.
Pour down in plenty here upon the people the
choicest of your fair celestial water.

5 To you this laud, O Varuna and Mitra, is
offered, like bright Soma juice to Vayu.
Favour our songs of praise, wake thought and
spirit. Preserve us evermore, ye Gods, with
blessings.

HYMN LXVI Mitra-Varuna.

1. LET our strong hymn of praise go forth, the
laud of Mitra-Varuna,

With homage to that high-born Pair;

2 The Two exceeding wise, the Sons of Daksa,
whom the gods ordained

For lordship, excellently great.

3 Such, Guardians of our homes and us, O
Mitra-Varuna, fulfil

The thoughts of those who sing your praise.

4 So when the Sun hath risen to-day, may
sinless Mitra, Aryaman,

Bhaga, and Savitar send us forth.

5 May this our home be guarded well forward,
ye Bounteous, on the way,

Who bear us safely o'er distress.

6. And those Self-reigning, Aditi, whose statute
is inviolate,

The Kings who rule a vast domain.

7 Soon as the Sun hath risen, to you, to Mitra-
Varuna, I sing,

And Aryaman who slays the foe.

8 With wealth of gold may this my song bring
unmolested power and might,

And, Brahmans, gain the sacrifice.

9 May we be thine, God Varuna, and with our
princes, Mitra, thine.

Food and Heaven's light will we obtain.

10 Many are they who strengthen Law, Sun-
eyed, with Agni for their tongue,

They who direct the three great gatherings with

their thoughts, yea, all things with surpassing
might.

11 They who have stablished year and month
and then the day, night, sacrifice and holy verse,
Varuna, Mitra, Aryarnan, the Kings, have won
dominion which none else may gain.

12 So at the rising of the Sun we think of you
with hymns to-day,
Even as Varuna, Mitra, Aryaman deserve: ye
are the charioteers of Law.

13 True to Law, born in Law the strengtheners
of Law, terrible, haters of the false,
In their felicity which gives the best defence
may we men and our princes dwell.

14 Uprises, on the slope of heaven, that marvel
that attracts die sight

As swift celestial Etasa bears it away, prepared
for every eye to see.

15 Lord of each single head, of fixt and moving
things, equally through the whole expanse,
The Seven sister Bays bear Surya on his car, to
bring us wealth and happiness.

16 A hundred autumns may we see that bright
Eye, God-ordained, arise
A hundred autumns may we live.

17 Infallible through your wisdom, come hither,
resplendent Varuna,
And Mitra, to the Soma draught.

18 Come as the laws of Heaven ordain, Varuna,
Mitra, void of guile:

Press near and drink the Soma juice.

19 Come, Mitra, Varuna, accept, Heroes, our
sacrificial gift:

Drink Soma, ye who strengthen Law.

HYMN LXVII. Asvins.

1. I WITH a holy heart that brings oblation will
sing forth praise to meet your car, ye Princes,
Which, Much-desired! hath wakened as your
envoy. I call you hither as a son his parents.

2 Brightly hath Agni shone by us enkindled: the
limits even of darkness were apparent.

Eastward is seen the Banner of the Morning, the
Banner born to give Heaven's Daughter glory.

3 With hymns the deft priest is about you,
Asvins, the eloquent priest attends you now,
Nasatyas.

Come by the paths that ye are wont to travel, on

car that finds the light, laden with treasure.
 4 When, suppliant for your help, Lovers of
 Sweetness! I seeking wealth call you to our
 libation,
 Hitherward let your vigorous horses bear you:
 drink ye with us the well-pressed Soma juices.
 5 Bring forward, Asvins, Gods, to its fulfilment
 my never-wearied prayer that asks for riches.
 Vouchsafe us all high spirit in the combat, and
 with your powers, O Lords of Power, assist us.
 6 Favour us in these prayers of ours, O Asvins.
 May we have genial vigour, ne'er to fail us.
 So may we, strong in children and descendants,
 go, wealthy, to the banquet that awaits you.
 7 Lovers of Sweetness, we have brought this
 treasure to you as 'twere an envoy sent for
 friendship.
 Come unto us with spirits free from anger, in
 homes of men enjoying our oblation.
 8 With one, the same, intention, ye swift
 movers, o'er the Seven Rivers hath your chariot
 travelled.
 Yoked by the Gods, your strong steeds never
 weary while speeding forward at the pole they
 bear you.
 9 Exhaustless be your bounty to our princes
 who with their wealth incite the gift of riches,
 Who further friendship with their noble natures,
 combining wealth in kine with wealth in heres.
 10 Now hear, O Youthful Twain, mine
 invocation: come, Asvins, to the home where
 food aboundeth.
 Vouchsafe us wealth, do honour to our nobles.
 Preserve us evermore, ye Gods, with blessings.

HYMN LXVIII. Asvins.

1. COME, radiant Asvins, with your noble
 horses: accept your servant's hymns, ye
 Wonder-Workers:
 Enjoy oblations which we bring to greet you.
 2 The gladdening juices stand prepared before
 you: come quickly and partake of mine oblation.
 Pass by the calling of our foe and bear us.
 3 Your chariot with a hundred aids, O Asvins,
 beareth you swift as thought across the regions,
 Speeding to us, O ye whose wealth is Surya.
 4 What time this stone of yours, the Gods'
 adorer, upraised, sounds forth for you as Soma-

presser,
Let the priest bring you, Fair Ones, through
oblations.
5 The nourishment ye have is, truly, wondrous:
ye gave thereof a quickening store to Atri,
Who being dear to you, receives your favour.
6 That gift, which all may gain, ye gave
Cyavana, when he grew old, who offered you
oblations,
When ye bestowed on him enduring beauty.
7 What time his wicked friends abandoned
Bhujyu, O Asvins, in the middle of the ocean,
Your horse delivered him, your faithful servant.
8 Ye lent your aid to Vrka when exhausted, and
listened when invoked to Sayu's calling.
Ye made the cow pour forth her milk like water,
and, Asvins, strengthened with your strength the
barren.
9 With his fair hymns this singer, too, extols
you, waking with glad thoughts at the break of
morning.
May the cow nourish him with milk to feed
llim. Preserve us evermore, ye Gods, with
blessings.

HYMN LXIX. Asvins.

1. MAY your gold chariot, drawn by vigorous
horses, come to us, blocking up the earth
and heaven,
Bright with its fellies while its way drops
fatness, food-laden, rich in coursers, man's
protector.
2 Let it approach, yoked by the will, three-
seated, extending far and wide o'er fivefold
beings,
Whereon ye visit God-adoring races, bending
your course whither ye will, O Asvins.
3 Renowned, with noble horses, come ye hither:
drink, Wondrous Pair, the cup that holds sweet
juices.
Your car whereon your Spouse is wont to travel
marks with its track the farthest ends of heaven.
4 When night was turning to the grey of
morning the Maiden, Surya's Daughter, chose
your splendour.
When with your power and might ye aid the
pious he comes through heat to life by your
assistance.

5 O Chariot-borne, this car of yours invested
with rays of light comes harnessed to our
dwelling.
Herewith, O Asvins, while the dawn is
breaking, to this our sacrifice bring peace and
blessing.
6 Like the wild cattle thirsty for the lightning,
Heroes, come nigh this day to our libations.
Men call on you with hymns in many places,
but let not other worshippers detain you.
7 Bhujyu, abandoned in the midst of ocean, ye
raised from out the water with your horses,
Uninjured, winged, flagging not, undaunted,
with deeds of wonder saving him, O Asvins.
8 Now hear, O Youthful Twain, mine
invocation: come, Asvins, to the home where
food aboundeth.
Vouchsafe us wealth, do honour to our nobles.
Preserve us evermore, ye Gods, with blessings.

HYMN LXX. Asvins.

1. RICH in all blessings, Asvins come ye hither:
this place on earth is called your own
possession,
Like a strong horse with a fair back it standeth,
whereon, as in a lap, ye seat you firmly.
2 This most delightful eulogy awaits you in the
man's house drink-offering hath been heated,
Which bringeth you over the seas and rivers,
yoking as'twere two well-matched shining
horses.
3 Whatever dwellings ye possess, O Asvins, in
fields of men or in the streams of heaven,
Resting upon the summit of the mountain, or
bringing food to him who gives oblation,
4 Delight yourselves, ye Gods, in plants and
waters when Rsis give them and ye find they
suit You.
Enriching us with treasures in abundance ye
have looked back to former generations.
5 Asvins, though ye have heard them oft
aforetime, regard the many prayers which Rsis
offer.
Come to the man even as his heart desireth: may
we enjoy your most delightful favour.
6 Come to the sacrifice offered you, Nasatyas,
with men, oblations, and prayer duly uttered.

Come to Vasistha as his heart desireth, for unto you these holy hymns are chanted.

7 This is the thought, this is the song, O Asvins: accept this hymn of ours, ye Steers, with favour. May these our prayers addressed to you come nigh you. Preserve us evermore, ye Gods, with blessings.

HYMN LXXI. Asvins.

1. THE Night retireth from the Dawn her Sister; the Dark one yieldeth to the Red her pathway. Let us invoke you rich in steeds and cattle - by day and night keep far from us the arrow.

2 Bearing rich treasure in your car, O Asvins, come to the mortal who presents oblation. Keep at a distance penury and sickness; Lovers of Sweetness, day and night preserve us.

3 May your strong horses, seeking bliss, bring hither your chariot at the earliest flush of morning.

With coursers yoked by Law drive hither, Asvins, your car whose reins are light, laden with treasure.

4 The chariot, Princes, that conveys you, moving at daylight, triple-seated, fraught with riches,

Even with this come unto us, Nasatyas, that laden with all food it may approach us.

5 Ye freed Cyavana from old age and weakness: ye brought the courser fleet of food to Pedu.

Ye rescued Atri from distress and darkness, and loosed for Jahusa the bonds that bound him.

6 This is the thought, this is the song, O Asvins: accept this hymn of ours, ye Steers, With favour.

May these our prayers addressed to you come nigh you. Preserve us evermore, ye Gods, with blessings.

HYMN LXXII. Asvins.

1. COME, O Nasatyas, on your car resplendent, rich in abundant wealth of kine and horses. As harnessed steeds, all our laudations follow you whose forms shine with most delightful beauty.

2 Come with the Gods associate, come ye hither to us, Nasatyas, with your car accordant.

'Twixt you and us there is ancestral friendship

and common kin: remember and regard it.
3 Awakened are the songs that praise the
Asvins, the kindred prayers and the Celestial
Mornings.
Inviting those we long for, Earth and Heaven,
the singer calleth these Nasatyas hither.
4 What time the Dawns break forth in light, O
Asvins, to you the poets offer their devotions.
God Savitar hath sent aloft his splendour, and
fires sing praises with the kindled fuel.
5 Come from the west, come from the east,
Nasatyas, come, Asvins, from below and from
above us.
Bring wealth from all sides for the Fivefold
People. Preserve us evermore, ye Gods, with
blessings.

HYMN LXXIII. Asvins.

1. WE have o'erpassed the limit of this darkness
while, worshipping the Gods, we sang their
praises.
The song invoketh both Immortal Asvins far-
reaching, born of old, great WonderWorkers.
2 And, O Nasatyas, man's dear Priest is seated,
who brings to sacrifice and offers worship,
Be near and taste the pleasant juice, O Asvins:
with food, I call you to the sacrifices.
3 We choosing you, have let our worship follow
its course: ye Steers, accept this hymn with
favour.
Obeying you as your appointed servant,
Vasistha singing hath with lauds aroused you.
4 And these Two Priests come nigh unto our
people, united, demon-slayers, mighty-handed.
The juices that exhilarate are mingled. Injure us
not, but come with happy fortune.
5 Come from the west, come from the east,
Nasatyas, come, Asvins, from below and from
above us.
Bring wealth from all sides for the Fivefold
People. Preserve us evermore, ye Gods, with
blessings.

HYMN LXXIV. Asvins.

1. THESE morning sacrifices call you, Asvins,
at the break of day.
For help have I invoked you rich in power and
might: for, house by house ye visit all.

2 O Heroes, ye bestow wonderful nourishment.
send it to him whose songs are sweet
Accordant, both of you, drive your car down to
us, and drink the savoury Soma juice.
3 Approach ye and be near to us. drink, O ye
Asvins, of the meath.
Draw forth the milk, ye Mighty, rich in genuine
wealth: injure us not, and come to us.
4 The horses that convey you in their rapid
flight down to the worshipper's abode,
With these your speedy coursers, Heroes,
Asvins, come, ye Gods, come well-inclined to
us.
5 Yea, verily, our princes seek the Asvins in
pursuit of food.
These shall give lasting glory to our liberal
lords, and, both Nasatyas, shelter us.
6 Those who have led the way, like cars,
offending none, those who are guardians of the
men-
Also through their own might the heroes have
grown strong, and dwell in safe and happy
homes.

HYMN LXXV. Dawn.

1. BORN in the heavens the Dawn hath flushed,
and showing her majesty is come as Law
ordaineth.
She hath uncovered fiends and hateful darkness;
best of Angirases, hath waked the pathways.
2 Rouse us this day to high and happy fortune:
to great felicity, O Dawn, promote us.
Vouchsafe us manifold and splendid riches,
famed among mortals, man-befriending
Goddess!
3 See, lovely Morning's everlasting splendours,
bright with their varied colours, have
approached us.
Filling the region of mid-air, producing the rites
of holy worship, they have mounted.
4 She yokes her chariot far away, and swiftly
visits the lands where the Five Tribes are
settled,
Looking upon the works and ways of mortals,
Daughter of Heaven, the world's Imperial Lady.
5 She who is rich in spoil, the Spouse of Surya,
wondrously opulent, rules all wealth and
treasures.

Consumer of our youth, the seers extol her:
lauded by priests rich Dawn shines out
refulgent.

6 Apparent are the steeds of varied colour, the
red steeds carrying resplendent Morning.
On her all-lovely car she comes, the Fair One,
and brings rich treasure for her faithful servant.
7 True with the True and Mighty with the
Mighty, with Gods a Goddess, Holy with the
Holy,
She brake strong fences down and gave the
cattle: the kine were lowing as they greeted
Morning.

8 O Dawn, now give us wealth in kine and
heroes, and horses, fraught with manifold
enjoyment.
Protect our sacred grass from man's reproaches.
Preserve us evermore, ye Gods, with blessings.

HYMN LXXVI. Dawn.

1. SAVITAR God of all men hath sent upward
his light, designed for all mankind, immortal.
Through the Gods' power that Eye was first
created. Dawn hath made all the universe
apparent.
2 I see the paths which Gods are wont to travel,
innocuous paths made ready by the Vasus.
Eastward the flag of Dawn hath been uplifted;
she hath come hither o'er the tops of houses.
3 Great is, in truth, the number of the Mornings
which were aforetime at the Sun's uprising.
Since thou, O Dawn, hast been beheld repairing
as to thy love, as one no more to leave him.
4 They were the Gods' companions at the
banquet, the ancient sages true to Law Eternal.
The Fathers found the light that lay in darkness,
and with effectual words begat the Morning.
5 Meeting together in the same enclosure, they
strive not, of one mind, one with another.
They never break the Gods' eternal statutes, and
injure none, in rivalry with Vasus.
6 Extolling thee, Blest Goddess, the Vasisthas,
awake at early mom, with lauds implore thee.
Leader of kine and Queen of all that
strengthens, shine, come as first to us, O high-
born Morning.
7 She bringeth bounty and sweet charm of
voices. The flushing Dawn is sung by the

Vasisthas,
Giving us riches famed to distant places.
Preserve us evermore, ye Gods, with blessings.

HYMN LXXVIT. Dawn.

1. SHE hath shone brightly like a youthful
woman, stirring to motion every living creature.
Agni hath come to feed on mortal? fuel. She
hath made light and chased away the darkness.
2 Turned to this All, far-spreading, she hath
risen and shone in brightness with white robes
about her.
She hath beamed forth lovely with golden
colours, Mother of kine, Guide of the days she
bringeth.
3 Bearing the Gods' own Eye, auspicious Lady,
leading her Courser white and fair to look on,
Distinguished by her beam-is Dawn shines
apparent, come forth to all the world with
wondrous treasure.
4 Draw nigh with wealth and dawn away the
foeman: prepare for us wide pasture free from
danger.
Drive away those who hate us, bring us riches:
pour bounty, opulent Lady, on the singer.
5 Send thy most excellent beams to shine and
light us, giving us lengthened days, O Dawn, O
Goddess,
Granting us food, thou who hast all things
precious, and bounty rich in chariots, kine, and
horses.
6 O Usas, nobly-born, Daughter of Heaven,
whom the Vasisthas with their hymns make
mighty,
Bestow thou on us vast and glorious riches.
Preserve us evermore, ye Gods, with blessings.

HYMN LXXVIII. Dawn.

1. WE have beheld her earliest lights
approaching: her many glories part, on high,
asunder.
On car sublime, refulgent, wending hither, O
Usas, bring the Wealth that makes us happy.
2 The fire well-kindled sings aloud to greet her,
and with their hymns the priests are chaming
welcome.

Usas approaches in her splendour, driving all
evil darkness far away, the Goddess.

3 Apparent eastward are those lights of
Morning, sending out lustre, as they rise, around
them.

She hath brought forth Sun, sacrifice, and Agni,
and far away hath fled detested darkness.

4 Rich Daughter of the Sky, we all behold her,
yea, all men look on Dawn as she is breaking.
Her car that moves self-harnessed hath she
mounted, the car drawn onward by her well-
yoked horses.

5 Inspired with loving thoughts this day to greet
thee, we and our wealthy nobles have
awakened.

Show yourselves fruitful, Dawns, as ye are
rising. Preserve us evermore, ye Gods, with
blessings.

HYMN LXXIX. Dawn.

1. ROUSING the lands where men's Five Tribes
are settled, Dawn hath disclosed the pathways
of the people.

She hath sent out her sheen with beauteous
oxen. The Sun with light hath opened earth and
heaven.

2 They paint their bright rays on the sky's far
limits. the Dawns come on like tribes arrayed
for battle.

Thy cattle, closely shutting up the darkness, as
Savitar spreads his arms, give forth their lustre.

3 Wealthy, most like to Indra, Dawn hath risen,
and brought forth lauds that shall promote our
welfare.

Daughter of Heaven, a Goddess, she distributes,
best of Angirases, treasures to the pious.

4 Bestow on us, O Dawn, that ample bounty
which thou didst send to those who sang thy
praises;

Thou whom with bellowings of a bull they
quicken: thou didst unbar the firm-set
mountain's portals.

5 Impelling every God to grant his bounty
sending to us the charm of pleasant voices,
Vouchsafe us thoughts, for profit, as thou
breakest. Preserve us evermore, ye Gods, with
blessings.

HYMN LXXX. Dawn.

1 THE priests, Vasisthas, are the first awakened
to welcome Usas with their songs and praises,
Who makes surrounding regions part
asunder, and shows apparent all existing
creatures.

2 Giving fresh life when she hath hid the
darkness, this Dawn hath wakened there with
new-born lustre.

Youthful and unrestrained she cometh forward:
she hath turned thoughts to Sun and fire and
worship.

3 May blessed Mornings shine on us for ever,
with wealth of kine, of horses, and of heroes,
Streaming with all abundance, pouring fatness.
Preserve us evermore, ye Gods, with blessings.

HYMN LXXXI. Dawn.

1. ADVANCING, sending forth her rays, the
Daughter of the Sky is seen.

Uncovering, that we may see, the mighty
gloom, the friendly Lady makes the light.

2 The Sun ascending, the refulgent Star, pours
down his beams together with the Dawn.

O Dawn, at thine arising, and the Sun's, may we
attain the share allotted us.

3 Promptly we woke to welcome thee, O Usas,
Daughter of the Sky,

Thee, Bounteous One, who bringest all we long
to have, and to the offerer health and wealth.

4 Thou, dawning, workest fain to light the great
world, yea, heaven, Goddess! that it may be
seen.

We yearn to be thine own, Dealer of Wealth:
may we be to this Mother like her sons.

5 Bring us that wondrous bounty, Dawn, that
shall be famed most far away.

What, Child of Heaven, thou hast of
nourishment for man, bestow thou on us to
enjoy.

6 Give to our princes opulence and immortal
fame, and strength in herds of kine to us.

May she who prompts the wealthy, Lady of
sweet strains, may Usas dawn our foes away.

HYMN LXXXII. Indra-Varuna

1. GRANT us your strong protection,

IndraVaruna, our people, and our family, for
sacrifice.

May we subdue in fight our evil-hearted foes,
him who attacks the man steadfast in lengthened
rites.

2 O Indra-Varuna, mighty and very rich One of
you is called Monarch and One Autocrat.
All Gods in the most lofty region of the air
have, O ye Steers, combined all power and
might in you.

3 Ye with your strength have pierced the
fountains of the floods: the Sun have ye brought
forward as the Lord in heaven.

Cheered by this magic draught ye, Indra-
Varuna, made the dry places stream, made
songs of praise flow forth.

4 In battels and in frays we ministering priests,
kneeling upon our knees for furtherance of our
weal,

Invoke you, only you, the Lords of twofold
wealth, you prompt to hear, we bards, O Indra-
Varuna.

5 O Indra-Varuna, as ye created all these
creatures of the world by your surpassing might,
In peace and quiet Mitra waits on Varuna, the
Other, awful, with the Maruis seeks renown.

6 That Varuna's high worth may shine
preeminent, these Twain have measured each
his proper power and might.

The One subdueth the destructive enemy; the
Other with a few furthereth many a man.

7 No trouble, no misfortune, Indra-Varuna, no
woe from any side assails the mortal man
Whose sacrifice, O Gods, ye visit and enjoy:
ne'er doth the crafty guile of mortal injure him.

8 With your divine protection, Heroes, come to
us: mine invncation hear, if ye be pleased
therewith.

Bestow ye upon us, O Indra-Varuna, your
friendship and your kinship and your favouring
grace.

9 In battle after battle, Indra-Varuna, be ye our
Champions, ye who are the peoples' strength,
When both opposing bands invoke you for the
fight, and men that they may gain offspring and
progeny.

10 May Indra, Varuna, Mitra, and Aryaman
vouchsafe us glory and great shelter spreading

far.

We think of the beneficent light of Aditi, and
Savitar's song of praise, the God who
strengthens Law.

HYMN LXXXIII. Indra-Varuna.

1. LOOKING to you and your alliance, O ye
Men, armed with broad axes they went forward,
fain for spoil.

Ye smote and slew his Dasa and his Aryan
enemies, and helped Sudas with favour, Indra-
Varuna.

2 Where heroes come together with their
banners raised, in the encounter where is naught
for us to love,

Where all things that behold the light are
terrified, there did ye comfort us, O Indra-
Varuna.

3 The boundaries of earth were seen all dark
with dust: O Indra-Varuna, the shout went up to
heaven.

The enmities of the people compassed me
about. Ye heard my calling and ye came to me
with help.

4 With your resistless weapons, Indra-Varuna,
ye conquered Bheda and ye gave Sudas your
aid.

Ye heard the prayers of these amid the cries of
war: effectual was the service of the Trtsus'
priest.

5 O Indra-Varuna, the wickedness of foes and
mine assailants' hatred sorely trouble me.

Ye Twain are Lords of riches both of earth and
heaven: so grant to us your aid on the decisive
day.

6 The men of both the hosts invoked you in the
fight, Indra and Varuna, that they might win the
wealth,

What time ye helped Sudas, with all the Trtsu
folk, when the Ten Kings had pressed him down
in their attack.

7 Ten Kings who worshipped not, O Indra-
Varuna, confederate, in war prevailed not o'er
Sudas.

True was the boast of heroes sitting at the feast:
so at their invocations Gods were on their side.

8 O Indra-Varuna, ye gave Sudas your aid when

the Ten Kings in battle compassed him about,
There where the white-robed Trtsus with their
braided hair, skilled in song worshipped you
with homage and with hymn.

9 One of you Twain destroys the Vrtras in the
fight, the Other evermore maintains his holy
Laws.

We call on you, ye Mighty, with our hymns of
praise. Vouchsafe us your protection, Indra-
Varuna.

10 May Indra, Varuna, Mitra, and Aryaman
vouchsafe us glory and great shelter spreading
far.

We think of the beneficent light of Aditi, and
Savitar's song of praise, the God who
strengthens Law.

HYMN LXXXIV. Indra-Varuna.

1. **KINGS**, Indra-Varuna, I would turn you
hither to this our sacrifice with gifts and
homage.

Held in both arms the ladle, dropping fatness,
goes of itself to you whose forms are varied.

2 Dyaus quickens and promotes your high
dominion who bind with bonds not wrought of
rope or cordage.

Far from us still be Varuna's displeasure may
Indra give us spacious room to dwell in.

3 Make ye our sacrifice fair amid the
assemblies: make ye our prayers approved
among our princes.

May God-sent riches come for our possession:
further ye us with your delightful succours.

4 O Indra-Varuna, vouchsafe us riches with
store of treasure, food, and every blessing;
For the Aditya, banisher of falsehood, the Hero,
dealeth wealth in boundless plenty.

5 May this my song reach Varuna and Indra,
and, strongly urging, win me sons and offspring.
To the Gods' banquet may we go with riches.
Preserve us evermore, ye Gods, with blessings.

HYMN LXXXV. Indra-Varuna.

1. **FOR** you I deck a harmless hymn, presenting
the Soma juice to Varuna and Indra-
A hymn that shines like heavenly Dawn with
fatness. May they be near us on the march and
guard us.

2 Here where the arrows fall amid the banners
both hosts invoke the Gods in emulation.

O Indra-Varuna, smite back those-our
foemen, yea, smite them with your shaft to every
quarter.

3 Self-lucid in their seats, e'en heavenly Waters
endowed with Godhead Varuna and Indra.
One of these holds the folk distinct and
sundered, the Other smites and slays resistless
foemen.

4 Wise be the priest and skilled in Law Eternal,
who with his sacred gifts and oration.
Brings you to aid us with your might, Adityas:
let him have viands to promote his welfare.

5 May this my song reach Varuna and Indra,
and, strongly urging, win me sons and offspring.
To the Gods' banquet may we go with riches.
Preserve us evermore, ye Gods with blessings.

HYMN LXXXVI. Varuna.

1. WISE, verily, are creatures through his
greatness who stayed ever, spacious heaven and
earth asunder;

Who urged the high and mighty sky to motion,
the Star of old, and spread the earth before him.

2 With mine own heart I commune on the
question how Varuna and I may be united.
What gift of mine will he accept unangered?
When may I calmly look and find him gracious?

3 Fain to know this in I question others: I
seek the wise, O Varuna, and ask them.

This one same answer even the sages gave me,
"Surely this Varuna is angry with thee."

4 What, Varuna, hath been my chief
transgression, that thou wouldst slay the friend
who sings thy praises?

Tell me, Unconquerable Lord, and quickly
sinless will I approach thee with mine homage.

5 Free us from sins committed by our fathers,
from those wherein we have ourselves offended.
O King, loose, like a thief who feeds the cattle,
as from the cord a calf, set free Vasistha.

6 Not our own will betrayed us, but seduction,
thoughtlessness, Varuna wine, dice, or anger.
The old is near to lead astray the younger: even
sleep removeth not all evil-doing.

7 Slavelike may I do service to the Bounteous,
serve, free from sin, the God inclined to anger.

This gentle Lord gives wisdom to the simple:
the wiser God leads on the wise to riches.
8 O Lord, O Varuna, may this laudation come
close to thee and lie within thy spirit.
May it be well with us in rest and labour.
Preserve us ever-more, ye Gods, with blessings.

HYMN LXXXVII. Varuna.

1. VARUNA cut a pathway out for Surya, and
led the watery floods of rivers onward.
The Mares, as in a race, speed on in order. He
made great channels for the days to follow.
2 The wind, thy breath, hath sounded through
the region like a wild beast that seeks his food
in pastures.
Within these two, exalted Earth and Heaven, O
Varuna, are all the forms thou lovest.
3 Varuna's spies, sent forth upon their errand,
survey the two world-halves well formed and
fashioned.
Wise are they, holy, skilled in sacrifices, the
furtherers of the praise-songs of the prudent.
4 To me who understand hath Varuna spoken,
the names borne by the Cow are three times
seven.
The sapient God, knowing the place's secret,
shall speak as 'twere to teach the race that
cometh.
5 On him three heavens rest and are supported,
and the three earths are there in sixfold order.
The wise King Varuna hath made in heaven that
Golden Swing to cover it with glory.
6 Like Varuna from heaven he sinks in Sindhu,
like a white-shining spark, a strong wild
creature.
Ruling in depths and meting out the region,
great saving power hath he, this world's
Controller.
7 Before this Varuna may we be sinless him
who shows mercy even to the sinner-
While we are keeping Aditi's ordinances.
Preserve us evermore, ye Gods, with blessings.

HYMN LXXXVIII. Varuna.

1. PRESENT to Varuna thine hymn, Vasistha,
bright, most delightful to the Bounteous Giver,
Who bringeth on to us the Bull, the lofty, the
Holy, laden with a thousand treasures.

2 And now, as I am come before his presence, I
take the face of Varuna for Agni's.
So might he bring-Lord also of the darkness-the
light in heaven that I may see its beauty!
3 When Varuna and I embark together and urge
our boat into the midst of ocean,
We, when we ride o'er ridges of the waters, will
swing within that swing and there be happy.
4 Varuna placed Vasistha in the vessel, and
deftly with his niight made him a Rsi.
When days shone bright the Sage made him a
singer, while the heavens broadened and the
Dawns were lengthened.
5 What hath become of those our ancient
friendships, when without enmity we walked
together?
I, Varuna, thou glorious Lord, have entered thy
lofty home, thine house with thousand portals.
6 If he, thy true ally, hath sinned against thee,
still, Varuna, he is the friend thou lovedst.
Let us not, Living One, as sinners I know thee:
give shelter, as a Sage, to him who lauds thee.
7 While we abide in these fixed habitations, and
from the lap of Aditi win favour,
May Varuna untie the bond that binds us.
Preserve us evermore, ye Gods, with blessings.

HYMN LXXXIX Varuna.

1. LET me not yet, King Varuna, enter into the
house of clay:
Have mercy, spare me, Mighty Lord.
2 When, Thunderer! I move along tremulous
like a wind-blown skin,
Have mercy, spare me, Mighty Lord.
3 O Bright and Powerful God, through want of
strength I erred and went astray
Have mercy, spare me, Mighty Lord.
4 Thirst found thy worshipper though he stood
in the midst of water-fijods:
Have mercy, spare me, Mighty Lord.
5 O Varuna, whatever the offence may be which
we as men commit against the heavenly host,
When through our want of thought we violate
thy laws, punish us not, O God, for that iniquity.

HYMN XC. Vayu.

1. To you pure juice, rich in meath, are offered
by priest: through longing for the Pair of
Heroes.

Drive, Vayu, bring thine harnessed horses
hither: drink the pressed Soma till it make thee
joyful.

2 Whoso to thee, the Mighty, brings oblation,
pure Soma unto thee, pure-drinking Vayu,
That man thou makest famous among mortals:
to him strong sons are born in quick succession.

3 The God whom both these worlds brought
forth for riches, whom heavenly Dhisana for our
wealth appointeth,

His team of harnessed horses waits on Vayu,
and, foremost, on the radiant Treasure-bearer.

4 The spotless Dawns with fair bright days have
broken; they found the spacious light when they
were shining.

Eagerly they disclosed the stall of cattle: floods
streamed for them as in the days aforetime.

5 These with their truthful spirit, shining
brightly, move on provided with their natural
insight.

Viands attend the car that beareth Heroes, your
car, ye Sovran Pair, Indra and Vayu.

6 May these who give us heavenly light, these
rulers, with gifts of kine and horses, gold and
treasures.

These princes, through full life, Indra and Vayu!
o'ercome in battle with their steeds and heroes.

7 Like coursers seeking fame will we Vasisthas,
O Indra-Vayu, with our fair laudations.

Exerting all our power call you to aid us.

Preserve us evermore, ye Gods, with blessings.

HYMN XCI. Vayu.

1. WERE not in sooth, the Gods aforetime
blameless, whose pleasure was increased by
adoration?

For Vayu and for man in his affliction they
caused the Morning to arise with Surya.

2 Guardians infallible, eager as envoys' preserve
us safe through many months and autumns.

Addressed to you, our fair praise, Indra-Vayu,
implores your favour and renewed well-being.

3 Wise, bright, arranger of his teams, he.
seeketh men with rich food whose treasures are
abundant.

They have arranged them of one mind with
Vayu: the men have wrought all noble
operations.

4 So far as native power and strength permit
you, so far as men behold whose eyes have
vision,

O ye pure-drinkers, drink with us pure Soma: sit
on this sacred grass, Indra and Vayu.

5 Driving down teams that bear the lovely
Heroes, hitherward, Indra-Vayu, come together.
To you this prime of savoury juice is offered:
here loose your horses and be friendly-minded.

6 Your hundred and your thousand teams, O
Indra and Vayu, all-munificent, which attend
you,

With these most gracious-minded come ye
hither, and drink, O Heroes of the meath we
offer.

7 Like coursers seeking fame will we Vasisthas,
O Indra-Vayu, with our fair laudations,
Exerting all our power, call you to aid us.
Preserve us evermore, ye Gods, with blessings.

HYMN XCII. Vayu

1. O VAYU, drinker of the pure, be near us: a
thousand teams are thine, Allbounteous Giver.
To thee the rapture-bringing juice is offered,
whose first draught, God, thou takest as thy
portion.

2 Prompt at the holy rites forth came the presser
with Soma-draughts for Indra and for Vayu,
When ministering priests with strong devotion
bring to you Twain the first taste of the Soma.

3 The teams wherewith thou seekest him who
offers, within his home, O Vayu, to direct him,
Therewith send wealth: to us with full
enjoyment, a hero son and gifts of kine and
horses.

4 Near to the Gods and making Indra joyful,
devout and offering precious gifts to Vayu,
Allied with princes, smiting down the hostile,
may we with heroes conquer foes in battle.

5 With thy yoked teams in hundreds and in
thousands come to our sacrifice and solemn
worship.

Come, Vayu, make thee glad at this libation.
Preserve us evermore, ye Gods, with blessings.

HYMN XCIII. Indra-Agni.

1. SLAYERS of enemies, Indra and Agni,
accept this day our new-born pure laudation.
Again, again I call you prompt to listen, best to
give quickly strength to him who craves it.
2 For ye were strong to gain, exceeding mighty,
growing together, waxing in your vigour.
Lords of the pasture filled with ample riches,
bestow upon us strength both fresh and lasting.
3 Yea when the strong have entered our
assembly, and singers seeking with their hymns
your favour,
They are like steeds who come into the race-
course, those men who call aloud on Indra-
Agni.
4 The singer, seeking with his hymns your
favour, begs splendid riches of their first
possessor.
Further us with new bounties, Indra-Agni,
armed with strong thunder, slayers of the
foeman.
5 When two great hosts, arrayed against each
other, meet clothed with brightness, in the fierce
encounter
Stand ye beside the godly, smite the godless;
and still assist the men who press the Soma.
6 To this our Soma-pressing, Indra-Agni, come
ye prepared to show your loving-kindness,
For not at any time have ye despised us. So may
I draw you with all strengthenings hither.
7 So Agni, kindled mid this adoration, invite
thou Mitra, Varuna, and Indra.
Forgive whatever sin we have committed may
Aryaman and Aditi remove it.
8 While we accelerate these our sacrifices, may
we win strength from both of you, O Agni:
Ne'er may the Maruts, Indra, Visnu slight us.
Preserve us evermore, ye Gods, with blessings.

HYMN XCIV. Indra-Agni.

1. As rain from out the cloud, for you, Indra and
Agni, from my soul
This noblest praise hath been produced.
2 Do ye, O Indra-Agni, hear the singer's call:
accept his songs.
Ye Rulers, grant his heart's desire.
3 Give us not up to poverty, ye Heroes, Indra-
Agni, nor

To slander and reproach of men.
 4 To Indra and to Agni we bring reverence, high
 and holy hymn,
 And, craving help, softwords with prayer.
 5 For all these holy singers here implore these
 Twain to succour them,
 And priests that they may win them strength.
 6 Eager to laudyou, we with songs invoke you,
 bearing sacred food,
 Fain for success in sacrifice.
 7 Indra and Agni, come to us with favour, ye
 who conquer men:
 Let not the wicked master us.
 8 At no time let the injurious blow of hostile
 mortal fall on us:
 O Indra-Agni, shelter us.
 9 Whatever wealth we crave of you, in gold, in
 cattle, or in steeds,
 That, Indra-Agni, let us gain;
 10 When heroes prompt in worship call Indra
 and Agni, Lords of steeds,
 Beside the Soma juice effused.
 11 Call hither with the song and lauds those
 who best slay the foemen, those
 Who take delight in hymns of praise.
 12 Slay ye the wicked man whose thought is
 evil of the demon kind.
 Slay him who stays the waters, slay the Serpent
 with your deadly dart.

HYMN XCV. Sarasvati.

1. THIS stream Sarasvati with fostering current
 comes forth, our sure defence, our fort of iron.
 As on a car, the flood flows on, surpassing in
 majesty and might all other waters.
 2 Pure in her course from mountains to the
 ocean, alone of streams Sarasvati hath listened.
 Thinking of wealth and the great world of
 creatures, she poured for Nahusa her milk and
 fatness.
 3 Friendly to man he grew among the women, a
 strong young Steer amid the Holy Ladies.
 He gives the fleet steed to our wealthy princes,
 and decks their bodies for success in battle.
 4 May this Sarasvati be pleased and listen at this
 our sacrifice, auspicious Lady,
 When we with reverence, on our knees, implore
 her close-knit to wealth, most kind to those she

loveth.

5 These offerings have ye made with adoration:
say this, Sarasvati, and accept our praises;
And, placing us under thy dear protection, may
we approach thee, as a tree, for shelter.

6 For thee, O Blest Sarasvati, Vasistha hath here
unbarred the doors d sacred Order.

Wax, Bright One, and give strength to him who
lauds thee. Preserve us evermore, ye Gods, with
blessings.

HYMN XCVI. Sarasvati.

1. I SING a lofty song, for she is mightiest, most
divine of Streams.

Sarasvati will I exalt with hymns and lauds, and,
O Vasistha, Heaven and Earth.

2 When in the fulness of their strength the Purus
dwell, Beauteous One, on thy two grassy banks,
Favour us thou who hast the Maruts for thy
friends: stir up the bounty of our chiefs.

3 So may Sarasvati auspicious send good luck;
she, rich in spoil, is never niggardly in thought,
When praised in jamadagni's way and lauded as
Vasistha lauds.

4 We call upon Sarasvan, as unmarried men
who long for wives,
As liberal men who yearn for sons.

5 Be thou our kind protector, O Sarasvan, with
those waves of thine
Laden with sweets and dropping oil.

6 May we enjoy Sarasvan's breast, all-beautiful,
that swells with streams,
May we gain food and progeny.

HYMN XCVIL Brhaspati.

1. WHERE Heaven and Earth combine in men's
assembly, and those who love the Gods delight
in worship,

Where the libations are effused for Indra, may
he come first to drink and make him stronger.

2 We crave the heavenly grace of Gods to guard
us-so may Brhaspati, O friends, exalt us-
That he, the Bounteous God, may find us
sintess, who giveth from a distance like a father.

3 That Brahmanaspati, most High and Gracious,
I glorify with offerings and with homage.

May the great song of praise divine, reach Indra
who is the King of prayer the Gods' creation.

4 May that Brhaspati who brings all blessings,
most dearly loved, be seated by our altar.
Heroes and wealth we crave; may he bestow
them, and bear us safe beyond the men who vex
us.

5 To us these Deathless Ones, erst born, have
granted this laud of ours which gives the
Immortal pleasure.

Let us invoke Brhaspati, the foeless, the clear-
voiced God, the Holy One of households

6 Him, this Brhaspati, his red-hued horses,
drawing together, full of strength, bring hither.
Robed in red colour like the cloud, they carry
the Lord of Might whose friendship gives a
dwelling.

7 For he is pure, with hundred wings, refulgent,
with sword of gold, impetuous, winning
sunlight.

Sublime Brhaspati, easy of access granteth his
friends most bountiful refreshment.

8 Both Heaven and Earth, divine, the Deity's
Parents, have made Brhaspati increase in
grandeur.

Glorify him, O friends, who merits glory: may
he give prayer fair way and easy passage.

9 This, Brahmanaspati, is your laudation prayer
hath been made to thunderwielding Indra.

Favour our songs, wake up our thought and
spirit: destroy the godless and our foemen's
malice.

10 Ye Twain are Lords of wealth in earth and
heaven, thou, O Brhaspati, and thou, O Indra.
Mean though he be, give wealth to him who
lauds you. Preserve us evermore, ye Gods, with
blessings.

HYMN XCVIII. Indra.

1. PRIESTS, offer to the Lord of all the people
the milked-out stalk of Soma, radiant-coloured.
No wild-bull knows his drinking-place like
Indra who ever seeks him who hath pressed the
Soma,

2 Thou dost desire to drink, each day that
passes, the pleasant food which thou hast had
aforetime,

O Indra, gratified in heart and spirit, drink

eagerly the Soma set before thee.

3 Thou, newly-born, for strength didst drink the Soma; the Mother told thee of thy future greatness.

O Indra, thou hast filled mid-air's wide region, and given the Gods by battle room and freedom.

4 When thou hast urged the arrocrant to combat, proud in their strength of arm, we will subdue them.

Or, Indra, when thou fightest girt by heroes, we in the glorious fray with thee will conquer.

5 I will declare the earliest deeds of Indra, and recent acts which Maghavan hath accomplished.

When he had conquered godless wiles and magic, Soma became his own entire possession.

6 Thine is this world of flocks and herds around thee, which with the eye of Surya thou beholdest.

Thou, Indra, art alone the Lord of cattle; may we enjoy the treasure which thou givest.

7 Ye Twain are Lords of wealth in earth and heaven, thou, O Brhaspati, and thou, O Indra.

Mean though he be, give wealth to him who lauds you. Preserve us evermore, ye Gods, with blessings.

HYMN XCIX. Visnu.

1. MEN come not nigh thy majesty who growest beyond all bound and measure with thy body.

Both thy two regions of the earth, O Visnu, we know: thou God, knowest the highest also.

2 None who is born or being born, God Visnu, hath reached the utmost limit of thy grandeur.

The vast high vault of heaven hast thou supported, and fixed earth's eastern pinnacle securely.

3 Rich in sweet food be ye, and rich in milch-kine, with fertile pastures, fain to do men service.

Both these worlds, Visnu, hast thou stayed asunder, and firmly fixed the earth with pegs around it.

4 Ye have made spacious room for sacrificing by generating Surya, Dawn, and Agni.

O Heroes, ye have conquered in your battles even the bull-jawed Dasa's wiles and magic.

5 Ye have destroyed, thou, Indra, and thou Visnu, Sambara's nine-and-ninety fenced

castles.

Ye Twain smote down a hundred times a
thousand resistless heroes of the royal Varcin.

6 This is the lofty hymn of praise, exalting the
Lords of Mighty Stride, the strong and lofty.

I laud you in the solemn synods, Visnu: pour ye
food on us in our camps, O Indra.

7 O Visnu, unto thee my lips cry Vasat! Let this
mine offering, Sipivista, please thee.

May these my songs of eulogy exalt thee.

Preserve us evermore, ye Gods, with blessings.

HYMN C. Visnu.

1 NE'ER doth the man repent, who, seeking
profit, bringeth his gift to the far-striding Visnu.
He who adareth him with all his spirit winneth
himself so great a benefactor.

2 Thou, Visnu, constant in thy courses, gavest
good-will to all men, and a hymn that lasteth,
That thou mightst move us to abundant comfort
of very splendid wealth with store of horses.

3 Three times strode forth this God in all his
grandeur over this earth bright with a hundred
splendours.

Foremost be Visnu, stronger than the strongest:
for glorious is his name who lives for ever.

4 Over this earth with mighty step strode Visnu,
ready to give it for a home to Manu.

In him the humble people trust for safety: he,
nobly born, hath made them spacious dwellings.

5 To-day I laud this name, O gipivista, I, skilled
in rules, the name of thee the Noble.

Yea, I the poor and weak praise thee the Mighty
who dwellest in the realm beyond this region.

6 What was there to be blamed in thee, O Visnu,
when thou declaredst, I am Sipivista?

Hide not this form from us, nor keep it secret,
since thou didst wear another shape in battle.

7 O Visnu, unto thee my lips cry Vasat! Let this
mine offering, Sipivista, please thee.

May these my songs of eulogy exalt thee.

Preserve us evermore, ye Gods, with blessings.

HYMN CI. Parjanya.

1 SPEAK forth three words, the words which
light precedeth, which milk this udder that
produceth nectar.

Quickly made manifest, the Bull hath bellowed,

engendering the germ of plants, the Infant.
 2 Giver of growth to plants, the God who ruleth
 over the waters and all moving creatures,
 Vouchsafe us triple shelter for our refuge, and
 threefold light to succour and befriend us.
 3 Now he is sterile, now begetteth offspring,
 even as he willeth doth he change his figure.
 The Father's genial flow bedews the Mother;
 therewith the Sire, therewith the son is
 nourished.
 4 In him all living creatures have their being,
 and the three heavens with triplyflowing waters.
 Three reservoirs that sprinkle down their
 treasure shed their sweet streams around him
 with a murmur.
 5 May this my song to Sovran Lord Parjanya
 come near unto his heart and give him pleasure.
 May we obtain the showers that bring
 enjoyment, and God-protected plants with
 goodly fruitage.
 6 He is the Bull of all, and their impregner lie
 holds the life of all things fixed and moving.
 May this rite save me till my hundredth autumn.
 Preserve us evermore, ye Gods, with blessings.

HYMN CII Parjanya.

1 SING forth and laud Parjanya, son of Heaven,
 who sends the gift of rain
 May he provide our pasturage.
 2 Parjanya is the God who forms in kine, in
 mares, in plants of earth,
 And womankind, the germ of life.
 3 Offer and pour into his mouth oblation rich in
 savoury juice:
 May he for ever give us food.

HYMN CIII. Frogs.

1. THEY who lay quiet for a year, the Brahmans
 who fulfil their vows,
 The Frogs have lifted up their voice, the voice
 Parjanya hath inspired.
 2 What time on these, as on a dry skin lying in
 the pool's bed, the floods of heaven descended,
 The music of the Frogs comes forth in concert
 like the cows lowing with their calves beside
 them.
 3 When at the coming of the Rains the water has
 poured upon them as they yearned and thirsted,

One seeks another as he talks and greets him
 with cries of pleasure as a son his father.
 4 Each of these twain receives the other kindly,
 while they are revelling in the flow of waters,
 When the Frog moistened by the rain springs
 forward, and Green and Spotty both combine
 their voices.
 5 When one of these repeats the other's
 language, as he who learns the lesson of the
 teacher,
 Your every limb seems to be growing larger as
 ye converse with eloquence on the waters.
 6 One is Cow-bellow and Goat-bleat the other,
 one Frog is Green and one of them is Spotty.
 They bear one common name, and yet they
 vary, and, talking, modulate the voice diversely.
 7 As Brahmans, sitting round the brimful vessel,
 talk at the Soma-rite of Atiratra,
 So, Frogs, ye gather round the pool to honour
 this day of all the year, the first of Rain-time.
 8 These Brahmans with the Soma juice,
 performing their year-long rite, have lifted up
 their voices;
 And these Adhvaryus, sweating with their
 kettles, come forth and show themselves, and
 none are hidden.
 9 They keep the twelve month's God-appointed
 order, and never do the men neglect the season.
 Soon as the Rain-time in the year returneth,
 these who were heated kettles gain their
 freedom.
 10 Cow-bellow and Goat-bleat have granted
 riches, and Green and Spotty have vouchsafed
 us treasure.
 The Frogs who give us cows in hundreds
 lengthen our lives in this most fertilizing season.

HYMN CIV. Indra-Soma.

1. INDRA and Soma, burn, destroy the demon
 foe, send downward, O ye Bulls, those who add
 gloom to gloom.
 Annihilate the fools, slay them and burn them
 up: chase them away from us, pierce the
 voracious ones.
 2 Indra and Soma, let sin round the wicked boil
 like as a caldron set amid the flames of fire.
 Against the foe of prayer, devourer of raw flesh,
 the vile fiend fierce of eye, keep ye perpetual

hate.

3 Indra and Soma, plunge the wicked in the depth, yea, cast them into darkness that hath no support,

So that not one of them may ever thence return: so may your wrathful might prevail and conquer them.

4 Indra and Soma, hurl your deadly crushing bolt down on the wicked fiend from heaven and from the earth.

Yea, forge out of the mountains your celestial dart wherewith ye burn to death the waxing demon race.

5 Indra and Soma, cast ye downward out of heaven your deadly darts of stone burning with fiery flame,

Eternal, scorching darts; plunge the voracious ones within the depth, and let them sink without a sound.

6 Indra and Soma, let this hymn control you both, even as the girth encompasses two vigorous steeds-

The song of praise which I with wisdom offer you: do ye, as Lords of men, animate these my prayers.

7 In your impetuous manner think ye both thereon: destroy these evil beings, slay the treacherous fiends.

Indra and Soma, let the wicked have no bliss who evermore assails us with malignity.

8 Whoso accuses me with words of falsehood when I pursue my way with guileless spirit, May he, the speaker of untruth, be, Indra, like water which the hollowed hand compresses.

9 Those who destroy, as is their wont, the simple, and with their evil natures barm the righteous,

May Soma give them over to the serpent, or to the lap of Nirrti consign them.

10 The fiend, O Agni, who designs to injure the essence of our food, kine, steeds, or bodies, May he, the adversary, thief, and robber, sink to destruction, both himself and offspring.

11 May he be swept away, himself and children: may all the three earths press him down beneath them.

May his fair glory, O ye Gods, be blighted, who in the day or night would fain destroy us.

12 The prudent finds it easy to distinguish the
true and false: their words oppose each other.
Of these two that which is the true and honest,
Soma protects, and brings the false to nothing.
13 Never doth Soma aid and guide the wicked
or him who falsely claims the Warrior's title.
He slays the fiend and him who speaks untruly:
both lie entangled in the noose of Indra.
14 As if I worshipped deities of falsehood, or
thought vain thoughts about the Gods, O Agni.
Why art thou angry with us, Jatavedas?
Destruction fall on those who lie against thee!
15 So may I die this day if I have harassed any
man's life or if I be a demon.
Yea, may he lose all his ten sons together who
with false tongue hath called me Yatudhana.
16 May Indra slay him with a mi weapon, and
let the vilest ofghy
all creatures perish,
The fiend who says that he is pure, who calls me
a demon though devoid of demon nature.
17 She too who wanders like an owl at night-
time, hiding her body in her guile and malice,
May she fall downward into endless caverns.
May press-stones with loud ring destroy the
demons.
18 Spread out, ye Maruts, search among the
people: seize ye and grind the Raksasas to
pieces,
Who fly abroad, transformed to birds, at night-
time, or sully and pollute our holy worship.
19 Hurl down from heaven thy bolt of stone, O
Indra: sharpen it, Maghavan, made keen by
Soma.
Forward, behind, and from above and under,
smite down the demons with thy rocky weapon.
20 They fly, the demon dogs, and, bent on
mischief, fain would they harm indomitable
Indra.
Sakra makes sharp his weapon for the wicked:
now, let him cast his bolt at fiendish wizards.
21 Indra hath ever been the fiends' destroyer
who spoil oblations of the Gods' invokers:
Yea, Sakra, like an axe that spilts the timber,
attacks and smashes them like earthen vessels.
22 Destroy the fiend shaped like an owl or
owlet, destroy him in the form of dog or cuckoo.
Destroy him shaped as eagle or as vulture as

with a stone, O Indra, crush the demon.

23 Let not the fiend of witchcraft-workers reach
us: may Dawn drive off the couples of
Kimidins.

Earth keep us safe from earthly woe and
trouble: from grief that comes from heaven mid-
air preserve us.

24 Slay the male demon, Indra! slay the female,
joying and triumphing in arts of magic.

Let the fools' gods with bent necks fall and
perish, and see no more the Sun when he arises.

25 Look each one hither, look around Indra and
Soma, watch ye well.

Cast forth your weapon at the fiends against the
sorcerers hurt your bolt.

RIG VEDA BOOK 8

HYMN I. Indra.

1. GLORIFY naught besides, O friends; so shall
no sorrow trouble you.

Praise only mighty Indra when the juice is shed,
and say your lauds repeatedly:

2 Even him, eternal, like a bull who rushes
down, men's Conqueror, bounteous like a cow;
Him who is cause of both, of enmity and peace,
to both sides most munificent.

3 Although these men in sundry ways invoke
thee to obtain thine aid,

Be this our prayer, addressed, O Indra, unto
thee, thine exaltation every day.

4 Those skilled in song, O Maghavan among
these men o'ercome with might the foeman's
songs.

Come hither, bring us strength in many a varied
form most near that it may succour us.

5 O Caster of the Stone, I would not sell thee for
a mighty price,

Not for a thousand, Thunderer! nor ten
thousand, nor a hundred, Lord of countless
wealth!

6 O Indra, thou art more to me than sire or
niggard brother is.

Thou and my mother, O Good Lord, appear
alike, to give me wealth abundantly.

7 Where art thou? Whither art thou gone? For
many a place attracts thy mind.

Haste, Warrior, Fort-destroyer, Lord of battle's
din, haste, holy songs have sounded forth.

8 Sing out the psalm to him who breaks down
castles for his faithful friend,

Verses to bring the Thunderer to destroy the
forts and sit on Kanva's sacred grass.

9 The Horses which are thine in tens, in
hundreds, yea, in thousands thine,

Even those vigorous Steeds, fleet-footed in the
course, with those come quickly near to us.

10 This day I call Sabardugiha who animates the
holy song,

Indra the richly-yielding Milch-cow who
provides unfailing food in ample stream.

11 When Sura wounded Etasa, with Vata's
rolling winged car.

Indra bore Kutsa Arjuneya off, and mocked

Gandharva. the unconquered One.
12 He without ligature, before making incision
in the neck,
Closed up the wound again, most wealthy
Maghavan, who maketh whole the injured part.
13 May we be never cast aside, and strangers, as
it were, to thee.
We, Thunder-wielding Indra, count ourselves as
trees rejected and unfit to bum.
14 O Vrtra-slayer, we were thought slow and
unready for the fray.
Yet once in thy great bounty may we have
delight, O Hero, after praising thee.
15 If he will listen to my laud, then may out
Soma-drops that flow
Rapidly through the strainer gladden Indra,
drops due to the Tugryas' Strengtheners.
16 Come now unto the common laud of thee
and of thy faithful friend.
So may our wealthy nobles' praise give joy to
thee. Fain would I sing thine eulogy.
17 Press out the Soma with the stones, and in
the waters wash it clean.
The men investing it with raiment made of milk
shall milk it forth from out the stems.
18 Whether thou come from earth or from the
lustre of the lofty heaven,
Wax stronger in thy body through my song of
praise: fill full all creatures, O most Wise.
19 For India press the Soma out, most
gladdening and most excellent.
May Sakra make it swell sent forth with every
prayer and asking, as it were, for strength.
20 Let me not, still beseeching thee with earnest
song at Soma rites,
Anger thee like soma wild beast. Who would
not beseech him who hath power to grant his
prayer?
21 The draught made swift with rapturous joy,
effectual with its mighty strength,
All-conquering, distilling transport, let him
drink: for he in ecstasy gives us gifts.
22 Where bliss is not, may he, All-praised, God
whom the pious glorify,
Bestow great wealth upon the mortal worshipper
who sheds the juice and praises him.
23 Come, Indra, and rejoice thyself, O God, in
manifold affluence.

Thou fillest like a lake thy vast capacious bulk
with Soma and with draughts besides.

24 A thousand and a hundred Steeds are
harnessed to thy golden car.

So may the long-maned Bays, yoked by
devotion, bring Indra to drink the Soma juice.

25 Yoked to thy chariot wrought of gold, may
thy two Bays with peacock tails,
Convey thee hither, Steeds with their white
backs, to quaff sweet juice that makes us
eloquent.

26 So drink, thou Lover of the Song, as the first
drinker, of this juice.

This the outpouring of the savoury sap prepared
is good and meet to gladden thee.

27 He who alone by wondrous deed is Mighty,
Strong by holy works,

May he come, fair of cheek; may he not stay
afar, but come and turn not from our call.

28 Susna's quick moving castle thou hast
crushed to pieces with thy bolts.

Thou, Indra, from of old, hast followed after
light, since we have had thee to invoke.

29 My praises when the Sun hath risen, my
praises at the time of noon,

My praises at the coming of the gloom of night,
O Vasu, have gone forth to thee.

30 Praise yea, praise him. Of princes these are
the most liberal of their gifts,

These, Paramajya, Ninditasva, Prapathi, most
bounteous, O Medhyatithi.

31 When to the car, by faith, I yoked the horses
longing for the way-

For skilled is Yadu's son in dealing precious
wealth, he who is rich in herds of kine.

32 May he who gave me two brown steeds
together with their cloths of gold,

May he, Asanga's son Svanadratha, obtain all
joy and high felicities.

33 Playoga's son Asanga, by ten thousand, O
Agni, hath surpassed the rest in giving.

For me ten bright-hued oxen have come forward
like lotus-stalks from out a lake upstanding.

34 What time her husband's perfect restoration
to his lost strength and manhood was apparent,
His consort Sasvati with joy addressed him,
Now art thou well, my lord, and shalt be happy.

HYMN II. Indra.

1. HERE is the Soma juice expressed; O Vasu,
drink till thou art full:
Undaunted God, we give it thee.
2 Washed by the men, pressed out with stones,
strained through the filter made of wool,
'Tis like a courser bathed in stream.
3 This juice have we made sweet for thee like
barley, blending it with milk.
Indra, I call thee to our feast.
4 Beloved of all, Indra alone drinks up the
flowing Soma juice
Among the Gods and mortal men.
5 The Friend, whom not the brilliant-hued, the
badly-mixt or bitter draught,
Repels, the far-extending God;
6 While other men than we with milk chase him
as hunters chase a deer,
And with their kine inveigle him.
7 For him, for Indra, for the God, be pressed
three draughts of Soma juice
In the juice-drinker's own abode.
8 Three reservoirs exude their drops, filled are
three beakers to the brim,
All for one offering to the God.
9 Pure art thou, set in many a place, and blended
in the midst with milk
And curd, to cheer the Hero best.
10 Here, Indra, are thy Soma-draughts pressed
out by us, the strong, the pure:
They crave admixture of the milk.
11 O Indra, pour in milk, prepare the cake, and
mix the Soma-draught.
I hear them say that thou art rich.
12 Quaffed juices fight within the breast. The
drunken praise not by their wine,
The naked praise not when it rains.
13 Rich be the praiser of one rich, munificent
and famed like thee:
High rank be his, O Lord of Bays.
14 Foe of the man who adds no milk, he heeds
not any chanted hymn
Or holy psalm that may he sung.
15 Give us not, Indra, as a prey unto the
scornful or the proud:
Help, Mighty One, with power and might.
16 This, even this, O Indra, we implore. as thy
devoted friends,

The Kanvas praise thee with their hymns.
17 Naught else, O Thunderer, have I praised in
the skilled singer's eulogy:
On thy land only have I thought.
18 The Gods seek him who presses out the
Soma; they desire not sleep
They punish sloth unweariedly.
19 Come hither swift with gifts of wealth - be
not thou angry with us-like
A great man with a youthful bride.
20 Let him not, wrathful with us, spend the
evening far from us to-day,
Like some unpleasant son-in-law.
21 For well we know this Hero's love, most
liberal of the boons he gives,
His plans whom the three worlds display.
22 Pour forth the gift which Kanvas bring, for
none more glorious do we know
Than the Strong Lord with countless aids.
23 O presser, offer Soma first to Indra, Hero,
Sakra, him
The Friend of man, that he may drink;
24 Who, in untroubled ways, is best provider,
for his worshippers.
Of strength in horses and in kine.
25 Pressers, for him blend Soma juice, each
draught most excellent, for him
The Brave, the Hero, for his joy.
26 The Vrtra-slayer drinks the juice. May he
who gives a hundred aids
Approach, nor stay afar from us.
27 May the strong Bay Steeds, yoked by prayer,
bring hither unto us our Friend,
Lover of Song, renowned by songs.
28 Sweet are the Soma juices, come! Blent are
the Soma juices, come!
Rsi-like, mighty, fair of cheek, come hither
quickly to the feast.
29 And lauds which strengthen thee for great
bounty and valour, and exalt
Indra who doeth glorious deeds,
30 And songs to thee who lovest song, and all
those hymns addressed to thee-
These evermore confirm thy might.
31 Thus he, sole doer of great deeds whose hand
holds thunder, gives us strength,
He who hath never been subdued.
32 Vrtra he slays with his right hand, even

Indra, great with mighty power,
 And much-invoked in many a place.
 33 He upon whom all men depend, all regions,
 all achievements, he
 Takes pleasure in our wealthy chiefs.
 34 All this hath he accomplished, yea, Indra,
 most gloriously renowned,
 Who gives our wealthy princes strength.
 35 Who drives his chariot seeking spoil, from
 afar, to him he loves:
 For swift is he to bring men wealth.
 36 The Sage who, winning spoil with steeds,
 slays Vrtra, Hero with the men,
 His servant's faithful succourer.
 37 O Priyamedhas, worship with collected mind
 this Indra whom
 The Soma hath full well inspired.
 38 Ye Kanvas, sing the Mighty One, Lord of the
 Brave, who loves renown,
 All-present, glorified by song.
 39 Strong Friend, who, with no trace of feet,
 restores the cattle to the men,
 Who rest their wish and hope on him.
 40 Shaped as a Ram, Stone-hurler I once thou
 camest hither to the son
 Of Kanva, wise Medhyatithi.
 41 Vibhindu, thou hast helped this man, giving
 him thousands four times ten,
 And afterward eight thousand more.
 42 And these twain pouring streams of milk,
 creative, daughters of delight,
 For wedlock sake I glorify.

HYMN III. Indra.

1. DRINK, Indra, of the savoury juice, and
 cheer thee with our milky draught.
 Be, for our weal, our Friend and sharer of the
 feast, and let thy wisdom guard us well.
 2 In thy kind grace and favour may we still be
 strong: expose us not to foe's attack.
 With manifold assistance guard and succour us,
 and bring us to felicity.
 3 May these my songs of praise exalt thee, Lord,
 who hast abundant wealth.
 Men skilled in holy hymns, pure, with the hues
 of fire, have sung them with their lauds to thee.
 4 He, with his might enhanced by Rsis
 thousandfold, hath like an ocean spread himself.

His majesty is praised as true at solemn rites, his
power where holy singers rule.

5 Indra for worship of the Gods, Indra while
sacrifice proceeds,

Indra, as worshippers in battle-shock, we call,
Indra that we may win the spoil.

6 With might hath Indra spread out heaven and
earth, with power hath Indra lighted up the Sun.
In Indra are all creatures closely held; in him
meet the distilling Soma-drops.

7 Men with their lauds are urging thee, Indra, to
drink the Soma first.

The Rbhus in accord have lifted up their voice,
and Rudras sung thee as the first.

8 Indra increased his manly strength at sacrifice,
in the wild rapture of this juice.

And living men to-day, even as of old, sing
forth their praises to his majesty.

9 I crave of thee that hero strength, that thou
mayst first regard this prayer,

Wherewith thou holpest Bhrgu and the Yatis
and Praskanva when the prize was staked.

10 Wherewith thou sentest mighty waters to the
sea, that, Indra, is thy manly strength.

For ever unattainable is this power of him to
whom the worlds have cried aloud.

11 Help us, O Indra, when we pray to thee for
wealth and hero might.

First help thou on to strength the man who
strives to win, and aid our laud, O Ancient One.

12 Help for us, Indra, as thou holpest Paura
once, this man's devotions bent on gain.

Help, as thou gavest Rugama and Syavaka and
Svarnara and Krpa aid.

13 What newest of imploring prayers shall,
then, the zealous mortal sing?

For have not they who laud his might, and
Indra-power won for themselves the light of
heaven?

14 When shall they keep the Law and praise
thee mid the Gods? Who counts as Rsi and as
sage?

When ever wilt thou, Indra Maghavan, come
nigh to presser's or to praiser's call?

15 These songs of ours exceeding sweet, these
hymns of praise ascend to thee,
Like ever-conquering chariots that display their
strength, gain wealth, and give unfailing aid.

16 The Bhrgus are like Suns, like Kanvas, and
have gained all that their thoughts were bent
upon.

The living men of Priyamedha's race have sung
exalting Indra with their lauds.

17 Best slayer of the Vrtras, yoke thy Bay
Steeds, Indra, from afar.

Come with the High Ones hither, Maghavan, to
us, Mighty, to drink the Soma juice.

18 For these, the bards and singers, have cried
out to thee with prayer, to gain the sacrifice.

As such, O Maghavan, Indra, who lovest song,
even as a lover bear my call.

19 Thou from the lofty plains above, O Indra,
hurledst Vrtra down.

Thou dravest forth the kine of guileful Mrgaya
and Arbuda from the mountain's hold.

20 Bright were the flaming fires, the Sun gave
forth his shine, and Soma, Indra's juice, shone
clear.

Indra, thou blewest the great Dragon from the
air - men must regard that valorous deed.

21 The fairest courser of them all, who runneth
on as 'twere to heaven.

Which Indra and the Maruts gave, and
Pakasthaman Kaurayan.

22 To me hath Pakasthaman given, a ruddy
horse, good at the pole,

Filling is girth and rousing wealth;

23 Compared with whom no other ten strong
coursers, harnessed to the pole,

Bear Tugrya to his dwelling place.

24 Raiment is body, food is life, and healing
ointment giveth strength.

As the free-handed giver of the ruddy steed, I
have named Pakasthaman fourth.

HYMN IV. Indra.

1. THOUGH, Indra, thou art called by men
eastward and westward, north and south,
Thou chiefly art with Anava and Turvasa, brave
Champion I urged by men to Come.

2 Or, Indra, when with Ruma, Rusama,
Syavaka, and Krpa thou rejoicest thee,
Still do the Kanvas, bringing praises, with their
prayers, O Indra, draw thee hither: come.

3 Even as the wild-bull, when he thirsts, goes to
the desert's watery pool,

Come hither quickly both at morning and at eve,
and with the Kanvas drink thy fill.

4 May the drops gladden thee, rich Indra, and
obtain bounty for him who pours the juice.

Soma pressed in the mortar didst thou take and
drink, and hence hast won surpassing might.

5 With mightier strength he conquered strength,
with energy he crushed their wrath.

O Indra, Strong in youth, all those who sought
the fray bent and bowed down to thee like trees.

6 He who wins promise of thine aid goes girt as
with a thousand mighty men of war.

He makes his son preeminent in hero might - he
serves with reverential prayer.

7 With thee, the Mighty, for our Friend, we will
riot fear or feel fatigue.

May we see Turvasa and Yadu: thy great deed,
O Hero, must be glorified.

8 On his left hip the Hero hath reclined himself:
the proffered feast offends him not.

The milk is blended with the honey of the bee:
quickly come hither, baste, and drink.

9 Indra, thy friend is fair of form and rich in
horses, cars, and kine.

He evermore hath food accompanied by wealth,
and radiant joins the company.

10 Come like a thirsty antelope to the drinking-
place: drink Soma to thy heart's desire.

Raining it down, O Maghavan, day after day,
thou gainest thy surpassing might.

11 Priest, let the Soma juice flow forth, for
Indra longs to drink thereof.

He even now hath yoked his vigorous Bay
Steeds: the Vrtra-slayer hath come near.

12 The man with whom thou fillest thee with
Soma deems himself a pious worshipper.

This thine appropriate food is here poured out
for thee: come, hasten forward. drink of it,

13 Press out the Soma juice, ye priests, for Indra
borne upon his car.

The pressing-stones speak loud of Indra, while
they shed the juice which, offered, honours him.

14 To the brown juice may his dear vigorous
Bay Steeds bring Indra, to our holy task.

Hither let thy Car-steeds who seek the sacrifice
bring thee to our drink-offerings.

15 Pusan, the Lord of ample wealth, for firm
alliance we elect.

May he with wisdom, Sakra! Looser! Much-
 invoked! aid us to riches and to seed.
 16 Sharpen us like a razor in the barber's hands:
 send riches thou who settest free.
 Easy to find with thee are treasures of the Dawn
 for mortal man whom thou dost speed.
 17 Pusan, I long to win thy love, I long to praise
 thee, Radiant God.
 Excellent Lord, 'tis strange to me, no wish have I
 to sing the psalm that Pajra sings.
 18 My kine, O Radiant God, seek pasture where
 they will, my during wealth, Immortal One.
 Be our protector, Pusan! be, most liberal Lord,
 propitious to our gathering strength.
 19 Rich was the gift Kurunga gave, a hundred
 steeds at morning rites.
 Among the gifts of Turvasas we thought of him,
 the opulent, the splendid King.
 20 What by his morning songs Kanva, the
 powerful, hath, with the Priyamedhas, gained-
 71 The herds of sixty thousand pure and spotless
 kine, have I, the Rsi, driven away.
 21 The very trees were joyful at my coming:
 kine they obtained in plenty, steeds in plenty.

HYMN V. Asvins.

1. WHEN, even as she were present here, red
 Dawn hath shone from far away,
 She spreadeth light on every side.
 2 Like Heroes on your will-yoked car
 farshining, Wonder-Workers! ye
 Attend, O Asvins, on the Dawn.
 3 By you, O Lords of ample wealth our songs of
 praise have been observed:
 As envoy have I brought the prayer.
 4 Kanvas must praise the Asvins dear to many,
 making many glad,
 Most rich, that they may succour us.
 5 Most liberal, best at winning strength, inciters,
 Lords of splendour who
 Visit the worshipper's abode.
 6 So for devout Sudeva dew with fatness his
 unfailing mead,

And make it rich for sacrifice.
7 Hitherward running speedily with horses, as
with rapid hawks,
Come, Asvins, to our song of praise
8 Wherewith the three wide distances, and all
the lights that are in heaven.
Ye traverse, and three times of night.
9 O Finders of the Day, that we may win us
food of kine and wealth,
Open the paths for us to tread.
10 O Asvins, bring us wealth in kine, in noble
heroes, and in cars:
Bring us the strength that horses give.
11 Ye Lords of splendour, glorified, ye Wonder-
Workers borne on paths
Of gold, drink sweets with Somajuice.
12 To us, ye Lords of ample wealth, and to our
wealth chiefs extend
Wide shelter, ne'er to be assailed.
13 Come quickly downward to the prayer of
people whom ye favour most:
Approach not unto other folk.
14 Ye Asvins whom our minds perceive, drink
of this lovely gladdening draught,
The meath which we present to you.
15 Bring riches hither unto us in hundreds and
in thousands, source
Of plenteous food, sustaining all.
16 Verily sages call on you, ye Heroes, in full
many a place.
Moved by the priests, O Asvins, conic.
17 Men who have trimmed the sacred grass,
bringing oblations and prepared,
O Asvins, are invoking you.
18 May this our hymn of praise to-day, most
powerful to bring you, be,
O Asvins, nearest to your hearts.
19 The skin filled full of savoury meath, laid in
the pathway of your car-
O Asvins, drink ye both therefrom.
20 For this, ye Lords of ample wealth, bring
blessing for our herd, our kine,
Our progeny, and plenteous food.
21 Ye too uncloset to us like doors the
strengthening waters of the sky,
And rivers, ye who find the day.
22 When did the son of Tugra serve you, Men?
Abandoned in the sea,

That with winged steeds your car might fly.
23 Ye, O Nasatyas, ministered to Kanva with
repeated aid,
When cast into the heated pit.
24 Come near with those most recent aids of
yours which merit eulogy,
When I invoke you, Wealthy Gods.
25 As ye protected Kanva erst, Priyamedha and
Upastuta,
Atri, Sinjara, Asvins Twain
26 And Amsu in decisive fight, Agastya in the
fray for kine.
And, in his battles, Sobhari.
27 For so much bliss, or even more, O Asvins,
Wealthy Gods, than this,
We pray white singing hymns to you.
28 Ascend your car with golden seat, O Asvins,
and with reins of gold,
That reaches even to the sky.
29 Golden is its supporting shaft, the axle also is
of gold,
And both the wheels are made of gold.
30 Thereon, ye Lords of ample wealth, come to
us even from afar,
Come ye to this mine eulogy.
31 From far away ye come to us, Asvins,
enjoying plenteous food
Of Dasas, O Immortal Ones.
32 With splendour, riches, and renown, O
Asvins, hither come to us,
Nasatyas, shining brilliantly.
33 May dappled horses, steeds who fly with
pinions, bring you hitherward
To people skilled in sacrifice.
34 The whcel delayeth not that car of yours
accompanied by song,
That cometh with a store of food.
35 Borne on that chariot wrought of gold, with
coursers very fleet of foot,
Come, O Nasatyas, swift as thought.
36 O Wealthy Gods, ye taste and find the brisk
and watchful wild beast good.
Associate wealth with food for us.
37 As such, O Asvins, find for me my share of
new-presented gifts,
As Kasu, Cedi's son, gave me a hundred head of
buffaloes, and ten thousand kine.
38 He who hath given me for mine own ten

Kings like gold to look upon.
At Caidya's feet are all the people round about,
all those who think upon the shield.
39 No man, not any, goes upon the path on
which the Cedis walk.
No other prince, no folk is held more liberal of
gifts than they.

HYMN VI Indra

1. INDRA, great in his power and might, and
like Parjanya rich in rain,
Is magnified by Vatsa's lauds.
2 When the priests, strengthening the Son of
Holy Law, present their gifts,
Singers with Order's hymn of praiser.
3 Since Kanvas with their lauds have made
Indra complete the sacrifice.
Words are their own appropriate arms.
4 Before his hot displeasure all the peoples, all
the men, bow down,
As rivers bow them to the sea.
5 This power of his shone brightly forth when
Indra brought together, like
A skin, the worlds of heaven and earth.
6 The fiercely-moving Vrtra's head he severed
with his thunderbolt,
His mighty hundred-knotted bolt.
7 Here are-we sing them loudly forth-our
thoughts among-the best of songs.
Even lightnings like the blaze of fire.
8 When bidden thoughts, spontaneously
advancing, glow, and with the stream
Of sacrifice the Kanvas shine.
9 Indra, may we obtain that wealth in horses and
in herds of cows,
And prayer that may be noticed first.
10 I from my Father have received deep
knowledge of the Holy Law
I was born like unto the Sun.
11 After the lore of ancient time I make, like
Kanva, beauteous songs,
And Indra's selfgains strength thereby.
12 Whatever Rsis have not praised thee, Indra,
or have lauded thee,
By me exalted wax thou strong.
13 When his wrath thundered, when he rent
Vrtra to pieces, limb by limb,
He sent the waters to the sea.

14 Against the Dasyu gusna thou, Indra, didst
hurl thy during bolt:
Thou, Dread one, hast a hero's fame.
15 Neither the heavens nor firmaments nor
regions of the earth contain
Indra, the Thunderer with his might.
16 O Indra him who lay at length staying thy
copious waters thou,
In his own footsteps, smotest down
17 Thou hiddest deep in darkness itim, O Indra,
who had set his grasp
On spacious heaven and earth conjoined.
18 Indra, whatever Yatis and Bhrgus have
offered praise to thee,
Listen, thou Mighty, to my call.
19 Indra, these spotted cows yield thee their
butter and the milky draught;
Aiders, thereby, of sacrifice;
20 Which, teeming, have received thee as a life-
germ, Indra, with their mouth,
Like Surya who sustaineth all.
21 O Lord of Might, with hymns of praise the
Kanvas have increased thy power,
The drops poured forth have strengthened thee.
22 Under thy guidance, Indra, mid thy praises,
Lord of Thunder, shall
The sacrifice be soon performed.
23 Indra, disclose much food for us, like a
stronghold with store of kine:
Give progeny and heroic strength.
24 And, Indra, grant us all that wealth of fleet
steeds which shone bright of old
Among the tribes of Nahusas.
25 Hither thou seemest to attract heaven's fold
which shines before our eyes,
When, Indra, thou art kind to us.
26 Yea, when thou puttest forth thy power,
Indra, thou governest the folk.
Mighty, unlimited in strength.
27 The tribes who bring oblations call to thee, to
thee to give them help,
With drops to thee who spreadest far.
28 There where the mountains downward slope,
there by the meeting of the streams
The Sage was manifest with song.
29 Thence, marking, from his lofty place
downward he looks upon the sea,
And thence with rapid stir he moves.

30 Then, verify, they see the light refulgent of
primeval seed,
Kindled on yonder side of heaven.
31 Indra, the Kanvas all exalt thy wisdom and
thy manly power,
And, Mightiest! thine heroic strength.
32 Accept this eulogy of mine, Indra, and guard
me carefully:
Strengthen my thought and prosper it.
33 For thee, O Mighty, Thunder-armed, we
singers through devotion have
Fashioned the hymn that we may live.
34 To Indra have the Kanvas sung, like waters
speeding down a slope:
The song is fain to go to him.
35 As rivers swell the ocean, so our hymns of
praise make Indra strong,
Eternal, of resistless wrath.
36 Come with thy lovely Bay Steeds, come to
us from regions far away
O Indra, drink this Soma juice.
37 Best slayer of Vrtras, men whose sacred
grass is ready trimmed
Invoke thee for the gain of spoil.
38 The heavens and earth come after thee as the
wheel follows Etasa:
To thee flow Sorna-drops effused.
39 Rejoice, O Indra, in the light, rejoice in
Saryandyan, be Glad in the sacrificer's hymn.
40 Grown strong in heaven, the Thunder-armed
hath bellowed, Vrtra-slayer, Bull,
Chief drinker of the Soma juice.
41 Thou art a Rsi born of old, sole Ruler over
all by might:
Thou, Indra, guardest well our wealth.
42 May thy Bay Steeds with beauteous backs, a
hundred, bring thee to the feast,
Bring thee to these our Soma-draughts.
43 The Kanvas with their hymns of praise have
magnified this ancient thought
That swells with streams of meath and oil.
44 Mid mightiest Gods let mortal man choose
Indra at the sacrifice,
Indra, whome'er would win, for help.
45 Thy steeds, by Priyamedhas praised, shall
bring thee, God whom all invoke,
Hither to drink the Somajuce.
46 A hundred thousand have I gained from

Parsu, from Tirindira,
And presents of the Yadavas.
47 Ten thousand head of kine, and steeds three
times a hundred they bestowed
On Pajra for the Sama-song.
48 Kakuha hath reached up to heaven,
bestowing buffaloes yoked in fours,
And matched in fame the Yadavas.

HYMN VII. Maruts.

1. O MARUTS, when the sage hath poured the
Trstup forth as food for you,
Ye shine amid the mountain-clouds.
2 When, Bright Ones, fain to show your might
ye have determined on your course,
The mountain-clouds have bent them down.
3 Loud roaring with the winds the Sons of Prsni
have upraised themselves:
They have poured out the streaming food.
4 The Maruts spread the mist abroad and make
mountains rock and reel,
When with the winds they go their way
5 What time the rivers and the hills before your
coming bowed them down,
So to sustain your mighty force.
6 We call on you for aid by night, on you for
succour in the day,
On you while sacrifice proceeds.
7 These, verily, wondrous, red of hue, speed on
their courses with a roar
Over the ridges of the sky.
8 With might they drop the loosened rein so that
the Sun may run his course,
And spread themselves with beams of light.
9 Accept, ye Maruts, this my song, accept ye
this mine hymn of praise,
Accept, Rbhuksans, this my call.
10 The dappled Cows have poured three lakes,
meath for the Thunder-wielding God,
From the great cask, the watery cloud.
11 O Maruts, quickly come to us when, longing
for felicity,
We call you hither from the sky.
12 For, Rudras and Rbhuksans, ye, Most
Bountiful, are in the house,
Wise when the gladdening draught is drunk.
13 O Maruts, send us down from heaven riches
distilling rapturous joy,

With plenteous food, sustaining all.
14 When, Bright Ones, hither from the hills ye
have resolved to take your way,
Ye revel in the drops effused.
15 Man should solicit with his lauds happiness
which belongs to them,
So great a band invincible.
16 They who like fiery sparks with showers of
rain blow through the heaven and earth,
Milking the spring that never fails.
17 With chariots and tumultuous roar, with
tempests and with hymns of praise
The Sons of Prsni hurry forth.
18 For wealth, we think of that whereby ye
aided Yadu, Turvasa,
And KanVa who obtained the spoil.
19 May these our viands Bounteous Ones I that
flow in streams like holy oil,
With Kanva's hymns, increase your might.
20 Where, Bounteous Lords for whom the grass
is trimmed, are ye rejoicing now?
What Brahman is adoring you?
21 Is it not there where ye of old, supplied with
sacred grass, for lauds
Inspired the strong in sacrifice?
22 They brought together both the worlds, the
mighty waters, and the Sun,
And, joint by joint, the thunderbolt.
23 They sundered Vrtra limb from limb and
split the gloomy mountain-clouds,
Performing a heroic deed.
24 They reinforced the power and strength of
Trita as he fought, and helped
Indra in battle with the foe.
25 They deck themselves for glory, bright,
celestial, lightning in their hands,
And helms of gold upon their heads.
26 When eagerly ye from far away came to the
cavern of the Bull,
He bellowed in his fear like Heaven.
27 Borne by your golden-footed steeds, O Gods,
come hither to receive
The sacrifice we offer you.
28 When the red leader draws along their
spotted deer yoked to the car.
The Bright Ones come, and shed the rain.
29 Susoma, Saryakiavan, and Arjika full of
homes, have they.

These Heroes, sought with downward car.
 30 When, Maruts, ye come to him, the singer
 who invokes you thus,
 With favours to your suppliant?
 31 What now? where have ye still a friend since
 ye left Indra all alone?
 Who counteth on your friendship now?
 32 The Kanvas sing forth Agni's praise together
 with our Maruts' who
 Wield thunder and wear swords of gold.
 33 Hither for new felicity may I attract the
 Impetuous Ones,
 The Heroes with their wondrous strength
 34 Before them sink the very hills deerning
 themselves abysses: yea,
 Even the mountains bend them down.
 35 Steeds flying on their tortuous path through
 mid-air carry them, and give
 The man who lauds them strength and life.
 36 Agni was born the first of all, like Surya
 lovely with his light:
 With lustre these have spread abroad.

HYMN VIII. Asvins.

1. WITH all the succours that are yours, O
 Asvins, hither come to us:
 Wonderful, borne on paths of gold, drink ye the
 meath with Soma juice.
 2 Come now, ye Asvins, on your car decked
 with a sun-bright canopy,
 Bountiful, with your golden forms, Sages with
 depth of intellect.
 3 Come hither from the Nahusas, come, drawn
 by pure hymns, from mid-air.
 O Asvins, drink the savoury juice shed in the
 Kanvas' sacrifice.
 4 Come to us hither from the heavens, come
 from mid-air, well-loved by us:
 Here Kanva's son hath pressed for you the
 pleasant meath of Soma juice.
 5 Come, Asvins, to give car to us, to drink the
 Soma, Asvins, come.
 Hail, Strengtheners of the praise-song speed
 onward, ye Heroes, with your thoughts.
 6 As, Heroes, in the olden time the Rsis called
 you to their aid,

So now, O Asvins, come to us, come near to this mine eulogy.

7 Even from the luminous sphere of heaven come to us, ye who find the light, Carers for Vatsa, through our prayers and lauds, O ye who hear our call.

8 Do others more than we adore the Asvins with their hymns of praise?

The Rsi Vatsa, Kanva's son, hath magnified you with his songs.

9 The holy singer with his hymns hath called you, Asvins, hither-ward; Best Vrtra-slayers, free from stain, as such bring us felicity.

10 What time, ye Lords of ample wealth, the Lady mounted on your car, Then, O ye Asvins, ye attained all wishes that your hearts desired.

11 Come thence, O Asvins, on your car that hath a thousand ornaments:

Vatsa the sage, the sage's son, hath sung a song of sweets to you.

12 Cheerers of many, rich in goods, discoverers of opulence,

The Asvins, Riders through the sky, have welcomed this my song of praise.

13 O Asvins, grant us all rich gifts wherewith no man may interfere.

Make us observe the stated times: give us not over to reproach.

14 Whether, Nasatyas, ye be nigh, or whether ye be far away,

Come thence, O Asvins, on your car that hath a thousand ornaments.

15 Vatsa the Rsi with his songs, Nasatyas, hath exalted you:

Grant him rich food distilling oil, graced with a thousand ornaments.

16 Bestow on him, O Asvins, food that strengthens, and that drops with oil,

On him who praises you for bliss, and, Lords of bounty, prays for wealth.

17 Come to us, ye who slay the foe, Lords of rich treasure, to this hymn.

O Heroes, give us high renown and these good things of earth for help.

18 The Priyamedhas have invoked you with all succours that are yours,

You, Asvins, Lords of solemn rites, with calls
entreating you to come.

19 Come to us, Asvins, ye Who bring felicity,
auspicious Ones,

To Vatsa who with prayer and hymn, lovers of
song, hath honoured you.

20 Aid us, O Heroes, for those hymns for which
ye helped GoSarya erst,

Gave Vasa, Dasavraja aid, and Kanva and
Medhatithi:

21 And favoured Trasadasyu, ye Heroes, in
spoil-deciding fray:

For these, O Asvins, graciously assist us in
acquiring strength.

22 O Asvins, may pure hymns of ours, and
songs and praises, honour you:

Best slayers everywhere of foes, as such we
fondly yearn for you.

23 Three places of the Asvins, erst concealed,
are made apparent now.

Both Sages, with the flight of Law come hither
unto those who live.

HYMN IX. Asvins.

1. To help and favour Vatsa now, O Asvins,
come ye hitherward.

Bestow on him a dwelling spacious and secure,
and keep malignities away.

2 All manliness that is in heaven, with the Five
Tribes, or in mid-air,

Bestow, ye Asvins, upon us.

3 Remember Kanva first of all among the
singers, Asvins, who

Have thought upon your wondrous deeds.

4 Asvins, for you with song of praise this hot
oblation is effused,

This your sweet Soma juice, ye Lords of ample
wealth, through which ye think upon the foe.

5 Whatever ye have done in floods, in the tree,
Wonder-Workers, and in growing plants,

Therewith, O Asvins, succour me.

6 What force, Nasatyas, ye exert, whatever,
Gods, ye tend and heal,

This your own Vatsa gains not by his hymns
alone: ye visit him who offers gifts.

7 Now hath the Rsi splendidly thought out the
Asvins' hymn of praise.

Let the Atharvan pour the warm oblation forth,

and Soma very rich in sweets.
 8 Ye Asvins, now ascend your car that lightly
 rolls upon its way.
 May these my praises make you speed
 hitherward like a cloud of heaven.
 9 When, O Nasatyas, we this day make you
 speed hither with our hymns,
 Or, Asvins, with our songs of praise, remember
 Kanya specially.
 10 As erst Kaksivan and the Rsi Vyasva, as erst
 Dirghatamas invoked your presence,
 Or, in the sacrificial chambers, Vainya Prthi, so
 be ye mindful of us here, O Asvins.
 11 Come as home-guardians, saving us from
 foemen, guarding our living creatures and our
 bodies,
 Come to the house to give us seed and
 offspring,
 12 Whether with Indra ye be faring, Asvins, or
 resting in one dwelling-place with Vayu,
 In concord with the Rbhus or Adityas, or
 standing still in Visnu's striding-places.
 13 When I, O Asvins, call on you to-day that I
 may gather strength,
 Or as all-conquering might in war, be that the
 Asvins' noblest grace.
 14 Now come, ye Asvins, hitherward: here are
 oblations set for you;
 These Soma-draughts to aid Yadu and
 Turvasa, these offered you mid Kaniva's Sons.
 15 Whatever healing balm is yours, Nisatyas,
 near or far away,
 Therewith, great Sages, grant a home to Vatsa
 and to Vimada.
 16 Together with the Goddess, with the Asvins'
 Speech have I awoke.
 Thou, Goddess, hast disclosed the hymn, and
 holy gift from mortal men.
 17 Awake the Asvins, Goddess Dawn! Up
 Mighty Lady of sweet strains!
 Rise, straightway, priest of sacrifice! High glory
 to the gladdening draught!
 18 Thou, Dawn, approaching with thy light
 shinest together with the Sun,
 And to this man-protecting home the chariot
 of the Asvins comes.
 19 When yellow stalks give forth the juice, as
 cows from udders pour their milk,

And voices sound the song of praise, the Asvins'
worshippers show first.

20 Forward for glory and for strength,
protection that shall conquer men,
And power and skill, most sapient Ones!

21 When Asvins, worthy of our lauds, ye seat
you in the father's house.
With wisdom or the bliss ye bring.

HYMN X. Asvins.

1. WHETHER ye travel far away or dwell in
yonder light of heaven,
Or in a mansion that is built above the sea, come
thence, ye Asvins, hitherward.

2 Or if for Manu, ye prepared the sacrifice,
remember also Kanva's son.

I call Brhaspati, Indra, Visnu, all the gods, the
Asvins borne by rapid steeds.

3 Those Asvins I invoke who work marvels,
brought hither to receive,
With whom our friendship is most famed, and
kinship passing that of Gods.

4 On whom the solemn rites depend, whose
worshippers rise without the Sun:
These who foreknow the holy work of sacrifice,
and by their Godhead drink the sweets of Soma
juice.

5 Whether ye, Lords of ample wealth, now
linger in the east or west,
With Druhyu, or with Anu, Yadu, Turvaga, I
call you hither; come to me.

6 Lords of great riches, whether through the
firmament ye fly or speed through heaven and
earth,
Or with your Godlike natures stand upon your
cars, come thence, O Asvins, hitherward.

HYMN XI. Agni.

1. THOU Agni, God mid mortal men, art guard
of sacred rites, thou art
To be adored at sacrifice.

2 O Mighty Agni, thou must be glorified at our
festivals,
Bearing our offerings to the Gods.

3 O Jatavedas Agni, fight and drive our foes
afar from us,
Them and their godless enmities.

4 Thou, Jatavedas, seekest not the worship of a
hostile man,

However nigh it be to thee.
5 We sages, mortals as we are, adore the mighty
name of thee,
Immortal Jatavedas' name.
6 Sages, we call the Sage to help, mortals, we
call the God to aid:
We call on Agni with our songs.
7 May Vatsa draw- thy mind away even from
thy loftiest dwelling-place,
Agni, with song that yearns for thee.
8 Thou art the same in many a place: mid all the
people thou art Lord.
In fray and fight we call on thee.
9 When we are seeking strength we call Agni to
help us in the strife,
The giver of rich gifts in war.
10 Ancient, adorable at sacrifices, Priest from
of old, meet for our praise, thou sittest.
Fill full and satisfy thy body, Agni, and win us
happiness by offering worship.

HYMN XII. Indra.

1. JOY, Mightiest Indra, known and marked,
sprung most from Soma-draughts, wherewith
Thou smitest down the greedy fiend, for that we
long.
2 Wherewith thou bolpest Adhrigu, the great
Dasagva, and the God
Who stirs the sunlight, and the sea, for that we
long.
3 Wherewith thou dravest forth like cars Sindhu
and all the mighty floods
To go the way ordained by Law, for that we
long.
4 Accept this laud for aid, made pure like oil,
thou Caster of the Stone,
Whereby even in a moment thou hast waxen
great.
5 Be pleased, Song-lover, with this song it flows
abundant like the sea.
Indra, with all thy succours thou hast waxen
great.
6 The God who from afar hath sent gifts to
maintain our friendship's bond,
Thou, spreading them like rain from heaven,
hast waxen great.
7 The beams that mark him have grown strong,
the thunder rests between his arms,

When, like the Sun, he hath increased both
Heaven and Earth.

8 When, Mighty Lord of Heroes, thou didst cat
a thousand buffaloes,
Then grew and waxed exceeding great thine
Indra-power.

9 Indra consumeth with the rays of Surya the
malicious man:

Like Agni conquering the woods, he hath grown
strong.

10 This newest thought of ours that suits the
time approaches unto thee:

Serving, beloved in many a place it metes and
marks.

11 The pious germ of sacrifice directly purifies
the soul.

By Indra's lauds it waxes great, it metes and
marks.

12 Indra who wins the friend hath spread
himself to drink the Soma-draught:

Like worshipper's dilating praise; it metes and
marks.

13 He whom the sages, living men, have
gladdened, offering up their hymns,
Hath swelled like oil of sacrifice in Agni's
mouth.

14 Aditi also hath brought forth a hymn for
Indra, Sovran Lord:

The work of sacrifice for help is glorified.

15 The ministering priests have sung their songs
for aid and eulogy:

God, thy Bays turn not from the rite which Law
ordains.

16 If, Indra, thou drink Soma by Visnu's or Trta
Aptya's side,

Or with the Maruts take delight in flowing
drops;

17 Or, Sakra, if thou gladden thee afar or in the
sea of air,

Rejoice thee in this juice of ours, in flowing
drops.

18 Or, Lord of Heroes if thou aid the
worshipper who shed; the, juice,

Or him whose laud delights thee, and his
flowing drops.

19 To magnify the God, the God, Indra, yea,
Indra for your help,

And promptly end the sacrifice-this have they

gained.

20 With worship, him whom men adore, with
Soma, him who drinks it most,
Indra with lauds have they increased this have
they gained.

21 His leadings are with power and might and
his instructions manifold:
He gives the worshipper all wealth: this have
they gained.

22 For slaying Vrtra have the Gods set Indra in
the foremost place.
Indra the choral bands have sung, for vigorous
strength.

23 We to the Mighty with our might, with lauds
to him who hears our call,
With holy hymns have sung aloud, for vigorous
strength.

24 Not earth, nor heaven, nor firmaments
contain the Thunder-wielding God:
They shake before his violent rush and vigorous
strength.

25 What time the Gods, O Indra, get thee
foremost in the furious fight,
Then thy two beautiful Bay Steeds carried thee
on.

26 When Vrtra, stayer of the floods, thou siest,
Thundeicr with might,
Then thy two beautiful Bay Steeds carried thee
on.

27 When Visnu, through thine energy, strode
wide those three great steps of his,
Then thy two beautiful Bay Steeds carried thee
on.

28 When thy two beautiful Bay Steeds grew
great and greater day by day,
Even then all creatures that had life bowed
down to thee.

29 When, Indra, all the Marut folk humbly
submitted them to thee,
Even then all creatures that had life bowed
down to thee.

30 When yonder Sun, that brilliant light, thou
settest in the heaven above,
Even then all creatures that had life bowed
down to thee.

31 To thee, O Indra, with this thought the sage
lifts up this eulogy,
Akin and leading as on foot to sacrifice.

32 When in thine own dear dwelling all
gathered have lifted up the voice
Milk-streams at worship's central spot, for
sacrifice,
33 As Priest, O Indra, give us wealth in brave
men and good steeds ana kine
That we may first remember thee for sacrifice.

HYMN XIII. Indra.

1. INDRA, when Soma juices flow, makes his
mind pure and meet for lauds.
He gains the power that brings success, for great
is he.
2 In heaven's first region, in the seat of Gods, is
he who brings success,
Most glorious, prompt to save, who wins the
water-floods.
3 Him, to win strength, have I invoked, even
Indra mighty for the fray.
Be thou most near to us for bliss, a Friend to
aid.
4 Indra, Song-lover, here for thee the
worshipper's libation flows.
Rejoicing in this sacred grass thou shinest forth.
5 Even now, O Indra, give us that which,
pressing juice, we crave of thee.
Bring us wealth manifold which finds the light
of heaven.
6 What time the zealous worshipper hath boldly
sung his songs to thee,
Like branches of a tree up-grows what they
desire.
7 Generate songs even as of old, give ear unto
the singer's call.
Thou for the pious hast grown great at each
carouse.
8 Sweet strains that glorify him play like waters
speeding down a slope,
Yea, him who in this song is called the Lord of
Heaven;
9 Yea, who alone is called the Lord, the single
Ruler of the folk,
By worshippers seeking aid: may he joy in the
draught.
10 Praise him, the Glorious, skilled in song,
Lord of the two victorious Bays:
They seek the worshipper's abode who bows in

prayer.

11 Put forth thy strength: with dappled Steeds
come, thou of mighty intellect,
With swift Steeds to the sacrifice, for 'tis thy
joy.

12 Grant wealth to those who praise thee, Lord
of Heroes, Mightiest Indra: give
Our princes everlasting fame and opulence.

13 I call thee when the Sun is risen, I call thee at
the noon of day:

With thy car-horses, Indra, come wellpleased to
us.

14 Speed forward hither, come to us, rejoice
thee in the milky draught:

Spin out the thread of ancient time, as well is
known.

15 If, Sakra, Vrtra-slayer, thou be far away or
near to us.

Or in the sea, thou art the guard of Soma juice.

16 Let songs we sing and Soma-drops expressed
by us make Indra strong:

The tribes who bring oblations find delight in
him.

17 Him sages longing for his aid, with offerings
brought in eager haste,

Him, even as branches, all mankind have made
to grow.

18 At the Trkadrukas the Gods span sacrifice
that stirred the mind:

May our songs strengthen him who still hath
strengthened us.

19 When, true to duty, at due times the
worshipper offers lauds to thee,

They call him Purifier, Pure, and Wonderful.

20 That mind of Rudra, fresh and strong, moves
conscious in the ancient ways,

With reference whereto the wise have ordered
this.

21 If thou elect to be my Friend drink of this
sacrificial juice,

By help whereof we may subdue all enemies.

22 O Indra, Lover of the song, when shall thy
praiser be most blest?

When wilt thou grant us wealth in herds of kine
and steeds?

23 And thy two highly-lauded Bays, strong
stallions, draw thy car who art

Untouched by age, most gladdening car for

which we pray.
 24 With ancient offerings we implore the Young
 and Strong whom many praise.
 He from of old hath sat upon dear sacred grass.
 25 Wax mighty, thou whom many laud for aids
 which Rsis have extolled.
 Pour down for us abundant food and guard us
 well.
 26 O Indra, Caster of the Stone, thou helpest
 him who praises thee:
 From sacrifice I send to thee a mindyoked
 hymn.
 27 Here, yoking for the Soma-draught these
 Horses, sharers of thy feast,
 Thy Bay Steeds, Indra, fraught with weal tb,
 consent to come.
 28 Attendants on thy glory, let the Rudras roar
 assent to thee,
 And all the Marut companies come to the feast.
 29 These his victorious followers bold in the
 heavens the place they love,
 Leagued in the heart of sacrifice, as well we
 know.
 30 That we may long behold the light, what
 time the ordered rite proceeds,
 He duly measures, as he views, the sacrifice.
 31 O Indra, strong is this thy car, and strong are
 these Bay Steeds of thine:
 O Satakratu, thou art strong, strong is our call.
 32 Strong is the press-stone, strong thy joy,
 strong is the flowing Soma juice:
 Strong is the rite thou furtherest, strong is our
 call.
 33 As strong I call on thee the Strong, O
 Thunderer with thy thousand aids:
 For thou hast won the hymn of praise. Strong is
 our call.

HYMN XIV. Indra.

1. IF I, O Indra, were, like thee, the single
 Sovran of all wealth,
 My worshipper should be rich in kine.
 2 I should be fain, O Lord of Power, to
 strengthen and enrich the sage,
 Were I the Lord of herds of kine.
 3 To worshippers who press the juice thy
 goodness, Indra, is a cow
 Yielding in plenty kine and steeds.

4 None is there, Indra, God or man, to hinder
thy munificence,
The wealth which, lauded, thou wilt give.
5 The sacrifice made Indra strong when he
unrolled the earth, and made
Himself a diadem in heaven.
6 Thine aid we claim, O Indra, thine who after
thou hast waxen great
Hast won all treasures for thine own.
7 In Soma's ecstasy Indra spread the firmament
and realms of light,
When he cleft Vala limb from limb.
8 Showing the hidden he drave forth the cows
for the Angirases,
And Vala he cast headlong down.
9 By Indra were the lumirious realms of heaven
established and secured,
Firm and immovable from their place.
10 Indra, thy laud moves quickly like a joyous
wave of water-floods:
Bright shine the drops that gladden thee.
11 For thou, O Indra, art the God whom hymns
and praises magnify:
Thou blessest those who worship thee.
12 Let the two long-maned Bay Steeds bring
Indra to drink the Soma juice,
The Bountiful to our sacrifice.
13 With waters' foam thou torest off, Indra, the
head of Namuci,
Subduing all contending hosts.
14 The Dasyus, when they fain would climb
by magic arts and mount to heaven,
Thou, Indra, castest down to earth.
15 As Soma-drinker conquering all, thou
scatteredst to every side
Their settlement who poured no gifts.

HYMN XV. Indra.

1. SING forth to him whom many men invoke,
to him whom many laud.
Invite the powerful Indra with your songs of
praise.
2 Whose lofty might-for doubly strong is he-
supports the heavens and earth,
And hills and plains and floods and light with
manly power.
3 Such, Praised by many! thou art King alone
thou smitest Vrtras dead,

To gain, O Indra, spoils of war and high
renown.

4 We sing this strong and wild delight of thine
which conquers in the fray,

Which, Caster of the Stone! gives room and
shines like gold.

5 Wherewith thou also foundest lights for Ayu
and for Manu's sake:

Now joying in this sacred grass thou beamest
forth.

6 This day too singers of the hymn praise, as of
old, this might of thine:

Win thou the waters day by day, thralls of the
strong.

7 That lofty Indra-power of thine, thy strength
and thine intelligence,

Thy thunderbolt for which we long, the wish
makes keen.

8 O Indra, Heaven and Earth augment thy manly
power and thy renown;

The waters and thy mountains stir and urge thee
on.

9 Visnu the lofty ruling Power, Varuna, Mitra
sing thy praise:

In thee the Marut³' company have great delight.

10 O Indra, thou wast born the Lord of men,
most liberal of thy gifts:

Excellent deeds for evermore are all thine own.

11 Ever, alone, O highly-praised, thou sendest
Vrtras to their rest:

None else than Indra executes the mighty deed.

12 Though here and there, in varied hymns,

Indra, men call on thee for aid,

Still with our heroes fight and win the light of
heaven.

13 Already have all forms of him entered our
spacious dwelling-place:

For victory stir thou Indra, up, the Lord of
Might.

HYMN XVI. Indra.

1. PRAISE Indra whom our songs must laud,
sole Sovran of mankind, the Chief

Most liberal who controlleth men.

2 In whom the hymns of praise delight, and all
the glory-giving songs.

Like the floods' longing for the sea.

3 Him I invite with eulogy, best King, effective

in the fight,
Strong for the gain of mighty spoil.
4 Whose perfect ecstasies are wide, profound,
victorious, and give
joy in the field where heroes win.
5 Him, when the spoils of war are staked, men
call to be their advocate:
They who have Indra win the day.
6 Men honour him with stirring songs and
magnify with solemn rites:
Indra is he who giveth ease.
7 Indra is priest and Rsi, he is much invoked by
many men,
And mighty by his mighty powers.
8 Meet to be lauded and invoked, true Hero with
his deeds of might,
Victorious even when alone.
9 The men, the people magnify that Indra with
their Slina. songs,
With hymns and sacred eulogies
10 Him who advances them to wealth, sends
light to lead them in the war,
And quells their foemen in the fray.
11 May he, the saviour much-invoked, may
Indra bear us in a ship
Safely beyond all enemies.
12 As such, O Indra, honour us with gifts of
booty, further us,
And lead us to felicity.

HYMN XVII Indra.

1. COME, we have pressed the juice for thee; O
Indra, drink this Soma here
Sit thou on this my sacred grass.
2 O Indra, let thy long-maned Bays, yoked by
prayer, bring thee hitherward
Give ear and listen to our prayers.
3 We Soma-bearing Brahmans call thee Soma-
drinker with thy friend,
We, Indra, bringing Soma juice.
4 Come unto us who bring the juice, come unto
this our eulogy,
Fair-visored! drink thou of the juice.
5 I pour it down within thee, so through all thy
members let it spread:
Take with thy tongue the pleasant drink.
6 Sweet to thy body let it be, delicious be the
savoury juice:

Sweet be the Soma to thine heart.
 7 Like women, let this Soma-draught, invested
 with its robe, approach,
 O active Indra, close to thee.
 8 Indra, transported with the juice, vast in his
 bulk, strong in his neck
 And stout arms, smites the Vrtras down.
 9 O Indra, go thou forward, thou who rulest
 over all by might:
 Thou Vrtra-slayer slay the fiends,
 10 Long be thy grasping-hook wherewith thou
 givest ample wealth to him
 Who sheds the juice and worships thee.
 11 Here, Indra, is thy Soma-draught, made pure
 upon the sacred grass:
 Run hither, come and drink thereof.
 12 Famed for thy radiance, worshipped well this
 juice is shed for thy delight
 Thou art invoked, Akhandala!
 13 To Kundapayya, grandson's son, grandson of
 Srngavrs! to thee,
 To him have I addressed my thought.
 14 Strong pillar thou, Lord of the home armour
 of Soma-offerers:
 The drop of Soma breaketh all the strongholds
 down, and Indra is the Rsis' Friend.
 15 Holy Prdikusanu, winner of the spoil, one
 eminent o'er many men,
 Lead on the wild horse Indra with his vigorous
 grasp forward to drink the Soma juice.

HYMN XVIII. Adityas.

1. Now let the mortal offer prayer to win the
 unexampled grace
 Of these Adityas and their aid to cherish life.
 2 For not an enemy molests the paths which
 these Adityas tread:
 Infallible guards, they strengthen us in
 happiness.
 3 Now soon may Bhaga, Savitar, Varuna, Mitra,
 Aryaman
 Give us the shelter widely spread which we
 implore.
 4 With Gods come thou whose fostering care
 none checks, O Goddesss Aditi:
 Come, dear to many, with the Lords who guard
 us well.

5 For well these Sons of Aditi know to keep
enmities aloof,
Unrivalled, giving ample room, they save from
woe.

6 Aditi guard our herd by day, Aditi, free from
guile, by night,
Aditi, ever strengthening, save us from grief!
7 And in the day our hymn is this: May Aditi
come nigh to help,
With loving-kindness bring us weal and chase
our foes.

8 And may the Asvins, the divine Pair of
Physicians, send us health:
May they remove iniquity and chase our foes.
9 May Agni bless us with his fires, and Surya
warm us pleasantly:
May the pure Wind breathe sweet on us, and
chase our foes.

10 Drive ye disease and strife away, drive ye
away malignity:
Adityas, keep us ever far from sore distress.
11 Remove from us the arrow, keep famine,
Adityas! far away:
Keep enmities afar from us, Lords of all wealth!
12 Now, O Adityas, grant to us the shelter that
lets man go free,
Yea, even the sinner from his sin, ye Bounteous
Gods!

13 Whatever mortal with the power of demons
fain would injure us,
May he, impetuous, suffer harm by his own
deeds.

14 May sin o'ertake our human foe, the man
who speaketh evil thing,
Him who would cause our misery, whose heart
is false.

15 Gods, ye are with the simple ones, ye know
each mortal in your hearts;
Ye, Vasus, well discriminate the false and true.
16 Fain would we have the sheltering aid of
mountains and of water-floods:

Keep far from us iniquity, O Heaven and Earth.
17 So with auspicious sheltering aid do ye, O
Vasus, carry us
Beyond all trouble and distress, borne in your
ship.

18 Adityas, ye Most Mighty Ones, grant to our
children and their seed

Extended term of life that they may live long days.

19 Sacrifice, O Adityas, is your inward monitor: be kind,

For in the bond of kindred we are bound to you.

20 The Maruts' high protecting aid, the Asvins, and the God who saves,

Mitra and Varuna for weal we supplicate.

21 Grant us a home with triple guard, Aryaman, Mitra, Varuna!

Unthreatened, Maruts! meet for praise, and filled with men.

22 And as we human beings, O Adityas, are akin to death,

Graciously lengthen ye our lives that we may live.

HYMN XIX. Agni.

1. SING praise to hiin, the Lord of Light. The Gods have made the God to be their messenger, And sent oblation to Gods.

2 Agni, the Bounteous Giver, bright with varied flames, laud thou, O singer Sobhari-

Him who controls this sacred food with Soma blent, who hath first claim to sacrifice.

3 Thee have we chosen skilftillest in sacrifice, Immortal Priest among the Gods, Wise finisher of this holy rite:

4 The Son of Strength, the blessed, brightly shining One, Agni whose light is excellent. May be by sacrifice win us in heaven the grace of Mitra, Varuna, and the Floods.

5 The mortal who hath ministered to Agni with oblation, fuel, ritual lore, And reverence, skilled in sacrifice.

6 Verily swift to run are his fleet-footed steeds, and most resplendent fame is his.

No trouble caused by Gods or wrought by mortal man from any side o'ertaketh him.

7 May we by thine own fires be well supplied with fire, O Son of Strength, O Lord of Might: Thou as our Friend hast worthy men.

8 Agni, who praises like a guest of friendly mind, is as a car that brings us gear.

Also in thee is found perfect security thou art the Sovran Lord of wealth.

9 That man, moreover, merits praise who brings, auspicious Agni, sacrificial gifts

May he win riches by his thoughts.
10 He for whose sacrifice thou standest up erect
is prosperous and rules o'er men.
He wins with coursers and with singers killed in
song: with heroes he obtains the prize.
11 He in whose dwelling Agni is chief
ornament, and, all-desired, loves his laud well,
And zealously tends his offerings-
12 His, or the lauding sage's word, his, Son of
Strength! who Is most prompt with sacred gifts,
Set thou beneath the Gods, Vasu, above
mankind, the speech of the intelligent.
13 He who with sacrificial gifts or homage
bringeth very skilful Agni nigh,
Or him who flashes fast with song,
14 The mortal who with blazing fuel, as his
laws command, adores the Perfect God,
Blest with his thoughts in splendour shall
exceed all men, as though he overpassed the
floods.
15 Give us the splendour, Agni, which may
overcome each greedy fiend in our abode,
The wrath of evil-hearted folk.
16 That, wherewith Mitra, Varuna, and
Aryaman, the Asvins, Bhaga give us light,
That may we, by thy power finding best
furtherance, worship, O Indra, helped by thee.
17 O Agni, most devout are they, the sages who
have set thee Sage exceeding wise,
O God, for men to look upon:
18 Who have arranged thine altar Blessed God,
at morn brought thine oblation, pressed the
juice.
They by their deeds of strength have won diem,
mighty wealth, who have set all their hope in
thee.
19 -May Agni worshipped bring us bliss, may
the gift, Blessed One, and sacrifice bring bliss;
Yea, may our praises bring us bliss.
20 Show forth the mind that brings success in
war with fiends, wherewith thou conquerest in
fight.
Bring down the many firm hopes of our
enemies, and let us vanquish with thine aid.
21 I praise with song the Friend of man, whom
Gods sent down to be herald and messenger,
Best worshipper, bearer of our gifts.
22 Thou unto sharp-toothed Agni, Young and

Radiant God, proclaimest with thy song the
feast-

Agni, who for our sweet strains moulds heroic
strength when sacred oil is offered him,

23 While, served with sacrificial oil, now
upward and now downward Agni moves his
sword,

As doth the Asura his robe.

24 The God, the Friend of man, who bears our
gifts to heaven, the God with his sweet-smelling
mouth,

Distributes, skilled in sacrifice, his precious
things, Invoking Priest, Immortal God.

25 Son of Strength, Agni, if thou wert the
mortal, bright as Mitra, I worshipped with our
gifts!

And I were the Immortal God

26 I would not give thee up, Vasu, to calumny,
or misery, O Bounteous One.

My worshipper should feel no hunger or
distress, nor, Agni, should he live in sin.

27 Like a son cherished in his father's house,
let our oblation rise unto the Gods.

28 With thine immediate aid may I, excellent
Agni, ever gain my wish

A mortal with a God to help.

29 O Agni, by thy wisdom, by thy bounties, by
thy leading may I gather wealth.

Excellent Agni, thou art called my Providence:
delight thou to be liberal.

30 Agni, he conquers by thine aid that brings
him store of noble heroes and great strength,
Whose bond of friendship is thy choice.

31 Thy spark is black and crackling, kindled in
due time, O Bounteous, it is taken up.

Thou art the dear Friend of the mighty
Mornings: thou shinest in glimmerings of the
night.

32 We Sobharis have come to him, for succour,
who is good to help with thousand powers,
The Sovran, Trasadasyu's Friend.

33 O Agni, thou on whom all other fires depend,
as branches on the parent stem,

I make the treasures of the folk, like songs, mine
own, while I exalt thy sovran might.

34 The mortal whom, Adityas, ye, Guilelew,
lead to the farther bank

Of all the princes, Bounteous Ones

35 Whoe'er he be, Man-ruling Kings! the
Regent of the race of men-
May we, O Mitra, Varuna, and Aryaman, like
him be furtherers of your law.
36 A gift of fifty female slaves hath Trasadasyu
given me, Purukutsa's son,
Most liberal, kind, lord of the brave.
37 And Syava too for me led forth a strong
steed at Suvastu's ford:
A herd of three times seventy kine, good lord of
gifts, he gave to me.

HYMN XX Maruts.

1. LET none, Swift Travellers! check you: come
hither, like-spirited, stay not far away,
Ye benders even of what is firm.
2 Maruts, Rbhuksans, Rudras come ye with
your cars strong-fellied and exceeding bright.
Come, ye for whom we long, with food, to
sacrifice, come ye with love to Sobbari.
3 For well we know the vigorous might of
Rudra's Sons, the Martits, who are passing
strong,
Swift Visnu's band, who send the rain.,
4 Islands are bursting forth and misery is stayed:
the heaven and earth are joined in one.
Decked with bright rings, ye spread the broad
expanses out, when ye, Self. luminous, stirred
yourselves.
5 Even things immovable shake and reel, the
mountains and the forest trees at your approach,
And the earth trembles as ye come.
6 To lend free course, O Maruts, to your furious
rush, heaven high and higher still gives way,
Where they, the Heroes mighty with their arms,
display their gleaming ornaments on their forms.
7 After their Godlike nature they, the bull. like
Heroes, dazzling and impetuous, wear
Great splendour as they show erect.
8 The pivot of the Sobharis' chariot within the
golden box is balmed with milk.
May they the Well-born, Mighty, kindred of the
Cow, aid us to food and to delight.
9 Bring, ye who sprinkle balmy drops. oblations
to your vigorous Marut company,
To those whose leader is the Bull.
10 Come hither, O ye Mares, on your
stronghorsed car, solid in look, with solid naves.

Lightly like winged falcons, O ye Heroes, come,
come to enjoy our offerings.

11 Their decoration is the same: their ornaments
of gold are bright upon their arms;
Their lances glitter splendidly.

12 They toil not to defend their bodies from
attack, strong Heroes with their mighty arms.
Strong are your bows and strong the weapons in
your cars, and glory sits on every face.

13 Whose name extendeth like a sea, alone,
resplendent, so that all have joy in it,
And life-power like ancestral might.

14 Pay honour to these Maruts and sing praise
to them, for of the wheel-spokes of the car
Of these loud roarers none is last: this is their
power, this moves them to give mighty gifts.

15 Blest by your favouring help was he, O
Maruts, at the earlier flushings of the morn,
And even now shall he be blest.

16 The strong man to whose sacrifice, O
Heroes, ye approach that ye may taste thereof,
With glories and with war that winneth spoil
shall gain great bliss, ye Shakers of the world.

17 Even as Rudra's Sons, the brood of the
Creator Dyaus, the Asura, desire,
O Youthful Ones, so shall it be:

18 And these the bounteous, worthy of the
Maruts who move onward pouring down the
rain-

Even for their sake, O Youthful Ones, with
kindest heart take us to you to be your own.

19 O Sobhari, with newest song sing out unto
the youthful purifying Bulls,
Even as a plougher to his steers.

20 Who, like a celebrated boxer, overcome the
challengers in every fight:

They who, like shining bulls, are most
illustrious-honour those Maruts with thy song.

21 Allied by common ancestry, ye Maruts, even
the Cows, alike in energy,
Lick, all by turns, each other's head.

22 Even mortal man, ye Dancers breast adorned
with gold, attains to brotherhood with you.
Mark ye and notice us, O Maruts; evermore
your friendship is secured to us.

23 O Maruts, rich in noble gifts, bring us a
portion of the Maruts' medicine,
Ye Coursers who are Friends to us.

24 Haters of those who serve you not, bliss-bringers, bring us bliss with those auspicious aids

Wherewith ye are victorious and guard Sindhu well, and succour Krvi in his need.

25 Maruts, who rest on fair trimmed grass, what balm soever Sindhu or Asikni hath, Or mountains or the seas contain.

26 Ye carry on your bodies, ye who see it all: so bless us graciously therewith.

Cast, Maruts, to the ground our sick man's malady: replace the dislocated limb.

HYMN XXI. Indra.

1. WE call on thee, O Matchless One! We seeking help, possessing nothing firm ourselves, Call on thee wonderful in fight

2 On thee for aid in sacrifice. This youth of ours, the bold, the mighty, hath gone forth.

We therefore, we thy friends, Indra, have chosen thee, free-giver, as our Guardian God.

3 Come hither, for the drops are here, O Lord of corn-lands. Lord of horses, Lord of kine:

Drink thou the Soma, Soma's Lord!

4 For we the kinless singers have drawn hither thee, O Indra, who hast numerous kin.

With all the forms thou hast, come thou of bull-like strength, come near to drink the Soma juice.

5 Sitting like birds beside thy meath., mingled with milk, that gladdeneth and exalteth thee, Indra, to thee we sing aloud.

6 We speak to thee with this our reverential prayer. Why art thou pondering yet awhile? Here are our wishes; thou art liberal, Lord of Bays: we and our hymns are present here.

7 For not in recent times alone, O Indra, Thunder-armed, have we obtained thine aid. Of old we knew thy plenteous wealth.

8 Hero, we knew thy friendship and thy rich rewards: these, Thunderer, now we crave of thee.

O Vasu, for all wealth that cometh of the kine, sharpen our powers, fair-visored God.

9 Him who of old hath brought to us this and that blessing, him I magnify for you, Even Indra, O my friends, for help

10 Borne by Bay Steeds, the Lord of heroes, ruling men, for it is he who takes; delight.

May Maghavan bestow on us his worshippers
hundreds of cattle and of steeds.

11 Hero, may we, with thee for Friend,
withstand the man who pants against us in his
wrath,

In fight with people rich in kine.

12 May we be victors in the singer's battlesong,
and meet the wicked, Much invoked!

With heroes smite the foeman and show forth
our strength. O Indra, further thou our thoughts.

13 O Indra, from all ancient time rivalless ever
and companionless art thou:

Thou seekest comradeship in war.

14 Thou findest not the wealthy man to be thy
friend: those scorn thee who are flown with
wine.

What time thou thunderest and gatherest, then
thou, even as a Father, art invoked.

15 O Indra, let us not, like fools who waste their
lives at home, with friendship such as thine
Sit idly by the poured-out juice.

16 Giver of kine, may we not miss thy gracious
gifts: let us not rob thee of thine own.

Strip even the strong places of the foe, and
bring: thy gifts can never be made vain.

17 Indra or blest Sarasvati alone bestows such
wealth, treasure so great, or thou,

O Citra, on the worshipper.

18 Citra is King, and only kinglings are the rest
who dwell beside Sarasvati.

He, like Parjanya with his rain, hath spread
himself with thousand, yea, with myriad gifts.

HYMN XXII. Asvins.

1. HITHERWARD have I called to-day, for
succour, that most wondrous car
Which ye ascended, Asvins, ye whose paths are
red, swift to give Car, for Surya's sake.

2 Car ever young, much longed-for, easily
invoked, soon guided, first in deeds of might,
Which waits and serves, O Sobhari, with
benevolence, without a rival or a foe.

3 These Asvins with our homage, these Two
Omnipresent Deities

Hitherward will we bring for kind help, these
who seek the dwelling of the worshipper.

4 One of your chariot wheels is moving swiftly
round, one speeds for you its onward course.

Like a milch-cow, O Lords of splendour, and
with haste let your benevolence come to us.
5 That chariot of yours which hath a triple seat
and reins of gold,
The famous car that traverseth the heaven and
earth, thereon Nasatyas, Asvins, come.
6 Ye with your plough, when favouring Manu
with your help, ploughed the first harvest in the
sky.
As such will we exalt you, Lords of splendour,
now, O Asvins, with our prayer and praise.
7 Come to us, Lords of ample wealth, by paths
of everlasting Law,
Whereby to high dominion ye with mighty
strength raised Trksi, Trasadasyu's son.
8 This Soma pressed with stones is yours, ye
Heroes, Lords of plenteous wealth.
Approach to drink the Soma, come, drink in the
worshipper's abode.
9 O Asvins, mount the chariot, mount the
golden seat, ye who are Lords of plenteous
wealth,
And bring to us abundant food.
10 The aids wherewith ye helped Paktha and
Adhriti, and Babhru severed from his friends,-
With those, O Asvins, come hither with speed
and soon, and heal whatever is diseased.
11 When we continually invoke the Asvins, the
resistless, at this time of day,
We lovers of the song, with songs.
12 Through these, ye Mighty Ones, come hither
to my call which brings all blessings, wears all
forms,-
Through which, All-present Heroes, lavishest of
food ye strengthened Krvi, come through these.
13 I speak to both of these as such, these Asvins
whom I reverence at this time of day:
With homage we entreat them both.
14 Ye who are Lords of splendour, ye whose
paths are red, at eve, at morn, at sacrifice,
Give us not utterly as prey to mortal foe, ye
Rudras, Lords of ample wealth.
15 For bliss I call. the blissful car, at morn the
inseparable Asvins with their car
I call, like Sobhari our sire.
16 Rapid as thought, and strong, and speeding
to the joy, bringing your swiftly-coming help,
Be to us a protection even from far away Lords

of great wealth, with many aids.'

17 Come, Wonder-Workers, to our home, our
home, O Asvins, rich in cattle, steeds, and gold,
Chief drinkers of the Soma's juice

18 Choice-worthy strength, heroic, firm and
excellent, uninjured by the Raksas foe,
At this your coming nigh, ye Lords of ample
wealth and all good things, may we obtain.

HYMN XXIII. Agni.

1. WORSHIP thou Jatavedas, pray to him who
willingly accepts,
Whose smoke wanders at will, and none may
grasp his flame.

2 Thou, all men's friend, Visvamanas, exaltest
Agni with thy song,
The Giver, and his flames with which no cars
contend.

3 Whose resolute assault, to win vigour and
food, deserves our praise,-
Through whose discovering power the priest
obtaineth wealth.

4 Up springs the imperishable flame, the flame
of the Refulgent One
Most bright, with glowing jaws and glory in his
train.

5 Skilled in fair sacrifice, extolled, arise in
Godlike loveliness,
Shining with lofty splendour, with effulgent
light.

6 Called straight to our oblations, come, O
Agni, through our eulogies,
As thou hast been our envoy bearing up our
gifts.

7 I call your Agni, from of old Invoking Priest
of living men:

Him with this song I laud and magnify for you.

8 Whom, wondrous wise, they animate with
solemn rites and his fair form,

Kind as a friend to men who keep the holy Law.

9 Him, true to Law, who perfecteth the
sacrifice, Law-loving ones!

Ye with your song have gratified in the place of
prayer.

10 May all our sacrifices go to him the truest
Angiras,

Who is among mankind the most illustrious

Priest.

11 Imperishable Agni, thine are all these high
enkindled lights,
Like horses and like stallions showing forth
their strength.

12 So give us, Lord of Power and Might, riches
combined with hero strength,
And guard us with our sons and grand. sons in
our frays.

13 Soon as the eager Lord of men is friendly
unto Manti's race,

Agni averteth from us all the demon host.

14 O Hero Agni, Lord of men, on hearing this
new laud of mine,
Burn down the Raksasas, enchanters, with thy
flame.

15 No mortal foe can e'er prevail by arts of
magic over him

Who serveth Agni well with sacrificial gifts.

16 Vyasva the sage, who sought the Bull, hath
won thee, finder of good things:

As such may we enkindle thee for ample wealth.

17 Usana Kavya stablished thee, O Agni, as
Invoking Priest:

Thee, Jatavedas, Sacrificing Priest for man.

18 All Deities of one accord appointed thee
their messenger:

Thou, God, through hearing, hadst first claim to
sacrifice.

19 Him may the mortal hero make his own
immortal messenger.

Far-spreading, Purifier, him whose path is
black.

20 With lifted ladles let us call him splendid
with his brilliant flame,

Men's ancient Agni, wasting not, adorable.

21 The man who pays the worship due to him
with sacrificial gifts

Obtains both plenteous nourishment and hero
fame.

22 To Jatavedas Agni, chief in sacrifices, first of
all

With homage goes the ladle rich with sacred
gifts.

23 Even as Vyatya did, may we with these most
high and liberal hymns

Pay worship unto Agni of the splendid flame.

24 Now sing, as Sthurayupa sang, with lands to

him who spreadeth far,
To Agni of the home, O Rsi, Vyasva's son.
25 As welcome guest of human kind, as
offspring of the forest kings,
The sages worship ancient Agni for his aid.
26 For men's oblations brought to him who is
the mighty Lord of all,
Sit, Agni, mid our homage, on the sacred grass.
27 Grant us abundant. treasures, grant the
opulence which many crave,
With store of heroes, progeny, and high renown.
28 Agni, Most Youthful of the Gods, send
evermore the gift of wealth
Unto Varosusaman and to all his folk.
29 A mighty Conqueror art thou, O Agni, so
disclose to us
Food in our herds of kine and gain of ample
wealth.
30 Thou, Agni, art a glorious God: bring hither
Mitra, Varuna,
Imperial Sovrans, holy-minded, true to Law.

HYMN XXIV. Indra.

1. COMPANIONS, let us learn a prayer to
Indra. whom the thunder arms,
To glorify your bold and most heroic Friend.
2 For thou by slaying Vrtra art the Vrtra-slayer,
famed for might.
Thou, Hero, in rich gifts surpasses wealth
chiefs.
3 As such, when glorified, bring us riches of
very wondrous fame,
Set in the highest rank, Wealth-giver, Lord of
Bays!
4 Yea, Indra, thou discloses that preeminent
dear wealth of men:
Boldly, O Bold One, glorified, bring it to us.
5 The workers of destruction stay neither thy
right hand nor thy left:
Nor hosts that press about thee, Lord of Bays, in
fight.
6 O Thunder-armed, I come with songs to thee
as to a stall with kine:
Fulfil the wish and thought of him who sings
thy praise.
7 Chief Vrtra-slayer, through the hymn of
Visvamanas think of all,
All that concerneth us, Excellent, Mighty Guide.

8 May we, O Vrtra-slayer, O Hero, find this thy
newest boon, Longed-for, and excellent, thou
who art much invoked!
9 O Indra, Dancer, Much-invoked! as thy great
power is unsurpassed,
So be thy bounty to the worshipper unchecked.
10 Most Mighty, most heroic One, for mighty
bounty fill thee full.
Though strong, strengthen thyself to win wealth,
Maghavan!
11 O Thunderer, never have our prayers gone
forth to any God but thee:
So help us, Maghavan, with thine assistance
now.
12 For, Dancer, verily I find none else for
bounty, saving thee,
For splendid wealth and power, thou Lover of
the Song.
13 For Indra pour ye out the drops meath blent
with Soma let him drink
With bounty and with majesty will he further us.
14 I spake to the Bay Coursers' Lord, to him
who gives ability:
Now hear the son of Asva as he praises thee.
15 Never was any Hero born before thee
mightier than thou:
None certairdy like thee in goodness and in
wealth.
16 O ministering priest, pour out of the sweet
juice what gladdens most:
So is the Hero praised who ever prospers us.
17 Indra, whom Tawny Coursers bear, praise
such as thine, preeminent,
None by his power or by his goodness hath
attained.
18 We, seeking glory, have invoked this Master
of all power and might
Who must be glorified by constant sacri fice.
19 Come, sing we praise to Indra, friends, the
Hero who deserves the laud,
Him who with none to aid o'ercomes all tribes
of men.
20 To him who wins the kine, who keeps no
cattle back, Celestial God,
Speak wondrous speech more sweet than butter
and than meath.
21 Whose hero powers are measureless, whose
bounty ne'er may be surpassed,

Whose liberality, like light, is over all.
22 As Vyasva did, praise Indra, praise the
Strong unfluctuating Guide,
Who gives the foe's possessions to the
worshipper.
23 Now, son of Vyasva, praise thou him who to
the tenth time still is new,
The very Wise, whom living men must glorify
24 Thou knowest, Indra, Thunder-armed, how
to avoid destructive powers,
As one secure from pitfalls each returning day.
25 O Indra, bring that aid wherewith of old,
Most Wondrous! thou didst slay
His foes for active Kutsa: send it down to us.
26 So now we seek thee fresh in might, Most
Wonderful in act! for gain:
For thou art he who conquers all our foes for us.
27 Who will set free from ruinous woe, or Arya
on the Seven Streams:
O valiant Hero, bend the Dasa's weapon down.
28 As to Varosusaman thou broughtest great
riches, for their gain,
To Vyasva's sons, Blest Lady, rich in ample
wealth!
29 Let Narya's sacrificial meed reach Vyasva's
Soma-bearing sons:
In hundreds and in thousands be the great
reward.
30 If one should ask thee, Where is he who
sacrificed? Whither lookest thou?
Like Vala he hath passed away and dwelleth
now on Gomati.

HYMN XXV. Mitra-Varuna.

1. I WORSHIP you who guard this All, Gods,
holiest among the Gods,
You, faithful to the Law, whose power is
sanctified.
2 So, too, like charioteers are they, Mitra and
sapient Varuna,
Sons high-born from of old, whose holy laws
stand fast.
3 These Twain, possessors of all wealth, most
glorious, for supremest sway
Aditi, Mighty Mother, true to Law, brought
forth.
4 Great Varuna and Mitra, Gods, Asuras and
imperial Lords,

True to Eternal Law proclaim the high decree.
5 The offspring of a lofty Power, Daksa's Two
Sons exceeding strong,
Who, Lords of flowing rain, dwell in the place
of food.
6 Ye who have gathered up your gifts, celestial
and terrestrial food,
Let your rain come to us fraught with the mist
of heaven.
7 The Twain, who from the lofty sky seem to
look down on herds below,
Holy, imperial Lords, are set to be revered.
8 They, true to Law, exceeding strong, have sat
them down for savran rule:
Princes whose laws stand fast, they have
obtained their sway.
9 Pathfinders even better than the eye, with
unobstructed sight,
Even when they close their lids, observant, they
perceive.
10 So may the Goddess Aditi, may the Nasatyas
guard us well,
The Martits guard us well, endowed with
mighty strength.
11 Do ye, O Bounteous Gods, protect our
dwelling lace by day and night:
With you for our defenders may we go
unharmd.
12 May we, unharmd, serve bountiful Visnu,
the God who slayeth none:
Self-moving Sindhu hear and be the first to
mark.
13 This sure protection we elect, desirable and
reaching far,
Which Mitra, Varuna, and Aryaman afford.
14 And may the Sindhu of the floods, the
Maruts, and the ASvin Pair,
Boon Indra, and boon Visnu have one mind
with us.
15 Because these warring Heroes stay the
enmity of every foe,
As the fierce water-flood repels the furious
ones.
16 Here this one God, the Lord of men, looks
forth exceeding far and wide:
And we, for your advantage, keep his holy laws.
17 We keep the old accustomed laws, the
statutes of supremacy,

The long-known laws of Mitra and of Varuna.
18 He who hath measured with his ray the
boundaries of heaven and earth,
And with his majesty hath filled the two worlds
full,
19 Surya hath spread his light aloft up to the
region of the sky,
Like Agni all aflame when gifts are offered him.
20 With him who sits afar the word is lord of
food that comes from kine,
Controller of the gift of unempoisoned food.
21 So unto Surya, Heaven, and Earth at morning
and at eve I speak.
Bringing enjoyments ever rise thou up for us.
22 From Uksanyayana a bay, from Harayana a
white steed,
And from Susaman we obtained a harnessed car.
23 These two shall bring me further gain of
troops of tawny-coloured steeds,
The carriers shall they be of active men of war.
24 And the two sages have I gained who hold
the reins and bear the whip,
And the two great strong coursers, with my
newest song.

HYMN XXVI. Asvins.

1. I CALL your chariot to receive united praise
mid princely men,
Strong Gods who pour down wealth, of never
vanquished might!
2 Ye to Varosusaman come, Nasatyas, for this
glorious rite.
With your protecting aid. Strong Gods, who
pour down wealth.
3 So with oblations we invoke you, rich in
ample wealth, to-day,
When night hath passed, O ye who send us
plenteous food.
O Asvins, Heroes, let your car, famed, best to
travel, come to us,
And, for his glory, mark your zealous servant's
lauds.
5 Asvins, who send us precious gifts, even when
offended, think of him:
For ye, O Rudras, lead us safe beyond our foes.
6 For, Wonder-Workers, with fleet steeds ye fly
completely round this All,
Stirring our thoughts, ye Lords of splendour,

honey-hued.

7 With all-sustaining opulence, Asvins, come
hitherward to us,
Ye rich and noble Heroes, ne'er to be
o'erthrown.

8 To welcome this mine offering, O ye Indra-
like Nasatyas, come
As Gods of best accord this day with other
Gods.

9 For we, like Vyasva, lifting up our voice like
oxen, call on you:
With all your loving kindness, Sages, come to
us.

10 O Rsi, laud the Asvins well. Will they not
listen to thy call?
Will they not bum the Panis who are nearer
them?

11 O Heroes, listen to the son of Vyasva, and
regard me here,
Varuna, Mitra, Aryaman, of one accord.

12 Gods whom we yearn for, of your gifts, of
what ye bring to us, bestow
By princes' hands on me, ye Mighty, day by
day.

13 Him whom your sacrifices clothe, even as a
woman with her robe,
The Asvins help to glory honouring him well.

14 Whoso regards your care of men as succour
widest in its reach,
About his dwelling go, ye Asvins, loving us.

15 Come to us ye who pour down wealth, come
to the home which men must guard:
Like shafts, ye are made meet for sacrifice by
song.

16 Most fetching of all calls, the laud, as envoy,
Heroes, called to you
Be it your own, O Asvin Pair.

17 Be ye in yonder sea of heaven, or joying in
the home of food,
Listen to me, Immortal Ones.

18 This river with his lucid flow attracts you,
more than all the streams,-
Even Sindhu with his path of gold.

19 O Asvins, with that glorious fame come
hither, through our brilliant song,
Come ye whose ways are marked with light.

20 Harness the steeds who draw the car, O
Vasu, bring the well-fed pair.

O Vayu, drink thou of our meath: come unto our
drink-offerings.

21 Wonderful Vayu, Lord of Right, thou who
art Tvastar's son-in-law,
Thy saving succour we elect.

22 To Tvastar's son-in-law we pray for wealth
whereof he hath control:

For glory we seek vayu, men with juice effused.

23 From heaven, auspicious Vayu, come drive
hither with thy noble steeds:

Come on thy mighty car with wide-extending
seat.

24 We call thee to the homes of men, thee
wealthiest in noble food,
And liberal as a press-stone with a horse's back.

25 So, glad and joyful in thine heart, do thou,
God, Vayu, first of all

Vouchsafe us water, strength, and thought.

HYMN XXVII. Visvedevas.

1. CHEIF Priest is Agni at the laud, as stones
and grass at sacrifice:

With song I seek the Maruts, Brahmanaspati,
Gods for help much to be desired.

2 I sing to cattle and to Earth, to trees, to
Dawns, to Night, to plants.

O all ye Vasus, ye possessors of all wealth, be
ye the furtherers of our thoughts.

3 Forth go, with Agni, to the Gods our sacrifice
of ancient use,

To the Adityas, Varuna whose Law stands fast,
and the all-lightening Marut troop.

4 Lords of all wealth, may they be strengtheners
of man, destroyers of his enemies.

Lords of all wealth, do ye, with guards which
none may harm, preserve our dwelling free from
foes.

5 Come to us with one mind to-day, come to us
all with one accord,

Maruts with holy song, and, Goddess Aditi,
Mighty One, to our house and home.

6 Send us delightful things, ye Maruts, on your
steeds: come ye, O Mitra, to our gifts.

Let Indra, Varuna, and the Adityas sit, swift
Heroes, on our sacred grass.

7 We who have trimmed the grass for you, and
set the banquet in array,

And pressed the Soma, call you, Varuina, like
men, with sacrificial fires aflame.
8 O Maruts, Visinu, Asvins, Pusan, haste away
with minds turned hitherward to Me.
Let the Strong Indra, famed as Vrtra's slayer,
come first with the winners of the spoil.
9 Ye Guileless Gods, bestow on us a refuge
strong on every side,
A sure protection, Vasus, unassailable from near
at hand or from afar.
10 Kinship have I with you, and close alliance
O ye Gods, destroyers of our foes.
Call us to our prosperity of former days, and
soon to new klicity.
11 For now have I sent forth to you, that I may
win a fair reward,
Lords of all wealth, with homage, this my song
of praise. like a milch-cow that faileth not.
12 Excellent Savitar hath mounted up on high
for you, ye sure and careful Guides.
Bipeds and quadrupeds, with several hopes and
aims, and birds have settled to their tasks.
13 Singing their praise with God-like thought let
us invoke each God for grace,
Each God to bring you help, each God to
strengthen you.
14 For of one spirit are the Gods with mortal
man, co-sharers all of gracious gifts.
May they increase our strength hereafter and to-
day, providing case and ample room.
15 I laud you, O ye Guileless Gods, here where
we meet to render praise.
None, Varuna and Mitra, harins the mortal, man
who honours and obeys your laws.
16 He makes his house endure, he gathers
plenteous food who pays obedience to your will.
Born in his sons anew he spreads as Law
commands, and prospers every way unharmed.
17 E'en without war he gathers wealth, and goes
hisway on pleasant paths,
Whom Mitra, Varuna and Aryaman protect,
sharing the gift, of one accord.
18 E'en on the plain for him ye make a sloping
path, an easy way where road is none:
And far away from him the ineffectual shaft
must vanish, shot at him in vain.
19 If ye appoint the rite to-day, kind Rulers,
when the Sun ascends,

Lords of all wealth, at sunset or at wakingtime,
or be it at the noon of day,
20 Or, Asuras, when ye have sheltered the
worshipper who goes to sacrifice, at eve
may we, O Vasus, ye possessors of all wealth,
come then into the midst of You.
21 If ye to-day at sunrise, or at noon, or in the
gloom of eve,
Lords of all riches, give fair treasure to the man,
the wise man who hath sacrificed,
22 Then we, imperial Rulers, claim of you this
boon, your wide protection, as a son.
May we, Adityas, offering holy gifts, obtain that
which shall bring us greater bliss.

HYMN XXVIII. Visvedevas.

1. THE Thirty Gods and Three besides, whose
seat hath been the sacred grass,
From time of old have found and gained.
2 Varuna, Mitra, Aryaman, Agnis, with
Consorts, sending boons,
To whom our Vasat! is addressed:
3 These are our guardians in the west, and
northward here, and in the south,
And on the east, with all the tribe.
4 Even as the Gods desire so verily shall it be.
None minisheth this power of theirs,
No demon, and no mortal
5 The Seven carry seven spears; seven are the
splendours they possess,
And seven the glories they assume.

HYMN XXIX Visvedevas.

1. ONE is a youth brown, active, manifold he
decks the golden one with ornament.
2 Another, luminous, occupies the place of
sacrifice, Sage, among the Gods.
3 One brandishes in his hand an iron knife, firm,
in his seat amid the Deities.
4 Another holds the thunderbolt, wherewith he
slays the Vrtras, resting in his hand.
5 Another bears a pointed weapon: bright is he,
and strong, with healing medicines.
6 Another, thief-like, watches well the ways,
and knows the places where the treasures lie.
7 Another with his mighty stride hath made his
three steps thither where the Gods rejoice.
8 Two with one Dame ride on with winged
steeds, and journey forth like travellers on their

way.

9 Two, highest, in the heavens have set their seat, worshipped with holy oil, imperial Kings.

10 Some, singing lauds, conceived the Samahymn, great hymn whereby they caused the Sun to shine.

HYMN XXX. Visvedevas.

1. NOT one of you, ye Gods, is small, none of you is a feeble child:

All of you, verily, are great.

2 Thus be ye lauded, ye destroyers of the foe, ye Three-and-Thirty Deities,
The Gods of man, the Holy Ones.

3 As such defend and succour us, with benedictions speak to us:

Lead us not from our fathers' and from Manu's path into the distance far away.

4 Ye Deities who stay with us, and all ye Gods of all mankind,

Give us your wide protection, give shelter for cattle and for steed.

HYMN XXXI. Various Deities.

1. THAT Brahman pleases Indra well, who worships, sacrifices, pours Libation, and prepares the meal.

2 Sakra protects from woe the man who gives him sacrificial cake.

And offers Soma blent with milk.

3 His chariot shall be glorious, sped by Gods, and mighty shall he be,
Subduing all hostilities.

4 Each day that passes, in his house flows his libation, rich in milk,

Exhaustless, bringing progeny.

5 O Gods, with constant draught of milk, husband and wife with one accord
Press out and wash the Soma juice.

6 They gain sufficient food: they come united to the sacred grass,

And never do they fail in strength.

7 Never do they deny or seek to hide the favour of the Gods:

They win high glory for themselves.

8 With sons and daughters by their side they reach their full extent of life,

Both decked with ornaments of gold.

9 Serving the Immortal One with gifts of

sacrificial meal and wealth,
 They satisfy the claims of love and pay due
 honour to the Gods.
 10 We claim protection from the Hills, we claim
 protection of the Floods,
 Of him who stands by Visnu's side.
 11 May Pusan come, and Bhaga, Lord of
 wealth, All-bounteous, for our weal
 Broad be the path that leads to bliss:
 12 Aramati, and, free from foes, Visva with
 spirit of a God,
 And the Adityas' peerless might.
 13 Seeing that Mitra, Aryaman, and Varuna are
 guarding us,
 The paths of Law are fair to tread.
 14 I glorify with song, for wealth, Agni the
 God, the first of you.
 We honour as a well-loved Friend the God who
 prospereth our fields.
 15 As in all frays the hero, so swift moves his
 car whom Gods attend.
 The man who, sacrificing, strives to win the
 heart of Deities will conquer those who worship
 not.
 16 Ne'er are ye injured, worshipper, presser of
 juice, or pious man.
 The man who, sacrificing, strives to win the
 heart of Deities will conquer those who worship
 not.
 17 None in his action equals him, none holds
 him far or keeps him off.
 The man who, sacrificing, strives to win the
 heart of Deities will conquer those who worship
 not.
 18 Such strength of heroes shall be his, such
 mastery of fleet-foot steeds.
 The man who, sacrificing, strives to win the
 heart of Deities will conquer those who worship
 not.

HYMN XXXII. Indra.

1. KANVAS, tell forth with song the deeds of
 Indra, the Impetuous,
 Wrought in the Soma's wild delight.
 2 Strong God, he slew Anarsani, Srbinda, Pipru,
 and the fiend,
 Ahisuva, and loosed the floods.
 3. Thou broughtest down the dwelling-place, the

height of lofty Arbuda.
That exploit, Indra, must be famed.
4 Bold, to your famous Soma I call the fair-
visored God for aid,
Down like a torrent from the hill.
5 Rejoicing in the Soma-draughts, Hero, burst
open, like a fort,
The stall of horses and of kine.
6 If my libation gladdens, if thou takest pleasure
in my laud,
Come with thy Godhead from afar.
7 O Indra, Lover of the Song, the singers of thy
praise are we:
O Soma-drinker, quicken us.
8 And, taking thy delight with us bring us still
undiminished food:
Great is thy wealth, O Maghavan.
9 Make thou us rich in herds of kine, in steeds,
in gold: let us exert
Our strength in sacrificial gifts.
10 Let us call him to aid whose hands stretch
far, to whom high laud is due.
Who worketh well to succour us.
11 He, Satakratu, even in fight acts as a Vrtra-
slayer s,till:
He gives his worshippers much wealth.
12 May he, this A;akra, strengthen us, Boon
God who satisfies our needs,
Indra, with all lhis saving helps.
13 To him, the mighty stream of wealth, the
Soma-presser's rescuing Friend,
To Indra sing your song of praise;
14 Who bringeth what is great and firm, who
winneth glory in his wars,
Lord of vast wealth through power and might.
15 There liveth none to cheek or stay his
energies and gracious deeds:
None who can say, He giveth not.
16 No debt is due by Brahmans now, by active
men who press the juice:
Well hath each Soma-draught been paid.
17 Sing ye to him who must be praised, say
lauds to him who must be praised,
Bring prayer to him who must be praised.
18 May be, unchecked, strong, meet for praise,
bring hundreds, thousands forth to light,
Indra who aids the worshipper.
19 Go with thy God-like nature forth, go where

the folk are calling thee:
 Drink, Indra, of the drops we pour.
 20 Drink milky draughts which are thine own,
 this too which was with Tugrya once,
 This is it, Indra, that is thine.
 21 Pass him who pours libations out in angry
 mood or after sin:
 Here drink the juice we offer thee.
 22 Over the three great distances, past the Five
 Peoples go thy way,
 O Indra, noticing our voice.
 23 Send forth thy ray like Surya: let my songs
 attract thee hitherward,
 Like waters gathering to the vale.
 24 Now to the Hero fair of cheek, Adhvaryu,
 pour the Soma forth:
 Bring of the juice that he may drink
 25 Who cleft the water-cloud in twain, loosed
 rivers for their downward flow,
 And set the ripe milk in the kine.
 26 He, meet for praise, slew Vrtra, slew
 Ahisuva, Urnavabha's son,
 And pierced through Arbuda with frost.
 27 To him your matchless Mighty One,
 unconquerable Conqueror,
 Sing forth the prayer which Gods have given:
 28 Indra, who in the wild delight of Soma juice
 considers here
 All holy Laws among the Gods.
 29 Hither let these thy Bays who share thy
 banquet, Steeds with golden manes,
 Convey thee to the feast prepared.
 30 Hither, O thou whom many laud, the Bays
 whom Priyamedha praised,
 Shall bring thee to the Soma-draught.

HYMN XXXIII. Indra.

1. WE compass thee like waters, we whose
 grass is trimmed and Soma pressed.
 Here where the filter pours its stream, thy
 worshippers round thee, O Vrtra-slayer, sit.
 2 Men, Vasu! by the Soma, with lauds call thee
 to the foremost place:
 When comest thou athirst unto the juice as
 home, O Indra, like a bellowing bull?
 3 Boldly, Bold Hero, bring us spoil in thousands
 for the Kanvas' sake.

O active Maghavan, with eager prayer we crave
the yellow-hued with store of kine.

4 Medhyatithi, to Indra sing, drink of the juice
to make thee glad.

Close-knit to his Bay Steeds, bolt-armed, beside
the juice is he: his chariot is of gold.

5 He Who is praised as strong of hand both right
and left, most wise and hold:

Indra who, rich in hundreds, gathers thousands
up, honoured as breaker-down of forts.

6 The bold of heart whom none provokes, who
stands in bearded confidence;

Much-lauded, very glorious, overthrowing foes,
strong Helper, like a bull with might.

7 Who knows what vital ower he wins, drinking
beside the flowing juice?

This is the fair-checked God who, joying in the
draught, breaks down the castles in his strength.

8 As a wild elephant rushes on this way and that
way, mad with heat,'

None may compel thee, yet come hither to the
draught: thou movest mighty in thy power.

9 When he, the Mighty, ne'er o'erthrown,
steadfast, made ready for the fight,

When Indra Maghavan lists to his praiser's call,
he will not stand aloof, but come.

10 Yea, verily, thou art a Bull, with a bull's
rush. whom none may stay:

Thou Mighty One, art celebrated as a Bull,
famed as a Bull both near and far.

11 Thy reins are very bulls in strength, bulls'
strength is in thy golden whip.

Thy car, O Maghavan, thy Bays are strong as
bulls: thou, Satakratu, art a Bull.

12 Let the strong presser press for thee. Bring
hither, thou straight-rushing Bull.

The mighty makes the mighty run in flowing
streams for thee whom thy Bay Horses bear.

13 Come, thou most potent Indra, come to drink
the savoury Soma juice.

Maghavan, very wise, will quickly come to hear
the songs, the prayer, the hymns of praise.

14 When thou hast mounted on thy car let thy
yoked Bay Steeds carry thee,

Past other men's libations, Lord of Hundred
Powers, thee, Vrtra-slayer, thee our Friend.

15 O thou Most Lofty One, accept our laud as
nearest to thine heart.

May our libations be most sweet to make thee
glad, O Soma-drinker, Heavenly Lord.

16 Neither in thy decree nor mine, but in
another's he delights,-

The man who brought us unto this.

17 Indra himself hath said, The mind of woman
brooks not discipline,
Her intellect hath little weight.

18 His pair of horses, rushing on in their wild
transport, draw his car:

High-lifted is the stallion's yoke.

19 Cast down thine eyes and look not up. More
closely set thy feet. Let none

See what thy garment veils, for thou, a
Brahman, hast become a dame.

HYMN XXXIV. Indra.

1. Come hither, Indra, with thy Bays, come thou
to Kanva's eulogy.

Ye by command of yonder Dyaus, God bright
by day! have gone to heaven.

2 May the stone draw thee as it speaks, the
Soma-stone with ringing voice.

Ye by command of yonder Dyaus, God bright
by day! have gone to heaven.

3 The stones' rim shakes the Soma here like a
wolf worrying a sheep.

Ye by command of yonder Dyaus, God bright
by day! have gone to heaven.

4 The Kanvas call thee hitherward for succour
and to win the spoil.

Ye by command of yonder Dyaus, God bright
by day! have gone to heaven.

5 I set for thee, as for the Strong, the first
draught of the juices shed.

6 Come with abundant blessings, come with
perfect care to succour us.

7 Come, Lord of lofty thought, who hast infinite
wealth and countless aids.

8 Adorable mid Gods, the Priest good to
mankind shall bring thee near.

9 As wings the falcon, so thy Bays rushing in
joy shall carry thee.

10 Come from the enemy to us, to svaha and the
Soma-draught.

11 Come hither with thine car inclined to hear,
take pleasure in our lauds.

12 Lord of well-nourished Horses, come with

well-fed Steeds alike in hue.

13 Come hither from the mountains, come from
regions of the sea of air.

14 Disclose to us O Hero, wealth in thousands
both of kine and steeds.

15 Bring riches hitherward to us in hundreds,
thousands, myriads.

Ye by command of yonder Dyaus, God bright
by day! have gone to heaven.

16 The thousand steeds, the mightiest troop,
which we and Indra have received

From Vasurocis as a gift,

17 The brown that match the wind in speed, and
bright bay coursers fleet of foot,

Like Suns, resplendent are they all.

18 Mid the Pargvata's rich gifts, swift steeds
whose wheels run rapidly,

I seemed to stand amid a wood.

HYMN XXXV. Asvins.

1. WITH Agni and with Indra, Visnu. Varuna,
with the Adityas, Rudras, Vasus, closely
leagued;

Accordant, of one mind with Surya and with
Dawn, O Asvins, drink the Soma juice.

2 With all the Holy Thoughts, all being Mighty
Ones! in close alliance wil the Mountains,
Heaven, and Earth;

Accordant. of one mind with Surya and with
Dawn, O Asvins, drink the Soma juice.

3 With all the Deities, three times eleven, here,
in close alliance with the Maruts, Bhrgus,
Floods;

Accordant, of one mind with Surya and with
Dawn, O Asvins, drink the Soma juice.

4 Accept the sacrifice, attend to this my call:
come nigh, O ye Twain Gods, to all libations
here.

Accordant, of one mind with Surya and with
Dawn, O Asvins, bring us strengthening food.

5 Accept our praise-song as a youth accepts a
maid. Come nigh, O ye Twain Gods, to all
libations here.

Accordant, of one mind with Sarya and with
Dawn O Asvins, bring us strengthening food.

6 Accept the songs we sing, accept the solemn
rite. Conie nigh, O ye Twain Gods, to all
libations here.

Accordant, of one mind with Surya and with
Dawn, O Asvins, bring us strengthening food.

7 Ye fly as starlings fly unto the forest trees;
like buffaloes ye seek the Soma we have shed.

Accordant, of one mind with Surya and with
Dawn, come thrice, O Asvins, to our home.

8 Ye fly like swans, like those who travel on
their way; like buffaloes ye seek the Soma we
have shed.

Accordant, of one mind with Surya and with
Dawn, come thrice, O Asvins, to our home.

9 Ye fly to our oblation like a pair of hawks;
like buffaloes ye seek the Soma we have shed.

Accordant, of one mind with Surya and with
Dawn, come thrice, O Asvins, to our home.

10 Come hitherward and drink and satisfy
yourselves, bestow upon us progeny and
affluence.

Accordant, of one mind with Surya and with
Dawn, O Asvins, grant us vigorous strength.

11 Conquer your foes, protect us, praise your
worshippers; bestow upon us progeny and
affluence.

Accordant, of one mind with Surya and with
Dawn, O Asvins, grant us vigorous strength.

12 Slay enemies, animate men whom ye
befriend; bestow upon us progeny and aff
luence.

Accordant, of one mind with Surya and with
Dawn, O Asvins, grant us vigorous strength.

13 With Mitra, Varuna, Dharma, and the Maruts
in your company approach unto your praiser's
call.

Accordant, of one mind with Surya and with
Dawn, and with the Adityas, Asvins! come.

14 With Visnu and the Angirases attending you,
and with the Maruts come unto your praiser's
call.

Accordant, of one mind with Surya and with
Dawn, and with the Adityas, Asvins! come.

15 With Rbhus and With Vajas. O ye Mighty
Ones, leagued with the Maruts come ye to your
praiser's call.

Accordant, of one mind with Surya and with
Dawn, and with the Adityas, Asvins! come.

16 Give spirit to our prayer and animate our
thoughts; slay ye the Raksasas and drive away
disease.

Accordant, of One mind with Surya and with
Dawn, -the presser's Soma, Asvins drink.

17 Strengthen the Ruling Power, strengthen the
men of war; slay ye the Raksasas and drive
away disease.

Accordant, of one mind with Surya and with
Dawn, the presser's Soma, Asvins drink.

18 Give strength unto the milch-kine, give the
people strength, slay ye the Raksasas and drive
away disease.

Accordant, of one mind with Surya and with
Dawn, the presser's Soma, Asvins drink.

19 As ye heard Atri's earliest eulogy, so hear
Syavasva, Soma-presser, ye who reel in joy.

Accordant, of one mind with Surya and with
Dawn, drink juice, O Asvins, three days old.

20 Further like running streams Syavasva's
eulogies who presses out the Soma, ye who reel
in joy.

Accordant, of one mind with Surya and with
Dawn, drink juice, O Asvins, three days old.

21 Seize, as ye grasp the reins, Syavasva's
solemn rites who presses out the Soma, ye who
reel in joy.

Accordant, of one mind with Surya and with
Dawn, drink juice, O Asvins, three days old.

22 Drive down your chariot hitherward drink ye
the Soma's savoury juice.

Approach, ye Asvins, come to us: I call you,
eager for your aid. Grant treasures to the
worshipper.

23 When sacrifice which tells our reverence
hath begun. Heroes! to drink the gushing juice,
Approach, ye Asvins, come to us: I call you,
eager for your aid. Grant treasures to the
worshipper.

24 Sate you with consecrated drink, with juice
effused, ye Deities.

Approach, ye Asvins, come to us: I call you,
eager for your aid. Grant treasures to the
worshipper.

HYMN XXXVI. Indra.

1. THOU helpest him whose grass is trimmed,
who sheds the juice, O Satakratu, drink Soma to
make thee glad.

The share which they have fixed for thee, thou,
Indra, Victor o'er all hosts and space, begirt with

Maruts, Lord of Heroes, winner of the floods.
2 Maghavan, help thy worshipper: let him help thee. O Satakratu, drink Soma to make thee glad.
The share which they have fixed for thee, etc.
3 Thou aidest Gods with food, and that with might aidg thee,
O Satakratu, drink Soma to make thee glad.
4 Creator of the heaven, creator of the earth, O Satakratu, drink Soma to make thee glad.
5 Father of cattle, father of all steeds art thou. O Satakratu, drink Soma to make thee glad.
6 Stone-hurler, glorify the Atris' hymn of praise. O Satakratu, drink Soma to make thee glad.
7 Hear thou Syavagva while he pours to thee, as erst thou heardest Atri when he wrought his holy rites.
Indra, thou only gavest Trasadasyu aid in the fierce fight with heroes, strengthening his prayers.

HYMN XXXVIL Indra.

1. THIS prayer, and those who shed the juice, in wars with Vrtra thou holpest, Indra, Lord of Strength, with all thy succours.
O Vrtra-slayer, from libation poured at noon, drink of the Soma juice, thou blameless Thunderer.
2 Thou mighty Conqueror of hostile armaments, O Indra, Lord of Strength, with all thy saving help.
3 Sole Ruler, thou art Sovran of this world of life, O Indra, Lord of Strength, with all thy saving help.
4 Thou only sunderest these two consistent worlds, O Indra, Lord of Strength, with all thy saving help.
5 Thou art the Lord supreme o'er rest and energy, O Indra, Lord of Strength, with all thy saving help.
6 Thou helpst one to power, and one thou hast not helped, O Indra, Lord of Strength, with all thy saving aid.
7 Hear thou Syavasva while he sings to thee, as erst thou heardest Atri when he wrought his holy rites.
Indra, thou only gavest Trasadasyu aid in the fierce fight with heroes, strengthening his

powers.

HYMN XXXVIII. Indra-Agni.

1. YE Twain are Priests of sacrifice, winners in war and holy works:

Indra and Agni, mark this well.

2 Ye bounteous riders on the car, ye Vrtra-slayers unsubdued:

Indra and Agni, mark this well.

3 The men with pressing-stones have pressed this meath of yours which gives delight:

Indra, and Agni, mark this well.

4 Accept our sacrifice for weal, sharers of praise! the Soma shed:

Indra and Agni, Heroes, come.

5 Be pleased with these libations which attract you to our sacred gifts

Indra and Agni, Heroes, come.

6 Accept this eulogy of mine whose model is the Gayatri:

Indra and Agni, Heroes, Come.

7 Come with the early-faring Gods, ye who are Lords of genuine wealth:

Indra-Agni, to the Soma-draught

8 Hear ye the call of Atris, hear Syavasva as he sheds the juice:

Indra-Agni to the Soma-draught

9 Thus have I called you to our aid as sages called on you of old:

Indra-Agni to the Soma draught!

10 Indra's and Agni's grace I claim, Sarasvati's associates

To whom this psalm of praise is sung.

HYMN XXXIX. Agni.

1. THE glorious Agni have I praised, and worshipped with. the sacred food.

May Agni deck the Gods for us. Between both gathering-places he goes on his embassy, the Sage. May all the others die away.

2 Agni, burn down the word within their bodies through our newest speech,

All hatreds of the godless, all the wicked man's malignities. Away let the destroyers go. May all the others die away.

3 Agni, I offer hymns to thee, like holy oil within thy mouth.

Acknowledge them. among the Gods, for thou art the most excellent, the worshipper's blissful messenger. Let all the others die away.

4 Agni bestows all vital power even as each man supplicates.

He brings the Vasus strengthening gifts, and grants delight, in rest and stir, for every calling on the Gods. Let all the others die away.

5 Agni hath made himself renowned by wonderful victorious act.

He is the Priest of all the tribes, chosen with sacrificial meeds. He urges Deities to receive. Let all the others die away.

6 Agni knows all that springs from Gods, he knows the mystery of men.

Giver of wealth is Agni, he uncloses both the doors to us when worshipped with our newest gift. Let all the others die away.

7 Agni inhabiteth with Gods and men who offer sacrifice.

He cherisheth with great delight much wisdom, as all things that be, God among Gods adorable. May all the others die away.

8 Agni who liveth in all streams, Lord of the Sevenfold Race of men,

Him dweller in three homes we seek, best slayer of the Dasytis for Mandhatar, first in sacrifice. Let all the others die away.

9 Agni the Wise inhabiteth three gathering-places, triply formed.

Decked as our envoy let the Sage bring hither and conciliate the Thrice Eleven Deities. Let all the others die away.

10 Our Agni, thou art first among the Gods, and first mid living men.

Thou only rulest over wealth. Round about thee, as natural dams, circumfluous the waters run. Let all the others die away.

HYMN XL. Indra-Agni.

1. INDRA and Agni, surely ye as Conquerors will give us wealth,

Whereby in fight we may o'ercome that which is strong and firmly fixed, as Agni burns the woods with wind. Let all the others die away.

2 We set no snares to tangle you; Indra we worship and adore, Hero of heroes mightiest.

Once may he come unto us with his Steed, come

unto us to win us strength, and to complete the sacrifice.

3 For, famous Indra-Agni, ye are dwellers in the midst of frays.

Sages in wisdom, ye are knit to him who seeketh you as friends. Heroes, bestow on him his wish.

4 Nabhaka-like, with sacred song Indra's and Agni's praise I sing,

Theirs to whom all this world belongs, this heaven and this mighty earth which bear rich treasure in their lap.

5 To Indra and to Agni send your prayers, as was Nabhaka's wont,-

Who oped with sideway opening the sea with its foundations seven-Indra all powerful in his might.

6 Tear thou asunder, as of old, like tangles of a creeping plant,

Demolish thou the Dasa's might. May we with Indra's help divide the treasure he hath gathered up.

7 What time with this same song these men call Indra-Agni sundry ways,

May we with our own heroes quell those who provoke us to the fight, and conquer those who strive with us.

8 The Two refulgent with their beams rise and come downward from the sky.

By Indra's and by Agni's hest, flowing away, the rivers, run which they released from their restraint.

9 O Indra, many are thine aids, many thy ways of guiding us,

Lord of the Bay Steeds, Hinva's Son. To a Good Hero come our prayers, which soon shall have accomplishment.

10 Inspire him with your holy hymns, the Hero bright and glorious,

Him who with might demolisbeth even the brood of Susna, and winneth for us the heavenly streams.

11 Inspire him worshipped with fair rites, the glorious Hero truly brave.

He brake in pieces Susna's brood who still expected not the stroke, and won for us the heavenly streams. Let all the others die away.

12 Thus have we sung anew to Indra-Agni, as

sang our sires, Angirases, and Mandhatar.
Guard us with triple shelter and preserve us:
may we be masters of a store of riches.

HYMN XLI. Varuna.

1. To make this Varuna come forth sing thou a
song unto the band of Maruts wiser than
thyself,-

This Varuna who guardeth well the thoughts of
men like herds of kine.

Let all the others die away.

2 Him altogether praise I with the song and
hymns our fathers sang, and with Nabhaka's
eulogies,-

Him dwelling at the rivers' source, surrounded
by his Sisters Seven.

3 The nights he hath encompassed, and
stablished the morns with magic art visible over
all is he.

His dear Ones, following his Law, have
prospered the Three Dawns for him.

4 He, visible o'er all the earth, stablished the
quarters of the sky:

He measured out the eastern place, that is the
fold of Varuna: like a strong herdsman is the
God.

5 He who supports the worlds of life, he who
well knows the hidden names mysterious of the
morning beams,

He cherishes much wisdom, Sage, as heaven
brings forth each varied form.

6 In whom all wisdom centres, as the nave is set
within the wheel.

Haste ye to honour Trita, as kine haste to gather
in the fold, even as they muster steeds to yoke.

7 He wraps these regions as a robe; he
contemplates the tribes of Gods and all the
works of mortal men.

Before the home of Varuna all the Gods follow
his decree.

8 He is an Ocean far-removed, yet through the
heaven to him ascends the worship which these
realms possess.

With his bright foot he overthrew their magic,
and went up to heaven.

9 Ruler, whose bright far-seeing rays, pervading
all three earths, have filled the three superior
realms of heaven.

Firm is the seat of Varuna: over the Seven he rules as King.

10 Who, after his decree, o'erspread the Dark Ones with a robe of light;

Who measured out the ancient seat, who pillared both the worlds apart as the Unborn supported heaven. Let all the others die away.

HYMN XLII Varuna.

1. LORD of all wealth, the Asura propped the heavens, and measured out the broad earth's wide expanses.

He, King supreme, approached all living creatures. All these are Varuna's holy operations.

2 So humbly worship Varuna the Mighty revere the wise Guard of World Immortal.

May he vouchsafe us triply-barred protection. O Earth and Heaven, within your lap preserve us.

3 Sharpen this song of him who strives his utmost, sharpen, God Varuna, his strength and insight;

May we ascend the ship that bears us safely, whereby we may pass over all misfortune.

4 Asvins, with songs the singer stones have made you hasten hitherward, Nasatyas, to the Soma-draught. Let all the others die away.

5 As the sage Atri with his hymns, O Asvins, called you eagerly, Nasatyas, to the Soma-draught. Let all the others die away.

6 So have I called you to our aid, even as the wise have called of old, Nasatyas, to the Soma-draught. Let all the others die away.

HYMN XLIII. Agni.

1. THESE songs of mine go forth as lauds of Agni, the disposing Sage, Whose worshipper is ne'er o'erthrawn.

2 Wise Agni Jatavedas, I beget a song of praise for thee.

Who willingly receivest it.

3 Thy sharpened flames, O Agni, like the gleams of light that glitter through, Devour the forests with their teeth.

4 Gold-coloured, bannered with the smoke, urged by the wind, aloft to heaven

Rise, lightly borne, the flames of fire.
5 These lightly kindled fiery flames are all
around made visible,
Even as the glearings of the Dawns.
6 As Jatavedas speeds along, the dust is black
beneath his feet,
When Agni spreads upon the earth.
7 Making the plants his nourishment, Agni
devours and wearies not,
Seeking the tender shrubs again.
8 Bending him down with all his tongues, he
flickers with his fiery glow
Splendid is Agni in the woods.
9 Agni, thine home is in the floods: into the
plants thou forcest way,
And as their Child art born anew.
10 Worshipped with offerings shines thy flame,
O Agni, from the sacred oil,
With kisses on the ladle's mouth.
11 Let us serve Agni with our hymns, Disposer,
fed on ox and cow,
Who bears the Soma on his back.
12 Yea, thee, O Agni, do we seek with homage
and with fuel, Priest
Whose wisdom is most excellent.
13 O worshipped with oblations, pure Agni, we
call on thee as erst,
Did Bhrgu, Manus, Angiras.
14 For thou, O Agni, by the fire, Sage by the
Sage, Good by the Good,
Friend by the Friend, art lighted up.
15 So wealth in thousands, food with store of
heroes give thou to the sage,
O Agni, to the worshipper.
16 O Agni, Brother, made by strength, Lord of
red steeds and brilliant sway,
Take pleasure in this laud of mine.
17 My praises, Agni, go to thee, as the cows
seek the stall to meet,
The lowing calf that longs for milk.
18 Agni, best Angiras, to thee all people who
have pleasant homes,
Apart, have turned as to their wish.
19 The sages skilled in holy song and thin. kers
with their thoughts have urged
Agni to share the sacred feast.
20 So, Agni, unto thee the Priest, Invoker,
strong in forays, pray

'nose who spin out the sacrifice.
 21 In many a place, the same in look art thou, a
 Prince o'er all the tribes
 In battles we invoke thine aid.
 22 Pray thou to Agni, pray to him who blazes
 served with sacred oil:
 Let him give ear to this our call.
 23 We call on thee as such, as one who hears, as
 Jatavedas, one,
 Agni! who beats away our foes.
 24 I pray to Agni, King of men, the Wonderful,
 the President
 Of holy Laws: may he give ear.
 25 Him like a bridegroom, him who stirs all
 people, like a noble horse,
 Like a fleet steed, we instigate.
 26 Slaying things deadly, burning up foes,
 Riksasas, on every side,
 Shine, Agni, with thy sharpened flame.
 27 Thou whom the people kindle even as Manus
 did, best Angiras!
 O Agni, mark thou this my speech.
 28 O Agni, made by strength! be thou born in
 the heavens or born in floods,
 As such we call on thee with songs.
 29 Yea, all the people, all the folk who have
 good dwellings, each apart,
 Send food for thee to eat thereof.
 30 O Agni, so may we, devout, gazed at by
 men, throughout our days,
 Pass lightly over all distress.
 31 We venerate with cheerful hearts the cheerful
 Agni, dear to all,
 Burning, with purifying flame.
 32 So thou, O Agni rich in light, beaming like
 Surya with thy rays
 Boldly demolishest the gloom,
 33 We pray to thee for this thy gift, Victor the
 gift that faileth not,
 O Agni, choicest wealth from thee.

HYMN XLIV. Agni.

1. PAY service unto Agni with your fuel, rouse
 your Guest with oil:
 In him present your offerings.
 2 Agni, do thou accept my laud, be magnified
 by this my song:

Welcome my sweedy-spoken words.
3 Agni, envoy, I place in front; the oblation-
bearer I address:
Here let him seat the Deities.
4 Agni, the lofty flames of thee enkindled have
gone up on high,
Thy bright flames, thou Refulgent One.
5 Beloved! let my ladles full of sacred oil come
near to thee:
Agni, accept our offerings.
6 I worship Agni-may he hear!-the cheerful, the
Invoker, Priest,
Of varied splendour, rich in light.
7 Ancient Invoker, meet for praise, beloved
Agni, wise and strong,
The visitant of solemn rites.
8 Agni, best Angiras, accept straightway these
offerings, and guide
The seasonable sacrifice.
9 Excellent God, with brilliant flames,
enkindled bring thou hitherward,
Knowing the way, the Heavenly Host.
10 Him, Sage and Herald, void of guile, ensign
of sacrifices, him
Smoke-bannered, rich in light, we seek.
11 O Agni, be our Guardian thou, God, against
those who injure us:
Destroy our foes, thou Son of Strength.
12 Making his body beautiful, Agni the Sage
hath waxen by
The singer and his ancient hymn.
13 I invoke the Child of Strength, Agni with
purifying flame,
At this well-ordered sacrifice.
14 So Agni, rich in many friends, with fiery
splendour, seat thyself
With Gods upon our sacred grass.
15 The mortal man who serves the God Agni
within his own abode,
For him he causes wealth to shine.
16 Agni is head and height of heaven, the
Master of the earth is he:
He quickeneth the watere seed.
17 Upward, O Agni, rise thy flames, pure and
resplendent, blazing high,
Thy lustres, fair effulgences.
18 For, Agni, thou as Lord of Light rulest o'er
choicest gifts: may I,

Thy singer, find defence in thee.
 19 O Agni, they who understand stir thee to
 action with their thoughts:
 So let our songs enhance thy might.
 20 We ever claim the friendship of Agni, the
 singing messenger,
 Of God-like nature, void of guile.
 21 Agni who bears most holy sway, the holy
 Singer, holy Sage,
 Shines holy when we worship him.
 22 Yea, let my meditations, let my songs exalt
 thee evermore.
 Think, Agni, of our friendly bond,
 23 If I were thou and thou wert I, O Agni, every
 prayer of thine
 Should have its due fulfilment here.
 24 For Excellent and Lord of wealth. art thou O
 Agni, rich in light:
 May we enjoy thy favouring grace.
 25 Agni, to thee whose laws stand fast our
 resonant songs of praise speed forth,
 As rivers hasten to the sea.
 26 Agni, the Youthful Lord of men, who stirreth
 much and eateth all,
 The Sage, I glorify with hymns.
 27 To Agni let us haste with lauds, the Guide of
 sacrificial rites,
 Armed with sharp teeth, the Mighty One.
 28 And let this man, good Agni, be with thee
 the singer of thy praise:
 Be gracious, Holy One, to him.
 29 For thou art sharer of our feast, wise, ever
 watchful as a Sage:
 Agni, thou shinest in the sky.
 30 O Agni, Sage, before our foes, before
 misfortunes fall on us,
 Excellent Lord, prolong our lives.

HYMN XLV. Indra

1. HITHERWARD! they who light flame and
 straightway trim the sacred grass.
 Whose Friend is Indra ever young.
 2 High is their fuel, great their laud, wide is
 their splinter from the stake,
 Whose Friend is Indra ever young.
 3 Unequelled in fight the hero leads his army
 with the warrior chiefs.
 Whose Friend is Indra ever young.

4 The new-born Vrtra-slayer asked his Mother,
as he seized his shaft,
Who are the fierce? Who are renowned?
5 Savasi answered, He who seeks thine enmity
will battle like
A stately elephant on a hill.
6 And hear, O Maghavan; to him who craves of
thee thou grantest all
Whate'er thou makest firm is firm.
7 What time the Warrior Indra goes to battle,
borne by noble steeds,
Best of all charioteers is he.
8 Repel, O Thunder-armed, in all directions all
attacks on us:
And be our own most glorious God.
9 May Indra set our car in front, in foremost
Place to win the spoil,
He whom the wicked injure not.
10 Thine enmity may we escape, and, gakra, for
thy bounty, rich
In kine, may we come near to thee
11 Softly approaching, Thunder-armed wealthy
by hundreds, rich in steeds,
Unrivalled, ready with our gifts.
12 For thine exalted excellence gives to thy
worshippers each day
Hundreds and thousands of thy boons.
13 Indra, we know thee breaker-down even of
strong forts, winner of spoil,
A one who conquers wealth for us.
14 Though thou art highest, Sage and Bold let
the drops cheer thee when we come
To thee as to a trafficker.
15 Bring unto us the treasure of the opulent man
who, loth to give,
Hath slighted thee for gain of wealth.
16 Indra, these friends of ours, supplied with
Soma, wait and look to thee,
As men with fodder to the herd.
17 And thee who art not deaf, whose cars are
quick to listen, for our aid,
We call to us from far away.
18 When thou hast listened, make our call one
which thou never wilt forget,
And be our very nearest Friend.
19 When even now, when we have been in
trouble, we have thought of thee,
O Indra, give us gifts of kine.

20 O Lord of Strength, we rest on thee, as old
men rest upon a staff:
We long to have thee dwell with us.
21 To Indra sing a song of praise, Hero of
mighty valour, him
Whom no one challenges to war.
22 Hero, the Soma being shed, I pour the juice
for thee to drink:
Sate thee and finish thy carouse.
23 Let not the fools, or those who mock beguile
thee when they seek thine aid
Love not the enemies of prayer.
24 Here let them with rich milky draught cheer
thee to great munificence:
Drink as the wild-bull drinks the lake.
25 Proclaim in our assemblies what deeds, new
and ancient, far away,
The Vrtra-slayer hath achieved.
26 In battle of a thousand arms Indra drank
Kadru's Soma juice:
There he displayed his manly might.
27 True undeniable strength he found in Yadu
and in Turvasa,
And conquered through the sacrifice.
28 Him have I magnified, our Lord in, common,
Guardian of your folk,
Discloser of great wealth in kine;
29 Rbhuksan, not to be restrained, who
strengthened Tugra's son in lauds,
Indra beside the flowing juice;
30 Who for Trisoka clave the hill that formed a
wide receptacle,
So that the cows might issue forth.
31 Whate'er thy plan or purpose be, whate'er, in
transport, thou wouldst do,
Do it not, Indra, but be kind.
32 But little hath been heard of done upon the
earth by one like thee i
Let thine heart, Indra, turn to us.
33 Thine then shall be this high renown, thine
shall these lofty praises be,
When, Indra, thou art kind to us.
34 Not for one trespass, not for two, O Hero,
slay us, nor for three,
Nor yet for many trespasses.
35 I fear one powerful like thee, the
crusher down of enemies,
Mighty, repelling all attacks.

36 O wealthy God, ne'er may I live to see my
friend or son in need*:
Hitherward let thy heart be turned.
37 What friend, O people, unprovoked, hath
ever said unto a friend,
He turns and leaves us in distress?
38 Hero, insatiate enjoy this Soma juice so near
to thee,
Even as a hunter rushing down.
39 Hither I draw those Bays of thine yoked
by our hymn, with splendid car,
That thou mayst give unto the priests.
40 Drive all our enemies away, smite down the
foes who press around,
And bring the wealth for which we long:
41 O Tndra, that which is concealed in strong
firm place precipitous:
Bring us the wealth for which we long
42 Great riches which the world of men shall
recognize as sent by thbe:
Bring us the wealth for which we long.

HYMN XLVI. Indra.

1. WE, Indra, Lord of ample wealth, our Guide,
depend on one like thee,
Thou driver of the Tawny Steeds.
2 For, Hurler of the Bolt, we know thee true, the
giver of our food,
We know the giver of our wealth.
3 O thou whose majesty the bards celebrate with
their songs, thou Lord,
Of hundred powers and hundred aids.
4 Fair guidance hath the mortal man whom
Aryaman, the Marut host,
And Mitra, void of guile, protect.
5 Kine, steeds, and hero strength he gains, and
prosper, by the Adityas sped,
Ever in wealth which all desire.
6 We pray to Indra for his gift, to him the
Fearless and the Strong,
We pray to him the Lord of wealth.
7 For verily combined in him are all the fearless
powers of aid.
Him, rich in wealth, let swift Steeds bring to us,
his Bays, to Soma juice for his carouse:
8 Yea, that most excellent carouse, Indra, which
slays most enemies,
With Heroes wins the light of heaven, and is

invincible in war:

9 Which merits fame, all-bountiful! and,
unsubdued, hath victory in deeds of might.
So come to our libations, Strongest! Excellent!
May we obtain a stall of kine.

10 Responding to our wish for cows, for steeds,
and chariots, as of old,

Be gracious, Greatest of the Great

11 For, Hero, nowhere can I find the bounds of
thy munificence.

Still do thou favour us, O Bolt-armed
Maghavan: with strength hast thou rewarded
hymns.

12 High, glorifier of his friend, he knows all
generations, he whom many praise.

All races of mankind with ladies lifted up
invoke that Mighty Indra's aid.

13 Be he our Champion and Protector in great
deeds, rich in all wealth, the Vrtra-slayer,
Maghavan.

14 In the wild raptures of the juice sing to your
Hero with high laud, to him the Wise,
To Indra, glorious in his name, the Mighty One,
even as the hymn alloweth it.

15 Thou givest wealth to me myself, thou givest
treasure, Excellent! and the strong steed,
O Much-invoked, in deeds of might, yea, even
now.

16 Him, Sovran Ruler of all precious things,
who even hath power o'er this fair form of his,
As now it taketh shape, and afterward,

17 We praise, so that the Mighty One may
speed to you, Pourer of boun ies, Traveller,
prepared to go.

Thou favourest the Maruts known to all, by
song and sacrifice.

With song and praise I sing to thee.

18 We in the sacrifice perform their will whose
voice is lifted high,

The worship of those Thundering Ories who
o'er the ridges of these mountains fly in troops.

19 O Indra, Mightiest, bring us that which
crushes men of evil minds,

Wealth suited to our needs, O Stirrer of the
thought, best wealth, O thou who stirrest
thought.

20 O Winner, noble winner, strong, wondrous,
most splendid, excellent,

Sole Lord of victory, bring all-overpowering
wealth, joy-giving, chief in deeds of might.
21 Now let the godless man approach who hath
received reward so great
As Vasa, Asvya, when this light of morning
dawned, received from Prthusravas, from
Kanita's son.
22 Steeds sixty thousand and ten thousand kine,
and twenty hundred camels I obtained;
Ten hundred brown in hue, and other ten red in
three spots: in all, ten thousand kine.
23 Ten browns that make my wealth increase,
fleet steeds whose tails are long and fair,
Turn with swift whirl my chariot wheel;
24 The gifts which Prthusravas gave, Kanita's
son munificent.
He gave a chariot wrought of gold: the prince
was passing bountiful, and won himself most
lofty fame.
25 Come thou to this great rite of ours, Vayu! to
give us vigorous light.
We have served thee that thou mightest give
much to us, yea, mightest quickly give great
wealth.
26 Who with thrice seven times seventy horses
comes to us, invested with the rays of morn,
Through these our Soma-draughts and those
who press, to give, drinker of pure bright Soma
Juice.
27 Who hath inclined this glorious one,
buunteous himself, to give me gifts.
Borne on firm chariot with the prosperous
Nahup, wise, to a man yet more devout.
28 Sole Lord in beauty meet for praise, O Vayu,
dropping fatness down,
Hurried along by steeds, by camels, and by
hounds, spreads forth thy train: even this it is.
29 So, as a prize dear to the strong, the sixty
thousand have I gained,
Bulls that resemble vigorous steeds.
30 To me come oxen like a herd, yea, unto me
the oxen come.
31 And in the grazing herd he made a hundred
camels bleat for me,
And twenty hundred mid the white.
32 A hundred has the sage received, Dasa
Balbutha's and Taruksa's gifts.
These are thy people, Vayu, who rejoice with

Indra for their guard, rejoice with Gods for guards.

33 And now to Vasa Asvya here this stately woman is led forth,
Adorned with ornaments of gold.

HYMN XLVII. Adityas.

1. GREAT help ye give the worshipper, Varuna, Mitra, Mighty Ones! No sorrow ever reaches him whom ye, Adityas, keep from harm. Yours are incomparable aids, and good the succour they afford.

2 O Gods, Adityas, well ye know the way to keep all woes afar.

As the birds spread their sheltering wings, spread your protection over us.

3 As the birds spread their sheltering wings let your protection cover us.

We mean all shelter and defence, ye who have all things for your own.

4 To whomsoever they, Most Wise, have given a home and means of life,

O'er the whole riches of this man they, the Adityas, have control.

5 As drivers of the car avoid ill roads, let sorrows pass us by.

May we be under Indra's guard, in the Adityas' favouring grace.

6 For verily men sink and faint through loss of wealth which ye have given.

Much hath he gained from you, O Gods, whom ye, Adityas, have approached.

7 On him shall no fierce anger fall, no sore distress shall visit him,

To whom, Adityas, ye have lent your shelter that extendeth far.

8 Resting in you, O Gods, we are like men who fight in coats of mail.

Ye guard us from each great offence, ye guard us from each lighter fault.

9 May Aditi defend us, may Aditi guard and shelter us,

Mother of wealthy Mitra and of Aryaman and Varuna.

10 The shelter, Gods, that is secure, auspicious, free from malady,

A sure protection, triply strong, even that do ye

extend to us.

11 Look down on us, Adityas, as a guide
exploring from the bank.

Lead us to pleasant ways as men lead horses to
an easy ford.

12 Ill be it for the demons' friend to find us or
come near to us.

But for the milch-cow be it well, and for the
man who strives for fame.

13 Each evil deed made manifest, and that
which is concealed, O Gods,

The whole thereof remove from us to Trita
Aptya far away.

14 Daughter of Heaven, the dream that bodes
evil to us or to our kine,

Remove, O Lady of the Light, to Trita Aptya far
away.

15 Even if, O Child of Heaven, it make a
garland or a chain of gold,

The whole bad dream, whate'er it be, to Trita
Aptya we consign.

16 To him whose food and work is this, who
comes to take his share therein,

To Trita, and to Dvita, Dawn! bear thou the evil
dream away.

17 As we collect the utmost debt, even the
eighth and sixteenth part,

So unto Aptya we transfer together all the evil
dream.

18 Now have we conquered and obtained, and
from our trespasses are free.

Shine thou away the evil dream, O Dawn,
whereof we are afraid. Yours are incomparable
aids, and good the succour they afford.

HYMN XLVIII. Soma.

1. WISELY have I enjoyed the savoury viand,
religious-thoughted, best to find out treasure,
The food to which all Deities and mortals,
calling it meath, gather themselves together.

2 Thou shalt be Aditi as thou hast entered
within, appeaser of celestial anger.

Indu, enjoying Indra's friendship, bring us - as a
swift steed the car - forward to riches.

3 We have drunk Soma and become immortal;
we have attained the light, the Gods discovered.
Now what may foeman's malice do to harm us?
What, O Immortal, mortal man's deception?

4 Absorbed into the heart, be sweet, O Indu, as a
kind father to his son, O Soma,
As a wise Friend to friend: do thou, wide-ruler,
O Soma, lengthen out our days for living.
5 These glorious drops that give me freedom
have I drunk. Closely they knit my joints as
straps secure a car.
Let them protect my foot from slipping on the
way: yea, let the drops I drink preserve me from
disease.
6 Make me shine bright like fire produced by
friction: give us a clearer sight and make us
better.
For in carouse I think of thee, O Soma, Shall I,
as a rich man, attain to comfort?
7 May we enjoy with an enlivened spirit the
juice thou givest, like ancestral riches.
O Soma, King, prolong thou our existence as
Surya makes the shining days grow longer.
8 King Soma, favour us and make us prosper:
we are thy devotees; of this be mindful.
Spirit and power are fresh in us, O Indu give us
not up unto our foeman's pleasure.
9 For thou hast settled in each joint, O Soma,
aim of men's eyes and guardian of our bodies.
When we offend against thine holy statutes, as a
kind Friend, God, best of all, be gracious.
10 May I be with the Friend whose heart is
tender, who, Lord of Bays! when quaffed will
never harm me-
This Soma now deposited within me. For this, I
pray for longer life to Indra.
11 Our maladies have lost their strength and
vanished: they feared, and passed away into the
darkness.
Soma hath risen in us, exceeding mighty, and
we are come where men prolong existence.
12, Fathers, that Indu which our hearts have
drunken, Immortal in himself, hath entered
mortals.
So let us serve this Soma with oblation, and rest
securely in his grace and favour.
13 Associate with the Fathers thou, O Soma,
hast spread thyself abroad through earth and
heaven.
So with oblation let us serve thee, Indu, and so
let us become the lords of riches,
14 Give us your blessing, O ye Gods'

preservers. Never may sleep or idle talk control us.

But evermore may we, as friends of Soma,
speak to the synod with brave sons around us.
15 On all sides,. Soma, thou art our life-giver:
aim of all eyes, light-finder, come within us.
Indu, of one accord with thy protections both
from behind and from before preserve us.

HYMN XLIX. Agni.

1. AGNI, come hither with thy fires; we choose
thee as Invoking Priest.

Let the extended ladle full of oil balm thee, best
Priest, to sit on sacred grass.

2 For unto thee, O Angiras, O Son of Strength,
move ladles in the sacrifice.

To Agni, Child of Force, whose locks drop oil,
we seek, foremost in sacrificial rites.

3 Agni, thou art Disposer, Sage, Herald, bright
God! and worshipful,

Best offerer, cheerful, to be praised in holy rites,
pure Lord! by singers with their hymns.

4 Most Youthful and Eternal, bring the longing
Gods to me, the guileless, for the feast.

Come, Vasu, to the banquet that is well-
prepared: rejoice thee, gracious, with our songs.

5 Famed art thou, Agni, far and wide, Preserver,
righteous, and a Sage.

The holy singers, O refulgent kindled God!
arrangers, call on thee to come -

6 Shine, Most Resplendent! blaze, send bliss
unto the folk, and to thy worshipper
Great art thou.

So may my princes, with good fires, subduing
foes, rest in the keeping of the Gods.

7 O Agni, as thou burnest down to earth even
high-grown underwood,

So, bright as Mitra is, burn him who injures us,
him who plots ill against thy friend.

8 Give us not as a prey to mortal enemy, nor to
the wicked friend of fiends.

With conquering guards, auspicious,
unassailable, protect us, O Most Youthful God.

9 Protect us, Agni, through the first, protect us
through the second hymn,

Protect us through three hymns, O Lord of
Power and Might, through four hymns, Vasu,
guard thou us.

10 Preserve us from each fiend who brings the
Gods no gift, preserve thou us in deeds of
strength:

For we possess in thee the nearest Friend of all,
for service of the Gods and weal.

11 O Holy Agni, give us wealth renowned with
men and strengthening life.

Bestow on us, O Helper, that which many crave,
more glorious still by righteousness;

12 Wherewith we may o'ercome our rivals in
the war, o'empowering the foe's designs.

So wax thou by our food, O Excellent in
strength. Quicken our thoughts that find out
wealth.

13 Agni is even as a bull who whets and
brandishes his horns.

Well-sharpened are his jaws which may not be
withstood: the Child of Strength hath powerful
teeth.

14 Not to be stayed, O Bull, O Agni, are thy
teeth when thou art spreading far and wide.

Make our ohlations duly offired up, O Priest,
and give us store of precious things.

15 Thou liest in the wood: from both thy
Mothers mortals kindle thee.

Unweariedly thou bearest up the offerer's gifts,
then shinest bright among the Gods.

16 And so the seven priests, O Agni, worship
thee, Free-giver, Everlasting One.

Thou cleavest through the rock with heat and
fervent glow. Agni, rise up above the men.

17 For you let us whose grass is trimmed call
Agni, Agni, restless God.

Let us whose food is offered call to all the tribes
Agni the Invoking Priest of men.

18 Agni, with noble psalm that tells his wish he
dwells, thinking on thee who guardest him.

Speedily bring us strength of many varied sorts
to be most near to succour us.

19 Agni, Praise-singer! Lord of men, God
burner-up of Raksasas,

Mighty art thou, the ever-present Household-
Lord, Home-friend and Guardian from the sky.

20 Let no fiend come among us, O thou rich in
light, no spell of those who deal in spells.

To distant pastures drive faint hunger: far away,
O Agni, chase the demons' friends.

HYMN L. Indra.

1. BOTH boons,-may Indra, hitherward turned,
listen to this prayer of ours,
And mightiest Maghavan with thought inclined
to us come near to drink the Soma juice.

2 For him, strong, independent Ruler, Heaven
and Earth have fashioned forth for power and
might.

Thou seatest thee as first among thy peers in
place, for thy soul longs for Soma juice.

3 Fill thyself full, O Lord of wealth, O Indra,
with the juice we shed.

We know thee, Lord of Bay Steeds victor in the
fight, vanquishing e'en the invincible.

4 Changeless in truth, O Maghavan Indra, let it
be as thou in wisdom willest it.

May we, O fair of check, win booty with thine
aid, O Thunderer, swiftly seeking it.

5 Indra, with all thy saving helps give us
assistance, Lord of power.

For after thee we follow even as glorious bliss,
thee, Hero, finder-out of wealth.

6 Increaser of our steeds and multiplying kine, a
golden well, O God, art thou,

For no one may impair the gifts laid up in thee.
Bring me whatever thing I ask.

7 For thou,-come to the worshipper!-wilt find
great wealth to make us rich.

Fill thyself full, O Maghavan, for gain of kine,
full, Indra, for the gain of steeds.

8 Thou as thy gift bestowest many hundred
herds, yea, many thousands dost thou give.

With singers' hymns have we brought the Fort-
render near, singing to Indra for his grace.

9 Whether the simple or the sage, Indra, have
offered praise to thee,

He Satakratu! by his love hath gladdened thee,
ambitious! ever pressing on!

10 If he the Strong of arm, the breaker-down of
forts, the great Destroyer, hear my call,

We, seeking riches cry to Indra, Lord of wealth,
to Satakratu with our lauds.

11 We count not then as sinners, nor as
niggardly or foolish men,

When with the Soma juice which we have shed
we make Indra, the Mighty One, our Friend.

12 Him have we yoked in fight, the powerful
Conqueror, debt-claimer, not to be deceived.

Best charioteer, the Victor marks each fault, he
knows the strong to whom he will come near.

13 Indra, give us security from that whereof we
are afraid.

Help us, O Maghavan, let thy succour give us
this: drive away foes and enemies.

14 For thou, O liberal Lord of bounty,
strengthenest his ample home who worships
thee.

So Indra, Maghavan, thou Lover of the Song,
we with pressed Soma call on thee,

15 Indra is Vrtra-slayer, guard, our best
defender from the foe.

May he preserve our last and middlemost, and
keep watch from behind us and before.

16 Defend us from behind, below, above, in
front, on all sides, Indra, shield us well.

Keep far away from us the terror sent from
heaven: keep impious weapons far away.

17 Protect us, Indra, each to-day, each morrow,
and each following day.

Our singers, through all days, shalt thou, Lord
of the brave, keep safely both by day and night.

18 A crushing Warrior, passing rich is
Maghavan, endowed with all heroic might.

Thine arms, O Satakratu, are exceeding strong,
arms which have grasped the thunderbolt.

HYMN LI. Indra.

1. OFFER ye up as praise to him that wherein
Indra takes delight.

The Soma-bringers magnify Indra's great energy
with hymns. Good are the gifts that Indra gives.

2 Sole among chiefs, companionless,
impetuous, and peerless, he

Hath waxen great o'er many folk, yea., over all
things born, in might.

3 Lord of swift bounty, he will win e'en with a
steed of worthless sort.

This, Indra, must be told of thee who wilt
perform heroic deeds.

4 Come to us.hither: let us pay devotions that
enhance thy might,

For which, Most Potent! thou wouldst fain bless
the man here who strives for fame.

5 For thou, O Indra, makest yet more bold the
spirit of the bold

Who with strong Soma serveth thee, still ready

with his reverent prayers.
 6 Worthy of song, he looketh down as a man
 looketh into wells.
 Pleased with the Soma-bringer's skill he maketh
 him his mate and friend.
 7 In strength and wisdom all the Gods, Indra,
 have yielded unto thee.
 Be thou the Guard of all, O thou whom many
 praise.
 8 Praised, Indra, is this might of thine, best for
 the service of the Gods,
 That thou with power dost slay Vrtra, O Lord of
 Strength.
 9 He makes the races of mankind like synods of
 the Beauteous One.
 Indra knows this his manifest deed, and is
 renowned.
 10 Thy might, O Indra, at its birth, thee also,
 and thy mental power,
 In thy care, Maghavan rich in kine! they have
 increased exceedingly.
 11 O Vrtra-slayer, thou and I will both combine
 for winning spoil.
 Even malignity will consent, O Bolt-armed
 Hero, unto us.
 12 Let us extol this Indra as truthful and never
 as untrue.
 Dire is his death who pours no gifts great light
 hath he who offers them. Good are the gifts that
 Indra gives.

HYMN LII. Indra.

1. WITH powers of Mighty Ones hath he,
 Ancient, Beloved, been equipped,
 Through whom the Father Manu made prayers
 efficacious with the Gods.
 2 Him, Maker of the sky, let stones wet with the
 Soma ne'er forsake,
 Nor hymns and prayer that must be said.
 3 Indra who knew full well disclosed the kine to
 the Angirases.
 This his great deed must be extolled.
 4 Indra, promoter of the song, the sage's
 Strengtheners as of old,
 Shall come to bless and succour us at
 presentation of this laud.
 5 Now after their desire's intent the pious

singers with the cry
 Of Hail! have sung loud hymns to thee, Indra, to
 gain a stall of kine.
 6 With Indra rest all deeds of might, deeds done
 and yet to be performed,
 Whom singers know devoid of guile.
 7 When the Five Tribes with all their men to
 Indra have sent out their voice,
 And when the priest hath strewn much grass,
 this is the Friend's own dwellingplace.
 8 This praise is verily thine own: thou hast
 performed these manly deeds,
 And sped the wheel upon its way.
 9 At the o'erflowing of this Steer, boldly he
 strode for life, and took
 Soma as cattle take their corn.
 10 Receiving this and craving help, we, who
 with you are Daksa's sons,
 Would fain exalt the Maruts' Lord.
 11 Yea, Hero, with the singers we sing to the
 duly-coming Band.
 Allied with thee may we prevail.
 12 With us are raining Rudras, clouds accordant
 in call to battle, at the death of Vrtra,

 The strong assigned to him who
 sings and praises. May Gods
 with Indra at their head protect
 us.

HYMN LIII. Andra.

1. MAY our hymns give thee great delight.
 Display thy bounty, Thunderer.
 Drive off the enemies of prayer.
 2 Crush with thy foot the niggard churls who
 bring no gifts. Mighty art thou
 There is not one to equal thee.
 3 Thou art the Lord of Soma pressed, Soma
 impressed is also thine.
 Thou art the Sovran of the folk.
 4 Come, go thou forth, dwelling in heaven and
 listening to the prayers of men:
 Thou fillest both the heavens and earth.
 5 Even that hill with rocky heights, with
 hundreds, thousands, held within.
 Thou for thy worshippers brakest through.
 6 We call on thee both night and day to taste the
 flowing Soma juice:
 Do thou fulfil our heart's desire.

7 Where is that ever-youthful Steer, strong.
necked and never yet bent down?
What Brahman ministers to him?
8 To whose libation doth the Steer, betake him
with delight therein?
Who takes delight in Indra now?
9 Whom, Vrtra-slayer, have thy gift and hero
powers accompanied?
Who is thy dearest in the laud?
10 For thee among mankind, among the Purus is
this Soma shed.
Hasten thou hither: drink thereof.
11 This, growing by Soma and by Saryanavan,
dear to thee,
In Arjikiya, cheers thee best.
12 Hasten thou hitherward, and drink this for
munificence to-day,
Delightful for thine eager draught.

HYMN LIV. Indra.

1. THOUGH, Indra, thou art called by men from
east and west, from north and south,
Come hither quickly with fleet steeds
2 If in the effluence of heaven, rich in its light,
thou takest joy,
Or in the sea in Soma juice.
3 With songs I call thee, Great and Wide, even
as a cow to profit us,
Indra, to drink the Soma-draught.
4 Hither, O Indra, let thy Bays bear up and,
bring upon thy car
Thy glory, God! and majesty.
5 Thou, Indra, wouldst be sung and praised as
great, strong, lordly in thy deeds
Come hither, drink our Soma juice.
6 We who have shed the Soma and prepared the
feast are calling thee.
To sit on this our sacred grass.
7 As, Indra, thou art evermore the common
Lord of all alike,
As such we invoke thee now.
8 The men with stones have milked for thee this
nectar of the Soma juice:
Indra, be pleased with it, and drink.
9 Neglect all pious men with skill in sacred
song: come hitherward,
With speed, and give us high renown.
10 Gods, may the mighty rest unharmed, the

King who gives me spotted kine,
Kine decked with golden ornaments.
11 Beside a thousand spotted kine I have
received a gift of gold,
Pure, brilliant, and exceeding great.
12 Durgaha's grandsons, giving me a thousand
kine, munificent,
Have won renown among the Gods.

HYMN LV. Indra.

1. LOUD singing at the sacred rite where Soma
flows we priests invoke
With haste, that he may help, as the bard's
Cherisher, Indra who findeth wealth for you.
2. Whom with fair helm, in rapture of the juice,
the firm resistless slayers hinder not:
Giver of glorious wealth to him who sing a his
praise, honouring him who toils and pours:
3 Sakra, who like a curry-comb for horses or a
golden goad,
Indra, the Vrtra-slayer, urges eagerly the
opening of the stall of kine:
4 Who for the worshipper scatters forth ample
wealth, even though buried, piled in heaps:
May Indra, Lord of Bay Steeds, fair-helmed
Thunderer, act at his pleasure, as he lists.
5 Hero whom many praise, what thou hast
longed for, oven of old, from men.
All that we offer unto thee, O Indra, now,
sacrifice, laud, effectual speech.
6 To Soma, Much-invoked, Bolt-armed! for thy
carouse, Celestial, Soma-drinker come.
Thou to the man who- prays and pours the juice
hast been best giver of delightful wealth.
7 Here, verily, yesterday we let the Thunder-
wielder drink his fill.
So in like manner offer him the jifice today.
Now range you by the Glorious One.
8 Even the wolf, the savage beast that rends the
sheep, follows the path of his decrees.
So graciously accepting, Indra, this our praise,
with wondrous thought come forth to us.
9 What manly deed of vigour now remains that
Indra hath not done?
Who hath not heard his glorious title and his
fame, the Vrtra-slayer from his birth?
10 'How great his power resistless! how
invincible the Vrtra-slayer's matchless might!

Indra excels all usurers who see the day, excels
all traffickers in strength.

11 O Indra, Vrtra-slayer, we, thy very constant
worshippers,
Bring prayers ne'er heard before to thee, O
Much-invoked, O Thunder-armed, to be thy
need.

12 O thou of mighty acts, the aids that are in
thee call forward many an eager hope.
Past the drink-offerings, Vasu, even of the good,
hear my call, Strongest God, and come.

13 Verily, Indra, we are thine, we worshippers
depend on thee.

For there is none but only thou to show us race,
O Maghavan, thou much invoked.

14 From this our misery and famine set us free,
from this dire curse deliver us.

Succour us with thine help and with thy
wondrous thought. Most Mighty, finder of the
way.

15 Now let your Soma juice be poured; be not
afraid, O Kali's sons.

This darkening sorrow goes away; yea, of itself
it vanishes.

HYMN LVI. Adityas.

1. Now pray we to these Ksatriyas, to the
Adityas for their aid,
These who are gracious to assist.

2 May Mitra bear us oer distress, and Varuna
and Aryaman,
Yea, the Adityas, as they know.

3 For wonderful and meet for praise is these
Adityas' saving help
To him who offers and prepares.

4 The mighty aid of you, the Great, Varuna,
Mitra, Aryaman,
We claim to be our sure defence.

5 Guard us, Adityas, still alive, before the
deadly weapon strike:

Are ye not they who hear our call?

6 What sheltering defence ye have for him who
toils in pouring gifts,
Graciously bless ye us therewith.

7 Adityas, Gods, from sorrow there is freedom;
for the sinless, wealth,
O ye in whom no fault is seen.

8 Let not this fetter bind us fast: may he release
us for success;
For strong is Indra and renowned.
9 O Gods who fain would lend your aid, destroy
not us as ye destroy
Your enemies who go astray.
10 And thee too, O Great Aditi, thee also,
Goddess, I address,
Thee very gracious to assist.
11 Save us in depth and shallow from the foe,
thbu Mother of Strong Sons
Let no one of our seed be harmed.
12 Far-spread! wide-ruling! grant that we,
unharmd by envy, may expand
Grant that our progeny may live.
13 Those who, the Princes of the folk, in native
glory, neer deceived,
Maintain their statutes, void of guilt-
14 As such, from mouth of ravening wolves, O
ye Adityas, rescue us,
Like a bound thief, O Aditi.
15 Adityas, let this arrow, yea, let this mali.
gnity depart
From us or eer it strike us dead.
16 Fori Bountiful Adityas, we have evermore
enjoyed your help,
Both now and in die days of old.
17 To every one, O ye Most Wise, who turneth
even from sin to you,
Ye Gods vouchsafe that he may live.
18 May this new mercy profit us, which, ye
Adityas, frees like one,
Bound from his bonds, O Aditi.
19 O ye Adityas, this your might is not to be
despised by us:
So be ye graciously inclined.
20 Let not Vivasvan's weapon nor the shaft,
Adityas, wrought with skill,
Destroy us ere old age be nigh.
21 On every side dispel all sin, Adityas, all
hostility,
Indigence, and combined attack.

HYMN LVII. Indra.

1. EVEN as a car to give us aid, we draw thee
hither for our bliss,
Strong in thy deeds, checking assault, Lord,
Mightiest Indra, of the brave!

2 Great in thy power and wisdom, Strong, with
thought that comprehendeth all
Thou hast filled full with majesty.
3 Thou very Mighty One, whose hands by virtue
of thy greatness grasp,
The golden bolt that breaks its way.
4 Your Lord of might that ne'er hath bent, that
ruleth over all mankind,
I call, that he, as he is wont, may aid the
chariots and the men.
5 Whom, ever furthering, in frays that win the
light, in both the hosts
Men call to succour and to help.
6 Indra, the Strong, the measureless, worthy of
praise, Most Bountiful,
Sole Ruler even over wealth.
7 Him, for his ample bounty, him, this Indra do
I urge to drink,
Who, as his praise was sung of old, the Dancer,
is the Lord of men.
8 Thou Mighty One, whose friendship none of
mortals ever hath obtained
None will attain unto thy might.
9 Aided by thee, with thee allied, in frays for
water and for sun,
Bolt-armed! may we win ample spoil.
10 So seek we thee with sacrifice and songs,
chief Lover of the Song,
As, in our battles Indra, thou to Purumayya
gavest help.
11 O Thunderer, thou whose friendship and
whose onward guidance both are sweet,
Thy sacrifice must be prepared.
12 To us, ourselves, give ample room, give for
our dwelling ample room
Give ample room to us to live.
13 We count the banquet of the Gods a spacious
pathway for the men,
And for the cattle, and the car.
14 Six men, yea, two and two, made glad with
Soma juice, come near to me
With offerings pleasant to the taste.
15 Two brown-hued steeds, Indrota's gift, two
bays from Rksa's son were mine,
From Asvamedha's son two red.
16 From Atithigva good car-steeds; from Arksa
rein-obeying steeds,
From Asvamedha beauteous ones.

17 Indrota, Atithigva's son, gave me six horses
matched with mares
And Patakratu gave besides.
18 Marked above all, amid the brown, is the red
mare Vrsanvati,
Obedient to the rein and whip.
19 O bound to me by deeds of might, not even
the man who loves to blame.
Hath found a single fault in you.

HYMN LVIII. Indra.

1. I SEND you forth the song of praise for Indu,
hero-gladdener.
With hymn and plenty he invites you to
complete the sacrifice.
2 Thou wishest for thy kine a bull, for those
who long for his approach,
For those who turn away from him, lord of thy
cows whom none may kill.
3 The dappled kine who stream with milk
prepare his draught of Soma juice:
Clans in the birth-place of the Gods, in the three
luminous realms of heaven.
4 Praise, even as he is known, with song Indra
the guardian of the kine,
The Son of Truth, Lord of the brave.
5 Hither his Bay Steeds have been sent, red
Steeds are on the sacred grass,,
Where we in concert sing our songs.
6 For Indra Thunder-armed the kine have
yielded mingled milk and meath,
What time he found them in the vault.
7 When I and Indra mount on high up to the
Bright One's place and home,
We, having drunk of meath, will reach his seat
whose Friends are three times seven.
8 Sing, sing ye forth your songs of praise, ye
Briyamedhas, sing your songs:
Yea, let young children sing their lauds as a
strong castle praise ye him.
9 Now loudly let the viol sound, the lute send
out its voice with might,
Shrill be, the music of the string. To Indra. is the
hymn up-raised.
10 When bither speed the dappled cows,
unflinching, easy to be milked,
Seize quickly, as it bursts away, the Soma juice
for Indra's drink.

11 Indra hath drunk, Agni hath drunk. all
Deities have drunk their fill.

Here Varuna shall have his home, to whom the
floods have sung aloud as motherkine unto their
calves.

12 Thou, Varuna, to whom belong Seven
Rivers, art a glorious God.
The waters flow into thy throat as 'twere a pipe
with ample mouth.

13 He who hath made the fleet steeds spring,
well-harnessed, to the worshipper,
He, the swift Guide, is that fair form that loosed
the horses near at hand.

14 Indra, the very Mighty, holds his enemies in
utter scorn.
He, far away, and yet a child, cleft the cloud
smitten by his voice.

15 He, yet a boy exceeding small, mounted his
newly-fashioned car.
He for his Mother and his Sire cooked the wild
mighty buffalo.

16 Lord of the home, fair-helmeted, ascend thy
chariot wrought of gold.
We will attend the Heavenly One, the thousand-
footed, red of hue, matchless, who blesses
where he goes.

17 With reverence they come hitherward to him
as to. a Sovran lord,
That they may bring him near for this man's
good success, to prosper and bestow his gifts.

18 The Priyamedhas have observed the offering
of the men of old,
Of ancient custom, while they strewed the
sacred grass, and spread their sacrificial food.

HYMN LIX. Indra.

1. HE who, as Sovran Lord of men, moves with
his chariots unrestrained,
The Vrtra-slayer vanquisher, of fighting hosts,
preeminent, is praised with song.

2 Honour that Indra, Puruhanman! for his aid, in
whose sustaining hand of old,
The splendid bolt of thunder was deposited, as
the great Sun was set in heaven.

3 No one by deed attains to him who works and
strengthens evermore:

No, not by sacrifice, to Indra. praised o all,
resistless, daring, bold in might.

4 The potent Conqueror, invincible in war, him
at whose birth the Mighty Ones,
The Kine who spread afar, sent their loud
voices out, heavens, earths seat their loud voices
out,
5 O Indra, if a hundred heavens and if a hundred
earths were thine-
No, not a thousand Suns could match thee at thy
birth, not both the worlds, O Thunderer.
6 Thou, Hero, hast performed thy hero deeds
with might, yea, all with strength, O Strongest
One.
Maghavan, help us to a stable full of kine, O
Thunderer, with wondrous aids.
7 Let not a godless mortal gain this food, O thou
whose life is long!
But one who yokes the bright-hued steeds, the
Etasas, even Indra yoker of the Bays.
8 Urge ye the Conqueror to give, your Indra
greatly to be praised,
To be invoked in shallow waters and in depths,
to be invoked in deeds of might.
9 O Vasu, O thou Hero, raise us up to ample
opulence.
Raise us to gain of mighty wealth, O Maghavan,
O Indra, to sublime renown.
10 Indra, thou justifiest us, and tramplest down
thy slanderers.
Guard thyself, valiant Hero, in thy vital parts:
strike down the Dasa with thy blows.
11 The man who brings no sacrifice, inhuman,
godless, infidel,
Him let his friend the mountain cast to rapid
death, the mountain cast the Dasyu down.
12 O Mightiest Indra, loving us, gather thou up,
as grains of corn,
Within thine hand, of these their kine, to give
away, yea, gather twice as loving us.
13 O my companions, wish for power. How
may we perfect Sara's praise,
The liberal princely patron, never to be harmed?
14 By many a sage whose grass is trimmed thou
art continually praised,
That thou, O Sara, hast bestowed here one and
here another calf.
15 The noble, Suradeva's son, hath brought a
calf, led by the car to three of us.

As a chief brings a goat to milk.

HYMN LX. Agni.

1. O AGNI, with thy mighty wealth guard us
from all malignity,

Yea, from all hate of mortal man.

2 For over thee, O Friend from birih, the wrath
of man hath no control:

Nay, Guardian of the earth art thou.

3 As such, with all the Gods, O Son of Strength,
auspicious in thy flame.

Give us wealth bringing all things good.

4 Malignities stay not from wealth the mortal
man whom, Agni, thou

Protectest while he offers gifts.

5 Sage Agni, be whom thou dost urge, in
worship of the Gods, to wealth,

With thine assistance winneth kine.

6 Riches with many heroes thou hast for the
man who offers gifts:

Lead thou us on to higher bliss.

7 Save us, O Jatavedas, nor abandon us to him
who sins,

Unto the evil-hearted man.

8 O Agni, let no godless man avert thy bounty
as a God:

Over all treasures thou art Lord.

9 So, Son of Strength, thou aidest us to what is
great and excellent.

Those, Vasu! Friend! who sing thy praise.

10 Let our songs come anear to him beauteous
and bright with piercing flame

Our offerings, with our homage, to the
Lord of wealth, to him whom many praise, for
help:

11 To Agni Jatavedas, to the Son of Strength,
that he may give us precious gifts,
Immortal, from of old Priest among mortal men,
the most delightful in the house.

12 Agni, made yours by sacrifice, Agni, while
holy rites advance;

Agni, the first in songs, first with the warrior
steed; Agril to win the land for us.

13 May Agni who is Lord of wealth vouchsafe
us food for friendship sake.

Agni we ever seek for seed and progeny, the
Vasu who protects our lives.

14 Solicit with your chants, for help, Agni the

God with piercing flame,
For riches famous Agni, Purumilha and ye men!
Agni to light our dwelling well.
15 Agni we laud that he may keep our foes afar,
Agni to give us health and strength.
Let him as Guardian be invoked in all the tribes,
the lighter-up of glowing brands.

HYMN LXI. Agni.

1. PREPARE oblation: let him come; and let the
minister serve again
Who knows the ordering thereof,
2 Rejoicing in his friendship, let the priest be
seated over man,
Beside the shoot of active power.
3 Him, glowing bright beyond all thought, they
seek among the race of man;
With him for tongue they seize the food.
4 He hath inflamed the twofold plain: lifegiving,
he hath climbed the wood,
And with his tongue hath struck the rock.
5 Wandering here the radiant Calf finds none to
fetter him, and seeks
The Mother to declare his praise.
6 And now that great and mighty team, the team
of horses that are his,
And traces of his car, are seen.
7 The seven milk a single cow; the two set other
five to work,
On the stream's loud-resounding bank.
8 Entreated by Vivasvan's ten, Indra cast down
the water-jar
With threefold hammer from the sky.
9 Three times the newly-kindled flame proceeds
around the sacrifice:
The priests anoint it with the meath.
10 With reverence they drain the fount that
circles with its wheel above,
Exhaustless, with the mouth below.
11 The pressing-stones are set at work: the
meath is poured into the tank,
At the out-shedding of the fount.
12 Ye cows, protect the fount: the two Mighty
Ones bless the sacrifice.
The handles twain are wrought of gold.
13 Pour on the juice the ornament which
reaches both the heaven and earth
Supply the liquid to the Bull.

14 These know their own abiding-place: like
calves beside the mother cows
They meet together with their kin.
15 Devouring in their greedy jaws, they make
sustaining food in heaven,
To Indra, Agni light and prayer.
16 The Pious One milked out rich food,
sustenance dealt in portions seven,
Together with the Sun's seven rays.
17 I took some Soma when the Sun rose up, O
Mitra, Varuna.
That is the sick man's medicine.
18 From where oblations must be laid, which is
the Well-beloved's home,
He with his tongue hath compassed heaven.

HYMN LXII. Asvins.

1. ROUSE ye for him who keeps the Law, yoke
your steeds, Aiyins, to your car
Let your protecting help be near.
2 Come, Asvins, with your car more swift than
is the twinkling of an eye
Let your protecting help be near.
3 Asvins, ye overlaid with cold the fiery pit for
Atri's sake:
Let your protecting help be near.
4 Where are ye? whither are ye gone? whither,
like falcons, have ye flown?
Let your protecting help be near.
5 If ye at any time this day are listening to this
my call,
Let your protecting help be near.
6 The Asvins, fust to hear our prayer, for closest
kinship I approach:
Let your protecting help be near.
7 For Atri ye, O Asvins, made a dwellingplace
to shield him well,
Let your protecting help be near.
8 Ye warded off the fervent heat for Atri when
he sweetly spake:
Let your protecting help be near.
9 Erst Saptavadbri by his prayer obtained the
trenchant edge of fire:
Let your protecting help be near.
10 Come hither, O ye Lords of wealth, and
listen to this call of mine:
Let your protecting help be near.
11 What is this praise told forth of you as Elders

in the ancient way?
 Let your protecting help be near.
 12 One common brotherhood is yours, Asvins
 your kindred is the same:
 Let your protecting help be near.
 13 This is your chariot, Asvins, which speeds
 through the regions, earth and heaven
 Let your protecting aid be near.
 14 Approach ye hitherward to us with thousands
 both of steeds and kine:
 Let your protecting help be near.
 15 Pass us not by, remember us with thousands
 both of kine and steeds:
 Let your protecting help be near.
 16 The purple-tinted Dawn hath risen, and true
 to Law hath made the light
 Let your protecting help be near.
 17 He looked upon the Asvins, as an axearmed
 man upon a tree:
 Let your protecting help be near.
 18 By the black band encompassed round, break
 it down, bold one, like a fort.
 Let your protecting help be near.

HYMN LXIII. Agni.

1. EXERTING all our strength with thoughts of
 power we glorify in speech
 Agni your dear familiar Friend, the darling
 Guest in every home.
 2 Whom, served with sacrificial oil like Mitra,
 men presenting gifts
 Eulogize with their songs of praise
 3 Much-lauded Jatavedas, him who bears
 oblations up to heaven
 Prepared in service of the Gods.
 4 To noblest Agni, Friend of man, best Vrtra-
 slayer, are we come,
 Him in whose presence Rksa's son, mighty
 Srutarvan, waxes great;
 5 To deathless Jatavedas, meet for praise,
 adored, with sacred oil,
 Visible through the gloom of night
 6 Even Agni whom these priestly men worship
 with sacrificial gifts,
 With lifted ladles offering them.
 7 O Agni, this our newest hymn hath been
 addressed from us to thee,
 O cheerful Guest, well-born, most wise, worker

of wonders, ne'er deceived.
 8 Agni, may it be dear to thee, most grateful,
 and exceeding sweet:
 Grow mightier, eulogized therewith.
 9 Splendid with splendours may it be, and in the
 battle with the foe
 Add loftier glory to thy fame.
 10 Steed, cow, a lord of heroes, bright like
 Indra, who shall fill the car.
 Whose high renown ye celebrate, and people
 praise each glorious deed.
 11 Thou whom Gopavana made glad with song,
 O Agni Angiras,
 Hear this my call, thou Holy One.
 12 Thou whom the priestly folk implore to aid
 the gathering of the spoil,
 Such be thou in the fight with foes.
 13 I, called to him who reels with joy,
 Srutarvan, Rksa's son, shall stroke
 The heads of four presented steeds, like the long
 wool of fleecy rams.
 14 Four coursers with a splendid car, Savistha's
 horses, fleet of foot,
 Shall bring me to the sacred feast, as flying
 steeds brought Tugra's son.
 15 The very truth do I declare to thee, Parusni,
 mighty flood.
 Waters! no man is there who gives more horses
 than Savistha gives.

HYMN LXIV. Agni.

1. YOKE, Agni, as a charioteer, thy steeds who
 best invite the Gods: As ancient Herald seat
 thyself.
 2 And, God, as skilfullest of all, call for us
 bitherward the Gods:
 Give all our wishes sure effect.
 3 For thou, Most Youthful, Son of Strength,
 thou to whom sacrifice is paid,
 Art holy, faithful to the Law.
 4 This Agni, Lord of wealth and spoil
 hundredfold, thousandfold, is head
 And chief of riches and a Sage.
 5 As craftsmen bend the felly, so bend at our
 general call: come nigh,
 Angiras, to the sacrifice.
 6 Now, O Virupa, rouse for him, Strong God
 who shines at early morn,

Fair praise with voice that ceases not.
 7 With missile of this Agni, his who looks afar,
 will we lay low
 The thief in combat for the kine.
 8 Let not the Companies of Gods fail us, like
 Dawns that float away,
 Like cows who leave the niggardly.
 9 Let not the sinful tyranny of any fiercely
 hating foe
 Smite us, as billows smite a ship.
 10 O Agni, God, the people sing reverent praise
 to thee for strength:
 With terrors trouble thou the foe.
 11 Wilt thou not, Agni, lend us aid in winning
 cattle, winning wealth?
 Maker of room, make room for us.
 12 In this great battle cast us not aside as one
 who bears a load:
 Snatch up the wealih and win it all.
 13 O Agni, let this plague pursue and fright
 another and not us:
 Make our impetuous strength more strong.
 14 The reverent or unwearied man whose holy
 labour he accepts,
 Him Agni favours with success.
 15 Abandoning the foeman's host pass hither to
 this company:
 Assist the men with whom I stand.
 16 As we have known thy gracious help, as of a
 Father, long ago,
 So now we pray to thee for bliss.

HYMN LXV. Indra.

I. NOT to forsake me, I invoke this Indra girt by
 Maruts,
 Lord Of magic power who rules with might.
 2 This Indra with his Marut Friends clave into
 pieces Vrtra's bead
 With hundred-knotted thunderbolt.
 3 Indra, with Marut Friends grown strong, hath
 rent asunder Vrtra, and
 Released the waters of the sea.
 4 This is that Indra who, begirt by Maruts, won
 the light of heaven
 That he might drink the Soma juice.
 5 Mighty, impetuous, begirt by Maruts, him
 who loudly roars,
 Indra we invoke with songs.

6 Indra begirt by Maruts we invoke after the
 ancient plan,
 That he may drink the Soma juice.
 7 O liberal Indra, Marut-girt, much-lauded
 Satakratu, drink
 The Soma at this sacrifice.
 8 To thee, O Indra, Marut-girt, these Soma
 juices, Thunderer!
 Are offered from the heart with lauds.
 9 Drink, Indra, with thy Marut Friends, pressed
 Soma at the morning rites,
 Whetting thy thunderbolt with strength.
 10 Arising in thy might, thy jaws thou shookest,
 Indra, having quaffed
 The Soma which the mortar pressed.
 11 Indra, both worlds complained to thee when
 uttering thy fearful roar,
 What time thou smotest Dasyus dead.
 12 From Indra have I measured out a song
 eight-footed with nine parts,
 Delicate, faithful. to the Law.

HYMN LXVI. Indra.

1. SCARCELY was Satakratu, born when of his
 Mother he inquired,
 Who are the mighty? Who are famed?
 2. Then Savassi declared to him Aurnavabha,
 Ahisuva:
 Son, these be they thou must o'erthrow
 3 The Vrtra-slayer smote them all as spokes are
 hammered into naves:
 The Dasyu-killer waxed in might.
 4 Then Indra at a single draught drank the
 contents of thirty pails,
 Pails that were filled with Soma juice.
 5 Indra in groundless realms of space pierced
 the Gandharva through, that he
 Might make Brahmans' strength increase.
 6 Down from the mountains Indra shot hither
 his well-directed shaft:
 He gained the ready brew of rice.
 7 One only is that shaft of thine, with thousand
 feathers, hundred barbs,
 Which, Indra, thou hast made thy friend.
 8 Strong as the gbhus at thy birth, therewith to
 those who praise thee, men,
 And women, bring thou food to eat.
 9 By thee these exploits were achieved, the

mightiest deeds, abundantly:
Firm in thy heart thou settest them.
10 All these things Visnu brought, the Lord of
ample stride whom thou hadst sent-
A hundred buffaloes, a brew of rice and milk:
and Indra, slew the ravening boar
11 Most deadly is thy bow, successful,
fashioned well: good is thine arrow, decked
with gold.
Warlike and well equipped thine arms are,
which increase sweetness for him who drinks
the sweet.

HYMN LXVII. Indra.

1. BRING us a thousand, Indra, as our guerdon
for the Soma juice:
Hundreds of kine, O Hero, bring.
2 Bring cattle, bring us ornament, bring us
embellishment and steeds,
Give us, besides, two rings of gold.
3 And, Bold One, bring in ample store rich
jewels to adorn thi; ear,
For thou, Good Lord, art far renowned.
4 None other is there for the priest, Hero! but
thou, to give him gifts,
To win much spoil and prosper him.
5 Indra can never be brought low, Sakra can
never be subdued:
He heareth and beholdeth all.
6 He spieth out the wrath of man, he who can
never be deceived:
Ere blame can come he marketh it.
7 He hath his stomach full of might, the Vrtra-
slayer, Conqueror,
The Soma-drinker, ordering all.
8 In thee all treasures are combined, Soma all
blessed things in thee,
Uninjured, easy to bestow.
9 To thee speeds forth my hope that craves the
gift of corn, and kine and gold,
Yea, craving horses, speeds to thee.
10 Indra, through hope in thee alone even this
sickle do I grasp.
Fill my hand, Maghavan, with all that it can
hold of barley cut or gathered up.

HYMN LXVIII. Soma.

1. THIS here is Soma, ne'er restrained, active,
all-conquering bursting forth,

Rsi and Sage by sapience,
2 All that is bare he covers o'er, all that is sick
he medicines;
The blind man sees, the cripple walks.
3 Thou, Soma, givest wide defence against the
hate of alien men,
Hatreds that waste and weaken us.
4 Thou by thine insight and thy skill, Impetuous
One, from heaven and earth
Drivest the sinner's enmity.
5 When to their task they come with zeal, may
they obtain the Giver's grace,
And satisfy his wish who thirsts.
6 So may he find what erst was lost, so may be
speed the pious man,
And lengthen his remaining life.
7 Gracious, displaying tender love,
unconquered, gentle in thy thoughts,
Be sweet, O Soma, to our heart.
8 O Soma, terrify us not; strike us not with
alarm, O King:
Wound not our heart with dazzling flame.
9 When in my dwelling-place I see the wicked
enemies of Gods,
King, chase their hatred far away, thou
Bounteous One, dispel our foes.

HYMN LXIX. Indra

1. O Sarakratu! truly I have made none else my
Comforter.
Indra; be gracious unto us.
2 Thou who hast ever aided us kindly of old to
win the spoil,
As such, O Indra, favour us.
3 What now? As prompter of the poor thou
helpest him who sheds the juice.
Wilt thou not, Indra, strengthen us?
4 O Indra, help our chariot on, yea, Thunderer,
though it lag behind:
Give this my car the foremost place.
5 Ho there! why sittest thou at case? Make thou
my chariot to be first
And bring the fame of victory near.
6 Assist our car that seeks the prize. What can
be easier for thee?
So make thou us victorious.
7 Indra, be firm: a fort art thou. To thine
appointed place proceeds

The auspicious hymn in season due.
8 Let not our portion be disgrace. Broad is the
course, the prize is set,
The barriers are opened wide.
9 This thing we wish. that thou mayst take thy
fourth, thy sacrificial name.
So art thou held to be our Lord.
10 Ekadyu hath exalted you, Immortals: both
Goddesses and Gods hath he delighted.
Bestow upon him bounty meet for praises. May
he, enriched with prayer, come soon and early.

HYMN LXX. Indra.

1. INDRA, God of the mighty arm, gather for us
with thy right hand
Manifold and nutritious spoil.
2 We know thee mighty in thy deeds, of mighty
bounty, mighty wealth,
Mighty in measure, prompt to aid.
3 Hero, when thou art fain to give, neither may
Gods nor mortal men
Restrain thee like a fearful Bull.
4 Come, let us glorify Indra, Lord supreme of
wealth, Self-ruling King:
In bounty may he harm us not.
5 Let prelude sound and following chant so let
him hear the Saman sung,
And with his bounty answer us.
6 O Indra, with thy right hand bring, and with
thy left remember us.
Let us not lose our share of wealth.
7 Come nigh, O Bold One, boldly bring hither
the riches of the churl
Who giveth least of all the folk.
8 Indra, the booty which thou hast with holy
singers to receive,
Even that booty win with us.
9 Indra, thy swiftly-coming spoil, the booty
which rejoices all,
Sounds quick in concert with our hopes.

HYMN LXXI. Indra.

1. HASTE forward to us from afar, or, Vrtra-
slayer, from anear,
To meet the offering to the meath.
2 Strong are the Soma-draughts; come nigh: the
juices fill thee with delight:
Drink boldly even as thou art wont'.
3 Joy, Indra, in the strengthening food et it

content thy wish and thought,
And be delightful to thine heart.
4 Come to us thou who hast no foe: we call thee
down to hymns of praise,
In heaven's sublimest realm of light.
5 This Soma here expressed with stones and
dressed with milk for thy carouse,
Indra, is offered up to thee.
6 Graciously, Indra, hear my call. Come and
obtain the draught, and sate
Thyself with juices blent with milk.
7 The Soma, Indra, which is shed in chalices
and vats for thee,
Drink thou, for thou art Lord thereof.
8 The Soma seen within themats, as in the flood
the Moon is seen,
Drink thou, for thou art Lord thereof.
9 That which the Hawk brought in his claw,
inviolat, through the air to thee,
Drink thou, for thou art Lord thereof.

HYMN LXXII. Visvedevas.

1. WE choose unto ourselves that high
protection of the Mighty Gods
That it may help and succour us.
2 May they be ever our allies, Varuna, Mitra,
Aryaman,
Far-seeing Gods who prosper us.
3 Ye furtherers of holy Law, transport us safe
o'er many woes,
As over water-floods in ships.
4 Dear wealth be Aryaman to us, Varuna dear
wealth meet for praise:
Dear wealth we choose unto ourselves.
5 For Sovrans of dear wealth are ye, Adityas,
not of sinner's wealth,
Ye sapient Gods who slay the foe.
6 We in our homes, ye Baunteous Ones, and
while we journey on the road,
Invoke you, Gods, to prosper us.
7 Regard us, Indra, Visnu, here, ye Asvins and
the Marut host,
Us who are kith and kin to you.
8 Ye Bounteous Ones, from time of old we here
set forth our brotherhood,
Our kinship in. the Mother's womb.
9 Then come with Indra for your chief, as early
day, ye Bounteous Gods

Yea, I address you now for this.

HYMN LXXIII. Agni.

1. AGNI, your dearest Guest, I laud, him who is
loving as a friend,
Who brings us riches like a car.
2 Whom as a far-foreseeing Sage the Gods
have, from the olden time,
Established among mortal men.
3 Do thou, Most Youthful God, protect the men
who offer, hear their songs,
And of thyself preserve their seed.
4 What is the praise wherewith, O God,
Afigiras, Agni, Son of Strength,
We, after thine own wish and thought,
5 May serve thee, O thou Child of Power, and
with what sacrifice's plan?
What prayer shall I now speak to thee?
6 Our God, make all of us to dwell in happy
habitations, and
Reward our songs with spoil and wealth.
7 Lord of the house, what plenty fills the songs
which thou inspirest now,
Thou whose hymn helps to win the kine?
8 Hirn Wise and Strong they glorify, the
foremost Champion in the fray,
And mighty in his dwelling-place.
9 Agni, he dwells in rest and peace who smites
and no one smites again:
With hero sons he prospers well

HYMN LXXIV. Asvins.

1. To this mine invocation, O ye Asvins, ye
Nasatyas, come,
To drink the savoury Soma juice.
2 This laud of mine, ye Asvins Twain, and this
mine invitation hear,
To drink the savoury Soma juice.
3 Here Krsna is invoking you, O Asvins, Lords
of ample wealth.
To drink the savoury Soma juice.
4 List, Heroes, to the singer's call, the call of
Krsna lauding you,
To drink the savoury Soma juice.
5 Chiefs, to the sage who sings your praise grant
an inviolable home,
To drink the savoury Soma juice.
6 Come to the worshipper's abode, Asvins, who
here is lauding you,

To drink the savoury Soma juice.
7 Yoke to the firmly jointed car the ass which
draws you, Lords of wealth.
To drink the savoury Soma juice.
8 Come hither, Asvins, on your car of triple
form with triple seat,
To drink the savoury Soma juice.
9 O Asvins, O Nasatyas, now accept with
favouring grace my songs,
To drink the savoury Soma juice.

HYMN LXXV. Asvins.

1. YE Twain are wondrous strong, well-skilled
in arts that heal, both bringers of delight, ye
both won Daksa's praise.
Visvaka calls on you as such to save his life.
Break ye not off our friendship, come and set
me free.
2 How shall he praise you now who is
distraught in mind? Ye Twain give wisdom for
the gain of what is good.
Visvaka calls on you as such to save his life.
Break ye not off our friendship, come and set
me free.
3 Already have ye Twain, possessors of great
wealth, prospered Visnapu thus for gain of what
is good.
Visvaka calls on you as such to save his life.
Break ye not off our friendship, come and set
me free.
4 And that Impetuous Hero, winner of the spoil,
though he is far away, we call to succour us,
Whose gracious favour, like a father's, is most
sweet. Break ye not off our friendship, come
and set me free.
5 About the holy Law toils Savitar the God the
horn of holy Law hath he spread far and wide.
The holy Law hath quelled even mighty men of
war. Break ye not off our friendship, come and
act me free.

HYMN LXXVI. Asvins.

1. SPLENDID, O Asvins, is your praise. Come
fountain-like, to pour the stream.
Of the sweet juice effused-dear is it, Chiefs, in
heaven-drink like two wild bulls at a pool.
2 Drink the libation rich in sweets, O Asvins
Twain: sit. Heroes, on the sacred grass.

Do ye with joyful heart in the abode of man
preserve his life by means of wealth.
3 The Priyamedhas bid you come with all the
succours that are yours.
Come to his house whose holy grass is trimmed,
to dear sacrifice at the morning rites.
4 Drink ye the Soma rich in meath, ye Asvins
Twain: sit gladly on the sacred grass.
So, waxen mighty, to our eulogy from heaven
come ye as wild-bulls to the pool.
5 Come to us, O ye Asvins, now with steeds of
many a varied hue,
Ye Lords of splendour, wondrous, borne on
paths of gold, drink Soma, ye who strengthen
Law.
6 For we the priestly singers, fain to hymn your
praise, invoke you for the gain of strength.
So, wondrous, fair, and famed for great deeds
come to us, through our hymn, Asvins, when ye
hear.

HYMN LXXVII. Indra.

1. As cows low to their calves in stalls, so with
our songs we glorify
This Indra, even your Wondrous God who
checks attack, who joys in the delicious juice.
2 Celestial, bounteous Giver, girt about with
might, rich, mountain-like, in precious things,
Him swift we seek. for foodful booty rich in
kine, brought hundredfold and thousandfold.
3 Indra, the strong and lofty hills are powerless
to bar thy way.
None stay that act of thine when thou wouldst
fain give wealth to one like me who sings thy
praise.
4 A Warrior thou by strength, wisdom, and
wondrous deed, in might excellest all that is.
Hither may this our hymn attract thee to our
help, the hymn which Gotamas have made.
5 For in thy might thou stretchest out beyond
the boundaries of heaven.
The earthly region, Indra, comprehends thee
not. After thy Godhead hast thou waxed.
6 When, Maghavan, thou honourest the
worshipper, no one is there to stay thy wealth.
Most liberal Giver thou, do thou inspire our
song of praise, that we may win the spoil.

HYMN LXXVIII. Indra.

1. To Indra sing the lofty hymn, Maruts that slays the Vrtras best.
 Whereby the Holy Ones created for the God the light divine that ever wakes.
 2 Indra who quells the curse blew curses far away, and then in splendour came to us.
 Indra, refulgent with thy Marut host! the Gods strove eagerly to win thy love.
 3 Sing to your lofty Indra, sing, Maruts, a holy hymn of praise.
 Let Satakratu, Vrtra-slayer, kill the foe with hundred-knotted thunderbolt.
 4 Aim and fetch boldly forth, O thou whose heart is bold: great glory will be thine thereby.
 In rapid torrent let the mother waters spread.
 Slay Vrtra, win the light of heaven.
 5 When thou, unequalled Maghavan, wast born to smite the Vrtras dead,
 Thou spreadest out the spacious earth and didst support and prop the heavens.
 6 Theri was the sacrifice produced for thee, the laud, and song of joy,
 Thou in thy might surpassest all, all that now is and yet shall be.
 7 Raw kine thou filledst with ripe milk. Thou madest Surya rise to heaven.,
 Heat him as milk is heated with pure Sama hymns, great joy to him who loves the song.

HYMN LXXIX. Indra.

1. MAY Indra, who in every fight must be invoked, be near to us.
 May the most mighty Vrtra-slayer, meet for praise, come to libations and to hymns.
 2 Thou art the best of all in sending bounteous gifts, true art thou, lordly in thine act.
 We claim alliance with the very Glorious One, yea, with the Mighty Son of Strength.
 3 Prayers unsurpassed are offered up to thee the Lover of the Song.
 Indra, Lord of Bay Steeds, accept these fitting hymns, hymns which we have thought out for thee.
 4 For thou, O Maghavan, art truthful, ne'er subdued and bringest many a Vrtra low.
 As such, O Mightiest Lord, Wielder of Thunder, send wealth hither to the worshipper.
 5 O Indra, thou art far-renowned, impetuous, O

Lord of Strength.

Alone thou slayest with the guardian of
mankind resistless never-conquered foes.

6 As such we seek thee now, O Asura, thee
most wise, craving thy bounty as our share.
Thy sheltering defence is like a mighty cloak.
So may thy glories reach to us.

HYMN LXXX. Indra.

1. DOWN to the stream a maiden came, and
found the Soma by the way.

Bearing it to her home she said, For Indra will I
press thee out, for Sakra will I press thee out.

2 Thou roaming yonder, little man, beholding
every house in turn,

Drink thou this Soma pressed with teeth,
accompanied with grain and curds, with cake of
meal and song of praise.

3 Fain would we learn to know thee well, nor
yet can we attain to thee.

Still slowly and in gradual drops, O Indu, unto
Indra flow.

4 Will he not help and work for us? Will he not
make us wealthier?

Shall we not, hostile to our lord, unite ourselves
to Indra now?

5 O Indra, cause to sprout again three places,
these which I declare,-

My father's head, his cultured field, and this the
part below my waist.

6 Make all of these grow crops of hair, you
cultivated field of ours,

My body, and my father's head.

7 Cleansing Apala, Indra! thrice, thou gavest
sunlike skin to her,

Drawn, Satakratu! through the hole of car, of
wagon, and of yoke.

HYMN LXXXI. Indra

1. INVITE ye Indra with a song to drink your
draught of Soma juice,

All-conquering Satakratu, most munificent of
all who live.

2 Lauded by many, much-invoked, leader of
song, renowned of old:

His name is Indra, tell it forth.

3 Indra the Dancer be to us the giver of
abundant strength:

May he, the mighty, bring it near.

4 Indra whose jaws are strong hath drunk of
worshipping Sudaksa's draught,
The Soma juice with barley mixt.
5 Call Indra loudly with your songs of praise to
drink the Soma juice.
For this is what augments his strength.
6 When he hath drunk its gladdening drops, the
God with vigour of a God
Hath far surpassed all things that are.
7 Thou speedest down to succour us this ever-
conquering God of yours,
Him who is drawn to all our songs
8 The Warrior not to be restrained, the Soma-
drinker ne'er o'erthrown,
The Chieftain of resistless might.
9 O Indra, send us riches, thou Omniscient,
worthy of our praise:
Help us in the decisive fray.
10 Even thence, O Indra, come to us with food
that gives a hundred powers,
With food that gives a thousand powers.
11 We sought the wisdom of the wise. Sakra,
Kine-giver, Thunder-armed!
May we with steeds overcome in fight.
12 We make thee, Satakratu, find enjoyment in
the songs we sing.
Like cattle in the pasture lands.
13 For, Satakratu, Thunder-armed, all that we
craved, as men are wont,
All that we hoped, have we attained.
14 Those, Son of Strength, are come to thee
who cherish wishes in their hearts
O Indra, none excelleth thee.
15 So, Hero, guard us with thy care, with thy
most liberal providence,
Speedy, and terrible to foes.
16 O Satakratu Indra, now rejoice with that
carouse of thine
Which is most splendid of them all
17 Even, Indra, that carouse which slays the
Vrtras best, most widely famed,
Best giver of thy power and might.
18 For that which is thy gift we know, true
Soma-drinker, Thunder-armed,
Mighty One, amid all the folk.
19 For Indra, Lover of Carouse, loud be our
songs about the juice:
Let poets sing the song of praise.

20 We summon Indra to the draught, in whom
 all glories rest, in whom
 The seven communities rejoice.
 21 At the Trikadrakas the Gods span sacrifice
 that stirs the mind:
 Let our songs aid and prosper it.
 22 Let the drops pass within thee as the rivers
 flow into the sea:
 O Indra, naught excelleth thee.
 23 Thou, wakeful Hero, by thy might hast taken
 food of Soma juice,
 Which, Indra, is within thee now.
 24 O Indra, Vrtra-slayer, let Soma be ready for
 thy maw,
 The drops be ready for thy forms.
 25 Now Srutakaksa sings his song that cattle
 and the steed may come,
 That Indra's very self may come.
 26 Here, Indra, thou art ready by our Soma
 juices shed for thee,
 Sakra, at hand that thou mayst give.
 27 Even from far away our songs reach thee, O
 Caster of the Stone:
 May we come very close to thee.
 28 For so thou art the hero's Friend, a Hero, too,
 art thou, and strong:
 So may thine heart be won to us.
 29 So hath the offering, wealthiest Lord, been
 paid by all the worshippers:
 So dwell thou, Indra, even with me.
 30 Be not thou like a slothful priest, O Lord of
 spoil and wealth: rejoice
 In the pressed Soma blent with milk.
 31 O Indra, let not ill designs surround us in the
 sunbeams' light:
 This may we gain with thee for Friend.
 32 With thee to help us, Indra, let us answer all
 our enemies:
 For thou art ours and we are thine.
 33 Indra, the poets and thy friends, faithful to
 thee, shall loudly sing
 Thy praises as they follow thee.

HYMN LXXXII. Indra.

1. SURYA, thou mountest up to meet the Hero
 famous for his wealth,
 Who hurls the bolt and works for man
 2 Him who with might of both his arms brake

nine-and-ninety castles down,
Slew Vrtra and smote Ahi dead.
3 This Indra is our gracious Friend. He sends us
in a full broad stream
Riches in horses, kine, and corn.
4 Whatever, Vrtra-slayer! thou, Surya, hast risen
upon to-day,
Tbat, Indra, all is in thy power.
5 When, Mighty One, Lord of the brave, thou
thinkest thus, I shall not die,
That thought of thine is true indeed.
6 Thou, Indra, goest unto all Soma libations
shed for thee,
Both far away and near at hand.
7 We make this Indra very strong to strike the
mighty Vrtra dead:
A vigorous Hero shall he be.
8 Indra was made for giving, set, most mighty,
o'er the joyous draught.
Bright, meet for Soma, famed in song.
9 By song as 'twere, the powerful bolt which
none may parry was prepared
Lofty, invincible he grew.
10 Indra, Song-lover, lauded, make even in the
wilds fair ways for us,
Whenever, Maghavan, thou wilt.
11 Thou whose commandment and behest of
sovrán sway none disregards,
Neither audacious man nor God.
12 And both these Goddesses, Earth, Heaven,
Lord of the beauteous helm! revere
Thy might which no one may resist.
13 Thou in the black cows and the red and in the
cows with spotted skin
This white milk hast deposited.
14 When in their terror all the Gods shrank from
the Dragon's furious might,
Fear of the monster fell on them.
15 Then he was my Defender, then, Invincible,
whose foe is not,
The Vrtra-slayer showed his might.
16 Him your best Vrtra-slayer, him the famous
Champion of mankind
I urge to great munificence,
17 To come, Much-lauded! Many-named with
this same thought that longs for milk,
Whene'er the Soma juice is shed.
18 Much-honoured by libations, may the Vrtra-

slayer wake for us:
May Sakra listen to our prayers.
19 O Hero, with that aid dost thou delight us,
with what succour bring
Riches to those who worship thee?
20 With whose libation joys the Strong, the
Hero with his team who quells
The foe, to drink the Soma juice?
21 Rejoicing in thy spirit bring thousandfold
opulence to us:
Enrich thy votary with gifts.
22 These juices with their wedded wives flow to
enjoyment lovingly:
To waters speeds the restless one.
23 Presented strengthening gifts have sent Indra
away at sacrifice,
With might, onto the cleansing bath.
24 These two who share his feast, Bay Steeds
with golden manes, shall bring him to
The banquet that is laid for him.
25 For thee, O Lord of Light, are shed these
Soma-drops, and grass is strewn
Bring Indra to his worshippers.
26 May Indra give thee skill, and lights of
heaven, wealth to his votary
And priests who praise him: laud ye him.
27 O Satakratu, wondrous strength and all our
lauds I bring to thee:
Be gracious to thy worshippers.
28 Bring to us all things excellent, O Satakratu,
food and strength:
For, Indra, thou art kind to us.
29 O Satakratu, bring to us all blessings, all
felicity:
For, Indra, thou art kind to us.
30 Bearing the Soma juice we call, best Vrtra-
slayer, unto thee:
For, Indra, thou art kind to us.
31 Come, Lord of rapturous, joys, to our
libation with thy Bay Steeds, come
To our libation with thy Steeds.
32 Known as best Vrtra-slayer erst, as Indra
Satakratu, come
With Bay Steeds to the juice we shed.
33 O Vrtra-slayer, thou art he who drinks these
drops of Soma: come
With Bay Steeds to the juice we shed.
34 May Indra give, to aid us, wealth handy that

rules the Skilful Ones:
Yea, may the Strong give potent wealth.

HYMN LXXXIII. Maruts.

1. THE Cow, the famous Mother of the wealthy
Maruts, pours her milk:

Both horses of the cars are yoked,-

2 She in whose bosom all the Gods, and Sun
and Moon for men to see,
Maintain their everlasting Laws.

3 This all the pious sing to us, and sacred poets
evermore:

The Maruts to the Soma-draught

4 Here is the Soma ready pressed of this the
Maruts drink, of this

Self-luminous the Asvins drink.

5 Of this, moreover, purified, set in three places,
procreant,

Drink Varuna, Mitra, Aryaman.

6 And Indra, like the Herald Priest, desirous of
the milky juice,

At early morn will quaff thereof.

7 When have the Princes gleamed and shone
through waters as through troops of foes'?

When hasten they whose might is pure?

8 What favour do I claim this day of you
great Deities, you who are

Wondrously splendid in yourselves?

9 I call, to drink the Soma, those Maruts who
spread all realms of earth

And luminous regions of the sky.

10 You, even such, pure in your might, you, O
ye Maruts, I invoke

From heaven to drink this Somajuce.

11 The Maruts, those who have sustained and
propped the heavens and earth apart,

I call to drink this Soma juice.

12 That vigorous band of Maruts that abideth in
the mountains, I

Invoke to drink this Soma juice.

HYMN LXXXIV. Indra.

1. SONG-LOVER! like a charioteer come songs
to thee when Soma flows.

O Indra, they have called to thee as mother-kine
unto their calves.

2 Bright juices hitherward have sped thee, Indra,
Lover of the Song.

Drink, Indra, of this flowing sap: in every house
'tis set for thee.

3 Drink Soma to inspirit thee, juice, Indra,
which the Falcon brought:
For thou art King and Sovran Lord of all the
families of men.

4 O Indra, hear Tirasci's call, the call of him
who serveth thee.

Satisfy him with wealth of kine and valiant
offspring: Great art thou.

5 For he, O Indra, hath produced for thee the
newest gladdening song,
A hymn that springs from careful thought,
ancient, and full of sacred truth.

6 That Indra will we laud whom songs and
hymns of praise have magnified.
Striving to win, we celebrate his many deeds of
hero might.

7 Come now and let us glorify pure Indra with
pure Sama hymns.

Let the pure milky draught delight him
strengthened by pure songs of praise.

8 O Indra, come thou pure to us, with pure
assistance, pure thyself.

Pure, send thou riches down to us, and, meet for
Soma, pure, be glad.

9 O Indra, pure, vouchsafe us wealth, and, pure,
enrich the worshipper.

Pure, thou dost strike the Vrtras dead, and
strivest, pure, to win the spoil.

HYMN LXXXV. Indra.

1. FOR him the Mornings made their courses
longer, and Nights with pleasant voices spake to
Indra.

For him the Floods stood still, the Seven
Mothers, Streams easy for the heroes to pass
over.

2 The Darter penetrated, though in trouble,
thrice-seven close-pressed ridges of the
mountains.

Neither might God nor mortal man accomplish
what the Strong Hero wrought in full-grown
vigour.

3 The mightiest force is Indra's bolt of iron
when firmly grasped in both the arms of Indra.
His head and mouth have powers that pass all
others, and all his people hasten near to listen.

4 I count thee as the Holiest of the Holy, the
caster-down of what hath ne'er been shaken.
I count thee as the Banner of the heroes, I count
thee as the Chief of all men living.

5 What time, O Indra, in thine arms thou tookest
thy wildly rushing bolt to Slay the Dragon,
The mountains roared, the cattle loudly
bellowed, the Brahmans with their hymns drew
nigh to Indra.

6 Let us praise him who made these worlds and
creatures, all things that after him sprang into
being.
May we win Mitra with our songs, and Indra,
and. wait upon our Lord with adoration.

7 Flying in terror from the snort of Vrtra, all
Deities who were thy friends forsook thee.
So, Indra, be thy friendship with the Maruts: in
all these battles thou shalt be the victor.

8 Thrice-sixty Maruts, waxing strong, were with
thee, like piles of beaming light, worthy of
worship.
We come to thee: grant us a happy portion. Let
us adore thy might with this oblation.

9 A sharpened weapon is the host of Maruts.
Who, Indra, dares withstand thy bolt of thunder?
Weaponless are the Asuras, the godless: scatter
them with thy wheel, Impetuous Hero.

10 To him the Strong and Mighty, most
auspicious, send up the beauteous hymn for
sake of cattle.
Lay on his body many songs for Indra invoked
with song, for will not he regard. them?

11 To him, the Mighty, who accepts laudation,
send forth thy thought as by a boat o'er rivers,
Stir with thy hymn the body of the Famous and
Dearest One, for will not he regard it?

12 Serve him with gifts of thine which Indra
welcomes: praise with fair praise, invite him
with thine homage.
Draw near, O singer, and refrain from outcry.
Make thy voice heard, for will not he regard it?

13 The Black Drop sank in Asumati's bosom,
advancing with ten thousand round about it.
Indra with might longed for it as it panted: the
hero-hearted laid aside his weapons.

14 I saw the Drop in the far distance moving,
on the slope bank of Asumati's river,
Like a black cloud that sank into the water.

Heroes, I send you forth. Go, fight in battle.
15 And then the Drop in Amsumati's bosom,
splendid with light, assumed its proper body;
And Indra, with Brhaspati to aid him, conquered
the godless tribes that came against him.
16 Then, at thy birth, thou wast the foeman,
Indra, of those the seven who ne'er had met a
rival.
The hidden Pair, the Heaven and Earth, thou
foundest, and to the mighty worlds thou gavest
pleasure.
17 So, Thunder-armed! thou with thy bolt of
thunder didst boldly smite that power which
none might equal;
With weapons broughtest low the might of
Susna, and, Indra, foundest by thy strength the
cattle.
18 Then wast thou, Chieftain of all living
mortals, the very mighty slayer of the Vrtras.
Then didst thou set the obstructed rivers
flowing, and win the floods that were enthralled
by Dasas.
19 Most wise is he, rejoicing in libations,
splendid as day, resistless in his anger.
He only doth great deeds, the only Hero, sole
Vrtra-slayer he, with none beside him.
20 Indra is Vrtra's slayer, man's sustainer: he
must be called; with fair praise let us call him.
Maghavan is our Helper, our Protector, giver of
spoil and wealth to make us famous.
21 This Indra, Vrtra-slayer, this Rbhuksan, even
at his birth, was meet for invocation.
Doer of many deeds for man's advantage, like
Soma quaffed, for friends we must invoke him.

HYMN LXXXVI. Indra.

1. O INDRA, Lord of Light, what joys thou
broughtest from the Asuras,
Prosper therewith, O Maghavan, him who lauds
that deed, and those whose grass is trimmed for
thee.
2 The unwasting share of steeds and kine which,
Indra, thou hast fast secured,
Grant to the worshipper who presses Soma and
gives guerdon, not unto the churl.
3 The riteless, godless man who sleeps, O Indra,
his unbroken steep,-
May he by following his own devices die. Hide

from him wealth that nourishes.

4 Whether, O Sakra, thou be far, or, Vrtra-slayer, near at hand,

Thence by heaven-reaching songs he who hath pressed the juice invites thee with thy long-maned Steeds.

5 Whether thou art in heaven's bright sphere, or in the basin of the sea;

Whether, chief Vrtra-slayer, in some place on earth, or in the firmament, approach.

6 Thou Soma-drinker, Lord of Strength, beside our flowing Soma juice

Delight us with thy bounty rich in pleasantness, O Indra, with abundant wealth.

7 O Indra, turn us not away: be the companion of our feast.

For thou art our protection, yea, thou art our kin:

O Indra, turn us not away.

8 Sit down with us, O Indra, sit beside the juice to drink the meath.

Show forth great favour to the Singer,

Maghavan; Indra, with us, beside the juice.

9 O Caster of the Stone, nor Gods nor mortals have attained to thee.

Thou in thy might surpassest all that hath been made: the Gods have not attained to thee.

10 Of one accord they made and formed for kingship Indra, the Hero who in all encounters overcometh,

Most eminent for power, destroyer in the conflict, fierce and exceeding strong, stalwart and full of vigour.

11 Bards joined in song to Indra so that he might drink the Soma juice,

The Lord of Light, that he whose laws stand fast might aid with power and with the help he gives.

12 Tle holy sages form a ring, looking and singing to the Ram.

Inciters, full of vigour, not to be deceived, are with the chanters, nigh to bear.

13 Loudly I call that Indra, Maghavan the Mighty, who evermore possesses power, ever resistless.

Holy, most liberal, may he lead us on to riches, and, Thunder-armed, make all our pathways pleasant for us.

14 Thou knowest well, O Sakra, thou Most

Potent, with thy strength, Indra, to destroy these castles.

Before thee, Thunder-armed! all beings tremble:
the heavens and earth before thee shake with
terror,

15 May thy truth, Indra, Wondrous Hero be my
guard: bear me o'er much woe, Thunderer! as
over floods.

When, Indra, wilt thou honour us with opulence,
all-nourishing and much-to-be. desired, O King?

HYMN LXXXVII. Indra.

1. To Indra sing a Sama hymn, a lofty song to
Lofty Sage,
To him who guards the Law, inspired, and fain
for praise.

2 Thou, Indra, art the Conqueror: thou gavest
splendour to the Sun.
Maker of all things, thou art Mighty and All-
God.

3 Radiant with light thou wentest to the sky, the
luminous realm of heaven.
ne Deities, Indra strove to win thee for their
Friend.

4 Come unto us, O Indra, dear, still conquering,
unconcealable,
Vast as a mountain spread on all sides, Lord of
Heaven.

5 O truthful Soma-drinker, thou art mightier
than both the worlds.
Thou strengthenest him who pours libation,
Lord of Heaven.

6 For thou art he, O Indra, who stormeth all
castles of the foe,
Slayer of Dasyus, man's Supporter, Lord of
Heaven.

7 Now have we, Indra, Friend of Song, sent our
great wishes forth to thee,
Coming like floods that follow floods.

8 As rivers swell the ocean, so, Hero, our
prayers increase thy might,
Though of thyself, O Thunderer, waxing day by
day.

9 With holy song may bind to the broad wide-
yoked car the Bay Steeds of the rapid God,
Bearers of Indra, yoked by word.

10 O Indra, bring great strength to us, bring
valour, Satakratu, thou most active, bring

A hero conquering in war.
11 For, gracious Satakratu, thou hast ever been
a Mother and a Sire to us,
So now for bliss we pray to thee.
12 To thee, Strong, Much-invoked, who
showest forth thy strength, O Satakratu, do I
speak:
So grant thou us heroic strength.

HYMN LXXXVIII. Indra.

1. O THUNDERER, zealous worshippers gave
thee drink this time yesterday.
So, Indra, listen here to those who bring the
laud: come near unto our dwellingplace.
2 Lord of Bay Steeds, fair-helmed, rejoice thee:
this we crave. Here the disposers wait on thee.
Thy loftiest glories claim our lauds beside the
juice, O Indra, Lover of the Song.
3 Turning, as 'twere, to meet the Sun, enjoy
from Indra all good things.
When he who will be born is born with power
we look to treasures as our heritage.
4 Praise him who sends us wealth, whose
bounties injure none: good are the gifts which
Indra. grants.
He is not worth with one who satisfies his wish:
he turns his mind to giving boons.
5 Thou in thy battles, Indra, art subduer of all
hostile bands.
Father art thou, all-conquering, cancelling the
curse, thou victor of the vanquisher.
6 The Earth and Heaven clung close to thy
victorious might as to their calf two mother-
cows.
When thou attackest Vrtra all the hostile bands
shrink and faint, Indra, at thy wrath.
7 Bring to your aid the Eternal One, who shoots
and none may shoot at him,
Inciter, swift, victorious, best of Charioteers.
Tugrya's unvanquished Strengtheners;
8 Arranger of things unarranged, e'en Satakratu,
source of might,
Indra, the Friend of all, for succour we invoke,
Guardian of treasure, sending wealth.

HYMN LXXXIX Indra. Vak.

1. I MOVE before thee here present in person,
and all the Deities follow behind me.
When, Indra, thou securest me my portion, with

me thou shalt perform heroic actions.

2 The food of meath in foremost place I give thee, thy Soma shall be pressed, thy share appointed.

Thou on my right shalt be my friend and comrade: then shall we two smite dead full many a foeman.

3 Striving for strength bring forth a laud to Indra, a truthful hymn if he in truth existeth.

One and another say, There is no Indra. Who hath beheld him? Whom then shall we honour?

4 Here am I, look upon me here, O singer. All that existeth I surpass in greatness.

The Holy Law's commandments make me mighty. Rending with strength I rend the worlds asunder.

5 When the Law's lovers mounted and approached me as I sate lone upon the dear sky's summit.

Then spake my spirit to the heart within me, My friends have cried unto me with their children.

6 All these thy deeds must be declared at Soma-feasts, wrought, Indra, Bounteous Lord, for him who sheds the juice,

When thou didst open wealth heaped up by many, brought from far away to Sarablia, the Rsi's kin.

7 Now run ye forth your several ways: he is not here who kept you back.

For hath not Indra sunk his bolt deep down in Vrtra's vital part?

8 On-rushing with the speed of thought within the iron fort he pressed:

The Falcon went to heaven and brought the Soma to the Thunderer.

9 Deep in the ocean lies the bolt with waters compassed round about,

And in continuous onward flow the floods their tribute bring to it.

10 When, uttering words which no one comprehended, Vak, Queen of Gods, the Gladdener, was seated,

The heaven's four regions drew forth drink and vigour: now whither hath her noblest portion vanished?

11 The Deities generated Vak the Goddess, and animals of every figure speak her.

May she, the Gladdener, yielding food and

vigour, the Milch-cow Vak, approach us meetly
lauded.

12 Step forth with wider stride, my comrade
Visnu; make room, Dyaus, for the leaping of the
lightning.

Let us slay Vrtra, let us free the rivers let them
flow loosed at the command of Indra.

HYMN XC. Various.

1. YEA, specially that mortal man hath toiled
for service of the Gods,
Who quickly hath brought near Mitra and
Varuna. to share his sacrificial gifts.

2 Supreme in sovran power, far-sighted, Chiefs
and Kings, most swift to hear from far away,
Both, wondrously, set them in motion as with
arms, in company with Surya's beams.

3 The rapid messenger who runs before you,
Mitra-Varuna, with iron head, swift to the
draught,

4 He whom no man may question, none may
summon back, who stands not still for
colloquy, -

From hostile clash with him keep ye us safe this
day: keep us in safety with your arms.

5 To Aryaman and Mitra sing a reverent song,
O pious one,

A pleasant hymn that shall protect to Varuna:
sing forth a laud unto the Kings.

6 The true, Red Treasure they have sent, one
only Son born of the Three.

They, the Immortal Ones, never deceived,
survey the families of mortal men.

7 My songs are lifted up, and acts most splendid
are to be performed.

Come hither, ye Nasatyas, with accordant mind,
to meet and to enjoy my gifts.

8 Lords of great wealth, when we invoke your
bounty which no demon checks,

Both of you, furthering our eastward-offered
praise, come, Chiefs whom Jamadagni lauds!

9 Come, Vayu, drawn by fair hymns, to our
sacrifice that reaches heaven.

Poured on the middle of the strainingcloth, and
cooked, this bright drink hath been offered ilice.

10 He comes by straightest paths, as ministering
Priest, to taste the sacrificial gifts.

Then, Lord of harnessed teams I drink of the
twofold draught, bright Soma mingled with the
milk.

11 Verily, Surya, thou art great; truly, Aditya,
thou art great.

As thou art great indeed, thy greatness is
admired: yea, verily, thou, God, art great.

12 Yea, Surya, thou art great in fame thou
evermore, O God, art great.

Thou by thy greatness art the Gods' High Priest,
divine, far-spread unconquerable light.

13 She yonder, bending lowly down, clothed in
red hues and rich in rays,

Is seen, advancing as it were with various tints,
amid the ten surrounding arms.

14 Past and gone are three mortal generations:
the fourth and last into the Sun hath entered.

He mid the worlds his lofty place hath taken.
Into green plants is gone the Purifying.

15 The Rudras' Mother, Daughter of the Vasus,
centre of nectar, the Adityas' Sister-
To folk who understand will I proclaim it-injure
not Aditi, the Cow, the sinless.

16 Weak-minded men have as a cow adopted
me who came hither from the Gods, a Goddess,
Who, skilled in eloquence, her voice uplifteth,
who standeth near at hand with all devotions.

HYMN XCI. Agni.

1. LORD of the house, Sage, ever young, high
power of life, O Agni, God,
Thou givest to thy worshipper.

2 So with our song that prays and serves,
attentive, Lord of spreading light,
Agni, bring hitherward the Gods.

3 For, Ever-Youthful One, with thee, best
Furtherer, as our ally,
We overcome, to win the spoil.

4 As Aurva Bhrgu used, as Apnavana used, I
call the pure
Agni who clothes him with the sea.

5 I call the Sage who sounds like wind, the
Might that like Parjanya roars,
Agni who clothes him with the sea.

6 As Savitar's productive Power, as him who
sends down bliss, I call
Agni who clothes him with the sea.

7 Hither, for powerful kirship, I call Agni, him

Who prospers you,
Most frequent at our solemn rites
8 That through this famed One's power, he may
stand by us even as Tvastar comes
Unto the forms that must he shaped.
9 This Agni is the Lord supreme above all
glories mid the Gods:
May he come nigh to us with strength.
10 Here praise ye him the most renowned of all
the ministering Priests,
Agni, the Chief at sacrifice;
11 Piercing, with purifying flame, enkindled in
our homes, most high,
Swiftest to hear from far away.
12 Sage, laud the Mighty One who wins the
spoil of victory like a steed,
And, Mitra like, unites the folk.
13 Still turning to their aim in thee, the oblation-
bearer's sister hymns
Have come to thee before the wind.
14 The waters find their place in him, for whom
the threefold sacred grass
Is spread unbound, unlimited.
15 The station of the Bounteous God hath,
through his aid which none impair,
A pleasant aspect like the Sun.
16 Blazing with splendour, Agni, God, through
pious gifts of sacred oil,
Bring thou the Gods and worship them.
17 The Gods as mothers brought thee forth, the
Immortal Sage, O Afigiras,
The bearer of our gifts to heaven.
18 Wise Agni, Gods established thee, the Seer,
noblest messenger,
As bearer of our sacred gifts.
19 No cow have I to call mine own, no axe at
hand wherewith to work,
Yet what is here I bring to thee.
20 O Agni, whatsoever be the fuel that we lay
for thee,
Be pleased therewith, Most Youthful God
21 That which the white-ant eats away, that over
which the emmet crawls-
May all of this be oil to thee.
22 When he enkindles Agni, man should with
his heart attend the song:
I with the priests have kindled him.

HYMN XCII. Agni

1. THAT noblest Furtherer hath appeared, to
whom men bring their holy works.
Our songs of praise have risen aloft to Agni who
was born to give the Arya strength.
2 Agni of Divodasa turned, as 'twere in majesty,
to the Gods.
Onward he sped along the mother earth, and
took his station in the height of heaven.
3 Him before whom the people shrink when he
performs his glorious deeds,
Him who wins thousands at the worship of the
Gods, himself, that Agni, serve with sons.
4 The mortal man whom thou wouldst lead to
opulence, O Vasu, he who brings thee gifts.
He, Agni, wins himself a hero singing lauds,
yea, one who feeds a thousand men.
5 He with the steed wins spoil even in the
fenced fort, and gains imperishable fame.
In thee, O Lord of wealth, continually we lay all
precious offerings to the Gods.
6 To him who dealeth out all wealth, who is the
cheerful Priest of men,
To him, like the first vessels filled with savoury
juice, to Agni go the songs of praise.
7 Votaries, richly-gifted, deck him with their
songs, even as the steed who draws the car.
On both, Strong Lord of men! on child and
grandson pour the bounties which our nobles
give.
8 Sing forth to him, the Holy, most munificent,
sublime with his refulgent glow,
To Agni, ye Upastutas.
9 Worshipped with gifts, enkindled, splendid,
Maghavan shall win himself heroic fame.
And will not his most newly shown benevolence
come to us with abundant strength?
10 Priest, presser of the juice! praise now the
dearest Guest of all our friends,
Agni, the driver of the cars.
11 Who, finder-out of treasures open and
concealed, bringeth them hither, Holy One;
Whose waves, as in a cataract, are hard to pass,
when he, through song, would win him strength.
12 Let not the noble Guest, Agni, be wroth with
us: by many a man his praise is sung,
Good Herald, skilled in sacrifice.
13 O Vasu, Agni, let not them be harmed who

come in any way with lauds to thee.
Even the lowly, skilled in rites, with offered
gifts, seeketh thee for the envoy's task.
14 Friend of the Maruts, Agni, come with
Rudras to the Soma-draught,
To Sobhar's fair song of praise, and be thou
joyful in the light.

VALAKHILYA

APPENDIX: (Book VIII. Hymns 49-59. M.
Müller.)

HYMN I. Indra.

1. TO you will I sing Indra's praise who gives
good gifts as well we know;
The praise of Maghavan who, rich in treasure,
aids his singers with wealth thousandfold.
2 As with a hundred hosts, he rushes boldly on,
and for the offerer slays his foes.
As from a mountain flow the water-brooks, thus
flow his gifts who feedeth many a one.
3 The drops effused, the gladdening draughts, O
Indra, Lover of the Son
As waters seek the lake where they are wont to
rest, fill thee, for bounty, Thunderer.
4 The matchless draught that strengthens and
gives eloquence, the sweetest of the meath drink
thou,
That in thy joy thou may'st scatter thy gifts o'er
us, plenteously, even as the dust.
5 Come quickly to our laud, urged on by Soma-
pressers like a horse-
Laud, Godlike Indra, which milch-kine make
sweet for thee: with Kanva's sons are gifts for
thee.
6 With homage have we sought thee as a Hero,
strong, preeminent, with unfailing wealth.
O Thunderer, as a plenteous spring pours forth
its stream, so, Indra, flow our songs to thee.
7 If now thou art at sacrifice, or if thou art upon
the earth,
Come thence, high-thoughted! to our sacrifice
with the Swift, come, Mighty with the Mighty
Ones.
8 The active, fleet-foot, tawny Coursers that are
thine are swift to victory, like the Wind,
Wherewith thou goest round to visit Manus'
seed, wherewith all heaven is visible.
9 Indra, from thee so great we crave prosperity

in wealth of kine,
As, Maghavan, thou favouredst Medhyatithi,
and, in the fight, Nipatithi.
10 As, Maghavan, to Kanva, Trasadasyu, and to
Paktha and Dasavraja;
As, Indra, to Gosarya and Rjisvan, thou
vouchsafedst wealth in kine and gold.

HYMN II. Indra.

1. SAKRA I praise, to win his aid, far-famed,
exceeding bountiful,
Who gives, as 'twere in thousands, precious
wealth to him who sheds the juice and worships
him.
2 Arrows with hundred points, unconquerable,
are this Indra's n-dgthy arms in war.
He streams on liberal worshippers like a hill
with springs, when juices poured have
gladdened him.
3 What time the flowing Soma-drops have
gladdened with their taste the Friend,
Like water, gracious Lord! were my libations
made, like milch-kine to the worshipper.
4 To him the peerless, who is calling you to give
you aid, forth flow the drops of pleasant meath.
The Soloa-drops which call on thee, O gracious
Lord, have brought thee to our hymn of praise.
5 He rushes hurrying like a steed to Soma that
adorns our rite,
Which hymns make sweet to thee, lover of
pleasant food. The call to Paura thou dost love.
6 Praise the strong, grasping Hero, winner of the
spoil, ruling supreme oer mighty wealth.
Like a full spring, O Thunderer, from thy store
hast thou poured on the worshipper evermore.
7 Now whether thou be far away, or in the
heavens, or on the earth,
O Indra, mighty- thoughted, harnessing thy
Bays, come Lofty with the Lofty Ones.
8 The Bays who draw thy chariot, Steeds who
injure none, surpass the wind's impetuous
strength-
With whom thou silencest the enemy of man,
with whon; thou goest round the sky.
9 O gracious Hero, may we learn anew to know
thee as thou art:
As in decisive fight thou holpest Etasa, or Vasa
'gainst Dasavraja,

10 As, Maghavan, to Kanva at the sacred feast,
to Dirghanitha thine home-friend,
As to Gosarya thou, Stone-darter, gavest wealth,
give me a gold-bright stall of kine.

HYMN III. Indra.

1. As with Manu Samvarani, Indra, thou
drankest Soma juice,
And, Maghavan, with Nipatithi, Medbyatithi,
with Pustigu and Srustigu,-
2 The son of Prsadvana was Praskaniva's host,
who lay decrepit and forlorn.
Aided by thee the Rsi Dasyave-vrka strove to
obtain thousands of kine.
3 Call hither with thy newest song Indra who
lacks not hymns of praise,
Him who observes and knows, inspirer of the
sage, him who seems eager to enjoy.
4 He unto whom they sang the seven-headed
hymn, three-parted, in the loftiest place,
He sent his thunder down on all these living
things, and so displayed heroic might.
5 We invoke that Indra who bestoweth
precious things on us.
Now do we know his newest favour; may we
gain a stable that is full of kine.
6 He whom thou adest, gracious Lord, to give
again, obtains great wealth to nourish him.
We with our Soma ready, Lover of the Song!
call, Indra Maghavan, on thee.
7 Ne'er art thou fruitless, Indra ne'er dost thou
desert the worshipper
But now, O Maghavan, thy bounty as a God is
poured forth ever more and more.
8 He who hath. overtaken Krvī with his might,
and silenced Susna with deathbolts,-
When he supported yonder heaven and spread it
out, then first the son of earth was born.
9 Good Lord of wealth is he to whom all Aryas,
Dasas here belong.
Directly unto thee, the pious Rusama Paviru, is
that wealth brought nigh.
10 In zealous haste the singers have sung forth a
song distilling oil and rich in sweets.
Riches have spread among us and heroic
strength, with us are flowing Soma-drops.

HYMN IV. Indra.

1. As, Sakra, thou with Manu called Vivasvan

drankest Soma juice,
 As, Indra, thou didst love the hymn by Trita's
 side, so dost thou joy with Ayu now.
 2 As thou with Matarisvan, Medhya, Prsadhra,
 hast cheered thee Indra, with pressed juice,
 Drunk Soma with Rjunas, Syumarasmi, by
 Dasonya's Dasasipra's side.
 3 'Tis he who made the lauds his own and
 boldly drank the Soma juice,
 He to whom Visnu came striding his three wide
 steps, as Mitra's statutes ordered it.
 4 In whose laud thou didst joy, Indra, at the
 great deed, O Satakratu, Mighty One!
 Seeking renown we call thee as the milkers call
 the cow who yields abundant milk.
 5 He is our Sire who gives to us, Great, Mighty,
 ruling as he wills.
 Unsought, may he the Strong, Rich, Lord of
 ample wealth, give us of horses and of kine.
 6 He to whom thou, Good Lord, givest that he
 may give increases wealth that nourishes.
 Eager for wealth we call on Indra, Lord of
 wealth, on Satakratu with our lauds.
 7 Never art thou neglectful: thou guardest both
 races with thy care.
 The call on Indra, fourth Aditya! is thine own.
 Amrta is stablished in the heavens.
 8 The offerer whom thou, Indra, Lover of the
 Song, liberal Maghavan, favourest,-
 As at the call of Kanva so, O gracious Lord,
 hear, thou our songs and eulogy.
 9 Sung is the song of ancient time: to Indra have
 ye said the prayer.
 They have sung many a Brhati of sacrifice,
 poured forth the worshipper's many thoughts.
 10 Indra hath tossed together mighty stores of
 wealth, and both the worlds, yea, and the Sun.
 Pure, brightly-shining, mingled with the milk,
 the draughts of Soma have made Indra glad.

HYMN V. Indra.

1. As highest of the Maghavans, preeminent
 among the Bulls,
 Best breaker-down of forts, kine-winner, Lord
 of wealth, we seek thee, Indra Maghavan.
 2 Thou who subduedst Ayu, Kutsa, Atithigva,
 waxing daily in thy might,
 As such, rousing thy power, we invoke thee

now, thee Satakratu, Lord of Bays.

3 The pressing-stones shall pour for us the
essence of the meath of all,
Drops that have been pressed out afar among
the folk, and those that have been pressed near
us.

4 Repel all enmities and keep them far away: let
all win treasure for their own.

Even among Sistas are the stalks that make thee
glad, where thou with Soma satest thee.

5 Come, Indra, very near to us with aids of
firmly-based resolve;

Come, most auspicious, with thy most
auspicious help, good Kinsman, with good
kinsmen, come!

6 Bless thou with progeny the chief of men, the
lord of heroes, victor in the fray.

Aid with thy powers the men who sing thee
lauds and keep their spirits ever pure and bright.

7 May we be such in battle as are surest to
obtain thy grace:

With holy offerings and invocations of the
Gods, we mean, that we may win the spoil.

8 Thine, Lord of Bays, am I. Prayer longeth for
the spoil. Still with thy help I seek the fight.

So, at the raiders' head, I, craving steeds and
kine, unite myself with thee alone.

HYMN VI. Indra.

1. INDRA, the poets with. their hymns extol this
hero might of thine:

They strengthened, loud in song, thy power that
droppeth oil. With hymns the Pauras came to
thee.

2 Through piety they came to Indra for his aid,
they whose libations give theejoy.

As thou with, Krsa and Samvarta hast rejoiced,
so, Indra, be thou glad with us.

3 Agreeing in your spirit, all ye Deities, come
nigh to us.

Vasus and Rudras shall come near to give us
aid, and Maruts listen to our call.

4 May Pusan, Visnu, and Sarasvati befriend,
and the Seven Streams, this call of mine:

May Waters, Wind, the Mountains, and the
Forest-Lord, and Earth give ear unto my cry.

5 Indra, with thine own bounteous gift, most
liberal of the Mighty Ones,

Be our boon benefactor, Vrtra-slayer, be our
feast-companion for our weal.
6 Leader of heroes, Lord of battle, lead thou us
to combat, thou Most Sapient One.
High fame is theirs who win by invocations,
feasts and entertainment of the Gods.
7 Our hopes rest on the Faithful One: in Indra is
the people's life.
O Maghavan, come nigh that thou mayst give us
aid: make plenteous food stream forth for us.
8 Thee would we worship, Indra, with our songs
of praise: O Satakratu, be thou ours.
Pour down upon Praskanva bounty vast and
firm, exuberant, that shall never fail.

HYMN VII. Praskanva's Gift.

1. GREAT, verily, is Indra's might. I have
beheld, and hither comes
Thy bounty, Dasyave-vrka!
2 A hundred oxen white of hue are shining like
the stars in heaven,
So tall, they seem to prop the sky.
3 Bamboos a hundred, a hundred dogs, a
hundred skins of beasts well-tanned,
A hundred tufts of Balbaja, four hundred red-
hued mares are mine.
4 Blest by the Gods, Kinvayanas! be ye who
spread through life on life:
Like horses have ye stridden forth.
5 Then men extolled the team of seven not yet
full-grown, its fame is great.
The dark mares rushed along the paths, so that
no eye could follow them.

HYMN VIII Praskanva's Go.

1. THY bounty, Dasyave-vrka, exhaustless hath
displayed itself:
Its fulness is as broad as heaven.
2 Ten thousand Dasyave-vrka, the son of
Putakrata, hath
From his own wealth bestowed on me.
3 A hundred asses hath he given, a hundred
head of fleecy sheep,
A hundred slaves, and wreaths besides.
4 There also was a mare led forth, picked out for
Putakrata's sake,
Not of the horses of the herd.

5 Observant Agni hath appeared, oblation-bearer with his car.
Agni with his resplendent flame hath shone on high as shines the Sun, hath shone like Surya in the heavens.

HYMN IX. Asvins.

1. ENDOWED, O Gods, with your primeval wisdom, come quickly with your chariot, O ye Holy.

Come with your mighty powers, O ye Nasatyas; come hither, drink ye this the third libation.

2 The truthful Deities, the Three-and-Thirty, saw you approach before the Ever-Truthful.

Accepting this our worship and libation, O Asvins bright with fire, drink ye the Soma.

3 Asvins, that work of yours deserves our wonder, -the Bull of heaven and earth and air's mid region;

Yea, and your thousand promises in battle, -to all of these come near and drink beside us.

4 Here is your portion laid for you, ye Holy: come to these songs of ours, O ye Nasatyas.

Drink among us the Soma full of sweetness, and with your powers assist the man who worships.

HYMN X. Visvedevas.

1. HE whom the priests in sundry ways arranging the sacrifice, of one accord, bring hither,

Who was appointed as a learned Brahman, -what is the sacrificer's knowledge of him?

2 Kindled in many a spot, still One is Agni; Silrya is One though high o'er all he shineth.

Illumining this All, still One is usas. That which is One hath into All developed.

3 The chariot bright and radiant, treasure-laden, three-wheeled, with easy seat, and lightly rolling,

Which She of Wondrous Wealth was born to harness, -this car of yours I call. Drink what remaineth.

HYMN XI. Indra-Varuna.

1. IN offerings poured to you, O Indra-Varuna, these shares of yours stream forth to glorify your state.

Ye haste to the libations at each sacrifice when ye assist the worshipper who sheds the juice.

2 The waters and the plants, O Indra-Varuna,
had efficacious vigour, and attained to might:
Ye who have gone beyond the path of middle
air,-no godless man is worthy to be called your
foe.

3 True is your Kṛṣṇa's word, Indra and Varuna:
The seven holy voices pour a wave of meath.
For their sake, Lords of splendour! aid the pious
man who, unbewildered, keeps you ever in his
thoughts.

4 Dropping oil, sweet with Soma, pouring forth
their stream, are the Seven Sisters in the seat of
sacrifice.

These, dropping oil, are yours, O Indra-Varuna:
with these enrich with gifts and help the
worshipper.

5 To our great happiness have we ascribed to
these Two Bright Ones truthfulness, great
strength, and majesty.

O Lords of splendour, aid us through the Three-
times-Seven, as we pour holy oil, O Indra-
Varuna.

6 What ye in time of old Indra and Varuna, gave
Ṛṣis revelation, thought, and power of song,
And places which the wise made, weaving
sacrifice,-these through my spirit's fervid glow
have I beheld.,

7 O Indra-Varuna, grant to the worshippers
cheerfulness void of pride, and wealth to
nourish them.

Vouchsafe us food, prosperity, and progeny, and
lengthen out our days that we may see long life.

HYMN I. Soma Pavamana.

1. In sweetest and most gladdening stream
flow pure, O Soma, on thy way,
Pressed out for Indra, for his drink.
2 Fiend-queller, Friend of all men, he hath with
the wood attained unto
His place, his iron-fashioned home.
3 Be thou best Vrtra-slayer, best granter of bliss,
most liberal:
Promote our wealthy princes' gifts.
4 Flow onward with thy juice unto the banquet
of the Mighty Gods:
Flow bither for our strength and fame.
5 O Indu, we draw nigh to thee, with this one
object day by day:
To thee alone our prayers are said
6 By means of this eternal fleece may Surya's
Daughter purify
Thy Soma that is foaming forth.
7 Ten sister maids of slender form seize him
within the press and hold
Him firmly on the final day.
8 The virgins send him forth: they blow the the
skin musician-like and fuse
The triple foe-repelling meath.
9 Inviolable milch-kine round about him blend
for Indra's drink,
The fresh young Soma with their milk.
10 In the wild raptures of this draught, Indra
slays all the Vrtras: he,
The Hero, pours his wealth on us.

HYMN II. Soma Pavamana.

1. Soma, flow on, inviting Gods, speed to the
purifying cloth:
Pass into Indra, as a Bull.
2 As mighty food speed hitherward, Indu, as a
most splendid Steer:
Sit in thy place as one with strength.
3 The well-loved meath was made to flow, the
stream of the creative juice
ne Sage drew waters to himself.
4 The mighty waters, yea, the floods accompany
thee Mighty One,
When thou wilt clothe thee with the milk.
5 The lake is brightened in the floods. Soma,

our Friend, heaven's prop and stay,
Falls on the purifying cloth.
6 The tawny Bull hath bellowed, fair as mighty
Mitra to behold:
He shines together with the Sun.
7 Songs, Indu, active in their might are
beautified for thee, wherewith
Thou deckest thee for our delight.
8 To thee who givest ample room we pray, to
win the joyous draught:
Great are the praise & due to thee.
9 Indu as, Indra's Friend, on us pour with a
stream of sweetness, like
Parjanya sender of the rain.
10 Winner of kine, Indu, art thou, winner of
heroes, steeds, and strength
Primeval Soul of sacrifice.

HYMN III. Soma Pavamana.

1. HERE present this Immortal God flies, like a
bird upon her wings,
To settle in the vats of wood.
2 This God, made ready with the hymn, runs
swiftly through the winding ways,
Inviolable as he flows.
3 This God while flowing is adorned, like a bay
steed for war, by men
Devout and skilled in holy songs.
4 He, like a warrior going forth with heroes, as
he flows along
Is fain to win all precious boons.
5 This God, as he is flowing on, speeds like a
car and gives his gifts:
He lets his voice be heard of all
6 Praised by the sacred bards, this God dives
into waters, and bestows
Rich gifts upon the worshipper.
7 Away he rushes with his stream, across the
regions, into heaven,
And roars as he is flowing on.
8 While flowing, meet for sacrifice, he hath
gone up to heaven across
The regions, irresistible.
9 After the 'way of ancient time, this God,
pressed out for Deities,
Flows tawny to the straining-cloth.
10 This Lord of many Holy Laws, even at his
birth engendering strength,

Effused, flows onward in a stream.

HYMN IV. Soma Pavamana.

1. O Soma flowing on thy way, win thou and
conquer high renown;
And make us better than we are.
- 2 Win thou the light, win heavenly light, and,
Soma, all felicities;
And make us better than we are.
- 3 Win skilful strength and mental power. O
Soma, drive away our foes;
And make us better than we are.
- 4 Ye purifiers, purify Soma for Indra, for his
drink:
Make thou us better than we are.
- 5 Give us our portion in the Sun through thine
own mental power and aids;
And make us better than we are.
- 6 Through thine own mental power and aid long
may we look upon the Sun;
Make thou us better than we are.
- 7 Well-weaponed Soma, pour to usa stream of
riches doubly great;
And make us better than we are.
- 8 As one victorious unsubdued in battle pour
forth wealth to us;
And make us better than we are.
- 9 By worship, Pavamana! men have
strengthened thee to prop the Law:
Make thou us better than we are.
- 10 O Indu, bring us wealth in steeds, manifold.
quickenning all life;
And mate us better than we are.

HYMN V Apris.

1. ENKINDLED, Pavamana, Lord, sends forth
his light on, every side
In friendly show, the bellowing Bull.
- 2 He, Pavamana, Self-produced, speeds onward
sharpening his horns:
He glitters through the firmament.
- 3 Brilliant like wealth, adorable, with splendour
Pavamana shines,
Mightily with the streams of meath.
- 4 The tawny Pavamana, who strews from of old
the grass with might,
Is worshipped, God amid the Gods.
- 5 The golden, the Celestial Doors are lifted with

their frames on high,
 By Pavamana glorified.
 6 With passion Pavamana longs for the great
 lofty pair, well-formed
 Like beauteous maidens, Night and Dawn
 7 Both Gods who look on men I call, Celestial
 Heralds: Indra's Self
 Is Pavamana, yea, the Bull.
 8 This, Pavamana's sacrifice, shall the three
 beauteous Goddesses,
 Sarasvati and Bharati and Ila, Mighty One,
 attend.
 9 I summon Tvastar hither, our protector,
 champion, earliest-born,
 Indu is Indra, tawny Steer; Pavamana is
 Prajapati.
 10 O Pavamana, with the meath in streams
 anoint Vanaspati,
 The ever-green. the golden-hued, refulgent, with
 a thousand boughs.
 11 Come to the consecrating rite of Pavamana,
 all ye Gods,-
 Vayu, Surya, Brhaspati, Indra, and Agni, in
 accord.

HYMN VI. Soma Pavamana.

1. SOMA, flow on with pleasant stream, a Bull
 devoted to the Gods,
 Our Friend, unto the woollen sieve.
 2 Pour hitherward, as Indra's Self, Indu, that
 gladdening stream of thine,
 And send us coursers full of strength.
 3 Flow to the filter hitherward, pouring that
 ancient gladdening juice,
 Streaming forth power and high renown.
 4 Hither the sparkling drops have flowed, like
 waters down a steep descent
 They have reached Indra purified.
 5 Whom, having passed the filter, ten dames
 cleanse, as 'twere a vigorous steed,
 While he disports him in the wood,-
 6 The steer-strong juice with milk pour forth,
 for feast and service of the Gods,

To him who bears away the draught.
7. Effused, the God flows onward with his
stream to Indra, to the God,
So that his milk may strengthen him.
8 Soul of the sacrifice, the juice effused flows
quickly on: he keeps
His ancient wisdom of a Sage.
9 So pouring forth, as Indra's Friend, strong
drink, best Gladdener! for the feast,
Thou, even in secret, storest hymns.

HYMN VII. Soma Pavamana.

1. FORTH on their way the glorious drops have
flowed for maintenance of Law,
Knowing this sacrifice's course.
2 Down in the mighty waters sinks the stream of
meath, most excellent,
Oblation best of all in worth.
3 About the holy place, the Steer true, guileless,
noblest, hath sent forth
Continuous voices in the wood.
4 When, clothed in manly strength, the Sage
flows in celestial wisdom round,
The Strong would win the light of heaven.
5 When purified, he sits as King above the
hosts, among his folk,
What time the sages bring him nigh.
6 Dear, golden-coloured, in the fleece he sinks
and settles in the wood:
The Singer shows his zeal in hymns.
7 He goes to Indra, Vayu, to the Asvins, as his
custom is,
With gladdening juice which gives them joy.
8 The streams of pleasant Soma flow to Bhaga,
Mitra-Varuna,-
Well-knowing through his mighty powers.
Heaven and Earth, riches of meath to win us
wealth:
Gain for us treasures and renown.

HYMN VIII. Soma Pavamana.

1. OBEYING Indra's dear desire these Soma
juices have flowed forth,
Increasing his heroic might.
2 Laid in the bowl, pure-flowing on to Vayu and
the Asvins, may
These give us great heroic strength.
3 Soma, as thou art purified, incite to bounty

Indra's heart,
To sit in place of sacrifice.
4 The ten swift fingers deck thee forth, seven
ministers impel thee on:
The sages have rejoiced in thee.
5 When through the filter thou art poured, we
clothe thee with a robe of milk
To be a gladdening draught for Gods.
6 When purified within the jars, Soma, brightred
and golden-hued,
Hath clothed him with a robe of milk.
7 Flow on to us and make us rich. Drive all our
enemies away.
O Indu, flow into thy Friend.
Send down the rain from heaven, a stream of
opulence from earth. Give us,
O Soma, victory in war.
9 May we obtain thee, Indra's drink, who
viewest men and findest light,
Gain thee, and progeny and food.

HYMN IX. Soma Pavamana.

1. THE Sage of Heaven whose heart is wise,
when laid between both hands and pressed,
Sends us delightful powers of life.
2 On, onward to a glorious home; dear to the
people void of guile,
With excellent enjoyment, flow.
3 He, the bright Son, when born illumed his
Parents who had sprung to life,
Great Son great Strengtheners of Law.
4 Urged by the seven devotions he hath stirred
the guileless rivers which
Have magnified the Single Eye.
5 These helped to might the Youthful One, high
over all, invincible,
Even Indu, Indra! in thy law.
6 The immortal Courser, good to draw, looks
down upon the Seven: the fount
Hath satisfied the Goddesses
7 Aid us in holy rites, O Man: O Pavamana,
drive away
Dark shades that must be met in fight.
8 Make the paths ready for a hymn newer and
newer evermore:
Make the lights shine as erst they shone.
9 Give, Pavamana, high renown, give kine and
steeds and hero sons:

Win for us wisdom, win the light.

HYMN X. Soma Pavamana.

1. LIKE cars that thunder on their way, like
coursers eager for renown,
Have Soma-drops flowed forth for wealth.
2 Forth have they rushed from holding hands,
like chariots that are urged to speed,
Like joyful songs of singing-men.
3 The Somas deck themselves with milk, as
Kings are graced with eulogies,
And, with seven priests, the sacrifice.
4 Pressed for the gladdening draught, the drops
flow forth abundantly with song,
The Soma juices in a stream.
5 Winning Vivasvan's glory and producing
Morning's light, the Suns
Pass through the openings of the cloth.
6 The singing-men of ancient time open the
doors of sacred songs,-
Men, for the mighty to accept.
7 Combined in close society sit the seven
priests, the brother-hood,
Filling the station of the One.
8 He gives us kinship with the Gods, and with
the Sun unites our eye:
The Sage's offspring hath appeared.
9 The Sun with his dear eye beholds that quarter
of the heavens which priests
Have placed within the sacred cell.

HYMN XL Soma Pavamana.

1. SING forth to Indu, O ye men, to him who is
purified,
Fain to pay worship to the Gods.
2 Together with thy pleasant juice the Atharvans
have commingled milk,
Divine, devoted to the God.
3 Bring, by thy flowing, weal to kine, weal to
the people, weal to steeds.
Weal, O thou King, to growing plants
4 Sing a praise-song to Soma brown of hue, of
independent might.
The Red, who reaches up to heaven.
5 Purify Soma when effused with stones which
bands move rapidly,
And pour the sweet milk in the meath.
6 With humble homage draw ye nigh; blend the

libation with the curds:
To Indra offer Indu up.
7 Soma, foe-que chief o'er men, doing the will
of pour forth
Prosperity upon our kine.
8 Heart-knower, Sovran of the heart, thou art
effused, O Soma, that Indra may drink thee and
rejoice.
9 O Soma Pavamana, give us riches and heroic
strength,-
Indu! with. Indra for ally.

HYMN XII. Soma Pavamana.

1. To Indra have the Soma drops, exceeding rich
in sweets, been poured,
Shed in the seat of sacrifice.
2 As mother kine low to their calves, to Indra
have the sages called,
Called him to drink the Soma juice.
3 In the stream's wave wise Soma dwells,
distilling rapture, in his seat,
Resting upon a wild-cow's hide.
4 Far-sighted Soma, Sage and Seer, is
worshipped in the central point
Of heaven, the straining-cloth of wool.
5 In close embraces Indu holds Soma when
poured within the jars.
And on the. purifying sieve.
6 Indu sends forth a voice on high to regions of
the sea of air,
Shaking the vase that drops with meath.
7 The Tree whose praises never fail yields
heavenly milk among our hymns,
Urging men's generations on.
8 The Wise One, with the Sage's stream, the
Soma urged to speed, flows on
To the dear places of the sky.
9 O Pavamana, bring us wealth bright with a
thousand splendours. Yea.
O Indu, give us ready help.

HYMN XIII. Soma Pavamana.

1. PASSED through, the fleece in thousand
streams the Soma, purified, flows on
To Indra's, Vayu's special place.

2 Sing forth, ye men who long for help, to
Pavamana, to the Sage,
Effused to entertain the Gods.
3 The Soma-drops with thousand powers are
purified for victory,
Hymned to become the feast of Gods.
4 Yea, as thou flowest bring great store of food
that we may win the spoil
Indu, bring splendid manly might.
5 May they in flowing give us wealth in
thousands, and heroic power,-
These Godlike Soma-drops effused.
6 Like coursers by their drivers urged, they were
poured forth, for victory,
Swift through the woollen straining-cloth.
7 Noisily flow the Soma-drops, like milch-kine
lowing to their calves:
They have run forth from both the hands.
8 As Gladdener whom Indra loves, O
Pavamana, with a roar
Drive all our enemies away.
9 O Pavamamas, driving off the godless,
looking on the light,
Sit in the place of sacrifice.

HYMN XIV. Soma Pavamana.

1. REPOSING on the river's wave the Sage hath
widely flowed around,
Bearing the hymn which many love.
2 When the Five kindred Companies, active in
duty, with the song
Establish him, the Powerful,
3 Then in his juice whose strength is great, have
all the Gods rejoiced themselves,
When he hath clothed him in the milk.
4 Freeing himself he flows away, leaving his
body's severed limbs,
And meets his own Companion here.
5 He by the daughters of the priest, like a fair
youth, hath been adorned,
Making the milk, as 'twere, his robe.
6 O'er the fine fingers, through desire of milk, in
winding course he goes,
And utters voice which he hath found.
7 The nimble fingers have approached, adorning
him the Lord of Strength:
They grasp the vigorous Courser's back.
8 Comprising all the treasures that are in the

heavens and on the earth,
Come, Soma, as our faithful Friend.

HYMN XV. Soma Pavamana.

1. THROUGH the fine fingers, with the song,
this Hero comes with rapid ears,
Going to Indra's special place.
2 In holy thought he ponders much for the great
worship of the Gods.
Where the Immortals have their seat.
3 Like a good horse is he led out, when on the
path that shines with light
The mettled steeds exert their strength.
4 He brandishes his horns on high, and whets
them Bull who leads the herd,
Doing with might heroic deeds.
5 He moves, a vigorous Steed, adorned with
beauteous rays of shining gold,
Becoming Sovran of the streams.
6 He, over places rough to pass, bringing rich
treasures closely packed.
Descends into the reservoirs.
7 Men beautify him in the vats, him worthy to
be beautified,
Him who brings forth abundant food.
8 Him, even him, the fingers ten and the seven
songs make beautiful,
Well-weaponed, best of gladdeners.

HYMN XVI. Soma Pavamana.

1. THE pressers from the Soma-press send forth
thy juice for rapturous joy
The speckled sap runs like a flood.
2 With strength we follow through the sieve him
who brings might and wins the kine,
Enrobed in water with his juice.
3 Pour on the sieve the Soma, ne'er subdued in
waters, waterless,
And make it pure for Indra's drink.
4 Moved by the purifier's thought, the Soma
flows into the sieve:
By wisdom it hath gained its home.
5 With humble homage, Indra, have the Soma-
drops flowed forth to thee,
Contending for the glorious prize.
6 Purified in his fleecy garb, attaining every
beauty, he
Stands, hero-like, amid the kine.

7 Swelling, as 'twere, to heights of heaven, the
stream of the creative juice
Falls lightly on the cleansing sieve.
8 Thus, Soma, purifying him who knoweth song
mid living men,
Thou wanderest through the cloth of wool.

HYMN XVII. Soma Pavamana.

1. LIKE rivers down a steep descent, slaying the
Vrtras, full of zeal,
The rapid Soma-streams have flowed.
2 The drops of Soma juice effused fall like the
rain upon the earth:
To Indra flow the Soma-streams.
3 With swelling wave the gladdening drink, the
Soma, flows into the sieve,
Loving the Gods and slaying fiends.
4 It hastens to the pitchers, poured upon the
sieve it waxes strong
At sacrifices through the lauds.
5 Soma, thou shinest mounting heaven as 'twere
above light's triple realm,
And moving seem'st to speed the Sun.
6 To him, the head of sacrifice, singers and
bards have sung their songs,
Offering what he loves to see.
7 The men, the sages with their hymns, eager
for help, deck thee strong & teed,
Deck thee for service of the Gods.
8 Flow onward to the stream of meath rest
efficacious in thy home,
Fair, to be drunk at sacrifice.

HYMN XVIII. Soma Pavamana.

1. THOU, Soma, dweller on the hills, effused,
hast flowed into the sieve, :
All-bounteous art thou in carouse.
2 Thou art a sacred Bard, a Sage; the meath is
offspring of thy sap:
All-bounteous art thou in carouse.
3 All Deities of one accord have come that they
may drink of thee:
All-bounteous art thou in carouse.
4 He who containeth in his hands all treasures
much to be desired:
All-bounteous art thou in carouse.
5 Who milketh out this mighty Pair, the Earth
and Heaven, like mother kine

All-bounteous art thou in carouse.
6 Who in a moment mightily floweth around
these two world-halves:
All-bounteous art thou in carouse.
7 The Strong One, being purified, hath in the
pitchers cried aloud:
All-bounteous art thou in carouse.

HYMN XIX. Soma Pavamana.

1. O SOMA, being purified bring us the
wondrous treasure, meet
For lauds, that is in earth and heaven.
2 For ye Twain, Indra, Soma, are Lords of the
light, Lords of the kine:
Great Rulers, prosper ye our songs.
3 The tawny Steer, while cleansed among the
living, bellowing on the grass,
Hath sunk and settled in his home.
4 Over the Steer's productive flow the sacred
songs were resonant,
The mothers of the darling Son.
5 Hath he not, purified, impregnated the kine whb
long to meet their Lord,
The kine who yield the shining milk?
6 Bring near us those who stand aloof strike fear
into our enemies:
O Pavamana, find us wealth.
7 Soma, bring down the foeman's might, his
vigorous strength and vital powe'r,
Whether he be afar or near.

HYMN XX Soma Pavamana.

1. FORTH through the straining-cloth the Sage
flows to the banquet of the Gods,
Subduing all our enemies.
2 For he, as Pavamana, sends thousandfold
treasure in the shape
Of cattle to the singing-men.
3 Thou graspest all things with thy mind, and
purifiest thee with thoughts
As such, O Soma, find us fame.
4 Pour lofty glory on us, send sure riches to our
liberal lords,
Bring food to those who sing thy praise.
5 As thou art cleansed, O Wondrous Steed, O
Soma, thou hast entered, like

A pious King, into the songs.
6 He, Soma, like a courser in the floods
invincible, made clean
With hands, is resting in the jars.
7 Disporting, like a liberal chief, thou goest,
Soma, to the sieve,
Lending the laud a Hero's strength.

HYMN XXI. Soma Pavamana.

1. To Indra flow these running drops, these
Somas frolicsome in mood.
Exhilarating, finding light;
2 Driving off foes, bestowing room upon the
presser, willingly
Bringing their praiser vitalforce.
3 Lightly disporting them, the drops flow to one
common reservoir,
And fall into the river's wave.
4 These Pavamanas have obtained all blessings
much to be desired,
Like coursers harnessed to a car.
5 With view to us, O Soma-drops, bestow his
manifold desire
On him who yet hath given us naught.
6 Bring us our wish with this design, as a wright
brings his new-wrought wheel:
Flow pure and shining with the stream.
7 These drops have cried with resonant voice:
like swift steeds they have run the course,
And roused the good man's hymn to life.

HYMN XXII. Soma Pavamana.

1. THESE rapid Soma-streams have stirred
themselves to motion like strong steeds,
Like cars, like armies hurried forth.
2 Swift as wide winds they lightly move, like
rain-storms of Parjanya, like
The flickering flames of burning fire.
3 These Soma juices, blent with curds, purified,
skilled in sacred hymns,
Have gained by song their hearts'desire.
4 Immortal, cleansed, these drops, since first
they flowed, have never wearied, fain
To reach the regions and their paths.
5 Advancing they have travelled o'er the ridges
of the earth and heaven,
And this the highest realm of all.
6 Over the heights have they attained the

highest thread that is spun out,
And this which must be deemed most high.
7 Thou, Soma, boldest wealth in kine which
thou hast seized from niggard churls:
Thou calledst forth the outspun thread.

HYMN XXIII. Soma Pavamana.

1. SWIFT Soma drops have been effused in
streams of meath, the gladdening drink,
For sacred lore of every kind.
2 Hither to newer. resting-place the ancient
Living Ones are come.
They made the Sun that he might shine.
3 O Pavamana, bring to us the unsacrificing
foeman's wealth,
And give us food with progeny.
4 The living Somas being cleansed diffuse
exhilarating drink,
Turned to the vat which drips with meath.
5 Soma gows on intelligent, possessing sap and
mighty strength,
Brave Hero who repels the curse.
6 For Indra, Soma! thou art cleansed, a feast-
companion for the Gods:
Indu, thou fain wilt win us strength
7 When he had drunken draughts of this, Indra
smote down resistless foes:
Yea, smote them, and shall smite them still.

HYMN XXIV. Soma Pavamana.

1. HITHERWARD have the Soma streamed,
the drops while they are purified:
When blent, in waters they are rinsed.
2 The milk hath run to meet them like floods
rushing down a precipice:
They come to Indra, being cleansed.
3 O Soma Pavamana, thou art flowing to be
Indra's drink:
The men have seized and lead thee forth.
4 Victorious, to be hailed with joy, O Soma,
flow, delighting men,
To him who ruleth o'er mankind.
5 Thou, Indu, when, effused by stones, thou
runnest to the filter, art,
Ready for Indra's high decree.
6 Flow on, best Vrtra-slayer; flow meet to be
hailed with joyful lauds.
Pure, purifying, wonderful.

7 Pure, purifying is he called the Soma of the
meath eflused,
Slayer of sinners, dear to Gods.

HYMN XXV. Soma Pavamana.

1. GREEN-HUED! as one who giveth strength
flow on for Gods to drink, a draught
For Vayu and the Marut host.
2 O Pavamana, sent by song, roaring about thy
dwelling-place,
Pass into Vayu as Law bids.
3 The Steer shines with the Deities, dear Sage in
his appointed home,
Foe-Slayer, most beloved by Gods.
4 Taking each beauteous form, he goes,
desirable, while purified,
Thither where- the Immortals sit.
5 To Indra Soma flows, the Red, engendering
song, exceeding wise,
The visitor of living men.
6 Flow, best exhilarator, Sage, flow to the filter
in a stream
To seat thee in the place of song.

HYMN XXVI. Soma Pavamana.

1. THE sages with the fingers' art have dressed
and decked that vigorous Steed
Upon the lap of Aditi,
2 The kine have called aloud to him exhaustless
with a thousand streams,
To Indu who supporteth heaven.
3 Him, nourisher of many, Sage, creative
Pavamana, they
Have sent, by wisdom, to the sky.
4 Him, dweller with Vivasvan, they with use of
both arms have sent forth,
The Lord of Speech infallible.
5 Him, green, beloved, many eyed, the Sisters
with prosing stones
Send down to ridges of the sieve.
6 O Pavamana, Indu, priests hurry thee on to
Indra, thee
Who aidest song and cheerest him.

HYMN XXVII. Soma Pavamana.

1. THIS Sage, exalted by our lauds, flows to the
purifying cloth,
Scattering foes as he is cleansed.

2 As giving power and winning light, for Indra
and for Vayu he
Is poured upon the filtering-cloth.
3 The men conduct him, Soma, Steer,
Omniscient, and the Head of Heaven,
Effused into the vats of wood.
4 Longing for kine, longing for gold hath Indu
Pavamana lowed,
Still Conqueror, never overcome.
5 This Pavamana, gladdening draught, drops on
the filtering cloth, and then
Mounts up with Surya to the sky.
6 To Indra in the firmament this mighty tawny
Steer hath flowed,
This Indu, being purified.

HYMN XXVIII. Soma Pavamana.

1. URGED by the men, this vigorous Steed,
Lord of the mind, Omniscient,
Runs to the woollen straining-cloth.
2 Within the filter hath he flowed, this Soma for
the Gods effused,
Entering all their essences.
3 He shines in beauty there, this God Immortal
in his dwelling-place,
Foe-slayer, dearest to the Gods.
4 Directed by the Sisters ten, bellowing on his
way this Steer
Runs onward to the wooden vats.
5 This Pavamana, swift and strong, Omniscient,
gave splendour to
The Sun and all his forms of light.
6 This Soma being purified, flows mighty and
infallible,
Slayer of sinners, dear to Gods.

HYMN XXIX. Soma Pavamana.

1. FORWARD with mighty force have flowed
the currents of this Steer effused,
Of him who sets him by the Gods.
2 The singers praise him with their song, and
learned priests adorn the Steed,
Brought forth as light that merits laud.
3 These things thou winnest lightly while
purified, Soma, Lord of wealth:
Fill full the sea that claims our praise.

4 Winning all precious things at once, flow on,
O Soma, with thy stream
Drive to one place our enemies.
5 Preserve us from the godless, from ill-omened
voice of one and all,
That so we may be freed from blame.
6 O Indu, as thou flowest on bring us the wealth
of earth and heaven,
And splendid vigour, in thy stream.

HYMN XXX. Soma Pavamana.

1. STREAMS of this Potent One have flowed
easily to the straining-cloth:
While he is cleansed he lifts his voice.
2 Indu, by pressers urged to speed, bellowing
out while beautified.
Sends forth a very mighty sound.
3 Pour on us, Soma, with thy stream
manconquering might which many crave,
Accompanied with hero sons.
4 Hither hath Pavamana flowed, Soma flowed
hither in a stream,
To settle in the vats of wood.
5 To waters with the stones they drive thee
tawny-hued, most rich in sweets,
O Indu, to be Indra's drink.
6 For Indra, for the Thunderer press the Soma
very rich in sweets,
Lovely, inspiriting, for strength.

HYMN XXXI. Soma Pavamana.

1. THE, Soma-drops, benevolent, come forth as
they are purified,
Bestowing wealth which all may see.
2 O Indu, high o'er heaven and earth be thou,
increaser of our might:
The Master of all strength be thou.
3 The winds are gracious in their love to thee,
the rivers flow to thee
Soma, they multiply thy power.
4 Soma, wax great. From every side may
vigorous powers unite in thee:
Be in the gathering-Place of strength.
5 For thee, brown-hued! the kine have poured
imperishable oil and milk.
Aloft on the sublimest height.
6 Friendship, O Indu, we desire with thee who
bearest noble arms,

With thee, O Lord of all that is.

HYMN XXXII. Soma Pavamana.

1. THE rapture-shedding Soma-drops, effused
in our assembly, have
Flowed forth to glorify our prince.
- 2 Then Trita's Maidens onward urge the Tawny-
coloured with the stones,
Indu for Indra, for his drink.
- 3 Now like a swan he maketh all the company
sing each his hymn:
He, like a steed, is bathed in milk.
- 4 O Soma, viewing heaven and earth, thou
runnest like a darting deer
Set in the place of sacrifice.
- 5 The cows have sung with joy to him, even as a
woman to her love
He came as to a settled race.
- 6 Bestow illustrious fame on us, both on our
liberal lords and me,
Glory, intelligence, and wealth.

HYMN XXXIII. Soma Pavamana.

1. LIKE waves of waters, skilled in song the
juices of the Soma speed
Onward, as buffaloes to woods.
- 2 With stream of sacrifice the brown bright
drops have flowed with strength in store
Of kine into the wooden vats.
- 3 To Indra, Vayu, Varuna, to Visnu, and the
Maruts, flow
The drops of Soma juice effused.
- 4 Three several words are uttered: kine are]
owing, cows who give their milk:
The Tawny-hued goes bellowing on.
- 5 The young and sacred mothers of the holy rite
have uttered praise:
They decorate the Child of Heaven.
- 6 From every side, O Soma, for our profit, pour
thou forth four seas
Filled full of riches thousandfold.

HYMN XXXIV. Some Pavamana.

1. THE drop of Soma juice effused flows
onward with this stream impelled.
Rending strong places with its might.
- 2 Poured forth to Indra, Varuna, to Vayu and the
Marut hosts,

To Visnu, flows the Soma juice.
3 With stones they press the Soma forth, the
Strong conducted by the strong:
They milk the liquor out with skill.
4 'Tis he whom Trita must refine, 'tis he who
shall make Indra glad:
The Tawny One is decked with tints.
5 Him do the Sons of Prsni milk, the dwelling-
place of sacrifice,
Oblation lovely and most dear.
6 To him in one united stream th-,se songs flow
on straight forward. he,
Loud voiced, hath made the milch-kine low.

HYMN XXXV. Soma Pavamana.

1. Pour forth on us abundant wealth, O
Pavamana, with thy stream.
Wherewith thou mayest find us light
2 O Indu, swayer of the sea, shaker of all things,
flow thou on,
Bearer of wealth to us with might.
3 With thee for Hero, Valiant One! may we
subdue our enemies:
Let what is precious flow to us.
4 Indu arouses strength the Sage who strives for
victory, winning power,
Discovering holy works and means.
5 Mover of speech, we robe him with our songs
as he is purified
Soma, the Guardian of the folk;
6 On whose way, Lord of Holy Law, most rich
as he is purified.
The people all have set their hearts.

HYMN XXXVI. Soma Pavamana.

1. FORTH from the mortar is the juice sent, like
a car-horse, to the sieve:
The Steed steps forward to the goal.
2 Thus, Soma, watchful, bearing well, cheering
the Gods, flow past the sieve,
Turned to the vat that drops with meath.
3 Excellent Pavamana, make the lights shine
brightly out for us.
Speed us to mental power and skill.
4 He, beautified by pious men, and coming from
their hands adorned,
Flows through the fleecy straining-cloth.
5 May Soma pour all treasures of the heavens,

the earth, the firmament
Upon the liberal worshipper.
6 Thou mountest to the height of heaven, O
Soma, seeking steeds and kine,
And seeking heroes, Lord of Strength!

HYMN XXXVII. Soma Pavamana.

1. SOMA, the Steer, effused for draught, flows
to the purifying sieve,
Slaying the fiends, loving the Gods.
2 Far-sighted, tawny-coloured, he flows to the
sieve, intelligent,
Bellowing, to his place of rest.
3 This vigorous Pavamana runs forth to the
luminous realm of heaven,
Fiend-slayer, through the fleecy sieve.
4 This Payamana up above Trita's high ridge
hath made the Sun,
Together with the Sisters, shine.
5 This Vrtra-slaying Steer, effused, Soma room-
giver, ne'er deceived,
Hath gone, as 'twere, to win the spoil.
6 Urged onward by the sage, the God speeds
forward to the casks of wood,
Indu to Indra willingly.

HYMN XXXVIII. Soma Pavamana.

1. THIS Steer, this Chariot, rushes through the
woollen filter, as he goes
To war that wins a thousand spoils.
2 The Dames of Trita with the stones onward
impel this Tawny One
Indu to Indra for his drink.
3 Ten active fingers carefully adorn him here;
they make him bright
And beauteous for the gladdening draught.
4 He like a falcon settles down amid the
families of men.
Speeding like lover to his love.
5 This young exhilarating juice looks downward
from its place in heaven,
This Soma-drop that pierced the sieve.
6 Poured for the draught, this tawny juice
flows forth, intelligent, crying out,
Unto the well-beloved place.

HYMN XXXIX Soma Pavamana.

1. FLOW On, O thou of lofty thought, flow

swift in thy beloved form,
Saying, I go where dwell the Gods.
2 Preparing what is unprepared, and bringing
store of food to man,
Make thou the rain descend from heaven.
3 With might, bestowing power, the juice enters
the purifying sieve,
Far-seeing, sending forth its light.
4 This is it which in rapid course hath with the
river's wave flowed down
From heaven upon the straining cloth.
5 Inviting him forth far away, and even from
near at hand, the juice
For Indra is poured forth as meath.
6 In union they have sung the hymn: with stones
they urge the Tawny One.
Sit in the place of sacrifice.

HYMN XL. Soma Pavamana.

1. THE Very Active hath assailed, while
purified, all enemies:
They deck the Sage with holy songs.
2 The Red hath mounted to his place; to India,
goes the mighty juice:
He settles in his firm abode.
3 O Indu, Soma, send us now great opulence
from every side, Pour on us treasures
thousandfold.
4 O Soma Pavamana, bring, Indu, all splendours
hitherward:
Find for us food in boundless store.
5 As thou art cleansed, bring hero strength and
riches to thy worshipper,
And prosper thou the singer's hymns.
6 O Indu, Soma, being cleansed, bring hither
riches doubly piled,
Wealth, mighty Indu, meet for lauds.

HYMN XLI. Soma Pavamana.

1. ACTIVE and bright have they come forth,
impetuous in speed like bulls,
Driving the black skin far away.
2 Quelling the riteless Dasyu, may we think
upon the bridge of bliss,
Leaving the bridge of woe behind.
3 The mighty Pavamana's roar is heard as 'twere

the rush of rain
Lightnings are flashing to the sky.
4 Pour out on us abundant food, when thou art
pressed, O Indu wealth
In kine and gold and steeds and spoil.
5 Flow on thy way, Most Active, thou. fill full
the mighty heavens and earth,
As Dawn, as Surya with his beams.
6 On every side, O Soma, flow round us with
thy protecting stream,
As Rasa flows around the world.

HYMN XLII. Soma Pavamana.

1. ENGENDERING the Sun in floods,
engendering heaven's lights, green-hued,
Robed in the waters and the milk,
2 According to primeval plan this Soma, with
his stream, effused
Flows purely on, a God for Gods.
3 For him victorious, waxen great, the juices
with a thousand powers
Are purified for winning spoil.
4 Shedding the ancient fluid he is poured into
the cleansing sieve:
He, thundering, hath produced the Gods.
5 Soma, while purifying, sends hither all things
to be desired,
He sends the Gods who strengthen Law.
6 Soma, effused, pour on us wealth in kine, in
heroes, steeds, and spoil,
Send us abundant store of food.

HYMN XLIII. Soma Pavamana.

1. WE will enrobe with sacred song the Lovely
One who, as a Steed,
Is decked with milk for rapturous joy.
2 All songs of ours desiring grace adorn him in
the ancient way,
Indu for Indra, for his drink.
3 Soma flows on when purified, beloved and
adorned with songs,
Songs of the sage Medhyatithi.
4 O Soma Pavamana, find exceeding glorious
wealth for us,
Wealth, Indu, fraught with boundless might.
5 Like courser racing to the prize Indu, the lover
of the Gods,
Roars, as he passes, in the sieve.

6 Flow on thy way to win us strength, to speed
the sage who praises thee:
Soma, bestow heroic power.

HYMN XLIV. Soma Pavamana.

1. INDU, to us for this great rite, bearing as
'twere thy wave to Gods,
Unwearied, thou art flowing forQh.
2 Pleased with the hymn, impelled by prayer,
Soma is hurried far away,
The Wise One in the Singer's stream.,
3 Watchful among the. gods, this juice advances
to the cleansing sieve
Soma, most active, travels on.
4 Flow onward, seeking strength for us,
embellishing the sacrifice:
The priest with trimmed grass calleth thee.
5 May Soma, ever bringing power to Bhaga and
to Vayu, Sage
And Hero, lead us to the Gods.
6 So, to increase our wealth to-day, Inspirer,
best of Furtherers,
Win for us strength and high renown.

HYMN XLV. Soma Pavamana.

1. FLOW, thou who viewest men, to give
delight, to entertain the Gods,
Indu, to Indra for his drink.
2 Stream to thine embassy for us: thou
hastenest, for Indra, to
The Gods, O better than our friends.
3 We balm thee, red of hue, with milk to fit thee
for the rapturous joy:
Unbar for us the doors of wealth.
4 He through the sieve hath passed, as comes a
courser to the pole, to run
Indu belongs unto the Gods.
5 All friends have lauded him as he sports in the
wood, beyond the fleece:
Singers have chanted Indu's praise.
6 Flow, Indu, with that stream wherein steeped
thou announcest to the man
Who worships thee heroic strength.

HYMN XLVI. Soma Pavamana.

1. LIKE able coursers they have been sent forth
to be the feast of Gods,
joying in mountains, flowing on.

2 To Vayu flow the Soma-streams, the drops of
juice made beautiful
Like a bride dowered by her sire.
3 Pressed in the mortar, these, the drops of
juice, the Somas rich in food,
Give strength to Indra with their work.
4 Deft-handed men, run hither, seize the
brilliant juices blent with meal,
And cook with milk the gladdening draught.
5 Thus, Soma, Conqueror of wealth! flow,
finding furtherance for us,
Giver of ample opulence.
6 This Pavamana, meet to be adorned, the
fingers ten adorn,
The draught that shall make Indra glad.

HYMN XLVII. Soma Pavamana.

1. GREAT as he was, Soma hath gained
strength by this high solemnity:
joyous he riseth like a bull.
2 His task is done: his crushings of the Dasyus
are made manifest:
He sternly reckoneth their debts.
3 Soon as his song of praise is born, the Soma,
Indra's juice, becomes
A thousand-winning thunderbolt.
4 Seer and Sustainer, he himself desireth riches
for the sage
When he embellisheth his songs.
5 Fain would they both win riches as in races of
the steeds. In war
Thou art upon the conquerors' side.

HYMN XLVIII. Soma Pavamana.

1. WITH sacrifice we seek to thee kind
Cherisher of manly might
In mansions of the lofty heavens;
2 Gladdening crusher of the bold, ruling with
very mighty sway,
Destroyer of a hundred forts.
3 Hence, Sapient One! the Falcon, strong of
wing, unwearied, brought thee down,
Lord over riches, from the sky.
4 That each may see the light, the Bird brought
us the guard of Law, the Friend
Of all, the speeder through the air.

5 And now, sent forth, it hath attained to mighty
power and majesty,
Most active, ready to assist.

HYMN XLIX. Soma Pavamana.

1. Poust down the rain upon us, pour a wave of
waters from the sky,
And plenteous store of wholesome food.
2 Flow onward with that stream of thine,
whereby the cows have come to us,
The kine of strangers to our home.
3 Chief Friend of Gods in sacred rites, pour on
us fatness with thy stream,
Ppur down on us a flood of rain.
4 To give us vigour, with thy stream run
through the fleecy straining-cloth
For verily the Gods will bear.
5 Onward hath Pavamana flowed and beaten off
the Raksasas,
Flashing out splendour as of old.

HYMN L. Soma Pavamana.

1. LOUD as a river's roaring wave thy powers
have lifted up themselves:
Urge on thine arrow's sharpened point.
2 At thine effusion upward rise three voices full
of joy, when thou
Flowest upon the fleecy ridge.
3 On to the fleece they urge with stone the
tawny well-beloved One,
Even Pavamana, dropping meath.
4 Flow with thy current to the sieve, O Sage
most powerful to cheer,
To seat thee in the place of song.
5 Flow, Most Exhilarating! flow anointed with
the milk for balm,
Indu, for Indra, for his drink.

HYMN LI. Soma Pavamana.

1. ADHVARYU, on the filter pour the Soma
juice expressed with stones,
And make it pure for Indra's drink.
2 Pour out for Indra, Thunder-armed, the milk
of heaven, the Soma's juice,
Most excellent, most rich in sweets.
3 These Gods and all the Marut host, Indu enjoy
this juice of thine,
This Pavamana's flowing meath.

4 For, Soma, thou hast been effused,
strengthening for the wild carouse,
O Steer, the singer, for our help.
5 Flow with thy stream, Far-sighted One,
effused, into the cleansing sieve:
Flow on to give us strength and fame.

HYMN LII. Soma Pavamana.

1. WEALTH-WINNER, dwelling in the sky,
bringing us vigour with the juice,
Flow to the filter when effused.
2 So, in thine ancient ways, may he, beloved,
with a thousand streams
Run o'er the fleecy straining-cloth.
3 Him who is like a caldron shake: O Indu,
shake thy gift to us
Shake it, armed Warrior! with thine arms.
4 Indu, invoked with many a prayer, bring down
the vigour of these men,
Of him who threatens us with war.
5 Indu, Wealth-giver, with thine help pour out
for us a hundred, yea,
A thousand of thy pure bright streams.

HYMN LIII. Soma Pavamana.

1. O THOU with stones for arms, thy powers,
crushing the fiends, have raised themselves:
Chase thou the foes who compass us.
2 Thou conquerest thus with might when car
meets car, and when the prize is staked:
With fearless heart will I sing praise.
3 No one with evil thought assails this
Pavamana's holy laws:
Crush him who fain would fight with thee.
4 For Indra to the streams they drive the tawny
rapture-dropping Steed,
Indu the bringer of delight.

HYMN LIV. Soma Pavamana.

1. AFTER his ancient splendour, they, the bold,
have drawn the bright milk from
The Sage who wins a thousand gifts.
2 In aspect he is like the Sun; he runneth
forward to the lakes,
Seven currents flowing through the sky.
3 He, shining in his splendour, stands high over
all things that exist-
Soma, a God as Surya is.

4 Thou, Indu, in thy brilliancy, pourest on us, as
Indra's Friend,
Wealth from the kine to feast the Gods.

HYMN LV. Soma Pavamana.

1. POUR on us with thy juice all kinds of corn,
each sort of nourishment,
And, Soma, all felicities.
2 As thine, O Indu, is the praise, and thine what
springeth from the juice,
Seat thee on the dear sacred grass.
3 And, finding for us kine and steeds, O Soma,
with thy juice flow on
Through days that fly most rapidly.
4 As one who conquers, ne'er subdued, attacks
and stays the enemy,
Thus, Vanquisher of thousands! flow.

HYMN LVI. Soma Pavamana.

1. SWIFT to the purifying sieve flows Soma as
exalted Law,
Slaying the fiends, loving the Gods.
2 When Soma pours the strengthening food a
hundred ever-active streams
To Indra's friendship win their way.
3 Ten Dames have sung to welcome thee, even
as a maiden greets her love:
O Soma, thou art decked to win.
4 Flow hitherward, O Indu, sweet to Indra and
to Visnu: guard
The men, the singers, from distress.

HYMN LVII. Soma Pavamana.

1. THY streams that never fail or waste flow
forth like showers of rain from heaven,
To bring a thousand stores of strength.
2 He flows beholding on his way all
wellbeloved sacred lore,
Green-tinted, brandishing his arms.
3 He, when the people deck him like a docile
king of elephants.
Sits as a falcon in the wood.
4 So bring thou hitherward to us, Indu, while
thou art purified,
All treasures both of heaven and earth.

HYMN LVIII. Soma Pavamana.

1. SWIFT runs this giver of delight, even the
stream of flowing juice:
Swift runs this giver of delight.
- 2 The Morning knows all precious things, the
Goddess knows her grace to man:
Swift runs this giver of delight.
- 3 We have accepted thousands from Dhvasra's
and Purusanti's hands:
Swift runs this giver of delight.
- 4 From whom we have accepted thus thousands
and three times ten beside:
Swift runs this giver of delight.

HYMN LIX. Soma Pavamana.

1. FLOW onward, Soma, winning kine, and
steeds, and all that gives delight:
Bring hither wealth with progeny.
- 2 Flow onward from the waters, flow,
inviolable, from the plants:
Flow onward from the pressing-boards.
- 3 Soma, as Pavamana, pass over all trouble and
distress:
Sit on the sacred grass, a Sage.
- 4 Thou, Pavamana, foundest light; thou at thy
birth becamest great:
O Indu, thou art over all.

HYMN LX. Soma Pavamana.

1. SING forth and laud with sacred song most
active Pavamana, laud
Indu who sees with thousand eyes.
- 2 Thee who hast thousand eyes to see, bearer of
thousand burthens, they
Have filtered through the fleecy cloth.
- 3 He, Pavamana, hath streamed through the
fleece then: he runs into the jars,
Finding his way to Indra's heart.
- 4 That Indra may be bounteous, flow, most
active Soma, for our weal:
Bring genial seed with progeny.

HYMN LXI. Soma Pavamana.

1. FLOW onward, Indu, with this food for him
who in thy wild delight
Battered the nine-and-ninety down,
- 2 Smote swiftly forts, and gambara, then Yadu

and that Turvaga,
For pious Divodasa's sake.
3 Finder of horses, pour on us horses and
wealth in kine and gold,
And, Indu, food in boundless store.
4 We seek to win thy friendly love, even
Pavamana's flowing o'er
The limit of the cleansing sieve.
5 With those same waves which in their stream
overflow the purifying sieve,
Soma; be gracious unto us.
6 O Soma, being purified, bring us from all
sides,-for thou canst,-
Riches and food with hero sons.
7 Him here, the Child whom streams have
borne, the ten swift fingers beautify
With the Adityas is he seen.
8 With Indra and with Vayu he, effused, flows
onward with the beams
Of Surya to the cleansing sieve.
9 Flow rich in sweets and lovely for our Bhaga,
Vayu, Pusan flow
For Mitra and for Varuna.
10 High is thy juice's birth: though set in
heaven, on earth it hath obtained
Strong sheltering power and great renown.
11 Striving to win, with him we gain all wealth
from the ungodly man,
Yea, all the glories of mankind.
12 Finder of room and freedom, flow for Indra
whom we must adore,
For Varuna and the Marut host.
13 The Gods have come to Indu well-
descended, beautified with milk,
The active crusher of the foe.
14 Even as mother cows their calf, so let our
praise-songs strengthen him,
Yea, him who winneth Indra's heart.
15 Soma, pour blessings on our kine, pour forth
the food that streams with milk
Increase the sea that merits laud.
16 From heaven hath Pavamana made, as
'twere, the marvellous thunder, and
The lofty light of all mankind.
17 The gladdening and auspicious juice of thee,
of Pavamana, King!
Flows o'er the woollen straining-cloth.
18 Thy juice, O Pavamana, sends its rays abroad

like splendid skill,
 Like lustre, all heaven's light, to see.
 19 Flow onward with that juice of thine most
 excellent, that brings delight,
 Slaying the wicked, dear to Gods.
 20 Killing the foeman and his hate, and winning
 booty every day,
 Gainer art thou of steeds and kine.
 21 Red-hued, be blended with the milk that
 seems to yield its lovely breast,
 Falcon-like resting in thine home.
 22 Flow onward thou who strengthenedst Indra
 to slaughter Vrtra who
 Compassed and stayed the mighty floods.
 23 Soma who rainest gifts, may we win riches
 with our hero sons:
 Strengthen, as thou art cleansed, our hymns.
 24 Aided by thee, and through thy grace, may
 we be slayers when we war:
 Watch, Soma, at our solemn rites.
 25 Chasing our foemen, driving off the godless,
 Soma floweth on,
 Going to Indra's special place.
 26 O Pavamana, hither bring great riches, and
 destroy our foes:
 O Indu, grant heroic fame.
 27 A hundred obstacles have ne'er checked
 thee when fain to give thy boons,
 When, being cleansed, thou combatest.
 28 Indu, flow on, a mighty juice; glorify us
 among the folk:
 Drive all our enemies away.
 29 Indu, in this thy friendship most lofty and
 glorious may we
 Subdue all those who war with us.
 30 Those awful weapons that thou hast,
 sharpened at point to strike men down-
 Guard us therewith from every foe.

HYMN LXII. Soma Pavamana.

1. THESE rapid Soma-drops have been poured
 through the purifying sieve
 To bring us all felicities.
 2 Dispelling manifold mishap, giving the
 courser's progeny,
 Yea, and the warrior steed, success.
 3 Bringing prosperity to kine, they make
 perpetual Ila flow

To us for noble eulogy.
4 Strong, mountain-born, the stalk hath been
pressed in the streams for rapturous joy:
Hawk-like he settles in his home.
5 Fair is the God-loved juice; the plant is
washed in waters, pressed by men
The milch-kine sweeten it with milk.
6 As drivers deck a courser, so have they
adorned the meath's juice for
Ambrosia, for the festival.
7 Thou, Indu, with thy streams that drop sweet
juices, which were poured for
help,
Hast settled in the cleansing sieve.
8 So flow thou onward through the fleece, for
Indra flow, to be his drink,
Finding thine home in vats of wood.
9 As giving room and freedom, as most sweet,
pour butter forth and milk,
O Indu, for the Angirases.
10 Most active and benevolent, this Pavamana,
sent to us
For lofty friendship, meditates.
11 Queller of curses, mighty, with strong sway,
this Pavamana shall
Bring treasures to the worshipper.
12 Pour thou upon us thousandfold possessions,
both of kine and steeds,
Exceeding glorious, much-desired.
13 Wandering far, with wise designs, the juice
here present is effused,
Made beautiful by living men.
14 For Indra flows the gladdening drink, the
measurer of the region, Sage,
With countless wealth and endless help.
15 Born on the inountain, lauded here, Indu for
Indra is set down,
As in her sheltering nest a bird.
16 Pressed by the men, as 'twere to war hath
Soma Pavamana sped,
To test with might within the vats.
17 That he may move, they yoke him to the
three-backed triple-seated car
By the Seven Rsis' holy songs.
18 Drive ye that Tawny Courser, O ye pressers,
on his way to war,
Swift Steed who carries off the spoil.
19 Pouring all glories hither, he, effused and

entering the jar,
 Stands like a hero mid the kine.
 20 Indu, the living men milk out the juice to
 make the rapturous draught:
 Gods for the Gods milk out the meath.
 21 Pour for the Gods into the sieve our Soma
 very rich in sweets,
 Him whom the Gods most gladly hear.
 22 Into his stream who gladdens best these
 Soma juices have been poured,
 Lauded with songs for lofty fame.
 23 Thou flowest to enjoy the milk, and bringest
 valour, being cleansed:
 Winning the spoil flow hitherward.
 24 And, hymned by Jamadagnis, let all
 nourishment that kine supply,
 And general praises, flow to us.
 25 Soma, as leader of the song flow onward
 with thy wondrous aids,
 For holy lore of every kind.
 26 Do thou as leader of the song, stirring the
 waters of the sea,
 Flow onward, thou who movest all.
 27 O Soma, O thou Sage, these worlds stand
 ready to attest thy might:
 For thy behoof the rivers flow.
 28 Like showers of rain that fall from heaven
 thy streams perpetually flow
 To the bright fleece spread under them.
 29 For potent Indra purify Indu effectual and
 strong,
 Enjoyment-giver, Mighty Lord.
 30 Soma, true, Pavamana, Sage, is seated in the
 cleansing sieve,
 Giving his praiser hero strength.

HYMN LXIII. Soma Pavanana.

1. POUR hitherward, O Soma, wealth in
 thousands and heroic strength,
 And keep renown secure for us.
 2 Thou makest food and vigour swell for Indra,
 best of gladdeners!
 Within the cups thou seatest thee.
 3 For Indra and for Visnu poured, Soma hath
 flowed into the jar:
 May Vayu find it rich in sweets.
 4 These Somas swift and brown of hue, in

stream of solemn sacrifice
Have flowed through twisted obstacles,
5 Performing every noble work, active,
augmenting Indra's strength,
Driving away the godless ones.
6 Brown Soma-drops, effused that seek Indra, to
their appropriate place
Flow through the region hitherward.
7 Flow onward with that stream of thine
wherewith thou gavest Surya light,
Urging on waters good to men.
8 He, Pavamana, high o'er man yoked the Sun's
courser Etasa
To travel through the realm of air.
9 And those ten Coursers, tawny-hued, he
harnessed that the Sun might come
Indu, he said, is Indra's self.
10 Hence, singers, pour the gladdening juice to
Vayu and to Indra, pour
The drops upon the fleecy cloth.
11 O Soma Pavamana, find wealth for us not to
be assailed,
Wealth which the foeman may not win.
12 Send riches hither with thy stream in
thousands, both of steeds and kine,
Send spoil of war and high renown.
13 Soma the God, expressed with stones, like
Surya, floweth on his way,
Pouring the juice within the jar.
14 These brilliant drops have poured for us, in
stream of solemn sacrifice,
Worshipful laws and strength in kine.
15 Over the cleansing sieve have flowed the
Somas, blent with curdled milk,
Effused for Indra Thunder-armed.
16 Soma, do thou most rich in sweets, a
gladdening drink most dear to Gods,
Flow to the sieve to bring us wealth.
17 For Indra, living men adorn the Tawny
Courser in the streams, Indu, the giver of
delight.
18 Pour for us, Soma, wealth in gold, in horses
and heroic sons,
Bring hither strength in herds of kine.
19 For Indra pour ye on the fleece him very
sweet to taste, who longs.
For battle as it were in war.
20 The singers, seeking help, adorn the Sage

who must be decked with songs:
 Loud bellowing the Steer comes on,
 21 The singers with their thoughts and hymns
 have, in the stream of sacrifice,
 Caused Soma, active Steer, to roar.
 22 God, working with mankind, flow on; to
 Indra go thy gladdening juice:
 To Vayu mount as Law commands
 23 O Soma, Pavamana, thou pourest out wealth
 that brings renown:
 Enter the lake, as one we love.
 24 Soma thou flowest chasing foes and bringing
 wisdom and delight:
 Drive off the folk who love not Gods.
 25 The Pavamanas have been poured, the
 brilliant drops of Soma juice,
 For holy lore of every kind.
 26 The Pavamanas have been shed, the beautiful
 swift Soma-drops,
 Driving all enemies afar.
 27 From, heaven, from out the firmament, hath
 Pavamana been effused
 Upon the summit of the earth.
 28 O Soma, Indu, very wise, drive, being
 purified, with thy stream
 All foes, all Raksasas away.
 29 Driving the Raksasas afar, O Soma,
 bellowing, pour for us
 Most excellent and splendid strength.
 30 Soma, do thou secure for us the treasures of
 the earth and heaven,
 Indu, all boons to be desired.

HYMN LXIV. Soma Pavamana.

1. Soma, thou art a splendid Steer, a Steer, O
 God, with steerlike sway:
 Thou as a Steer ordainest laws.
 2 Steer-strong thy might is as a steer's,
 steerstrong thywood, steer-like thy drink
 A Steer indeed, O Steer, art thou.
 3 Thou, Indu, as a vigorous horse, hast neighed
 together steeds and kine:
 Unbar for us the doors to wealth.
 4 Out of desire of cows and steeds and horses.
 potent Soma-drops,
 Brilliant and swift, have been effused.
 5 They purified in both the hands, made
 beautiful by holy men,

Flow onward to the fleecy cloth.
6 These Soma juices shall pour forth all
treasures for the worshipper
From heaven and earth and firmament.
7 The streams of Pavamana, thine, Finder of all,
have been effused,
Even as Surya's rays of light.
8 Making the light that shines from heaven thou
flowest on to every form
Soma, thou swellest like a sea.
9 Urged on thou sendest out thy voice, O
Pavamana; thou hast moved,
Like the God Surya, to the sieve.
10 Indu, Enlightener, Friend, hath been purified
by the sages' hymns:
So starts the charioteer his steed-
11 Thy God-delighting wave which hath flowed
to purifying seive,
Alighting in the home of Law.
12 Flow to our sieve, a gladdening draught that
hath most intercourse with Gods,
Indu, to Indra for his drink.
13 Flow onward with a stream for food, made
beautiful by sapient men:
Indu with sheen approach the milk.
14 While thou art cleansed, Song-Lover, bring
comfort and vigour to the folk,
Poured, Tawny One! on milk and curds.
15 Purified for the feast of Gods, go thou to
Indra's special place,
Resplendent, guided by the strong.
16 Accelerated by the hymn, the rapid drops of
Soma juice
Have flowed, urged onward, to the lake.
17 Easily have the living drops, made beautiful,
approached the lake,
Yea, to the place of sacrifice.
18 Compass about, our faithful Friend, all our
possessions with thy might:
Guard, hero like, our sheltering home.
19 Loud neighs the Courser Etasa, with singers,
harnessed for the place,
Guided for travel to the lake.
20 What time the Swift One resteth in the
golden place of sacrifice,
He leaves the foolish far away.
21 The friends have sung in unison, the prudent
wish to sacrifice:

Down sink the unintelligent.
 22 For Indra girt by Maruts, flow, thou Indu,
 very rich in sweets,
 To sit in place of sacrifice.
 23 Controlling priests and sages skilled in holy
 song adorn thee well:
 The living make thee beautiful.
 24 Aryaman, Mitra, Varuna drink Pavamana's
 juice, yea, thine:
 O Sage, the Maruts drink thereof.
 25 O Soma, Indu, thou while thou art purified
 urge onward speech.
 Thousandfold, with the lore of hymns.
 26 Yea, Soma, Indu, while thou art purified do
 thou bring to us
 Speech thousandfold that longs for war.
 27 O Indu, Much-invoked, while thou art
 purifying, as the Friend.
 Of these men enter thou the lake.
 28 Bright are these Somas blent with milk, with
 light that flashes brilliantly. And form that utters
 loud acclaim.
 29 Led by his drivers, and sent forth, the Strong
 Steed hath come nigh for spoil,
 Like warriors when they stand arrayed.
 30 Specially, Soma, coming as a Sage from
 heaven to prosper us,
 Flow like the Sun for us to see.

HYMN LXV. Soma Pavamana.

1. THE, glittering maids send Sura forth, the
 glorious sisters, close-allied,
 Send Indu forth, their mighty Lord.
 2 Pervade, O Pavamana, all our treasures with
 repeated light,
 God, coming hither from the Gods.
 3 Pour on us, Pavamana, rain, as service and
 rain praise for Gods:
 Pour all to be our nourishment.
 4 Thou art a Steer by lustre: we, O Pavamana,
 faithfully
 Call upon thee the Splendid One.
 5 Do thou, rejoicing, nobly-armed! pour upon us
 heroic strength:
 O Indu, come thou bitherward.
 6 When thou art cleansed with both the hands
 and dipped in waters, with the wood.
 Thou comest to the gathering-place.

7 Sing forth your songs, as Vyasva sang, to
Soma Pavamana, to,
The Mighty One with thousand eyes;
8 Whose coloured sap they drive with stones,
the yellow meath-distilling juice,
Indu for Indra, for his drink.
9 We seek to gain the friendly love of thee that
Strong and Mighty One,
Of thee the winner of all wealth.
10 Flow onward with thy stream, a Steer,
inspiring the Maruts' Lord,
Winning all riches by thy might.
11 I send thee forth to battle from the press, O
Pavamana, Strong,
Sustainer, looker on the light.
12 Acknowledged by this song of mine, flow,
tawny-coloured, with thy stream
Incite to battle thine ally.
13 O Indu, visible to all pour out for us
abundant food:
Soma, be thou our prosperer.
14 The pitchers, Indu, with thy streams have
sung aloud in vigorous might
Enter them, and let Indra drink.
15 O thou whose potent gladdening juice they
milk out with the stones, flow on,
Destroyer of our enemies.
16 King Pavamana is implored with holy songs,
on man's behalf,
To travel through the firmament.
17 Bring us, O Indu, hundredfold increase of
kine, and noble steeds,
The gift of fortune for our help.
18 Pressed for the banquet of the Gods, O
Soma, bring us might, and speed,
Like beauty for a brilliant show.
19 Soma, flow on exceeding bright with loud
roar to the wooden vats,
Falcon-like resting in thine home.
20 Soma, the Water-winner flows to Indra,
Vayu, Varuna,
To Visnu and the Marut host.
21 Soma, bestowing food upon our progeny,
from every sides,
Pour on us riches thousandfold
22 The Soma juices which have been expressed
afar or near at hand,
Or there on Saryanavan's bank,

23 Those pressed among Arjikas, pressed
 among the active, in men's homes,
 Or pressed among the Races Five-
 24 May these celestial drops, expressed, pour
 forth upon us, as they flow,
 Rain from the heavens and hero strength.
 25 Urged forward o'er the ox-hide flows the
 Lovely One of tawny hue,
 Lauded by Jamadagni's song.
 26 Like horses urged to speed, the drops, bright,
 stirring vital power, when blent
 With milk, are beautified in streams.
 27 So they who toil with juices send thee
 forward for the Gods' repast:
 So with this splendour flow thou on.
 28 We choose to-day that chariot-steed of thine,
 the Strong, that brings us bliss,
 The Guardian, the desire of all,
 29 The Excellent, the Gladdener, the Sage with
 heart that understands,
 The Guardian, the desire of all;
 30 Who for ourselves, O thou Most Wise, is
 wealth and fair intelligence,
 The Guardian, the desire of all.

HYMN LXVI. Soma Pavamana.

1. FOR holy lore of every sort, flow onward
 thou whom all men love.
 A Friend to be besought by friends.
 2 O'er all thou rulest with these Two which,
 Soma Pavamana, stand,
 Turned, as thy stations, hitherward.
 3 Wise Soma Pavamana, thou encompassst on
 every side
 Thy stations as the seasons come.
 4 Flow onward, generating food, for precious
 boons of every kind,
 A Friend for friends, to be our help.
 5 Upon the lofty ridge of heaven thy bright rays
 with their essences,
 Soma, spread purifying power.
 6 O Soma, these Seven Rivers flow, as being
 thine, to give command:
 The Streams of milk run forth to thee.
 7 Flow onward, Soma in a stream, effused to
 gladden Indra's heart,
 Bringing imperishable fame.
 8 Driving thee in Vivasvan's course, the Seven

Sisters with their hymns
Made melody round thee the Sage.
9 The virgins deck thee o'er fresh streams to
drive thee to the sieve when thou,
A singer, bathest in the wood.
10 The streams of Pavamana, thine, Sage,
Mighty One, have poured them forth.
Like coursers eager for renown.
11 They have been poured upon the fleece
towards the meath-distilling vat:
The holy songs have sounded forth.
12 Like milch-kine coming home, the drops of
Soma juice have reached the lake,
Have reached the place of sacrifice.
13 O Indu, to our great delight the running
waters flow to us,
When thou wilt robe thyself in milk.
14 In this thy friendship, and with thee to help
us, fain to sacrifice,
Indu, we crave thy friendly love.
15 Flow on, O Soma, for the great Viewer of
men, for gain of Idne
Enter thou into Indra's throat.
16 Best art thou, Soma, of the great, Strongest
of strong ones, Indu: thou
As Warrior ever hast prevailed.
17 Mightier even than the strong, more valiant
even than the brave,
More liberal than the bountiful,
18 Soma, as Sura, bring us food, win offspring
of our bodies: we
Elect thee for our friendship, we elect thee for
companionship.
19 Agni, thou pourest life; send down upon us
food and vigorous strength;
Drive thou misfortune far away,
20 Agni is Pavamana, Sage, Chief Priest of all
the Races Five:
To him whose wealth is great we pray.
21 Skilled in thy task, O Agni, pour splendour
with hero strength on us,
Granting me wealth that nourishes.
22 Beyond his enemies away to sweet praise
Pavamana flows,
Like Surya visible to all.
23 Adorned by living men, set forth for
entertainment, rich in food,
Far-sighted Indu is a Steed.

24 He, Pavamana, hath produced the lofty Law,
the brilliant light,
Destroying darkness black of hue.
25 From tawny Pavamana, the Destroyer,
radiant streams have sprung,
Quick streams from him whose gleams are
swift.
26 Best rider of the chariot, praised with fairest
praise mid beauteous ones,
Gold-gleaming with the Marut host,
27 May Pavamana, best to win the booty,
penetrate with rays,
Giving the singer hero strength.
28 Over the fleecy sieve hath flowed the drop
effused: to Indra comes
Indu while he is purified
29 This Soma, through the pressing-stones, is
sporting on the oxhide, and
Summoning Indra to the draught.
30 O Pavamana, bless us, so that we may live,
with that bright milk
Of thine which hath been brought from heaven.

HYMN LXVII. Soma and Others.

1. THOU, Soma, hast a running stream, joyous,
most strong at sacrifice:
Flow bounteously bestowing wealth.
2 Effused as cheerer of the men, flowing best
gladdener, thou art
A Prince to Indra with thy juice.
3 Poured forth by pressing-stones, do thou with
loud roar send us in a stream
Most excellent illustrious might.
4 Indu, urged forward, floweth through the
fleecy cloth: the Tawny One
With his loud roar hath brought as strength.
5 Indu, thou flowest through the fleece, bringing
felicities and fame,
And, Soma, spoil and wealth in kine.
6 Hither, O Indu, bring us wealth in steeds and
cattle hundredfold:
Bring wealth, O Soma, thousandfold.
7 In purifying, through the sieve the rapid drops
of Soma juice
Come nigh to Indra in their course.
8 For Indra floweth excellent Indu, the noblest
Soma juice
The Living for the Living One.

9 The glittering maids send Sura forth they with
their song have sung aloud
To Pavamana dropping meath.
10 May Pusan, drawn by goats, be our protector,
and on all his paths
Bestow on us our share of maids.
11 This Soma flows like gladdening oil for him
who wears the braided locks:
He shall give us our share of maids.
12 This Soma juice, O glowing God, flows like
pure oil, effused for thee:
He shall give us our share of maids.
13 Flow onward, Soma, in thy stream, begetter
of the sages' speech:
Wealth-giver among Gods art thou.
14 The Falcon dips within the jars: he wrap.him
in his robe and goes
Loud roaring to the vats of wood.
15 Soma, thy juice hath been effused and
poured into the pitcher: like
A rapid hawk it rushes on.
16 For Indra flow most rich in sweets, O Soma,
bringing him delight.
17 They were sent forth to feast the Gods, like
chariots that display their strength.
18 Brilliant, best givers of delight, these juices
have sent Vayu forth.
19 Bruised by the press-stones and extolled,
Soma, thou goest to the sieve,
Giving the worshipper hero strength.
20 This juice bruised by the pressing-stones and
lauded passes through the sieve,
Slayer of demons, through the fleece.
21 O Pavamana, drive away the danger, whether
near at hand
Or far remote, that finds me here.
22 This day may Pavamana cleanse us with his
purifying power,
Most active purifying Priest.
23 O Agni, with the cleansing light diffused
through all thy fiery glow,
Purify thou this prayer of ours.
24 Cleanse us with thine own cleansing power,
O Agni, that is bright with flame,
And by libations poured to thee.
25 Savitar, God, by both of these, libation,
purifying power,
Purify me on every side.

26 Cleanse us, God Savitar, with Three, O
 Soma, with sublimest forms,
 Agni, with forms of power and might.
 27 May the Gods' company make me clean, and
 Vasus make rue pure by song.
 Purify me, ye General Gods; O Jatavedas, make
 me pure.
 28 Fill thyself full of juice, flow forth, O Soma,
 thou with all thy stalks,
 The best oblation to the Gods.
 29 We with our homage have approached the
 Friend who seeks our wondering praise,
 Young, strengthener of the solemn rite.
 30 Lost is Alayya's axe. O Soma, God do thou
 send it back hither in thy flow
 Even, Soma, God, if 'twere a mole.
 31 The man who reads the essence stored by
 saints, the Pavamani hymns,
 Tastes food completely purified, made sweet by
 Matarisvan's touch.
 32 Whoever reads the essence stored by saints,
 the Pavamani hymns,
 Sarasvati draws forth for him water and butter,
 milk and meath.

HYMN LXVIII. Soma Pavamana.

1. THE drops of Soma juice like cows who
 yield their milk have flowed forth, rich in
 meath, unto the Shining One,
 And, seated on the grass, raising their voice,
 assumed the milk, the covering robe wherewith
 the udders stream.
 2 He bellows with a roar around the highest
 twigs: the Tawny One is sweetened as he breaks
 them up.
 Then passing through the sieve into the ample
 room, the God throws off the dregs according to
 his wish.
 3 The gladdening drink that measured out the
 meeting Twins fills full with milk the Eternal
 Ever-waxing Pair.
 Bringing to light the Two great Regions
 limitless, moving above them he gained sheen
 that never fades.
 4 Wandering through, the Parents, strengthening
 the floods, the Sage makes his place swell with

his own native might.

The stalk is mixed with grain: he comes led by
the men together with the sisters, and preserves
the Head.

5 With energetic intellect the Sage is born,
deposited as germ of Law, far from the Twins.
They being young at first showed visibly
distinct the Creature that is half-concealed and
half-exposed.

6 The sages knew the form of him the
Gladdener, what time the Falcon brought the
plant from far away.

Him who assures success they beautified in
streams, the stalk who yearned therefor, mighty
and meet for praise.

7 Together with the Rsis, with their prayers and
hymns ten women deck thee, Soma, friendly
when effused.

Led by the men, with invocations of the Gods,
through the fleece, thou hast given us strength to
win the spoil.

8 Songs resonant with praise have celebrated
him. Soma, Friend, springing forth with his fair
company.

Even him who rich in meath, with undulating
stream, Winnner of Wealth, Immortal, sends his
voice from heaven,

9 He sends it into all the region forth from
heaven. Soma, while he is filtcred, settles in the
jars.

With milk and waters is he decked when
pressed with stones: Indu, when purified, shall
find sweet rest and room.

10 Even thus poured forth How on thy way, O
Soma, vouchsafing us most manifold lively
vigour.

We will invoke benevolent Earth and Heaven.
Give us, ye Gods, riches with noble heroes.

HYMN LXIX. Soma Pavamana.

1. LAID like an arrow on the bow the hymn
hath been loosed like a young calf to the udder
of its dam.

As one who cometh first with full stream she is
milked the Soma is impelled to this man's holy
rites.

2 The thought is deeply fixed; the savoury juice
is shed; the tongue with joyous sound is stirring

in the mouth;

And Pavamana, like the shout of combatants,
the drop rising in sweet juice, is flowing through
the fleece.

3 He flows about the sheep-skin, longing for a
bride: he looses Aditi's Daughters for the
worshipper.

The sacred drink hath come, gold-tinted, well-
restrained: like a strong Bull he shines, whetting
his manly might.

4 The Bull is bellowing; the Cows are coming
nigh: the Goddesses approach the God's own
resting-place.

Onward hath Soma passed through the sheep's
fair bright fleece, and hath, as 'twere, endued a
garment newly washed.

5 The golden-hued, Immortal, newly bathed,
puts on a brightly shining vesture that is never
harmd.

He made the ridge of heaven to be his radiant
robe, by sprinkling of the bowls from moisture
of the sky.

6 Even as the beams of Surya, urging men to
speed, that cheer and send to sleep, together
rush they forth,

These swift outpourings in long course of holy
rites: no form save only Indra shows itself so
pure.

7 As down the steep slope of a river to the vale,
drawn from the Steer the swift strong draughts
have found a way.

Well be it with the men and cattle in our home.
May powers, O Soma, may the people stay with
us.

8 Pour out upon us wealth in goods, in gold, in
steeds, in cattle and in corn, and great heroic
strength.

Ye, Soma, are my Fathers, lifted up on high as
heads of heaven and makers of the strength of
life.

9 These Pavamanas here, these drops of Soma,
to Indra have sped forth like cars to booty.
Effused, they pass the cleansing fleece, while,
gold-hued, they cast their covering off to pour
the rain down.

10 O Indu, flow thou on for lofty Indra, flow
blameless, very gracious, foe-destroyer.
Bring splendid treasures to the man who lauds

thee. O Heaven and Earth, with all the Gods
protect. us.

HYMN LXX. Soma Pavamana.

1. THE three times seven Milch-kine in the
eastern heaven have for this Soma poured the
genuine milky draught.

Four other beauteous Creatures hath he made
for his adornment, when he waxed in strength
through holy rites.

2 Longing for lovely Amrta, by his wisdom he
divided, each apart from other, earth and
heaven.

He gladly wrapped himself in the most lucid
floods, when through their glory they found the
God's resting-place.

3 May those his brilliant rays he ever free from
death, inviolate, for both classes of created
things,-

Rays wherewith powers of men and Gods are
purified. Yea, even for this have sageswelcomed
him as King.

4 He, while he is adorned by the ten skilful
ones, that he too in the Midmost Mothers may
create,

While he is watching o'er the lovely Amrta's
ways, looks on both races as Beholder of
mankind.

5 He, while he is adorned to stream forth mighty
strength, rejoices in his place between the earth
and heaven.

The Steer dispels the evil-hearted with his
might, aiming at offerings as an archer at the
game.

6 Beholding, as it were, Two Mother Cows, the
Steer goes roaring on his way even as the
Maruts roar.

Knowing Eternal Law, the earliest light of
heaven, he, passing wise, was chosen out to tell
it forth.

7 The fearful Bull is bellowing with violent
might, far-sighted, sharpening his
yellowcoloured horns.

Soma assumes his seat in the well-fashioned
place: the cowhide and the sheepskin are his
ornament.

8 Bright, making pure his body free from spot
and stain, on the sheep's back the Golden-

coloured hath flowed down.

Acceptable to Mitra, Vayu, Varuna, he is
prepared as threefold meal by skilful men.

9 Flow on for the God's banquet, Soma, as a
Steer, and enter Indra's heart, the Soma's
reservoir.

Bear us beyond misfortune ere we be oppres-
sed. the man who knows the land directs the
man who asks.

10 Urged like a car-steed flow to strength, O
Soma: Indu, flow onward to the throat of Indra.
Skilled, bear us past, as in a boat o'er water: as
battling Hero save us from the foeman.

HYMN LXXI. Soma Pavamana,

1. THE guerdon is bestowed: the Mighty takes
his Seat, and, ever-Watchful, guards from fiend
and evil sprite.

Gold-hued, he makes the cloud his diadem, the
milk his carpet in both worlds, and prayer his
robe of state.

2 Strong, bellowing, he goes, like one who slays
the folk; he lets this hue of Asuras flow off from
him,

Throws off his covering, seeks his father's
meeting-place, and thus makes for himself the
bright robe he assumes.

3 Onward he flows, from both the hands,
pressed out with stones: excited by the prayer,
the water makes him wild.

He frolics and draws near, completes his work
with song, and bathes in streams to satisfy the
worshipper.

4 They pour out meath around the Master of the
house, Celestial Strengtheners of the mountain
that gives might;

In whom, through his great powers, oblation-
eating cows in their uplifted udder mix their
choicest milk.

5 They, the ten sisters, on the lap of Aditi, have
sent him forward like a car from both the arms.
He wanders and comes near the Cow's
mysterious place, even the place which his
inventions have produced.

6 Like as a falcon to his home, so speeds the
God to his own golden wisely-tashioned place
to rest.

With song they urge the darling to the sacred

grass: the Holy One goes like a courser to the Gods.

7 From far away, from heaven, the redhued noted Sage, Steer of the triple height, hath sung unto the kine.

With thousand guidings he, leading this way and that, shines, as a singer, splendidly through many a morn.

8 His covering assumes a radiant hue; where'er he comes into the fight he drives the foe afar. The Winner of the Floods, with food he seeks the host of heaven, he comes to praises glorified with milk.

9 Like a bull roaming round the herds he bellows: he hath assumed the brilliancy of Surya.

Down to the earth hath looked the heavenly Falcon: Soma with wisdom views all living creatures.

HYMN LXXII. Soma Pavamana.

1. THEY cleanse the Gold-hued: like a red Steed is he yoked, and Soma in the jar is mingled with the milk.

He sendeth out his voice, and many loving friends of him the highly lauded hasten with their songs.

2 The many sages utter words in unison, while into Indra's throat they pour the Soma juice, When, with the ten that dwell together closely joined, the men whose hands are skilful cleanse the lovely meath.

3 He goes upon his way, unresting, to the cows, over the roaring sound which Sarya's Daughter loves.

The Falcon brought it to him for his own delight: now with the twofold kindred sisters is his home.

4 Washed by the men, stone-pressed, dear on the holy grass, faithful to seasons, Lord of cattle from of old,

Most liberal, completing sacrifice for men, O Indra, pure bright Soma, Indu, flows for thee.

5 O Indra, urged by arms of men and poured in streams, Soma flows on for thee after his Godlike kind.

Plans thou fulfillest, gatherest thoughts for sacrifice: in the bowls sits the Gold-hued like a

roosting bird.

6 Sages well-skilled in work, intelligent, drain
out the stalk that roars, the Sage, the Everlasting
One.

The milk, the hymns unite them with him in the
place of sacrifice, his seat who is produced
anew.

7 Earth's central point, sustainer of the mighty
heavens, distilled into the streams, into the
waters' wave,

As Indra's thunderbolt, Steer with farspreading
wealth, Soma is flowing on to make the heart
rejoice.

8 Over the earthly region flow thou on thy way,
helping the praiser and the pourer, thou Most
Wise.

Let us not lack rich treasure reaching to our
home, and may we clothe ourselves in manifold
bright wealth.

9 Hither, O Indu, unto us a hundred gifts of
steeds, a thousand gifts of cattle and of gold,
Measure thou forth, yea, splendid ample
strengthening food do thou, O Pavamana, heed
this laud of ours.

HYMN LXXIII. Soma Pavamana.

1. THEY from the spouting drop have sounded
at the rim: naves speed together to the place of
sacrifice.

That Asura hath formed, to seize, three lofty
heights. The ships of truth have borne the pious
man across.

2 The strong Steers, gathering, have duly stirred
themselves, and over the stream's wave the
friends sent forth the song.

Engendering the hymn, with flowing streams of
meath, Indra's dear body have they caused to
wax in strength.

3 With sanctifying gear they sit around the
song: their ancient Father guards their holy
work from harm.

Varuna hath o'erspread the mighty sea of air.
Sages had power to hold him in sustaining
floods.

4 Sweet-tongued, exhaustless, they have sent
their voices down togetlier, in heaven's vault
that pours a thousand streams.

His wildly-restless warders never close an eye:

in every place are found the bonds that bind
man last.

5 O'er Sire and Mother they have roared in
unison bright with the verse of praise, burning
up riteless men,
Blowing away with supernatural might from
earth and from the heavens the swarthy skin
which Indra hates.

6 Those which, as guides of song and
counsellors of speed, were manifested from
their ancient dwelling place,-
From these the eyeless and the deaf have turned
aside: the wicked travel not the pathway of the
Law.

7 What time the filter with a thousand streams is
stretched, the thoughtful sages purify their song
therein.

Bright-coloured are their spies, vigorous, void
of guile, excellent, fair to see, beholders of
mankind.

8 Guardian of Law, most wise, he may not be
deceived: three Purifiers hath he set within his
heart.

With wisdom he beholds all creatures that exist:
he drives into the pit the hated riteless ones.

9 The thread of sacrifice spun in the cleansing
sieve, on Varuna's tongue-tip, by supernatural
might,-

This, by their striving, have the prudent ones
attained: he who hath not this power shall sink
into the pit.

HYMN LXXIV. Soma Pavamana

1. BORN like a youngling he hath clamoured in
the wood, when he, the Red, the Strong, would
win the light of heaven.

He comes with heavenly seed that makes the
water swell: him for wide-spreading shelter we
implore with prayer.

2 A far-extended pillar that supports the sky the
Soma-stalk, filled full, moves itself every way.
He shall bring both these great worlds while the
rite proceeds: the Sage holds these who move!
together and all food.

3 Wide space hath he who follows Aditi's right
path, and mighty, well-made food, meath blent
with Soma juice;

He who from hence commands the rain, Steer of
the kine, Leader of floods, who helps us hence,
who claims our laud.

4 Butter and milk are drawn from animated
cloud; thence Amrta is produced, centre of
sacrifice.

Hini the Most Bounteous Ones, ever united,
love; him as our Friend the Men who make all
swell rain down.

5 The Soma-stalk hath roared, following with
the wave: he swells with sap for man the skin
which Gods enjoy.

Upon the lap of Aditi he lays the germ, by
means whereof we gain children and progeny.

6 In the third region which distils a thousand
streams, may the Exhaustless Ones descend
with procreant power.

The kindred Four have been sent downward
from the heavens: dropping with oil they bring
Amrta and sacred gifts.

7 Soma assumes white colour when he strives to
gain: the bounteous Asura knows full many a
precious boon.

Down the steep slope, through song, he comes
to sacrifice, and he will burst the water-holding
cask of heaven,

8 Yea, to the shining milk-anointed beaker, as to
his goal, hath stepped the conquering Courser.

Pious-souled men have sent their giffi of cattle
unto Kaksivan of the hundred winters.

9 Soma, thy juice when thou art blended with
the streams, flows, Pavamana, through the long
wool of the sheep.

So, cleansed by sages. O best giver of delight,
grow sweet for Indra, Pavamana! for his drink.

HYMN LXXV. Soma Pavamana.

1. GRACIOUSLY-MINDED he is flowing on
his way to win dear names o'er which the
Youthful One grows great.

The Mighty and Far-seeing One hath mounted
now the mighty Surya's car which moves to
every side.

2 The Speaker, unassailable Master of this
hymn, the Tongue of sacrifice pours forth the
pleasant meath.

Within the lustrous region of the heavens the
Son makes the third secret name of Mother and

of Sire.

3 Sending forth flashes he hath bellowed to the
jars, led by the men into the golden reservoir.
The milky streams of sacrifice have sung to
him: he of the triple height shines brightly
through the morns.

4 Pressed by the stones, with hymns, and
graciously inclined, illuminating both the
Parents, Heaven and Earth,
He flows in ordered season onward through the
flee, a current of sweet juice still swelling day
by day.

5 Flow onward, Soma, flow to bring prosperity:
cleansed by the men, invest thee with the milky
draught.

What gladdening drinks thou hast, foaming,
exceeding strong, even with these incite Indra to
give us wealth.

HYMN LXXVI. Soma Pavamana.

1. ON flows the potent juice, sustainer of the
heavens, the strength of Gods, whom men must
hail with shouts of joy.

The Gold-hued, started like a courser by brave
men, impetuously winneth splendour in the
streams.

2 He takes his weapons, like a hero, in his
hands, fain to win light, car-borne, in forays for
the kine.

Indu, while stimulating India's might, is urged
forward and balmed by sages skilful in their
task.

3 Soma, as thou art purified with flowing wave,
exhibiting thy strength enter thou Indra's throat.
Make both worlds stream for us, as lightning
doth the clouds: mete out exhaustless powers for
us, as 'twere through song.

4 Onward he flows, the King of all that sees the
light: the Rsis' Lord hath raised the song of
sacrifice;

Even he who is adorned with Surya's arrowy
beam, Father of hymns, whose wisdom is
beyond our reach.

5 Like as a bull to herds, thou flowest to the
pail, bellowing as a steer upon the water's lap.
So, best of Cheerers, thou for Indra flowest on
that we, with thy protection, may o'ercome in

fight.

HYMN LXXVII. Soma Pavamana.

1. MORE beauteous than the beautiful, as
Indra's bolt, this Soma, rich in sweets, hath
clamoured in the vat.

Dropping with oil, abundant, streams of
sacrifice flow unto him like milch-kine, lowing,
with their milk.

2 On flows that Ancient One whom, hitherward,
from heaven, sped through the region of the air,
the Falcon snatched.

He, quivering with alarm and terrified in heart
before bow-armed Krsanu, holdeth fast the
sweet.

3 May those first freshest drops of Soma juice
effused flow on, their way to bring us mighty
strength in kine.

Beauteous as serpents, worthy to be looked
upon, they whom each sacred gift and all our
prayers have pleased.

4 May that much-lauded Indu, with a heart
inclined to us, well-knowing, fight against our
enemies.

He who hath brought the germ beside the Strong
One's seat moves onward to the widely-opcnd
stall of kine.

5 The active potent juice of heaven is flowing
on, great Varuna whom the forward man can
ne'er deceive.

Mitra, the Holy, hath been pressed for troubled
times, neighing like an impatient horse amid the
herd,

HYMN LXXVIII. Soma Pavamana.

1. RAISING his voice the King hath flowed
upon his way: invested with the waters he
would win the kine.

The fleece retains his solid parts as though
impure, and bright and cleansed he seeks the
special place of Gods.

2 Thou, Soma, art effused for Indra by the men,
balm'd in the wood as wave, Sage, Viewer of
mankind.

Full many are the paths whereon thou mayest
go: a thousand bay steeds hast thou resting in
the bowls.

3 Apsarases who dwell in waters of the sea,

sitting within, have flowed to Soma wise of heart.

They urge the Master of the house upon his way, and to the Eternal Pavamana pray for bliss.

4 Soma flows on for u's as winner of the kine, winner of thousands, cars, water, and light, and gold;

He whom the Gods have made a gladdening draught to drink, the drop most sweet to taste, weal-bringing, red of hue.

5 Soma, as Pavamana thou, our faithful Friend, making for us these real treasures, flowest on. Slay thou the enemy both near and, far away: grant us security and ample pasturage.

HYMN LXXIX. Soma Pavamana.

1. SPONTANEOUS let our drops of Soma juice flow on, pressed, golden-hued, among the Gods of lofty heaven.

Perish among us they who give no gifts of food! perish the godless! May our prayers obtain success.

2 Forward to us the drops, distilling meath, shall flow, like riches for whose sake we urge the horses on.

Beyond the crafty hindering of all mortal men may we continually bear precious wealth away.

3 Yea, yerily, foe of hate shown to himself is he, yea, verity, destroyer too of other hate.

As thirst subdueth in the desert, conquer thou, O Soma Pavarnana, men of evil thoughts.

4 Near kin to thee is he, raised loftiest in the heavens: upon the earth's high ridge thy scions have grown forth.

The press-stones chew and crunch thee on the ox's hide: sages have milked thee with their hands into the streams.

5 So do they hurry on thy strong and beauteous juice, O Indu, as the first ingredient of the draught.

Bring low, thou Pavamana, every single foe, and be thy might shown forth as sweet and gladdening drink.

HYMN LXXX. Soma Pavamana.

1. ON flows the stream of Soma who beholds mankind: by everlasting Law he calls the Gods from heaven.

He lightens with the roaring of Br aspati: h the
 lakes have not contained the pourings of juice.
 2 Thou, powerful Soma, thou to whom the cows
 have -lowed, ascendest bright with sheen, thine
 iron-fashioned home.
 Thou, lengthening our princes' life and high
 renown, flowest for Indra as his might to
 gladdening drink.
 3 Best giver of delight, he flows to Indra's
 throat, robing himself in might, Auspicious One,
 for fame.
 He spreads himself abroad to meet all things
 that be: the vigorous Tawny Steed flows
 sporting on his way.
 4 The men, the ten swift fingers, milk thee out
 for Gods, even thee most rich in meath, with
 thousand flowing streams.
 Soma who winnest thousands, driven by the
 men, expressed with stones, bring, as thou
 flowest, all the Gods.
 5 Deft-handed men with stones, the ten swift
 fingers, drain thee into waters, thee, the Steer
 enriched with sweets.
 Thou, Soma, gladdening Indra, and the
 Heavenly Host, flowest as Pavamana like a
 river's wave.

HYMN LXXXI. Soma Pavamana.

1. ONWARD to Indra's throat move,
 beauteously adorned, the waves of Soma as he
 purifies himself,
 When they, brought forward with the lovely
 curd of kine, effused, have cheered the Hero to
 bestow his gifts.
 2 Hither hath Soma flowed unto the beakers,
 like a chariot-horse, a stallion swift upon his
 way.
 Thus, knowing both the generations, he obtains
 the rights and dues of Gods from yonder and
 from hence.
 3 While thou art cleansed, O Soma, scatter
 wealth on us; Indu, bestow great bounty as a
 liberal Prince.
 Giver of life, with wisdom help to opulence;
 strew not our home possessions far away from
 us.
 4 Hither let Pusan Pavamana come to us,
 Varuna, Mitra, bountiful, of one accord,

The Maruts, Asvins, Vayu, and Brhaspati,
Savitar, Tvastar, tractable Sarasvati.
5 Both Heaven and Earth, the all-invigorating
Pair, Vidhatar, Aditi, and Aryaman the God,
Bhaga who blesses men, the spacious
Firmament,-let all the Gods in Pavamana take
delight.

HYMN LXXXII. Soma Pavamana.

1. EVEN as a King hath Soma, red and tawny
Bull, been pressed: the Wondrous One hath
bellowed to the kine.
While purified he passes through the filtering
fleece to seat him hawk-like on the place that
drops with oil.
2. To glory goest thou, Sage with disposing
skill, like a groomed steed thou rusbest forward
to the prize.
O Soma, be thou gracious, driving off distress:
thou goest, clothed in butter, to a robe of state.
3 Parjanya is the Father of the Mighty Bird: on
mountains, in earth's centre hath he made his
home.
The waters too have flowed, the Sisters, to the
kine: he meets the pressing-stones at the
beloved rite.
4 Thou givest pleasure as a wife delights her
lord. Listen, O Child of Pajri, for to thee I
speak.
Amid the holy songs go on that we may live: in
time of trouble, Soma, watch thou free from
blame.
5 As to the men of old thou camest, Indu
unharm'd, to strengthen, winning hundreds,
thousands,
So now for new felicity flow onward: the waters
follow as thy law ordaineth.

HYMN LXXXIII. Soma Pavamana.

1. SPREAD is thy cleansing filter,
Brahmanaspati: as Prince, thou enterest its limbs
from every side.
The raw, whose mass hath not been heated gains
not this: they only which are dressed, which
bear, attain to it.
2 High in the seat of heaven is spread the

Scorcher's sieve: its threads are standing
separate, glittering with light.

The Swift Ones favour him who purifieth this:
with consciousness they stand upon the height
of heaven.

3 The foremost spotted Steer hath made the
Mornings shine, and yearning after strength
sustains all things that be.

By his high wisdom have the mighty Sages
wrought: the Fathers who behold mankind laid
down the germ,

4 Gandharva verily protects his dwellingplace;
Wondrous, he guards the generations of the
Gods.

Lord of the snare, he takes the foeman with the
snare: those who are most devout have gained a
share of meath.

5 Rich in oblations! robed in cloud, thou
corapassest oblation, sacrifice, the mighty seat
of Gods.

King, on thy chariot-sieve thou goest up to war,
and with a thousand weapons winnest lofty
fame.

HYMN LXXXIV. Soma Pavamana.

1. FLOW, cheering Gods, most active, winner
of the flood, for Indra, and for Vayu, and for
Varuna.

Bestow on us to-day wide room with happiness,
and in thine ample dwelling laud the Host of
Heaven.

2 He who hath come anear to creatures that have
life, Immortal Soma flows onward to all of
them.

Effecting, for our aid, both union and release,
Indu, like Surya, follows closely after Dawn.

3 He who is poured with milk, he who within
the plants hastes bringing treasure for the
happiness of Gods,

He, poured forth in a stream flows with the
lightning's flash, Soma who gladdens Indra and
the Host of Heaven.

4 Winner of thousands, he, this Soma, flows
along, raising a vigorous voice that wakens with
the dawn.

Indu with winds drives on the ocean of the air,
he sinks within the jars, he rests in Indra's heart.

5 The kine with milk dress him who makes the

milk increase, Soma, amid the songs, who finds the light of heaven.

Winner of wealth, the effectual juice is flowing on, Singer and Sage by wisdom, dear as heaven itself.

HYMN LXXXV. Soma Pavamana.

1. FLOW on to Indra, Soma, carefully effused:
let sickness stay afar together with the fiends.
Let not the double-tongued delight them with
thy juice. here be thy flowing drops laden with
opulence.

2 O Pavamana, urge us forward in the fight thou
art the vigour of the Gods, the well-loved drink.
Smite thou our enemies who raise the shout of
joy: Indra, drink Soma juice, and drive away our
foes.

3 Unharm'd, best Cheerer, thou, O Indu,
flowest on: thou, even thou thyself, art Indra's
noblest food.

Full many a wise man lifts to thee the song of
praise, and hails thee with a kiss as Sovran of
this world.

4 Wondrous, with hundred streams, hymned in a
thousand songs, Indu pours out for Indra his
delightful meath.

Winning us land and waters, flow thou
hitherward: Rainer of bounties, Soma, make
broad way for us.

5 Roaring within the beaker thou art balmed
with milk: thou passest through the fleecy filter
all at once.

Carefully cleansed and decked like a
prizewinning steed, O Soma, thou hast flowed
down within Indra's throat.

6 Flow onward sweet of flavour for the
Heavenly Race, for Indra sweet, whose name is
easily invoked:

Flow sweet for Mitra, Varuna, and Vayu, rich in
meath, inviolable for Brhaspati.

7 Ten rapid fingers deck the Courser in the jar:
with hymns the holy singers send their voices
forth.

The filtering juices hasten to their eulogy, the
drops that gladden find their way to Indra's
heart.

8 While thou art purified pour on us hero
strength, great, far-extended shelter, spacious

pasturage.

Let no oppression master this our holy work:
may we, O Indu, gain all opulence through thee.

9 The Steer who sees afar hath risen above the
sky: the Sage hath caused the lights of heaven to
give their shine.

The King is passing through the filter with a
roar: they drain the milk of heaven from him
who looks on men.

10 High in the vault of heaven, unceasing,
honey-tongued, the Loving Ones drain out the
mountain-haunting Steer,-

The drop that hath grown great in waters, in the
lake meath-rich, in the stream's wave and in the
cleansing sieve.

11 The Loving Ones besought with many voices
the Eagle who had flown away to heaven.

Hymns kiss the Youngling worthy of laudation,
resting on earth, the Bird of golden colour.

12 High to heaven's vault hath the Gandharva
risen, beholding all his varied forms and figures.

His ray hath shone abroad with gleaming
splendour: pure, he hath lighted both the worlds,
the Parents.

HYMN LXXXVI. Soma Pavamana.

1. THY gladdening draughts, O Pavamana,
urged by song flow swiftly of themselves like
sons of fleet-foot mares.

The drops of Soma juice, those eagles of the
heavens, most cheering, rich in meath, rest in
the reservoir.

2 As rapid chariot-steeds, so turned in several
ways have thine exhilarating juices darted forth,
Soma-drops rich in meath, waves, to the
Thunder-armed, to Indra, like milch-kine who
seek their calf with milk.

3 Like a steed urged to battle, finder of the light;
speed onward to the cloud-born reservoir of
heaven,

A Steer that o'er the woolly surface seeks the
sieve, Soma while purified for Indra's
nourishment.

4 Fleet as swift steeds, thy drops, divine,
thought-swift, have been, O Pavamana, poured
with milk into the vat.

The Rsis have poured in continuous Soma
drops, ordainers who adorn thee, Friend whom

Rsis love.

5 O thou who seest all things, Sovran as thou art
and passing strong, thy rays encompass all
abodes.

Pervading with thy natural powers thou flowest
on, and as the whole world's Lord, O Soma,
thou art King.

6 The beams of Pavamana, sent from earth and
heaven, his ensigns who is ever steadfast, travel
round.

When on the sieve the Golden-hued is cleansed,
he rests within the vats as one who seats him in
his place.

7 Served with fair rites he flows, ensign of
sacrifice: Soma advances to the special place of
Gods.

He speeds with thousand currents to the
reservoir, and passes through the filter
bellowing as a bull.

8 The Sovran dips him in the seain and the
streams, and set in rivers with the waters' wave
moves on.

High heaven's Sustainer at the central point of
earth, raised on the fleecy surface Pavamana
stands.

9 He on whose high decree the heavens and
earth depend nath roared and thundered like the
summit of the sky.

Soma flows on obtaining Indra's friendly love,
and, as they purify him, settles in the jars.

10 He, light of sacrifice distils delicious meath,
most wealthy, Father and begetter of the Gods.
He, gladdening, best of Cheerers, juice! hat Indra
loves, enriches with mysterious treasure earth
and heaven.

11 The vigorous and far-seeing one, the Lord of
heaven, flows, shouting to the beaker, with his
thousand streams.

Coloured like gold he rests in seats where Mitra
dwells, the Steer made beautiful by rivers and
by sheep.

12 In forefront of the rivers Pavamana speeds,
in forefront of the hymn, foremost among the
kine.

He shares the mighty booty in the van of war:
the well-armed Steer is purified by worshippers.

13 This heedful Pavamana, like a bird sent
forth, hath with his wave flowed onward to the

fleecy sieve.

O Indra, through thy wisdom, b thy thought, O Sage, Soma flows bright and pure between the earth and heaven.

14 He, clad in mail that reaches heaven, the Holy One, filling the firmament stationed amid the worlds,

Knowing the realm of light, hath come to us in rain: he summons to himself his own primeval Sire.

15 He who was first of all to penetrate his form bestowed upon his race wide shelter and defence.

From that high station which he hath in loftiest heaven he comes victorious to all encounters here.

16 Indu hath started for Indra's special place and slights not as a Friend the promise of his Friend. Soma speeds onward like a youth to youthful maids, and gains the beaker by a course of hundred paths.

17 Your songs, exhilarating, tuneful, uttering praise, are come into the places where the people meet.

Worshippers have exalted Soma with their hymns, and milch kine have come near to meet him with their milk.

18 O Soma, Indu, while they cleanse thee, pour on us accumulated Plentiful, nutritious food, Which, ceaseless, thrice a day shall yield us hero power enriched with store of nourishment, and strength, and Meath.

19 Far-seeing Soma flows, the Steer, the Lord of hymns, the Furtherer of day, of morning, and of heaven.

Mixt with the streams he caused the beakers to resound, and with the singers' aid they entered Indra's heart.

20 On, with the prudent singers, flows the ancient Sage and guided by the men hath roared about the vats.

Producing Trita's name, may he pour forth the meath, that Vayu and that Indra may become his Friends.

21 He, being purified, hath made the Mornings shine: this, even this is he who gave the rivers room.

He made the Three Times Seven pour out the

milky flow: Soma, the Cheerer, yields whate'er
the heart finds sweet.

22 Flow, onward, Soma, in thine own celestial
forms, flow, Indu, poured within the beaker and
the sieve.

Sinking into the throat of Indra with a roar, led
by the men thou madest Surya mount to heaven.
23 Pressed out with stones thou flowest onward
to the sieve, O Indu, entering the depths of
Indra's throat.

Far-sighted Soma, now thou lookest on
mankind: thou didst unbar the cowstall for the
Angirases.

24 In thee, O Soma, while thou purifiedst thee,
high-thoughted sages, seeking favour, have
rejoiced.

Down from the heavens the Falcon brought thee
hitherward, even thee, O Indu, thee whom all
our hymns adorn.

25 Seven Milch-kine glorify the Tawny-
coloured One while with his wave in wool he
purifies himself.

The living men, the mighty, have impelled the
Sage into the waters' lap, the place of sacrifice.

26 Indu, attaining purity, plunges through the
foe, making Ilis ways all easy for the pious man.
Making the kine his mantle, he, the lovely Sage,
runs like a sporting courser onward through the
fleece.

27 The ceaseless watery fountains with their
hundred streams sing, as they hasten near, to
him the Golden-hued

Him, clad in robes of milk, swift fingers
beautify on the third height and in the luminous
realm of heaven.

28 These are thy generations of celestial seed
thou art the Sovran Lord of all the world of life.
This universe, O Pavamana, owns thy sway;
thou, Indu, art the first establisher of Law.

29 Thou art the sea, O Sage who bringest all to
light: under thy Law are these five regions of
the world.

Thou reachest out beyond the earth, beyond the
heavens: thine are the lights, O Pavamana, thine
the Sun.

30 Thou in the filter, Soma Pavamana, art
purified to support the region for the Gods.
The chief, the longing ones have sought to hold

thee fast, and all these living creatures have
been turned to thee.

31 Onward the Singer travels o'er the fleecy
sieve. the Tawny Steer hath bellowed in the
wooden vats.

Hymns have been sung aloud in resonant
harmony, and holy songs kiss him, the Child
who claims our praise.

32 He hath assumed the rays of Surya for his
robe, spinning, as he knows bow, the triply-
twisted thread.

He, guiding to the newest rules of Holy Law,
comes as the Women's Consort to the special
place.

33 On flows the King of rivers and the Lord of
heaven: he follows with a shout the paths of
Holy Law.

The Golden-hued is poured forth, with his
hundred streams, Wealth-bringer, lifting up his
voice while purified.

34 Fain to be cleansed, thou, Pavamana, pourest
out, like wondrous Surya, through the fleece, an
ample sea.

Purified with the hands, pressed by the men
with stones, thou speedest on to mighty booty-
bringing war.

35 Thou, Pavamana, sendest food and power in
streams. thou sittest in the beakers as a hawk on
trees,

For Indra poured as cheering juice to make him
glad, as nearest and farseeing bearer-up of
heaven.

36 The Sisters Seven, the Mothers, stand around
the Babe, the noble, new-born Infant, skilled in
holy song,
Gandharva of the floods, divine, beholding men,
Soma, that he may reign as King of all the
world.

37 As Sovran Lord thereof thou Passest through
these worlds, O Indu, harnessing thy tawny
well-winged Mares.

May they pour forth for thee milk and oil rich in
sweets: O Soma, let the folk abide in thy decree.

38 O Soma, thou beholdest men from every
side: O Pavamana, Steer, thou wanderest
through these.

Pour out upon us wealth in treasure and in gold:
may we have strength to live among the things

that be.

39 Winner of gold and goods and cattle flow
thou on, set as impregner, Indu, mid the worlds
of life.

Rich in brave men art thou, Soma, who winnest
all: these holy singers wait upon thee with the
song.

40 The wave of flowing meath hath wakened up
desires: the Steer enrobed in milk plunges into
the streams.

Borne on his chariot-sieve the King hath risen to
war, and with a thousand rays hath won him
high renown.

41 Dear to all life, he sends triumphant praises
forth, abundant, bringing offspring, each
succeeding day.

From Indra crave for us, Indu, when thou art
quaffed, the blessing that gives children, wealth
that harbours steeds.

42 When days begin, the strong juice, lovely,
golden-hued, is recognized by wisdom more and
more each day,

He, stirring both the Races, goes between the
two, the bearer of the word of men and word of
Gods.

43 They balm him, balm him over balm him
thoroughly, caress the mighty strength and balm
it with the meath.

They seize the flying Steer at the stream's
breathing-place: cleansing with gold they grasp
the Animal herein.

44 Sing forth to Pavamana skilled in holy song:
the juice is flowing onward like a mighty
stream.

He glideth like a serpent from his ancient skin,
and like a playful horse the Tawny Steer hath
run.

45 Dweller in floods, King, foremost, he
displays his might, set among living things as
measurer of days.

Distilling oil he flows, fair, billowy, golden-
hued, borne on a car of light, sharing one hom-e
with wealth.

46 Loosed is the heavens! support, the uplifted
cheering juice: the triply-mingled draught flows
round into the worlds.

The holy hymns caress the stalk that claims our
praise, when singers have approached his

beauteous robe with song.

47 Thy streamers that flow forth rapidly collected
run over the fine fleece of the sheep as thou art
cleansed.

When, Indu, thou art. balmed with milk within
the bowl, thou sinkest in the jars, O Soma, when
expressed.

48 Winner of power, flow, Soma, worthy of our
laud: run onward to the fleece as well-beloved
meath.

Destroy, O Indu, all voracious Raksasas. With
brave sons in the assembly let our speech be
bold.

HYMN LXXXVII. Soma Pavamana.

1. RUN onward to the reservoir and seat thee:
cleansed by the men speed forward to the battle.
Making thee beauteous like an able courser,
forth to the sacred grass with reins they lead
thee.

2 Indu, the well-armed God, is flowing onward,
who quells the curse and guards from
treacherous onslaught,

Father, begetter of the Gods, most skilful, the
buttress of the heavens and earth's supporter.

3. Rsi and Sage, the Champion of the people,
cleft and sagacious, Usana in wisdom,
He hath discovered even their hidden nature, the
Cows' concealed and most mysterious title.

4 This thine own Soma rich in meath, O Indra,
Steer for the Steer, hath flowed into the filter.
The strong Free-giver, winning hundreds,
thousands, hath reached the holy grass that
never fails him.

5 These Somas are for wealth of countless
cattle, renown therefor, and mighty strength
immortal.

These have been sent forth, urified by strainers,
like steeds who rush to battle fain for glory.

6 He, while he cleanses him, invoked of many,
hath flowed to give the people all enjoyment.
Thou whom the Falcon brought, bring, dainty
viands, bestir thyself and send us wealth and
booty.

7 This Soma, pressed into the cleansing filter,
hath run as 'twere a host let loose, the Courser;
Like a strong bull who whets his horns kpen-
pointed, like a brave warrior in the fray for

cattle.

8 He issued forth from out the loftiest mountain,
and found kine hidden somewhere in a stable.

Soma's stream clears itself for thee, O Indra,
like lightning thundering through the clouds of
heaven,

9 Cleansing thyself, and borne along with Indra,
Soma, thou goest round the herd of cattle.

May thy praise help us, Mighty One, prompt
Giver, to the full ample food which thou
bestowest.

HYMN LXXXVIII. Soma Pavamana.

1. FOR thee this Soma is effused, O Indra: drink
of this juice; for thee the stream is flowing-
Soma, which thou thyself hast made and chosen,
even Indu, for thy special drink to cheer thee.

2 Like a capacious car hath it been harnessed,
the Mighty; to acquire abundant treasures.
Then in the sacrifice they celebrated all
triumphs won by Nahus -n the battle.

3 Like Vayu with his team, moving at pleasure,
most gracious when invoked like both Nasatyas,
Thou art thyself like the Wealth-Giver, Soma!
who grants all boons, like song-inspiring Pusan.

4 Like Indra who hath done great deeds, thou,
Soma, art slayer of the Vrtras, Fort-destroyer.
Like Pedu's horse who killed the brood of
serpents, thus thou, O Soma, slayest every
Dasyu.

5 Like Agni loosed amid the forest, fiercely he
winneth splendour in the running waters.

Like one who fights, the roaring of the mighty,
thus Soma Pavamana sends his current.

6 These Somas passing through the fleecy filter,
like rain descending from the clouds of heaven,
Have been effused and poured into the beakers,
swiftly like rivers running lowly seaward.

7 Flow onward like the potent band of Maruts,
like that Celestial Host whom none revileth.

Quickly be gracious unto us like waters, like
sacrifice victorious, thousand-fashioned.

8 Thine are King Varuna's eternal statutes, lofty
and deep, O Soma, is thy glory.

All-pure art thou like Mitra the beloved,
adorable, like Aryaman, O Soma.

HYMN LXXXIX. Soma Pavamana.

1. THIS Chariot-horse hath moved along the pathways, and Pavamana flowed like rain from heaven.

With us hath Soma with a thousand currents sunk in the wood, upon his Mother's bosom.

2. King, he hath clothed him in the robe of rivers, mounted the straightest-going ship of Order.

Sped by the Hawk the drop hath waxed in waters: the father drains it, drains the Father's offspring.

3 They come to him, red, tawny, Lord of Heaven, the watchful Guardian of the meath, the Lion.

First, Hero in the fight, he seeks the cattle, and with his eye the Steer is our protector.

4 They harness to the broad-wheeled car the mighty Courser whose back bears meath, unwearied, awful.

The twins, the sisters brighten him, and strengthen-these children of one damethe vigorous Racer.

5 Four pouring out the holy oil attend him, sitting together in the same container.

To him they flow, when purified, with homage, and still, from every side, are first about him.

6 He is the buttress of the heavens, supporter of earth, and in his hand are all the people.

Be the team's Lord a well to thee the singer: cleansed is the sweet plant's stalk for deed of glory.

7 Fighting, uninjured come where Gods are feasted; Soma, as Vitra-slayer flow for Indra.

Vouchsafe us ample riches very splendid may we be masters of heroic vigour.

HYMN XC. Soma Pavamana,

1. URGED On, the Father of the Earth and Heaven hath gone forth like a car to gather booty,

Going to Indra, sharpening his weapons, and in his hand containing every treasure.

2 To him the tones of sacred song have sounded, Steer of the triple height, the Life-bestower.

Dwelling in wood as Varuna in rivers, lavishing treasure he distributes blessings

3 Great Conqueror, warrior-girt, Lord of all
heroes, flow on thy way as he who winneth
riches;
With sharpened arms, with swift bow, never
vanquished in battle, vanquishing in fight the
foemen.
4 Giving security, Lord of wide dominion, send
us both earth and heaven with all their fulness.
Striving to win the Dawns, the light, the waters,
and cattle, call to us abundant vigour.
5 O Soma, gladden Varuna and Mitra; cheer,
Indu Pavamana! Indra, Visnu.
Cheer thou the Gods, the Company of Maruts:
Indu, cheer mighty Indra to rejoicing.
6 Thus like a wise and potent King flow
onward, destroying with thy vigour all
misfortunes.
For our well-spoken hymn give life, O Indu. Do
ye preserve us evermore with blessings.

HYMN XCI. Soma Pavamana.

1. As for a chariot-race, the skilful Speaker,
Chief, Sage, Inventor, hath, with song, been
started.
The sisters ten upon the fleecy summit drive on
the Car-horse to the resting places.
2 The drop of Soma, pressed by wise Nahusyas,
becomes the banquet of the Heavenly People-
Indu, by hands of mortal men made beauteous,
immortal, with the sheep and cows and waters.
3 Steer roaring unto Steer, this Pavamana, this
juice runs to the white milk of the milch-cow.
Through thousand fine hairs goes the tuneful
Singer, like Sura by his fair and open pathways.
4 Break down the, strong seats even of the
demons: cleansing thee, Indu, robd thyself in
vigour.
Rend with thy swift bolt, coming from above
them, those who are near and those who yet are
distant.
5 Prepare the forward paths in ancient manner
for the new bymn, thou Giver of all bounties.
Those which are high and hard for foes to
conquer may we gain from thee, Active! Food-
bestower!
6 So purifying thee vouchsafe us waters,
heaven's light, and cows, offspring and many
children.

Give us health, ample land, and lights, O Soma,
and grant us long to look upon the sunshine.

HYMN XCII. Soma Pavamana.

1. THE gold-hued juice, poured out upon the
filter, is started like a car sent forth to conquer.
He hath gained song and vigour while they
cleansed him, and hath rejoiced the Gods with
entertainments.

2 He who beholdeth man hath reached the filter:
bearing his name, the Sage hath sought his
dwelling.

The Rsis came to him, seven holy singers, when
in the bowls he settled as Invoker.

3 Shared by all Gods, most wise, propitious,
Soma goes, while they cleanse him, to his
constant station.

Let him rejoice in all his lofty wisdom to the
Five Tribes the Sage attains with labour.

4 In thy mysterious place, O Pavamana Soma,
are all the Gods, the Thrice-Eleven.

Ten on the fleecy height, themselves, self-
prompted, and seven fresh rivers, brighten and
adorn thee.

5 Now let this be the truth of Pavamana, there
where all singers gather them together,
That he hath given us room and made the
daylight, hath holpen Manu and repelled the
Dasyu.

6 As the priest seeks the station rich in cattle,
like a true King who goes to great assemblies,
Soma hath sought the beakers while they
cleansed him, and like a wild bull, in the wood
hath settled.

HYMN XCIII. Soma Pavamana.

1. TEN sisters, pouring out the rain together,
swift-moving thinkers of the sage, adorn him.
Hither hath run the gold-hued Child of Surya
and reached the vat like a fleet vigorous courser.

2 Even as a youngling crying to his mothers, the
bounteous Steer hath flowed along to waters.
As youth to damsel, so with milk he hastens on
to the. chose meeting-place, the beaker.

3 Yea, swollen is the udder of the milch-cow:
thither in streams goes very sapient Indu.
The kine make ready, as with new-washed
treasures, the Head and Chief with milk within

the vessels.

4 With all the Gods, O Indu Pavamana, while
thou art roaring send us wealth in horses.

Hither upon her car come willing Plenty,
inclined to us, to give us of her treasures.

5 Now unto us mete riches, while they
cleansethee, all-glorious, swelling wealth, with
store of heroes.

Long be his life who worships, thee, O Indu.
May he, enriched with prayer, come soon and
early.

HYMN XCIV. Soma Pavamana.

1. WHEN beauties strive for him as for a
charger, then strive the songs like soldiers for
the sunlight.

Acting the Sage, he flows enrobed in waters and
song as 'twere a stall that kine may prosper.

2 The worlds expand to him who from
aforetime found light to spread the law of life
eternal.

The swelling songs, like kine within the stable,
in deep devotion call aloud on Indu.

3 When the sage bears his holy wisdom round
him, like a car visiting all worlds, the Hero,
Becoming fame, mid Gods, unto the mortal,
wealth to the skilled, worth praise mid the Ever-
present,

4 For glory born he hath come forth to glory: he
giveth life and glory to the singers.

They, clothed in glory, have become immortal.
He, measured in his course, makes frays
successful.

5 Stream to us food and vigour, kine and horses:
give us broad lights and fill the Gods with rapture.
All there are easy things for thee to master thou,
Pavamana Soma, quellest foemen.

HYMN XCV Soma Pavamana.

1. Loud neighs the Tawny Steed when started,
settling deep in the wooden vessel while they
cleanse him.

Led by the men he takes the milk for raiment:
then shall he, through his powers, engender
praise-songs.

2 As one who rows drives on his boat, he, Gold-
hued, sends forth his voice, loosed on the path
of Order.

As God, the secret names of Gods he utters, to
be declared on sacred grass more widely.

3 Hastening onward like the waves of waters,
our holy hymns are pressing nigh to Soma.

To him they come with lowly adoration, and,
longing, enter him who longs to meet them.

4 They drain the stalk, the Steer who dwells on
mountains, even as a Bull who decks him on the
upland.

Hymns follow and attend him as he bellows:

Trita bears Varuna aloft in ocean.

5 Sending thy voice out as Director, loosen the
Invoker's thought, O Indu, as they cleanse thee.

While thou and Indra rule for our advantage,
may we be masters of heroic vigour.

HYMN XCVI. Soma Pavamana

1. IN forefront of the cars forth goes the Hero,
the Leader, winning spoil: his host rejoices.

Soma endues his robes of lasting colours, and
blesses, for his friends, their calls on Indra.

2 Men decked with gold adorn his golden
tendril, incessantly with steed-impelling
homage.

The Friend of Indra mounts his car well-
knowing, he comes thereon to meet the prayer
we offer.

3 O God, for service of the Gods flow onward,
for food sublime, as Indra's drink, O Soma.

Making the floods, bedewing earth and heaven,
come from the vast, comfort us while we
cleanse thee

4 Flow for prosperity and constant Vigour, flow
on for happiness and high perfection.

This is the wish of these friends assembled: this
is my wish, O Soma Pavamana.

5 Father of holy hymns, Soma flows onward the
Father of the earth, Father of heaven:

Father of Agni, Surya's generator, the Father
who begat Indra and Visnu.

6 Brahman of Gods, the Leader of the poets, Rsi
of sages, Bull of savage creatures,

Falcon amid the vultures, Axe of forests, over
the cleansing sieve goes Soma singing.

7 He, Soma Pavamana, like a river, hath stirred
the wave of voice, our songs and praises.

Beholding these inferior powers in cattle, he
rests among them as a Steer well-knowing.

8 As Gladdener, Warrior never harmed in battle,
with thousand genial streams, pour strength and
vigour.

As thoughtful Pavamana, urge O Indu, speeding
the kine, the plant's wave on to Indra.

9 Dear, grateful to the Gods, on to the beaker
moves Soma, sweet to Indra, to delight him.
With hundred powers, with thousand currents,
Indu, like a strong car-horse, goes to the
assembly.

10 Born in old time as finder-out of treasures,
drained with the stone, decking himself in
waters,

Warding off curses, King of all existence, he
shall find way for prayer the while they cleanse
him.

11 For our sage fathers, Soma Pavamana, of old
performed, by thee, their sacred duties.

Fighting unvanquished, open the enclosures:
enrich us with large gifts of steeds and heroes.

12 As thou didst flow for Manu Life-bestowing,
Foe-queller, Comforter, rich in oblations,
Even thus flow onward now conferring riches:
combine with Indra, and bring forth thy
weapons.

13 Flow onward, Soma, rich in sweets and
holy,. enrobed in waters on the fleecy summit.
Settle in vessels that are full of fatness, as
cheering and most gladdening drink for Indra.

14 Pour, hundred-streamed, winner of
thousands, mighty at the Gods' banquet, Pour
the rain of heaven,

While thou with rivers roarest in the beaker, and
blent with milk prolongest our existence.

15 Purified with our holy hymns, this Soma
o'ertakes malignities like some strong charger,
Like fresh milk poured by Aditi, like passage in
ample room, or like a docile car-horse.

16 Cleansed by the pressers, armed with noble
weapons, stream to us the fair secret name thou
bearest.

Pour booty, like a horse, for love of glory God,
Soma, send us kine, and send us Vayu.

17 They deck him at his birth, the lovely Infant,
the Maruts with their troop adorn the Car-horse.
By songs a Poet and a Sage by wisdom, Soma
joes singing through the cleansing filter.

18 Light-winner, Rsi-minded, Rsi-maker,

hymned in a thousand hymns, Leader of sages,
 A Steer who strives to gain his third form, Soma
 is, like Viraj, resplendent as a Singer.
 19 Hawk seated in the bowls, Bird wide-
 extended, the Banner seeking kine and wielding
 weapons,
 Following close the sea, the wave of waters, the
 great Bull tells his fourth form and declares it.
 20 Like a fair youth who decorates his body, a
 courser rushing to the gain of riches,
 A steer to herds, so, flowing to the pitcher, he
 with a roar hath passed into the beakers.
 21 Flow on with might as Pavamana, Indu flow
 loudly roaring through the fleecy filter.
 Enter the beakers sporting, as they cleanse thee,
 and let thy gladdening juice make Indra joyful.
 22 His streams have been effused in all their
 fulness, and he hath entered, balmed with milk,
 the goblets.
 Singing his psalm, well-skilled in song, a
 Chanter, he comes as 'twere to his friend's sister
 roaring.
 23 Chasing our foes thou comest, Pavamana
 Indu, besting, as lover to his darling.
 As a bird flies and settles in the forest, thus
 Soma settles, purified, in goblets.
 24 With full stream and abundant milk, O
 Soma, thy beams come, like a woman, as they
 cleanse thee.
 He, gold-hued, rich in boons, brought to the
 waters, hath roared within the goblet of the
 pious.

HYMN XCVII. Soma Pavamana

1. MADE pure by this man's urgent zeal and
 impulse the God hath to the Gods his juice
 imparted.
 He goes, effused and singing, to the filter, like
 priest to measured seats supplied with cattle.
 2 Robed in fair raiment meet to wear in battle, a
 mighty Sage pronouncing invocations.
 Roll onward to the beakers as they cleanse thee,
 far-seeing at the feast of Gods, and watchful.
 3 Dear, he is brightened on the fleecy summit, a
 Prince among us, nobler than the noble.
 Roar out as thou art purified, run forward. Do ye
 preserve us evermore with blessings.

4 Let us sing praises to the Gods: sing loudly,
send ye the Soma forth for mighty riches.

Let him flow, sweetly-flavoured, through the
filter, and let our pious one rest in the pitcher.

5 Winning the friendship of the Deities, Indu
flows in a thousand streams to make them
joyful.

Praised by the men after the ancient statute, he
hath come nigh, for our great bliss, to Indra.

6 Flow, Gold-hued, cleansing thee, to enrich the
singer: let thy juice go to Indra to support him.

Come nigh, together with the Gods, for bounty.
Do ye preserve us evermore with blessings.

7 The God declares the Deities' generations, like
Usana, proclaiming lofty wisdom.

With brilliant kin, far-ruling, sanctifying, the
Boar advances, singing, to the places.

8 The Swans, the Vrsaganas from anear us have
brought their restless spirit to our dwelling.

Friends come to Pavamana meet for praises, and
sound in concert their resistless music.

9 He follows the Wide-strider's rapid
movement: cows low, as 'twere, to him who
sports at pleasure.

He with the sharpened horns brings forth
abundance: the Silvery shines by night, by day
the Golden.

10 Strong Indu, bathed in milk, flows on for
Indra, Soma exciting strength, to make him
joyful.

He quells malignities and slays the demons, the
King of mighty power who brings us comfort.

11 Then in a stream he flows, milked out with
press-stones, mingled with sweetness, through
the fleecy filter-

Indu rejoicing in the love of Indra, the God who
gladdens, for the God's enjoyment.

12 As he is purified he pours out treasures, a
God bedewing Gods with his own juices.

Indu hath, wearing qualities by seasons, on the
raised fleece engaged, the ten swift fingers.

13 The Red Bull bellowing to the kine
advances, causing the heavens and earth to roar
and thunder.

Well is he beard like Indra's shout in battle:
letting this voice be known he hastens hither.

14 Swelling with milk, abounding in sweet
flavours, urging the meath-rich plant thou goest

onward.

Raising a shout thou flowest as they cleanse
thee, when thou, O Soma, art effused for Indra.

15 So flow thou on inspiriting, for rapture,
aiming death-shafts at him who stays the waters,
Flow to us wearing thy resplendent colour,
effused and eager for the kine, O Soma.

16 Pleased with us, Indu, send us as thou
flowest good easy paths in ample space and
comforts.

Dispelling, as 'twere with a club, misfortunes,
run o'er the height, run o'er the fleecy summit.

17 Pour on us rain celestial, quickly streaming,
refreshing, fraught with health and ready
bounty.

Flow, Indu, send these Winds thy lower
kinsmen, setting them free like locks of hair
unbraided.

18 Part, like a knotted tangle, while they cleanse
thee, O Soma, righteous and unrighteous
conduct.

Neigh like a tawny courser who is loosened,
come like a youth, O God, a house-possessor.

19 For the God's service, for delight, O Indu,
run o'er the height, run o'er the fleecy summit.
With thousand streams, inviolate, sweet-
scented, flow on for gain of strength that
conquers heroes.

20 Without a car, without a rein to guide them,
unyoked, like coursers started in the contest,
These brilliant drops of Soma juice run forward.
Do ye, O Deities, come nigh to drink them.

21 So for our banquet of the Gods, O Indu, pour
down the rain of heaven into the vessels.

May Soma grant us riches sought with longing,
mighty, exceeding strong, with store of heroes.

22 What time the loving spirit's word had
formed him Chief of all food, by statute of the
Highest,

Then loudly lowing came the cows to Indu, the
chosen, well-loved Master in the beaker.

23 The Sage, Celestial, liberal, raining bounties,
pours as he flows the Genuine for the Truthful.
The King shall be effectual strength's upholder:
he by the ten bright reins is mostly guided.

24 He who beholds mankind, made pure with
filters, the King supreme of Deities and mortals,
From days of old is Treasure-Lord of riches: he,

Indu, cherishes fair well-kept Order.
 25 Haste, like a steed, to vittory for glory, to
 Indra's and to Vayu's entertainment.
 Give us food ample, thousandfold: be, Soma,
 the finder-out of riches when they cleanse thee.
 26 Effused by us let God-delighting Somas
 bring as they flow a home with noble heroes.
 Rich in all boons like priests acquiring favour,
 the worshippers of heaven, the best of Cheerers.
 27 So, God, for service of the Gods flow
 onward, flow, drink of Gods, for ample food, O
 Soma.
 For we go forth to war against the mighty make
 heaven and earth well stablished by thy
 cleansing.
 28 Thou, yoked by strong men, neighest like a
 courser, swifter than thought is, like an awful
 lion.
 By paths directed hitherward, the straightest,
 send thou us happiness, Indu, while they cleanse
 thee.
 29 Sprung from the Gods, a hundred streams, a
 thousand, have been effused: sages prepare and
 purge them.
 Bring us from heaven the means of winnning,
 Indu; thou art-forerunnner of abundant riches.
 30 The streams of days, were poured as 'twere
 from heaven: the wise King doth not treat his
 friend unkindly.
 Like a son following his father's wishes, grant to
 this family success and safety.
 31 Now are thy streams poured forth with all
 their sweetness, when, purified. thou goest
 through the filter.
 The race of kine is thy gift, Pavarridna: when
 born thou madest Surya rich with brightness.
 32 Bright, bellowing aiong the path of Order,
 thou shinest as the form of life eternal.
 Thou flowest on as gladdening drink for Indra,
 sending thy voice out with the hymns of sages.
 33 Pouring out streams at the Gods' feast with
 service, thou, Soma, lookest down, a heavenly
 Eagle.
 Enter the Soma-holding beaker, Indu, and with a
 roar approach the ray of Sarya.
 34 Three are the voices that the Courser utters:
 he speaks the thought of prayer, the law of
 Order.

To the Cow's Master come the Cows inquiring:
the hymns with eager longing come to Soma.

35 To Soma come the Cows, the Milch-kine
longing, to Soma sages with their hymns
inquiring.

Soma, effused, is purified and blended our
hymns and Trstap songs unite in Soma.

36 Thus, Soma, as we pour thee into vessels,
while thou art purified flow for our welfare.
Pass into Indra with a mighty roaring make the
voice swell, and generate abundance.

37 Singer of true songs, ever-watchful, Soma
hath settled in the ladles when they cleanse him.
Him the Adhvaryus, paired and eager, follow,
leaders of sacrifice and skilful-handed.

38 Cleansed near the Sun as 'twere he as Creator
hath filled full heaven and earth, and hath
disclosed them.

He by whose dear help men gain all their wishes
shall yield the precious meed as to a victor.

39 He, being cleansed, the Strengtheners and
Increaser, Soma the Bounteous, helped us with
his lustre,

Wherewith our sires of old who knew the
footsteps found light and stole the cattle from
the mountain.

40 In the first vault of heaven loud roared the
Ocean, King of all being, generating creatures.
Steer, in the filter, on the fleecy summit, Soma,
the Drop effused, hath waxen mighty.

41 Soma the Steer, in that as Child of Waters he
chose the Gods, performed that great
achievement.

He, Pavamana, granted strength to Indra; he,
Indu, generated light in Surya.

42 Make Vayu glad, for furtherance and
bounty: cheer Varuna and Mitra, as they cleanse
thee.

Gladden the Gods, gladden the host of Maruts:
make Heaven and Earth rejoice, O God, O
Soma.

43 Flow onward righteous slayer of the wicked,
driving away our enemies and sickness,
Blending thy milk with milk which cows afford
us. We are thy friends, thou art the Friend of
Indra.

44 Pour us a fount of meath, a spring of
treasure; send us a hero son and happy fortune.

Be sweet to India when they cleanse thee, Indu,
and pour down riches on us from the ocean.

45 Strong Soma, pressed, like an impetuous
courser, hath flowed in stream as a flood
speeding downward.

Cleansed, he hath settled in his wooden
dwelling: Indu hath flowed with milk and with
the waters.

46 Strong, wise, for thee who longest for his
coming this Soma here flows to the bowls, O
Indra.

He, chariot-borne, sun-bright, and truly potent,
was poured forth like the longing of the pious.

47 He, purified with ancient vital vigour,
pervading all his Daughter's forms and figures,
Finding his threefold refuge in the waters, goes
singing, as a priest, to the assemblies.

48 Now, chariot-borne, flow unto us, God
Soma, as thou art purified flow to the saucers,
Sweetest in waters, rich in meath, and holy, as
Savitar the God is, truthfulminded.

49 To feast him, flow mid song and hymn, to
Vayu, flow purified to Varuna and Mitra.

Flow to the song-inspiring car-borne Hero, to
mighty Indra, him who wields the thunder.

50 Pour on us garments that shall clothe us
meetly, send, purified, milch-kine, abundant
yielders.

God Soma, send us chariot-drawing horses that
they may bring us treasures bright and golden.

51 Send to us in a stream celestial riches, send
us, when thou art cleansed, what earth
containeth,

So that thereby we may acquire possessions and
Rsihood in Jamadagni's manner.

52 Pour forth this wealth with this purification:
flow onward to the yellow lake, O Indu.

Here, too, the Ruddy, wind-swift, full of
wisdom, Shall give a son to him who cometh
quickly.

53 Flow on for us with this purification to the
famed ford of thee whose due is glory.

May the Foe-queller shake us down, for
triumph, like a tree's ripe fruit, sixty thousand
treasures.

54 Eagerly do we pray for those two exploits, at
the blue lake and Prsana, wrought in battle.

He sent our enemies to sleep and slew them,

and turned away the foolish and unfriendly.
55 Thou comest unto three extended filters, and
hasteriest through each one as they cleanse thee.
Thou art the giver of the gift, a Bhaga, a
Maghavan for liberal lords, O Indu.
56 This Soma here, the Wise, the All-obtainer,
flows on his way as King of all existence.
Driving the drops at our assemblies, Indu
completely traverses the fleecy filter.
57 The Great Inviolates are kissing Indu, and
singing in his place like eager sages.
The wise men send him forth with ten swift
fingers, and balm his form with essence of the
waters.
58 Soma, may we, with thee as Pavamana, pile
up together all our spoil in battle.
This boon vouchsafe us Varuna and Mitra, and
Aditi and Sindhu, Earth and Heaven.

HYMN XCVIII. Soma Pavamana

1. STREAM on us riches that are sought by
many, best at winning strength
Riches, O Indu, thousandfold, glorious,
conquering the great.
2 Effused, he hath, as on a car, invested him in
fleecy mail:
Onward hath Indu flowed in streams, impelled,
surrounded by the wood.
3 Effused, this Indu hath flowed on, distilling
rapture, to the fleece:
He goes erect, as seeking kine in stream, with
light, to sacrifice.
4 For thou thyself, O Indu, God, to every mortal
worshipper
Attractest riches thousandfold, made manifest in
hundred forms.
5 Good Vrtra-slayer, may we be still nearest to
this wealth of thine
Which many crave, nearest to food and
happiness, Resistless One!
6 Whom, bright with native splendour, crushed
between the pair of pressingstones-
The wavy Friend whom Indra loves-the twice-
five sisters dip and bathe,
7 Him with the fleece they purify, brown,
golden-hued, beloved of all,
Who with exhilarating juice goes forth to all the
Deities.

8 Through longing for this sap of yours ye drink
what brings ability,
Even him who, dear as heaven's own light, gives
to our princes high renown.
9 Indu at holy rites produced you, Heaven and
Earth, the Friends of men,
Hill-haunting God the Goddesses. They bruised
him where the roar was loud.
10 For Vrtra-slaying Indra, thou, Soma, art
poured that he may drink,
Poured for the guerdon-giving man, poured for
the God who sitteth there.
11 These ancient Somas, at the break of day,
have flowed into the sieve,
Snorting away at early morn these foolish evil-
hearted ones.
12 Friends, may the princes, ye and we, obtain
this Most Resplendent One.
Gain him who hath the smell of strength, win
him whose home is very strength.

HYMN XCIX. Soma Pavamana.

1. THEY for the Bold and Lovely One ply
manly vigour like a bow:
joyous, in front of songs they weave bright
raiment for the Lord Divine.
2 And he, made beautiful by night, dips forward
into strengthening food',
What time the sacrificer's thoughts speed on his
way the Golden-hued.
3 We cleanse this gladdening drink of his the
juice which Indra chiefly drinks---
That which kine took into their mouths, of old,
and princes take it now.
4 To him, while purifying, they have raised the
ancient psalm of praise:
And sacred songs which bear the names of Gods
have supplicated him.
5 They purify him as he drops, courageous, in
the fleecy sieve.
Him they instruct as messenger to bear the
sage's morning prayer.
6 Soma, best Cheerer, takes his seat, the while
they cleanse him in the bowls.
He as it were impregns the cow, and babbles on,
the Lord of Song.
7 He is effused and beautified, a God for Gods,
by skilful men.

He penetrates the mighty floods collecting all he knows therein.

8 Pressed, Indu, guided by the men, thou art led to the cleaning sieve.

Thou, yielding Indra highest joy, takest thy seat within the bowls.

HYMN C. Soma Pavamana.

I. THE Guileless Ones are singing praise to Indra's well beloved Friend,

As, in the morning of its life, the mothers lick the new-born calf.

2 O Indu, while they cleanse thee bring, O Soma, doubly-waxing wealth

Thou in the worshipper's abode causest all treasures to increase.

3 Set free the song which mind hath yoked, even as thunder frees the rain:

All treasures of the earth and heaven, O Soma, thou dost multiply.

4 Thy stream when thou art pressed runs on like some victorious warrior's steed

Hastening onward through the fleece like a fierce horse who wins the prize.

5 Flow on, Sage Soma, with thy stream to give us mental power and strength,

Effused for Indra, for his drink, for Mitra and for Varuna.

6 Flow to the filter with thy stream, effused, best winner, thou, of spoil,

O Soma, as most rich in sweets for Indra, Visnu, and the Gods.

7 The mothers, void of guiles, caress thee Golden-coloured, in the sieve,

As cows, O Pavamana, lick the new-born calf, as Law commands.

8 Thou, Pavamana, movest on with wondrous rays to great renown.

Striving within the votary's house thou drivest all the glooms away.

9 Lord of great sway, thou liftest thee above the heavens, above the earth.

Thou, Pavamana hast assumed thy coat of mail in majesty.

HYMN CI. Soma Pavamana

1. FOR first possession of your juice, for the exhilarating drink,

Drive ye away the dog, my friends, drive ye the
long-tongued dog away.

2 He who with purifying stream, effused, comes
flowing hitherward,

Indu, is like an able steed.

3 The men with all-pervading song send
unassailable Soma forth,

By pressing-stones, to sacrifice.

4 The Somas, very rich in sweets, for which the
sieve is destined, flow,

Effused, the source of Indra's joy: may your
strong juices reach the Gods.

5 Indu flows on for Indra's sake: thus have the
Deities declared.

The Lord of Speech exerts himself, Ruler of all,
because of might.

6 Inciter of the voice of song, with thousand
streams the ocean flows,

Even Soma, Lord of opulence, the Friend of
Indra, day by day.

7 As Pusan, Fortune, Bhaga, comes this Soma
while they make him pure.

He, Lord of the multitude, hath looked upon the
earth and heaven.

8 The dear cows lowed in joyful mood together
to the gladdening drink.

The drops as they were purified, the Soma
juices, made then paths.

9 O Pavamana, bring the juice, the mightiest,
worthy to be famed,

Which the Five Tribes have over them, whereby
we may win opulence.

10 For us the Soma juices flow, the drops best
furtherers of our weal,

Effused as friends without a spot, benevolent,
finders of the light.

11 Effused by means of pressing-stones, upon
the ox-hide visible,

They, treasure-finders, have announced food
unto us from every side.

12 These Soma juices, skilled in song, purified,
blent with milk and curd,

When moving and when firmly laid in oil,
resemble lovely Suns.

13 Let not the power of men restrain the voice
of the outpouring juice:

As Bhrgu's sons chased Makha, so drive ye the
greedy hound away.

14 The Friend hath wrapped him in his robe, as
in his parents arms, a son.

He went, as lover to a dame, to take his station
suitor-like.

15 That Hero who produces strength, he who
hath propped both worlds apart,
Gold-hued, hath wrapped him in the sieve, to
settle, priest-like, in his place.

16 Soma upon the ox's skin through the sheep's
wool flows purified.

Bellowing out, the Tawny Steer goes on to
Indra's special place.

HYMN CIL Soma Pavamana.

1. THE Child, when blended with the streams,
speeding the plan of sacrifice,
Surpasses all things that are dear, yea, from of
old.

2 The place, near the two pressing-stones of
Trita, hath he occupied,
Secret and dear through seven lights of
sacrifice.

3 Urge to three courses, on the heights of Trita,
riches in a stream.
He who is passing wise measures his courses
out.

4 Even at his birth the Mothers Seven taught
him, for glory, like a sage,
So that he, firm and sure, hath set his mind on
wealth.

5 Under his sway, of one accord, are all the
guileless Deities:
Warriors to be envied, they, when they are
pleased.

6 The Babe whom they who strengthen Law
have generated fair to see,
Much longed for at the sacrifice, most liberal
Sage,-

7 To him, united, of themselves, come the
young Parents of the rite,
When they adorn him, duly weaving sacrifice.

8 With wisdom and with radiant eyes unbar to
us the stall of heaven,
Speeding at solemn rite the plan of Holy Law.

HYMN CIII. Soma Pavamana.

1. To Soma who is purified as ordering Priest
the song is raised:
Bring meed, as 'twere, to one who makes thee
glad with hymns.
2 Blended with milk and curds he flows on
through the long wool of the sheep.
The Gold-hued, purified, makes him three seats
for rest.
3 On through the long wool of the sheep to the
meath-dropping vat he flows:
The Rsis' sevenfold quire hath sung aloud to
him.
4 Shared by all Gods, Infallible, the Leader of
our holy hymns,
Golden-hued Soma, being cleansed, hath
reached the bowls.
5 After thy Godlike qualities, associate with
Indra, go,
As a Priest purified by priests, Immortal One.
6 Like a car-horse who shows his strength, a
God effused for Deities.
The penetrating Pavamana flows along.

HYMN CIV. Soma Pavamana.

1. SIT down, O friends, and sing aloud to him
who purifies himself:
Deck him for glory, like a child, with holy rites.
2 Unite him bringing household wealth, even as
a calf, with mother kine,
Him who hath double strength, the God,
delighting juice.
3 Purify him who gives us power, that he, most
Blessed One, may be
A banquet for the Troop, Mitra, and Varuna.
4 Voices have sung aloud to thee as finderout of
wealth for us:
We clothe the hue thou wearest with a robe of
milk.
5 Thou, Indu, art the food of Gods, O Sovran of
all gladdening drinks:
As Friend for friend, be thou best finder of
success.
6 Drive utterly away from us each demon, each
voracious fiend,
The godless and the false: keep sorrow far
away.

HYMN CV. Soma Pavamana

1. SING; ye aloud, O friends, to him who makes
him pure for gladdening drink:
They shall make sweet the Child with sacrifice
and laud.

2 Like as a calf with mother cows, so Indu is
urged forth and sent,
Glorified by our hymns, the God-delighting
juice.

3 Effectual means of power is he, he is a
banquet for the Troop,
He who hath been effused, most rich in meath,
for Gods.

4 Flow to us, Indu, passing, strong, effused,
with wealth of kine and steeds:
I will spread forth above the milk thy radiant
hue.

5 Lord of the tawny, Indu thou who art the
God's most special food,
As Friend to friend, for splendour be thou good
to men.

6 Drive utterly, far away from us each godless,
each voracious foe.
O Indu, overcome and drive the false afar.

HYMN CVI. Soma Pavamana.

1. To Indra, to the Mighty Steer, may these
gold-coloured juices go,
Drops rapidly produced, that find the light of
heaven.

2 Effused, this juice victorious flows for Indra,
for his maintenance.
Soma bethinks him of the Conqueror, as he
knows.

3 May Indra in his raptures gain from him the
grasp that gathers spoil,
And, winning waters, wield the steerstrong
thunderbolt.

4 Flow vigilant for Indra, thou Soma, yea, Indu,
run thou on:
Bring hither splendid strength that finds the
light of heaven.

5 Do thou, all-beautiful, purify for Indra's sake
the mighty juice,
Path-maker thou, far seeing, with a thousand
ways.

6 Best finder of prosperity for us, most rich in
sweets for Gods,
Proceed thou loudly roaring on a thousand

paths.

7 O Indu, with thy streams, in might, flow for
the banquet of the Gods:

Rich in meath, Soma, in our beaker take thy
place.

8 Thy drops that swim in water have exalted
Indra to delight:

The Gods have drunk thee up for immortality.

9 Stream opulence to us, ye drops of Soma,
pressed and purified,

Pouring down rain from heaven in hoods, and
finding light.

10 Soma, while filtered, with his wave flows
through the long wool of the sheep,
Shouting while purified before the voice of
song.

11 With songs they send the Mighty forth,
sporting in wood, above the fleece:
Our psalms have glorified him of the triple
height.

12 Into the jars hath he been loosed, like an
impetuous steed for war,
And lifting up his voice, while filtered, glided
on.

13 Gold-hued and lovely in his course, through
tangles of the wool he flows,
And pours heroic fame upon the worshippers.

14 Flow thus, a faithful votary: the streams of
meath have been effused.

Thou comest to the filter, singing, from each
side.

HYMN CVII. Soma Pavamana.

I., HENCE sprinkle forth the juice effused,.
Soma, the best of sacred gifts,
Who, friend of man, hath run amid the water-
streams. He hath pressed Soma out with stones.
2 Now, being purified, flow hither through the
fleece inviolate and most odorous.

We ladden thee in waters when thou art effused,
blending thee still with juice and milk.

3 Pressed out for all to see, delighting Gods,
Indu, Far-sighted One, is mental power.

4 Cleansing thee, Soma, in thy stream, thou
flowest in a watery robe:

Giver of wealth, thou sittest in the place of Law,
O God, a fountain made of gold.

5 Milking the heavenly udder for dear meath, he

hath sat in the ancient gatheringplace.
Washed by the men, the Strong Farseeing One
streams forth nutriti us food that all desire.
6 O Soma, while they cleanse thee, dear and
watchful in the sheep's long wool,
Thou hast become a Singer most like Angiras:
thou madest Surya mount to heaven.
7 Bountiful, best of furtherers, Soma floweth
on, Rsi and Singer, keen of sight.
Thou hast become a Sage most welcome to the
Gods: thou madest Surya mount to heaven.
8 Pressed out by pressers, Soma goes over the
fleecy backs of sheep,
Goes, even as with a mare, in tawnycoloured
stream, goes in exhilarating stream.
9 Down to the water-Soma, rich in kine hath
flowed with cows, with cows that have been
milked.
They have approached the mixing-vessel as a
sea: the cheerer streams for the carouse.
10 Effused by stones, O Soma, and urged
through the long wool of the sheep,
Thou, entering the saucers as a man the fort,
gold-hued hast settled in the wood.
11 He beautifies himself through the sheep's
long fine wool, like an impetuous steed in war,
Even Soma Pavamana who shall be the joy of
sages and of holy bards.
12 O Soma,-for the feast of Gods, river-like he
hath swelled with surge,
With the stalk's juice, exhilarating, resting not,
into the vat that drops with meath.
13 Like a dear son who must be decked, the
Lovely One hath clad him in a shining robe.
Men skilful at their work drive him forth, like a
car, into the rivers from their bands.
14 The living drops of Soma juice pour, as they
flow, the gladdening drink,
Intelligent drops above the basin of the sea,
exhilarating, finding light.
15 May Pavamana, King and God, speed with
his wave over the sea the lofty rite:
May he by Mitra's and by Varuna's decree flow
furthering the lofty rite.
16 Far-seeing, lovely, guided by the men, the
God whose home is in the sea-
17 Soma, the gladdening juice, flows pressed
for Indra with his Marut host:

He hastens o'er the fleece with all his thousand
 streams: men make him bright and beautiful.
 18 Purified in the bowl and gendering the hymn,
 wise Soma joys among the Gods.
 Robed in the flood, the Mighty One hath clad
 himself with milk and settled in the vats.
 19 O Soma, Indu, every day thy friendship hath
 been my delight.
 Many fiends follow me; help me, thou Tawny-
 hued; pass on beyond these barriers.
 20 Close to thy bosom am I, Soma, day and
 night. O Tawny-hued, for friendship sake.
 Surya himself refulgent with his glow have we
 o'ertaken in his course like birds.
 21 Deft-handed! thou when purified liftest thy
 voice amid the sea.
 Thou, Pavamana, makest riches flow to us,
 yellow, abundant, much-desired.
 22 Making thee pure and bright in the sheep's
 long wool, thou hast bellowed, steerlike, in the
 wood.
 Thou flowest, Soma Pavamana, balmed with
 milk unto the special place of Gods.
 23 Flow on to win us strength, flow on to lofty
 lore of every kind.
 Thou, Soma, as Exhilarator wast the first to
 spread the sea abroad for Gods.
 24 Flow to the realm of earth, flow to the realm
 of heaven, O Soma, in thy righteous ways.
 Fair art thou whom the sages, O Far-seeing One,
 urge onward with their songs and hymns.
 25 Over the cleansing sieve have flowed the
 Pavamanas in a stream,
 Girt by the Maruts, gladdening, Steeds with
 Indra's strength, for wisdom and for dainty food.
 26 Urged onward by the pressers, clad in watery
 robes, Indu is speeding to the vat.
 He gendering light, hath made the glad Cows
 low, while he takes them as his garb of state.

HYMN CVIII. Soma Pavamana.

1. FOR Indra, flow thou Soma on, as gladdening
 juice most sweet, intelligent,
 Great, cheering, dwelling most in heaven.
 2 Thou, of whom having drunk the Steer acts
 like a steer. drinking of this that finds the light,
 He, Excellently Wise, is come to strengthening

food, to spoil and wealth like Etasa.
3 For, verily, Pavamana, thou bast, splendidest,
called all the generations of
The Gods to immortality.
4 By whom Dadhyac Navagva opens fastened
doors, by whom the sages gained their wish,
By whom they won the fame of lovely Amrta in
the felicity of Gods.
5 Effused, he floweth in a stream, best rapture-
giver, in the long wool of the sheep,
Sporting, as 'twere the waters' wave.
6 He who from out the rocky cavern took with
might the redmrefulgent watery Cows,
Thou masterest the stable full of kine and
steeds: burst it, brave Lord, like one in mail.
7 Press ye and pour him, like a steed,
laudworthy, speeding through the region and the
flood,
Who swims in water, roan in wood;
8 Increaser of the water, Steer with thousand
streams, dear to the race of Deities;
Who born in Law hath waxen mighty by the
Law, King, God, and lofty Ordinance.
9 Make splendid glory shine on us, thou Lord of
strengthening food, God, as the Friend of Gods:
Unclose the fount of middle air.
10 Roll onward to the bowls, O Mighty One,
effused, as Prince supporter of the tribes.
Pour on us rain from heaven, send us the waters'
flow: incite our thoughts to win the spoil.
11 They have drained him the Steer of heaven,
him with a thousand streams, distilling
rapturous joy,
Him who brings all things excellent.
12 The Mighty One was born Immortal, giving
life, lightening darkness with his shine.
Well-praised by. sages he hath. by his wondrous
power assumed the Threefold as his robe.
13 Effused is he who brings good things, who
brings us bounteous gifts and sweet refreshing
food,
Soma who brings us quiet homes:
14 He whom our Indra and the Marut host shall
drink, Bhaga shall drink with Aryarnan,
By whom we bring to us Mitra and Varuna and
Indra for our great defence.
15 Soma, for Indra's drink do thou, led by the
men, well-wcaponcd and most gladdening,

Flow on with greatest store of sweets.
16 Enter the Soma-holder, even Indra's heart, as
rivers pass into the sea,
Acceptable to Mitra, Vayu, Varuna, the noblest
Pillar of the heavens.

HYMN CIX. Soma Pavamana.

1. PLEASANT to Indra's Mitra's, Pusan's
Bhaga's taste, sped onward, Soma, with thy
flowing stream.
2 Let Indra drink, O Soma, of thy juice for
wisdom, and all Deities for strength.
3 So flow thou on as bright celestial juice, flow
to the vast, immortal dwelling-place.
4 Flow onward, Soma, as a mighty sea, as
Father of the Gods to every form.
5 Flow on, O Soma, radiant for the Gods and
Heaven and Earth and bless our progeny.
6 Thou, bright Juice, art Sustainer of the sky:
flow, mighty, in accordance with true Law.
7 Soma, flow splendid with thy copious stream
through the great fleece as in the olden time.
8 Bom, led by men, joyous, and purified, let the
Light-finder make all blessings flow:
9 Indu, while cleansed, keeping the people safe,
shall give us all possessions for our own.
10 Flow on for wisdom, Soma, and for power,
as a strong courser bathed, to win the prize.
11 The pressers purify this juice of thine, the
Soma, for delight, and lofty fame
12 They deck the Gold-hued Infant, newlyborn,
even Soma, Indu, in the sieve for Gods.
13 Fair Indu hath flowed on for rapturous joy,
Sage for good fortune in the waters' lap.
14 He bears the beauteous name of Indra, that
wherewith he overcame all demon foes.
15 All Deities are wont to drink of him, pressed
by the men and blent with milk and curds.
16 He hath flowed forth with thousand streams
effused, flowed through the filter and the
sheep's long wool.
17 With endless genial flow the Strong hath run,
purified by the waters, blent with milk.
18 Pressed out with stones, directed by the men,
go forth, O Soma, into Indra's throat.
19 The mighty Soma with a thousand streams is
poured to Indra through the cleansing sieve.
20 Indu they balm with pleasant milky juice for

Indra, for the Steer, for his delight.
21 Lightly, for sheen, they cleanse thee for the
Gods, gold-coloured, wearing water as thy robe.
22 Indu to Indra streams, yea, downward
streams, Strong, flowing to the floods, and
mingling -there.

HYMN CX. Soma Pavamana.

1. O'ERPOWERING Vrtras, forward run to win
great strength:
Thou speedest to subdue like one exacting
debts.
2 In thee, effused, O Soma, we rejoice ourselves
for great supremacy in fight.
Thou, Pavamana, enterest into mighty deeds,
3 O Pavamana, thou didst generate the Sun, and
spread the moisture out with power,
Hasting to us with plenty vivified with milk.
4 Thou didst produce him, Deathless God mid
mortal men for maintenance of Law and lovely
Amrta:
Thou evermore hast moved making strength
flow to us.
5 All round about hast thou with glory pierced
for us as 'twere a never-failing well for men to
drink,
Borne on thy way in fragments from the
presser's arms.
6 Then, beautifully radiant, certain Heavenly
Ones, have sung to him their kinship as they
looked thereon,
And Savitar the God opens as 'twere a stall.
7 Soma, the men of old whose grass was
trimmed addressed the hymn to thee for mighty
strength and for renown:
So, Hero, urge us onward to heroic power.
8 They have drained forth from out the great
depth of the sky the old primeval milk of heaven
that claims the laud:
They lifted up their voice to Indra at his birth.
9 As long as thou, O Pavamana, art above this
earth and heaven and all existence in thy might,
Thou standest like a Bull the chief amid the
herd.
10 In the sheep's wool hath Soma Pavamana
flowed, while they cleanse him, like a playful
infant,
Indu with hundred powers and hundred currents.

11 Holy and sweet, while purified, this Indu
flows on, a wave of pleasant taste, to Indra,-
Strength-winner, Treasure-finder, Life.
bestower.

12 So flow thou on, subduing our assailants,
chasing the demons hard to beencountered,
Well-armed and conquering our foes, O Soma.

HYMN CXI. Soma Pavamana.

1. WITH this his golden splendour purifying
him, he with his own allies subdues all enemies,
as Sara with his own allies.

Cleansing himself with stream of juice he shines
forth yellow-hued and red, when with the
praisers he encompasses all forms, with praisers
having seven mouths.

2 That treasure of the Panis thou discoveredst;
thou with thy mothers deckest thee in thine
abode, with songs of worship in thine home.
As 'twere from far, the hymn is heard, where
holy songs resound in joy. He with the ruddy-
hued, threefold hath won life-power, he,
glittering, hath won life-power.

3 He moves intelligent, directed to the East. The
very beauteous car rivals the beams of light, the
beautiful celestial car.

Hymns, lauding manly valour, came, inciting
Indra to success, that ye may be unconquered,
both thy bolt and thou, both be unconquered in
the war.

HYMN CXII. Soma Pavamana.

1. WE all have various thoughts and plans, and
diverse are the ways of men.

The Brahman seeks the worshipper, wright
seeks the cracked, and leech the maimed. Flow,
Indu, flow for Indra's sake.

2 The smith with ripe and seasoned plants, with
feathers of the birds of air,
With stones, and with enkindled flames, seeks
him who hath a store of gold. Flow, Indu, flow
for Indra's sake.

3 A bard am I, my dad's a leech, mammy lays
corn upon the stones.
Striving for wealth, with varied plans, we follow
our desires like kine. Flow, Indu, flow for
Indra's sake.

4 The horse would draw an easy car, gay hosts

attract the laugh and jest.

The male desires his mate's approach, the frog is eager for the flood, Flow, Indu, flow for Indra's sake.

HYMN CXIII. Soma Pavamana.

1. LET Vrtra-slaying Indra drink Soma by
Saryanavan's side,

Storing up vigour in his heart, prepared to do
heroic deeds. Flow, Indu, flow for Indra's sake.

2 Lord of the Quarters, flow thou on, boon

Soma, from Arjika land,

Effused with ardour and with faith, and the true
hymn of sacrifice. Flow, Indu, flow for Indra's
sake.

3 Hither hath Surya's Daughter brought the wild
Steer whom Parjanya nursed.

Gandharvas have seized bold of him, and in the
Soma laid the juice. Flow, Indu, flow for Indra's
sake.

4 Splendid by Law! declaring Law,
truthspeaking, truthful in thy works,
Enouncing faith, King Soma! thou, O Soma,
whom thy maker decks. Flow, Indu, flow for
Indra's sake.

5 Together flow the meeting streams of him the
Great and truly Strong.

The juices of the juicy meet. Made pure by
prayer, O Golden-hued, flow, Indu, flow for
Indra's sake.

6 O Pavamana, where the priest, as he recites
the rhythmic prayer,

Lords it o'er Soma with the stone, with Soma
bringing forth delight, flow, Indu, flow for
Indra's sake.

7 O Pavarnana, place me in that deathless,
undecaying world

Wherein the light of heaven is set, and
everlasting lustre shines. Flow, Indu, flow for
Indra's sake.

8 Make me immortal in that realm where dwells
the King, Vivasvan's Son,

Where is the secret shrine of heaven, where are
those waters young and fresh. Flow, Indu, flow
for Indra's sake.

9 Make me immortal in that realm where they
move even as they list,

In the third sphere of inmost heaven where lucid

worlds are full of light. Flow, Indu, flow for
Indra's sake.

10 Make me immortal in that realm of eager
wish and strong desire,
The region of the radiant Moon, where food and
full delight are found. Flow, Indu, flow for
Indra's sake:

11 Make me immortal in that realm where
happiness and transports, where
Joys and felicities combine, and longing wishes
are fulfilled. Flow, Indu, flow for Indra's sake.

HYMN CXIV. Soma Pavamana.

1. THE man who walketh as the Laws of Indu
Pavamana bid,-

Men call him rich in children, him, O Soma,
who hath met thy thought. Flow, Indu, flow for
Indra's sake.

2 Kasyapa, Rsi, lifting up thy voice with hymn-
composers' lauds,
Pav reverence to King Soma born the Sovran
Ruler of the plants. Flow, Indu, flow for Indra's
sake.

3 Seven regions have their several Suns; the
ministering priests are seven;
Seven are the Aditya Deities,-with these, O
Soma, guard thou us. Flow, Indu, flow for
Indra's sake.

4 Guard us with this oblation which, King
Soma, hath been dressed for thee.
Let not malignity conquer us, let nothing evil do
us harm. Flow, Indu, flow for Indra's sake,

HYMN I. Agni.

1. HIGH hath the Mighty risen before the
dawning, and come to us with light from out the
darkness.

Fair-shapen Agni with white-shining splendour
hath filled at birth all human habitations.

2 Thou, being born, art Child of Earth and
Heaven, parted among the plants in beauty,
Agni!

The glooms of night thou, Brilliant Babe,
subduest, and art come forth, loud roaring, from
thy Mothers.

3 Here, being manifested, lofty Visnu, full wise,
protects his own supremest station.

When they have offered in his mouth their sweet
milk, to him with one accord they sing forth
praises.

4 Thence bearing food the Mothers come to
meet thee, with food for thee who givest food its
increase.

These in their altered form again thou meetest.
Thou art Invoking Priest in homes of mortals.

5 Priest of the holy rite, with car that glitters,
refulgent Banner of each act of worship,
Sharing every God through might and glory,
even Agni Guest of men I summon hither.

6 So Agni stands on earth's most central station,
invested in well-decorated garments.

Born, red of hue, where men pour out libations,
O King, as great High Priest bring the Gods
hither.

7 Over the earth and over heaven, O Agni, thou,
Son, hast ever spread above thy Parents.

Come, Youthfullest! to those who long to meet
thee, and hither bring the Gods, O Mighty
Victor.

HYMN II. Agni.

1. GLADDEN the yearning Gods, O thou Most
Youthful: bring them, O Lord of Seasons,
knowing seasons,

With all the Priests Celestial, O Agni. Best
worshipper art thou of all Invokers.

2 Thine is the Herald's, thine the Cleanser's
office, thinker art thou, wealth-giver, true to
Order.

Let us with Svaha offer up oblations, and Agni,
worthy God, pay the Gods worship.
3 To the Gods' pathway have we travelled,
ready to execute what work we may accomplish.
Let Agni, for he knows, complete the worship.
He is the Priest: let him fix rites and seasons.
4 When we most ignorant neglect the statutes of
you, O Deities with whom is knowledge,
Wise Agni shall correct our faults and failings,
skilled to assign each God his fitting season.
5 When, weak in mind, of feeble understanding,
mortals bethink them not of sacrificing,
Then shall the prudent and discerning Agni
worship the Gods, best worshipper, in season.
6 Because the Father hath produced thee, Leader
of all our solemn rites, their brilliant Banner:
So win by worship pleasant homes abounding in
heroes, and rich food to nourish all men.
7 Thou whom the Heaven and Earth, thou
whom the Waters, and Tvastar, maker of fair
things, created,
Well knowing, all along the Fathers' pathway,
shine with resplendent light, enkindled, Agni.

HYMN III. Agni.

1. O KING, the potent and terrific envoy,
kindled for strength, is manifest in beauty.
He shines, all-knowing, with his lotty splendour:
chasing black Night he comes with white-rayed
Morning.
2 Having o'ercome the glimmering Black with
beauty, and bringing forth the dame the Great
Sire's Daughter,
Holding aloft the radiant light of Surya, as
messenger of heaven he shines with treasures.
3 Attendant on the Blessed Dame the Blessed
hath come: the Lover followeth his Sister.
Agni, far-spreading with conspicuous lustre,
hath compassed Night with whitelyshining
garments.
4 His goings-forth kindle as 'twere high voices
the goings of the auspicious Friend of Agni.
The rays, the bright beams of the strong-jawed,
mighty, adorable Steer are visible as he cometh.
5 Whose radiant splendours flow, like sounds,
about us, his who is lofty, brilliant, and
effulgent,
Who reaches heaven with best and brightest

lustres, sportive and piercing even to the summit.

6 His powers, whose chariot felines gleam and glitter have loudly roared while, as with teams, he hasted.

He, the most Godlike, far-extending envoy, shines with flames ancient, resonant, whitely-shining.

7 So bring us ample wealth: seat thee as envoy of the two youthful Matrons, Earth and Heaven. Let Agni rapid with his rapid, horses, impetuous with impetuous Steeds, come hither.

HYMN IV. Agni.

1. To thee will send praise and bring oblation, as thou hast merited lauds when we invoked thee.

A fountain in the desert art thou, Agni, O Ancient King, to man who fain would worship,

2 Thou unto whom resort the gathered people, as the kine seek the warm stall, O Most Youthful.

Thou art the messenger of Gods and mortals, and goest glorious with thy light between them.

3 Making thee grow as 'twere some noble infant, thy Mother nurtures thee with sweet affection.

Over the desert slopes thou passest longing, and seekest, like some beast set free, thy fodder.

4 Foolish are we, O Wise and free from error: verily, Agni, thou dost know thy grandeur.

There lies the form: he moves and licks, and swallows, and, as House-Lord, kisses the Youthful Maiden.

5 He rises ever fresh in ancient fuel: smoke-bannered, gray, he makes the wood his dwelling.

No swimmer, Steer, he presses through the waters, and to his place accordant mortals bear him.

6 Like thieves who risk their lives and haunt the forest, the twain with their ten girdles have secured him.

This is a new hymn meant for thee, O Agni: yoke as it were thy car with parts that glitter.

7 Homage and prayer are thine, O Jatavedas, and this my song shall evermore exalt thee.

Agni, protect our children and descendants, and guard with ever-watchful care our bodies.

HYMN V. Agni.

1. HE only is the Sea, holder of treasures: born many a time he views the hearts within us.

He hides him in the secret couple's bosom. The Bird dwells in the middle of the fountain.

2 Inhabiting one dwelling-place in common, strong Stallions and the Mares have come together.

The sages guard the seat of Holy Order, and keep the highest names concealed within them.

3 The Holy Pair, of wondrous power, have coupled: they formed the Infant, they who bred produced him.

The central point of all that moves and moves not, the while they wove the Sage's thread with insight

4 For tracks of Order and refreshing viands attend from ancient times the goodly Infant.

Wearing him as a mantle, Earth and Heaven grow strong by food of pleasant drink and fatness.

5 He, calling loudly to the Seven red Sisters, hath, skilled in sweet drink, brought them to be looked on.

He, born of old, in middle air hath halted, and sought and found the covering robe of Pusan.

6 Seven are the pathways which the wise have fashioned; to one of these may come the troubled mortal.

He standeth in the dwelling of the Highest, a Pillar, on sure ground where paths are parted.

7 Not Being, Being in the highest heaven, in Aditi's bosom and in Daksa's birthplace,

Is Agni, our first-born of Holy Order, the Milch-cow and the Bull in life's beginning.

HYMN VI Agni

1. THIS is that Agni, he by whose protection, favour, and help. the singer is successful; Who with the noblest flames of glowing fuel comes forth encompassed with far-spreading lustre.

2 Agni, the Holy One, the everlasting, who shines far beaming with celestial splendours; He who hath come unto his friends with friendship, like a fleet steed who never trips or

stumbles.

3 He who is Lord of all divine oblation, shared
by all living men at break of morning,
Agni to whom our offerings are devoted, in
whom rests he whose car, through might, is
scatheless.

4 Increasing by his strength. while lauds content
him, with easy flight unto the Gods he travels.
Agni the cheerful Priest, best Sacrificer, balms
with his tongue the Gods with whom he
mingles.

5 With songs and adorations bring ye hither
Agni who stirs himself at dawn like Indra,
Whom sages laud with hymns as Jatavedas of
those who wield the sacrificial ladle.

6 In whom all goodly treasures meet together,
even as steeds and riders for the booty.

Inclining hither bring us help, O Agni, even
assistance most desired by Indra.

7 Yea, at thy birth, when thou hadst sat in glory,
thou, Agni, wast the aim of invocations.

The Gods came near, obedient to thy sunimons,
and thus attained their rank as chief Protectors.

HYMN VII. Agni.

1. O AGNI, shared by all men living bring us
good luck for sacrifice from earth and heaven.
With us be thine intelligence, WonderWorker!
Protect us, God, with thy far-reaching blessings.

2 These hymns brought forth for thee, O Agni,
laud thee for bounteous gifts, with cattle and
with horses.

Good Lord, when man from thee hath gained
enjoyment, by hymns, O noblyborn, hath he
obtained it.

3 Agni I deem my Kinsman and my Father,
count him my Brother and my Friend for ever.
I honour as the face of lofty Agni in heaven the
bright and holy light of Surya.

4 Effectual, Agni, are our prayers for profit. He
whom, at home thou, Priest for ever, guardest
Is rich in food, drawn by red steeds, and holy:
by day and night to him shall all be pleasant.

5 Men with their arms have generated Agni,
helpful as some kind friend, adorned with
splendours,

And stablished as Invoker mid the people the
ancient Priest the sacrifice's lover.

6 Worship, thyself, O God, the Gods in heaven:
what, void of knowledge, shall the fool avail
thee?

As thou, O God, hast worshipped Gods by
seasons, so, nobly-born! to thine own self pay
worship.

7 Agni, be thou our Guardian and Protector
bestow upon us life and vital vigour.
Accept, O Mighty One, the gifts we offer, and
with unceasing care protect our bodies.

HYMN VIII. Agni.

1. AGNI advances with his lofty banner: the
Bull is bellowing to the earth and heavens.
He hath attained the sky's supremest limits. the
Steer hath waxen in the lap of waters.

2 The Bull, the youngling with the hump, hath
frolicked, the strong and never-ceasing Calf
hath bellowed.

Bringing our offerings to the God's assembly, he
moves as Chief in his own dwelling-places.

3 Him who hath grasped his Parents' head, they
stablished at sacrifice a wave of heavenly lustre.
In his swift flight the red Dawns borne by
horses refresh their bodies in the home of Order.

4 For, Vasu thou predest every Morning, and
still hast been the Twins' illuminator.
For sacrifice, seven places thou retainest while
for thine own self thou engenderest Mitra.

5 Thou art the Eye and Guard of mighty Order,
and Varuna when to sacrifice thou comest.
Thou art the Waters' Child O Jatavedas, envoy
of him whose offering thou acceptest.

6 Thou art the Leader of the rite and region, to
which with thine auspicious teams thou teadest,
Thy light-bestowing head to heaven thou liftest,
making thy tongue the oblationbearer, Agni.

7 Through his wise insight Trita in the cavern,
seeking as ever the Chief Sire's intention,
Carefully tended in his Parents' bosom, calling
the weapons kin, goes forth to combat.

8 Well-skilled to use the weapons of his Father,
Aptya, urged on by Indra, fought the battle.
Then Trita slew the foe seven-rayed, three-
headed, and freed the cattle of the Son of
Tvastar.

9 Lord of the brave, Indra cleft him in pieces
who sought to gain much strength and deemed

him mighty.
He smote his three heads from his body, seizing
the cattle of the oniniform Son of Tvastar.

HYMN IX. Waters.

1. YE, Waters, are beneficent: so help ye us to
energy
That we may look on great delight.
2 Give us a portion of the sap, the most
auspicious that ye have,
Like mothers in their longing love.
3 To you we gladly come for him to whose
abode ye send us on;
And, Waters, give us procreant strength.
4 The Waters. be to us for drink, Goddesses for
our aid and bliss:
Let them stream to us health and strength.
5 I beg the Floods to give us balm, these
Queens who rule o'er precious things,
And have supreme control of men.
6 Within the Waters-Soma thus hath told me-
dwell all balms that heal,
And Agni, he who blesseth all.
7 O Waters, teem with medicine to keep my
body safe from harm,
So that I long may see the Sun.
8 Whatever sin is found in me, whatever evil I
have wrought,
If I have lied or falsely sworn, Waters, remove it
far from me.
9 The Waters I this day have sought, and to their
moisture have we come:
O Agni, rich in milk, come thou, and with thy
splendour cover me.

HYMN X. Yama Yami.

1. FAIN would I win my friend to kindly
friendship. So may the Sage, come through the
air's wide ocean,
Remembering the earth and days to follow,
obtain a son, the issue of his father.
2 Thy friend loves not the friendship which
considers her who is near in kindred as stranger.
Sons of the mighty Asura, the Heroes,
supporters of the heavens, see far around them.
3 Yea, this the Immortals seek of thee with
longing, progeny of the sole existing mortal.
Then let thy soul and mine be knit together, and

as a loving husband take thy consort.
4 Shall we do now what we ne'er did aforetime?
we who spake righteously now talk impurely?
Gandharva in the floods, the Dame of Waters-
such is our bond, such our most lofty kinship.
5 Even in the womb God Tvastar, Vivifier,
shaping all forms, Creator, made us consorts.
None violates his holy ordinances: that we are
his the heavens and earth acknowledge.
6 Who knows that earliest day whereof thou
speakest? Who hath beheld it? Who can here
declare it?
Great is the Law of Varuna and Mitra. What,
wanton! wilt thou say to men to tempt them?
7 I, Yami, am possessed by love of Yama, that I
may rest on the same couch beside him.
I as a wife would yield me to my husband. Like
car-wheels let us speed to meet each other.
8 They stand not still, they never close their
eyelids, those sentinels of Gods who wander
round us.
Not me-go quickly, wanton, with another, and
hasten like a chariot wheel to meet him.
9 May Surya's eye with days and nights endow
him, and ever may his light spread out before
him.
In heaven and earth the kindred Pair
commingle. On Yam! be the unbrotherly act of
Yama.
10 Sure there will come succeeding times when
brothers and sisters will do acts unmeet for
kinsfolk.
Not me, O fair one,-seek another husband, and
make thine arm a pillow for thy consort.
11 Is he a brother when no lord is left her? Is
she a sister when Destruction cometh?
Forced by my love these many words I utter.
Come near, and hold me in thy close embraces.
12 I will not fold mine arms about thy body:
they call it sin when one comes near his sister.
Not me,-prepare thy pleasures with another: thy
brother seeks not this from thee, O fair one.
13 Alas! thou art indeed a weakling, Yama we
find in thee no trace of heart or spirit.
As round the tree the woodbine clings, another
will cling about thee girl as with a girdle.
14 Embrace another, Yami; let another, even as
the woodbine rings the tree, enfold thee.

Win thou his heart and let him win thy fancy,
and he shall form with thee a blest alliance.

HYMN XI. Agni

1. THE Bull hath yielded for the Bull the milk
of heaven: the Son of Aditi can never be
deceived.

According to his wisdom Varuna knoweth all:
may he, the Holy, hallow times for sacrifice.

2 Gandharvi spake: may she, the Lady of the
flood, amid the river's roaring leave my heart
untouched.

May Aditi accomplish all that we desire, and
may our eldest Brother tell us this as Chief.

3 Yea, even this blessed Morning, rich in store
of food, splendid, with heavenly lustre, hath
shone out for man,

Since they, as was the wish of yearning Gods,
brought forth that yearning Agni for the
assembly as the Priest.

4 And the fleet Falcon brought for sacrifice
from afar this flowing Drop most excellent and
keen of sight,

Then when the Aryan tribes chose as Invoking
Priest Agni the Wonder-Worker, and the hymn
rose up.

5 Still art thou kind to him who feeds thee as
with grass, and, skilled in sacrifice, offers thee
holy gifts.

When thou, having received the sage's
strengthening food with lauds, after long toil,
cornest with many more.

6 Urge thou thy Parents, as a lover ' to delight:
the Lovely One desires and craves it from his
heart.

The priest calls out, the sacrificer shows his
skill, the Asura tries his strength, and with the
hymn is stirred.

7 Far-famed is he, the mortal man, O Agni, thou
Son of Strength, who hath obtained thy favour.
He, gathering power, borne onward by his
horses, makes his days lovely in his might and
splendour.

8 When, Holy Agni, the divine assembly, the
sacred synod mid the Gods, is gathered,
And when thou, Godlike One, dealest forth

treasures, vouchsafe us, too, our portion of the riches.

9 Hear us, O Agni, in your common dwelling:
harness thy rapid car of Amrta.

Bring Heaven and Earth, the Deities' Parents,
hither: stay with us here, nor from the Gods be distant.

HYMN XII. Agni

1. HEAVEN and Earth, first by everlasting
Order, speakers of truth, are near enough to hear
us,

When the God, urging men to worship, sitteth as
Priest, assuming all his vital vigour.

2 As God comprising Gods by Law Eternal,
bear, as the Chief who knoweth, our oblation,
Smoke-bannered with the fuel, radiant, joyous,
better to praise and worship, Priest for ever.

3 When the cow's nectar wins the God
completely, men here below are heaven's
sustainers.

All the Gods came to this thy heavenly Yajus
which from the motley Pair milked oil and
water.

4 I praise your work that ye may make me
prosper: hear, Heaven and Earth, Twain Worlds
that drop with fatness.

While days and nights go to the world of spirits,
here let the Parents with sweet meath refresh us

5 Hath the King siezed us? How have we
offended against his holy ordinance? Who
knoweth?

For even Mitra mid the Gods is angry there are
both song and strength for those who come not.

6 'Tis hard to understand the Immortal's nature,
where she who is akin becomes astranger.

Guard ceaselessly, great Agni, him who ponders
Yama's name, easy to be comprehended.

7 They in the synod where the Gods rejoice
them, where they are seated in Vivasvan's
dwelling,

Have given the Moon his beams, the Sun his
splendour-the Two unweariedly maintain their
brightness.

8 The counsel which the Gods meet to consider,
their secret plan,-of that we have no knowledge.
There let God Savitar, Aditi, and Mitra proclaim
to Varuna that we are sinless.

9 Hear us, O Agni, in your comninn dwell ing:
harness thy rapid car, the car of Amrta.
Bring Heaven and Earth, the Deities' Parents,
hither: stay with us here, nor from the Gods be
distant.

HYMN XIII Havirdhanas.

1. I YOKE with prayer your ancient inspiration:
may the laud rise as on the prince's pathway.
All Sons of Immortality shall hear it, all the
possessors of celestial natures.

2 When speeding ye came nigh us like twin
sisters, religious-hearted votaries brought you
forward.

Take your place, ye who know your proper
station: be near, be very near unto our Soma.

3 Five paces have I risen from Earth. I follow
her who hath four feet with devout observance.
This by the Sacred Syllable have I measured: I
purify in the central place of Order,

4 He, for God's sake, chose death to be his
portion. He chose not, for men's good, a life
eternal

They sacrificed Brhaspati the Rsi. Yama
delivered up his own dear body.

5 The Seven flow to the Youth on whom the
Maruts wait: the Sons unto the Father brought
the sacrifice.

Both these are his, as his they are the Lords of
both: both toil; belonging unto both they prosper
well.

HYMN XIV. Yama.

1. HONOUR the King with thine oblations,
Yama, Vivasvan's Son, who gathers men
together,

Who travelled to the lofty heights above us, who
searches out and shows the path to many.

2 Yama first found for us a place to dwell in:
this pasture never can be taken from
Us.

Men born on earth tread their own paths that
lead them whither our ancient Fathers have
departed.

3 Mitali prospers there with Kavyas, Yama with
Angiras' sons, Brhaspati with Rkvans:
Exalters of the Gods, by Gods exalted, some joy
in praise and some in our oblation.

4 Come, seat thee on this bed of grass, O Yama,
in company with Angirases and Fathers.

Let texts recited by the sages bring thee O King,
let this oblation make thee joyful.

5 Come, Yama, with the Angirases the Holy,
rejoice thee here with children of Virupa.

To sit on sacred grass at this our worship, I call
Vivasvan, too, thy Father hither.

6 Our Fathers are Angirases, Navagvas,
Atharvans, Bhrgus who deserve the Soma.

May these, the Holy, look on us with favour,
may we enjoy their gracious loving-kindness.

7 Go forth, go forth upon the ancient pathways
whereon our sires of old have gone before us.

'Mere shalt thou look on both the Kings
enjoying their sacred food, God Varuna and
Yama.

8 Meet Yama, meet the Fathers, meet the merit
of free or ordered acts, in highest heaven.

Leave sin and evil, seek anew thy dwelling, and
bright with glory wear another body.

9 Go hence, depart ye, fly in all directions: this
place for him the Fathers have provided.

Yama bestows on him a place to rest in adorned
with days and beams of light and waters.

10 Run and outspeed the two dogs, Sarama's
offspring, brindled, four-eyed, upon thy happy
pathway.

Draw nigh then to the gracious-minded Fathers
where they rejoice in company with Yama.

11 And those two dogs of thine, Yama, the
watchers, four-eyed, who look on men and
guard the pathway,-

Entrust this man, O King, to their protection,
and with prosperity and health endow him.

12 Dark-hued, insatiate, with distended nostrils,
Yama's two envoys roam among the People;
May they restore to us a fair existence here and
to-day, that we may see the sunlight.

13 To Yama pour the Soma, bring to Yama
consecrated gifts:

To Yama sacrifice prepared and heralded by
Agni goes.

14 Offer to Yama holy gifts enriched with
butter, and draw near:

So may he grant that we may live long days of
life among the Gods.

15 Offer to Yama, to the King, oblation very

rich in meath:

Bow down before the Rsis of the ancient times,
who made this path in days of old.

16 Into the six Expanses flies the Great One in
Trkadrukas.

The Gayatri, the Trstup, all metres in Yama are
contained.

HYMN XV. Fathers.

1. MAY they ascend, the lowest, highest,
midmost, the Fathers who deserve a share of
Soma-

May they who have attained the life of spirits,
gentle and righteous, aid us when we call them.

2 Now let us pay this homage to the Fathers, to
those who passed of old and those who
followed,

Those who have rested in the earthly region, and
those who dwell among the Mighty Races.

3 I have attained the gracious-minded Fathers, I
have gained son and progeny from Visnu.

They who enjoy pressed juices with oblation
seated on sacred grass, come oftenest hither.

4 Fathers who sit on sacred grass, come, help
us: these offerings have we made for you;
accept them.

So come to us with most auspicious favour, and
give us health and strength without a trouble.

5 May they, the Fathers, worthy of the Soma,
invited to their favourite oblations.

Laid on the sacred grass, come nigh and listen:
may they be gracious unto us and bless us.

6 Bowing your bended knees and seated
southward, accept this sacrifice of ours with
favour.

Punish us not for any sin, O Fathers, which we
through human frailty have committed.

7 Lapped in the bosom of the purple Mornings,
give riches to the man who brings oblations.

Grant to your sons a portion of that treasure,
and, present, give them energy, ye Fathers.

8 Our ancient Fathers who deserve the Soma,
who came, most noble, to our Soma banquet,-

With these let Yama, yearning with the
yearning, rejoicing eat our offerings at his
pleasure.

9 Come to us, Agni, with the gracious Fathers
who dwell in glowing light, the very Kavyas,

Who thirsted mid the Gods, who hasten hither,
oblation winners, theme of singers' praises.

10 Come, Agni, come with countless ancient
Fathers, dwellers in light, primeval, God-
adorers,

Eaters and drinkers of oblations, truthful, who
travel with the Deities and Indra.

11 Fathers whom Agni's flames have tasted,
come ye nigh: ye kindly leaders, take ye each
your proper place.

Eat sacrificial food presented on the grass: grant
riches with a multitude of hero sons.

12 Thou, Agni Jatavedas, when entreated, didst
bear the offerings which thou madest fragrant,
And give them to the Fathers who did eat them
with Svadha. Eat, thou God, the gifts we bring
thee.

13 Thou, Jatavedas, knowest well the number of
Fathers who are here and who are absent,
Of Fathers whom we know and whom we know
not: accept the sacrifice wellprepared with
portions.

14 They who, consumed by fire or not
cremated, joy in their offering in the midst of
heaven,-

Grant them, O Sovran Lord, the world of spirits
and their own body, as thy pleasure wills it.

HYMN XVI. Agni.

1. Burn him not up, nor quite consume him,
Agni: let not his body or his skin be scattered.
O Jatavedas, when thou hast matured him, then
send him on his way unto the Fathers.

2 When thou hast made him ready, Jatavedas,
then do thou give him over to the Fathers.
When he attains unto the life that waits him, he
shall become the Deities' controller.

3 The Sun receive thine eye, the Wind thy spirit;
go, as thy merit is, to earth or heaven.

Go, if it be thy lot, unto the waters; go, make
thine home in plants with all thy members.

4 Thy portion is the goat: with heat consume
him: let thy fierce flame, thy glowing splendour,
burn him

With thine auspicious forms, o Jatavedas, bear
this man to the region of the pious.

5 Again, O Agni, to the Fathers send him who,
offered in thee, goes with our oblations.

Wearing new life let him increase his offspring:
let him rejoin a body, Jatavedas.

6 What wound soe'er the dark bird hath
inflicted, the emmet, or the serpent, or the
jackal,

May Agni who devoureth all things heal it and
Soma who hath passed into the Brahmins.

7 Shield thee with flesh against the flames of
Agni, encompass thee about with fat and
marrow,

So will the Bold One, eager to attack thee with
fierce glow fail to girdle and consume thee.

8 Forbear, O Agni, to upset this ladle: the Gods
and they who merit Soma love it.

This ladle, this which serves the Gods to drink
from, in this the Immortal Deities rejoice them.

9 I send afar flesh eating Agni, bearing off
stains may he depart to Yama's subjects.

But let this other Jatavedas carry oblation to the
Gods, for he is skilful.

10 I choose as God for Father-worship Agni,
flesh-eater, who hath past within your dwelling,
While looking on this other Jatavedas. Let him
light flames in the supreme assembly.

11 With offerings meet let Agni bring the
Fathers who support the Law.

Let him announce oblations paid to Fathers and
to Deities.

12 Right gladly would we set thee down, right
gladly make thee burn and glow.

Gladly bring yearning Fathers nigh to eat the
food of sacrifice.

13 Cool, Agni, and again refresh the spot which
thou hast scorched and burnt.

Here let the water-lily grow, and tender grass
and leafy herb.

14 O full of coolness, thou cool Plant, full of
fresh moisture, freshening Herb,

Come hither with the female frog: fill with
delight this Agni here.

HYMN XVII. Various Deities.

1. TVASTAR prepares the bridal of his
Daughter: all the world hears the tidings and
assembles.

But Yama's Mother, Spouse of great Vivasvan,
vanished as she was carried to her dwelling.

2 From mortal men they hid the Immortal Lady,

made one like her and gave her to Vivasvan.
Saranyu brought to him the Asvin brothers, and
then deserted both twinned pairs of children.

3 Guard of the world, whose cattle ne'er are
injured, may Pusan bear thee hence, for he hath
knowledge.

May he consign thee to these Fathers' keeping,
and to the gracious Gods let Agni give thee.

4 May Ayu, giver of all life, protect thee, and
bear thee forward on the distant pathway.

Thither let Savitar the God transport thee, where
dwell the pious who have passed-before thee.

5 Pusan knows all these realms: may he conduct
us by ways that are most free from fear and
danger.

Giver of blessings, glowing, all-heroic, may he,
thewise and watchful, go before us.

6 Pusan was born to move on distant pathways,
on the road far from earth and far from heaven.

To both most wonted places of assembly he
travels and returns with perfect knowledge.

7 The pious call Sarasvati, they worship
Sarasvati while sacrifice proceedeth.

The pious called Sarasvati aforetime. Sarasvati
send bliss to him who giveth.

8 Sarasvati, who camest with the Fathers, with
them rejoicing thee in our oblations,
Seated upon this sacred grass be joyful, and give
us strengthening food that brings no sickness.

9 Thou, called on as Sarasvati by Fathers who
come right forward to our solemn service,
Give food and wealth to present sacrificers, a
portion, worth a thousand, of refreshment.

10 The Mother Floods shall make us bright and
shining, cleansers of holy oil, with oil shall
cleanse us:

For, Goddesses, they bear off all defilement: I,
rise up from them purified and brightened.

11 Through days of earliest date the Drop
descended on this place and on that which was
before it.

I offer up, throughout the seven oblations, the
Drop which still to one same place is moving.

12 The Drop that falls, thy stalk which arms
have shaken, which from the bosom of the press
hath fallen,

Or from the Adhvaryu's purifying filter, I offer
thee with heart and cry of Vasat!

13 That fallen Drop of thine, the stalk which
from the ladle fell away,
This present God Brhaspati shall pour it forth to
make us rich.

14 The plants of earth are rich in milk, and rich
in milk is this my speech;
And rich in milk the essence of the Waters:
make me pure therewith.

HYMN XVIII. Various Deities.

1. Go hence, O Death, pursue thy special
pathway apart from that which Gods are wont to
travel.

To thee I say it who hast eyes and hearest:
Touch not our offspring, injure not our heroes.

2 As ye have come effacing Mrtyu's footstep, to
further times prolonging your existence,
May ye be rich in children and possessions.
cleansed, purified, and meet for sacrificing.

3 Divided from the dead are these, the living:
now be our calling on the Gods successful.
We have gone forth for dancing and for
laughter, to further times prolonging our
existence.

4 Here I erect this rampart for the living; let
none of these, none other, reach this limit.
May they survive a hundred lengthened
autumns, and may they bury Death beneath this
mountain.

5 As the days follow days in close succession,
as with the seasons duly come the seasons,
As each successor fails not his foregoer, so form
the lives of these, O great Ordainer.

6 Live your full lives ap! find old age delightful,
all of you striving one behind the other.

May Tvastar, maker of fair things, be gracious
and lengthen out the days of your existence.

7 Let these unwidowed dames with noble
husbands adorn themselves with fragrant balm
and unguent.

Decked with fair jewels, tearless, free from
sorrow, first let the dames go up to where he
lieth.

8 Rise, come unto the world of life, O woman:
come, he is lifeless by whose side thou liest.
Wifehood with this thy husband was thy
portion, who took thy hand and wooed thee as a

lover.

9 From his dead hand I take the bow be carried,
that it may be our power and might and glory.
There art thou, there; and here with noble heroes
may we o'ercome all hosts that fight against us.
10 Betake thee to the lap of Earth the Mother, of
Earth far-spreading, very kind and gracious.
Young Dame, wool-soft unto the guerdongiver,
may she preserve thee from Destruction's
bosom.

11 Heave thyself, Earth, nor press thee
downward heavily: afford him easy access,
gently tending him.
Cover him, as a mother wraps her skirt about
her child, O Earth.

12 Now let the heaving earth be free from
motion: yea,- let a thousand clods remain above
him.

Be they to him a home distilling fatness, here let
them ever be his place of refuge.

13 I stay the earth from thee, while over thee I
place this piece of earth. May I be free from
injury.

Here let the Fathers keep this pillar firm for
thee, and there let Yama make thee an abiding-
place.

14 Even as an arrow's feathers, they have set me
on a fitting day.

The fit word have I caught and held as 'twere a
courser with the rein.

HYMN XIX. Waters or Cows.

1. TURN, go not farther on your way: visit us,
O ye Wealthy Ones.

Agni and Soma, ye who bring riches again,
secure us wealth.

2 Make these return to us again, bring them
beside us once again.

May. Indra give them back to us, and Agni drive
them hither-ward.

3 Let them return to us again: under this
herdsman let them feed.

Do thou, O Agni, keep them here, and let the
wealth we have remain.

4 I call upon their herdsman, him who knoweth
well their coming nigh,
Their parting and their home-return, and
watcheth their approach and rest.

5 Yea, let the herdsman, too, return, who
marketh well their driving-forth;
Marketh their wandering away, their turning
back and coming home.
6 Home-leader, lead them home to us; Indra,
restore to us our kine:
We will rejoice in them alive.
7 I offer you on every side butter and milk and
strengthening food.
May all the Holy Deities pour down on us a
flood of wealth.
8 O thou Home-leader, lead them home, restore
them thou who bringest home.
Four are the quarters of the earth; from these
bring back to us our kine,

HYMN XX. Agni.

1. SEND unto us a good and happy mind.
2 I worship Agni, Youthfullest of Gods,
resistless, Friend of laws;
Under whose guard and heavenly light the
Spotted seek the Mother's breast:
3 Whom with their mouth they magnify,
bannered with flame and homed in light.
He glitters with his row of teeth.
4 Kind, Furtherer of men, he comes, when he
hath reached the ends of heaven,
Sage, giving splendour to the clouds.
5 To taste man's offerings, he, the Strong, hath
risen erect at sacrifice:
Fixing his dwelling he proceeds.
6 Here are oblation, worship, rest: rapidly
comes his furtherance.
To sword-armed Agni come the Gods.
7 With service for chief bliss I seek the Lord of
Sacrifice, Agni, whom
They call the Living, Son of Cloud.
8 Blest evermore be all the men who come from
us, who magnify
Agni with sacrificial gifts.
9 The path he treads is black and white and red,
and striped, and brown, crimson, and glorious.
His sire begat him bright with hues of gold.
10 Thus with his thoughts, O Son of Strength, O
Agni, hath Vimada, accordant with the
Immortals,
Offered thee hymns, soliciting thy favour. Thou
hast brought all food, strength, a prosperous

dwelling.

HYMN XXI. Agni.

1. WITH offerings of our own we choose thee,
Agni, as Invoking Priest,
For sacrifice with trimmed grass,-at your glad
carouse-piercing and brightly shining. Thou art
waxing great.

2 The wealthy ones adorn thee, they who bring
us horses as their gift:
The sprinkling ladle, Agni,-at your glad carouse
-and glowing offering taste thee. Thou art
waxing great.

3 The holy statutes rest by thee, as 'twere with
ladles that o'erflow.
Black and white-gleaming colours,-at your glad
carouse-all glories thou assumest. Thou art
waxing great.

4 O Agni, what thou deemest wealth, Victorious
and Immortal One!
Bring thou to give us vigour,-at your glad
carouse -splendid at sacrifices. Thou art waxing
great.

5 Skilled in all lore is Agni, he whom erst
Atharvan brought to life.
He was Vivasvan's envoy, at your glad carouse-
the well-loved friend of Yama, Thou art waxing
great.

6 At sacrifices they adore thee, Agni, when the
rite proceeds.
All fair and lovely treasures-at your glad
carouse-thou givest him who offers. Thou art
waxing great.

7 Men, Agni, have established thee as welcome
Priest at holy rites,
Thee whose face shines with butter,-at your glad
carouse-bright, with eyes most observant. Thou
art waxing great.

8 Wide and aloft thou spreadest thee, O Agni,
with thy brilliant flame.
A Bull art thou when bellowing,-at your glad
carouse-thou dost impregn the Sisters. Thou art
waxing great.

HYMN XXII. Indra.

1. WHERE is famed Indra heard of? With what
folk is he renowned to-day as Mitra is,-
Who in the home of Rsis and in secret is

extolled with song?

2 Even here is Indra famed, and among us this
day the glorious Thunderer is praised,
He who like Mitra mid the folk hath won
complete and full renown.

3 He who is Sovran Lord of great and perfect
strength, exarter of heroic might,
Who bears the fearless thunder as a father bears
his darling son.

4 Harnessing to thy car, as God, two blustering
Steeds Of the Wind-God, O Thunderer,
That speed along the shining path, thou making
ways art glorified.

5 Even to these dark Steeds of Wind thou of
thyself hast come to ride,
Of which no driver may be found, none, be he
God or mortal man.

6 When ye approach, men ask you, thee and
Usana: Why come ye to our dwelling-place?
Why are ye come to mortal man from distant
realms of eapth and heaven?

7 O Indra, thou shalt speak us fair: our holy
prayer is offered up.
We pray to thee for help as thou didst strike the
monster Susna dead.

8 Around us is the Dasyu, riteless, void of
sense, inhuman, keeping alien laws.
Baffle, thou Slayer of the foe, the weapon which
this Dasa wields.

9 Hero with Heroes, thou art ours: yea, strong
are they whom thou dost help.
In many a place are thy full gifts, and men, like
vassals, sing thy praise.

10 Urge thou these heroes on to slay the enemy,
brave Thunderer! in the fight with swords.
Even when hid among the tribes of Sages
numerous as stars.

11 Swift come those gifts of thine whose hand is
prompt to rend and burn, O Hero Thunder-
armed:

As thou with thy Companions didst destroy the
whole of SuSnia's brood.

12 Let not thine excellent assistance come to us,
O Hero Indra, profitless.

May we, may we enjoy the bliss of these thy
favours, Thunderer!

13 May those soft impulses of thine, O Indra, be
fruitful and innocent to us.

May we know these whose treasures are like
those of milch-kine, Thunderer!
14 That Earth, through power of knowing things
that may be known, handless and footless yet
might thrive,
Thou slewest, turning to the right, gu;na for
every living man.
15 Drink, drink the Soma, Hero Indra; be not
withheld as thou art good, O Treasure-giver.
Preserve the singers and our liberal princes, and
make us wealthy with abundant riches.

HYMN XXIII. Indra.

1. INDRA, whose right hand wields the bolt, we
worship, driver of Bay Steeds seeking sundered
courses.
Shaking his beard with might he hath arisen,
casting his weapons forth and dealing bounties.
2 The treasure which his Bay Steeds found at
sacrifice,-this wealth made opulent Indra slayer
of the foe.
Rbhu, Rbhuksan, Vaja-he is Lord of Might. The
Dasa's very name I utterly destroy.
3 When, with the Princes, Maghavari, famed of
old, comes nigh the thunderbolt of gold, and the
Controller's car
Which his two Tawny Coursers draw, then
Indra is the Sovran Lord of power whose glory
spreads afar.
4 With him too is this rain of his that comes like
herds: Indra throws drops of moisture on his
yellow beard.
When the sweet juice is shed he seeks the
pleasant place, and stirs the worshipper as wind
disturbs the wood.
5 We laud and praise his several deeds of valour
who, fatherlike, with power hath made us
stronger;
Who with his voice slew many thousand wicked
ones who spake in varied manners with
contemptuous cries.
6 Indra, the Vimadas have formed for thee a
laud, copious, unparalleled, for thee Most
Bountiful.
We know the good we gain from him the
Mighty One when we attract him as a herdsman
calls the kine.
7 Ne'er may this bond of friendship be

dissevered, the Rsi Vimada's and thine, O Indra.
We know thou carest for us as a brother with us,
O God, be thine auspicious friendship.

HYMN XXIV. Indra. Asvins.

1. O INDRA, drink this Soma, pressed out in
the mortar, full of sweets.
Send down to us great riches,-at your glad
carouse-in thousands, O Most healthy. Thou art
waxing great.
2 To thee with sacrifices, with oblations, and
with lauds we come.
Lord of all strength and power, grant-at your
glad carouse-the best choiceworthy treasure.
Thou art waxing great.
3 Thou who art Lord of precious boons, inciter
even of the churl.
Guardian of singers, Indra,-at your glad
carouse-save us from woe and hatred. Thou art
waxing great.
4 Strong, Lords of Magic power, ye Twain
churned the united worlds apart,
When ye, implored by Vimada, Nasatyas,
forced apart the pair.
5 When the united pair were rent asunder all the
Gods complained.
The Gods to the Nasatyas cried, Bring these
together once again.
6 Sweet be my going forth, and rich in sweets
be my approach to home.
So, through your Deity, both Gods, enrich us
with all pleasantness.

HYMN XXV. Soma.

1. SEND us a good and happy mind, send
energy and mental power.
Then-at your glad carouse-let men joy in thy
love, Sweet juice! as kine in pasture. Thou. art
waxing great.
2 in all thy forms, O Soma, rest thy powers that
influence the heart.
So also these my longings-at your glad carouse-
spread themselves seeking riches. Thou art
waxing great.
3 Even if, O Soma, I neglect thy laws through
my simplicity,

Be gracious-at your glad carouse-as sire to son.
Preserve us even from slaughter. T'hou. art
waxing great.

4 Our songs in concert go to thee as streams of
water to the wells.

Soma, that we may live, grant-at your glad
carouse-full powers of mind, like beakers. Thou
art waxing great.

5 O Soma, through thy might who art skilful
and strong, these longing men,
These sages, have thrown open-at your glad
carouse-the stall of kine and horses. Thou art
waxing great

6 Our herds thou guardest, Soma, and the
moving world spread far and wide.
Thou fittest them for living,-at your glad
carouse-looking upon all beings. Thou art
waxing great.

7 On all sides, Soma, be to us a Guardian ne'er
to be deceived.

King, drive away our foemen-at your glad
carouse:-let not the wicked rule us. Thou art
waxing great.

8 Be watchful, Soma, passing wise, to give us
store of vital strength.

More skilled than man to guide us,-at your glad
carouse-save us from harm and sorrow. Thou art
waxing great.

9 Chief slayer of our foemen, thou, Indu, art
Indra's gracious Friend,
When warriors invoke him-at your glad carouse
-in fight, to win them offspring. Thou art
waxing great.

10 Victorious is this gladdening drink: to Indra
dear it grows in strength.
This-at your glad carouse -enhanced the mighty
hymn of the great sage Kaksivan. Thou art
waxing great.

11 This to the sage who offers gifts brings
power that comes from wealth in kine.
This, better than the seven, hath-at your glad
carouse-furthered the blind, the cripple. Thou
art waxing great.

HYMN XXVI. Pusan.

1. FORWARD upon their way proceed the
ready teams, the lovely songs.
Further them glorious Pusan with yoked chariot,

and the Mighty Twain!
 2 With sacred hymns let this man here, this
 singer, win the God to whom
 Belong this majesty and might. He hath
 observed our eulogies.
 3 Pusan the Strong hath knowledge of sweet
 praises even as Indu hath.
 He dewes our corn with moisture, he bedews the
 pasture of our kine.
 4 We will bethink ourselves of thee, O Pusan, O
 thou God, as One.
 Who brings fulfilment of our hymns, and stirs
 the singer and the sage.
 5 joint-sharer of each sacrifice, the driver of the
 chariot steeds;
 The Rsi who is good to man, the singer's Friend
 and faithful Guard.
 6 One who is Lord of Suca, Lord of Suca caring
 for herself:
 Weaving the raiment of the sheep and making
 raiment beautiful.
 7 The mighty Lord of spoil and wealth, Strong
 Friend of all prosperity;
 He with light movement shakes his beard,
 lovely and ne'er to be deceived.
 8 O Pusan, may those goats of thine turn
 hitherward thy chariot-pole.
 Friend of all suppliants; art thou, born in old
 time, and arm and sure.
 9 May the majestic Pusan speed our chariot with
 his power and might.
 May he increase our store of wealth and listen to
 this call of ours.

HYMN XXVII. Indra.

1. THIS, singer, is my firm determination, to aid
 the worshipper who pours the Soma.
 I slay the man who brings no milkoblation,
 unrighteous, powerful, the truth's perverter.
 2 Then Will I, when I lead my friends to battle
 against the radiant persons of the godless,
 Prepare for thee at home a vigorous bullock, and
 pour for thee the fifteen-fold strong juices.
 3 I know not him who sayeth and declareth that
 he hath slain the godless in the battle.
 Soon as they see the furious combat raging, men
 speak forth praises of my vigorous horses.
 4 While yet my deeds of might were

unrecorded, all passed for Maghavans though I existed.

The potent one who dwelt in peace I conquered, grasped by the foot and slew him on the mountain.

5 None hinder me in mine heroic exploits, no, not the mountains when I will and purpose. Even the deaf will tremble at my roaring, and every day will dust be agitated.

6 To see the Indraless oblation-drinkers, mean offerers, o'ertaken by destruction!

Then shall the fellies of my car pass over those who have blamed my joyous Friend and scorned him.

7 Thou wast, thou grewest to full vital vigour: an earlier saw, a later one shall see thee.

Two canopies, as 'twere, are round about him who reacheth to the limit of this region.

8 The freed kine eat the barley of the pious. I saw them as they wandered with the herdsman. The calling of the pious rang around them. What portion will these kine afford their owner?

9 When we who cat the grass of men are gathered I am with barley-eaters in the corn-land.

There shall the captor yoke the yokeless bullock, and he who hath been yoked seek one to loose him.

10 There wilt thou hold as true my spoken purpose, to bring together quadrupeds. and bipeds.

I will divide, without a fight, his riches who warreth here, against the Bull, with women.

11 When a man's daughter hath been ever eyeless, who, knowing, will be wroth with her for blindness?

Which of the two will loose on him his anger- the man who leads her home or he who woos her?

12 How many a maid is pleasing to the suitor who fain would marry for her splendid riches? If the girl be both good and fair of feature, she finds, herself, a friend among the people.

13 His feet have grasped: he eats the man who meets him. Around his head he sets the head for shelter.

Sitting anear and right above he smites us, and follows earth that lies spread out beneath him.

14 High, leafless, shadowless, and swift is
Heaven: the Mother stands, the Youngling,
loosed, is feeding.

Loud hath she lowed, licking Another's
offspring. In what world hath the Cow laid
down her udder?

15 Seven heroes from the nether part ascended,
and from the upper part came eight together.
Nine from behind came armed with winnowing-
baskets: ten from the front pressed o'er the
rock's high ridges.

16 One of the ten, the tawny, shared in
common, they send to execute their final
purpose.

The Mother carries on her breast the Infant of
noble form and soothes it while it knows not.

17 The Heroes dressed with fire the fatted
wether: the dice were thrown by way of sport
and gaming.

Two reach the plain amid the heavenly waters,
hallowing and with means of purifying.

18 Crying aloud they ran in all directions: One
half of them will cook, and not the other.

To me hath Savitar, this God, declared it: He
will perform, whose food is wood and butter.

19 I saw a troop advancing from the distance
moved, not by wheels but their own God-like
nature.

The Friendly One seeks human generations,
destroying, still new bands of evil beings.

20 These my two Bulls, even Pramara's, are
harnessed: drive them not far; here let them
often linger.

The waters even shall aid him to his object, and
the all-cleansing Sun who is above us.

21 This is the thunderbolt which often whirlleth
down from the lofty misty realm of Surya.

Beyond this realm there is another glory so
through old age they pass and feel no sorrow.

22 Bound fast to every tree the cow is lowing,
and thence the man-consuming birds are flying,
Then all this world, though pressing juice for
Indra and strengthening the Rsi, is affrighted.

23 In the Gods' mansion stood the first-created,
and from their separation came the later.

Three warm the Earth while holding stores of
water, and Two of these convey the murmuring
moisture.

24 This is thy life: and do thou mark and know
it. As such, hide not thyself in time of battle.
He manifests the light and hides the vapour: his
foot is never free from robes that veil it.

HYMN XXVIII. Indra. Vasukra.

1. Now all my other friends are here assembled:
my Sire-in-law alone hath not come hither.
So might he eat the grain and drink the Soma,
and, satisfied, return unto; his dwelling.

2 Loud belloweth the Bull whose horns are
sharpened: upon the height above earth's
breadth he standeth.

That man I guard and save in all his troubles
who fills my flanks when he hath shed the
Soma.

3 Men with the stone press out for thee, O Indra,
strong, gladdening Soma, and thereof thou
drinkest.

Bulls they dress for thee, and of these thou
eatest when, Maghavan, with food thou art
invited.

4 Resolve for me, O singer, this my riddle: The
rivers send their swelling water backward:
The fox steals up to the approaching lion: the
jackal drives the wild-boar from the brushwood.

5 How shall I solve this riddle, I, the simple,
declare the thought of thee the Wise and
Mighty?

Tell us, well knowing, as befits the season:
Whitherward is thy prosperous car advancing?

6 Thus do they magnify me, me the mighty
higher than even high heaven is my car-pole.

I all at once demolish many thousands: my Sire
begot me with no foe to match me.

7 Yea, and the Gods have known me also, Indra,
as mighty, fierce and strong in every exploit.
Exulting with the bolt I slaughtered Vrtra, and
for the offerer oped with might the cow-stall.

8 The Deities approached, they carried axes;
splitting the wood they came with their
attendants.

They laid good timber in the fire-receivers, and
burnt the grass up where they found it growing.

9 The hare hath swallowed up the opposing
razor: I sundered with a clod the distant
mountain.

The great will I make subject to the little: the

calf shall wax in strength and cat the bullock.
10 There hath the strong-winged eagle left his
talon, as a snared lion leaves the trap that caught
him.
Even the wild steer in his thirst is captured: the
leather strap still holds his foot entangled.
11 So may the leather strap their foot entangle
who fatten on the viands of the Brahman.
They all devour the bulls set free to wander,
while they themselves destroy their bodies'
vigour.
12 They were well occupied with holy duties
who sped in person with their lauds to Soma.
Speaking like man, mete to us wealth and booty:
in heaven thou hast the name and fame of Hero.

HYMN XXIX. Indra.

1. As sits the young bird on the tree rejoicing,
ye, swift Pair, have been roused by clear
laudation,
Whose Herald-Priest through many days is
Indra, earth's Guardian, Friend of men, the best
of Heroes.
2 May we, when this Dawn and the next dance
hither, be thy best servants, most heroic Hero!
Let the victorious car with triple splendour bring
hitherward the hundred chiefs with Kutsa.
3 What was the gladdening draught that pleased
thee, Indra? Speed through our doors to songs,
for thou art mighty.
Why comest thou to me, what gift attracts thee?
Fain would I bring thee food most meet to offer.
4 Indra, what fame hath one like thee mid
heroes? With what plan wilt thou act? Why hast
thou sought us?
As a true Friend, Wide-Strider! to sustain us,
since food absorbs the thought of each among
us.
5 Speed happily those, as Surya ends his
journey, who meet his wish as bridegrooms
meet their spouses;
Men who present, O Indra strong by nature,
with food the many songs that tell thy praises.
6 Thine are two measures, Indra, wide-
wellmeted, heaven for thy majesty, earth for thy
wisdom.
Here for thy choice are Somas mixed with
butter: may the sweet meath be pleasant for thy

drinking.

7 They have poured out a bowl to him, to Indra,
full of sweet juice, for faithful is his bounty.
O'er earth's expanse hath he grown great by
wisdom, the Friend of man, and by heroic
exploits.

8 Indra hath conquered in his wars, the Mighty:
men strive in multitudes to win his friendship.
Ascend thy chariot as it were in battle, which
thou shalt drive to us with gracious favour.

HYMN XXX. Waters.

1. As 'twere with swift exertion of the spirit, let
the priest speed to the celestial Waters,
The glorious food of Varuna and Mitra. To him
who spreadeth far this laud I offer.

2 Adhvaryus, he ye ready with oblations,, and
come with longing to the longing Waters,
Down on which looks the. purple-tinted Eagle.
Pour ye that flowing wave this day, deft-handed.

3 Go to the reservoir, O ye Adhvaryus worship
the Waters' Child with your oblations.

A consecrated wave he now will give you, so
press for him the Soma rich in sweetness.

4 He who shines bright in floods, unfed with
fuel, whom sages worship at their sacrifices:
Give waters rich in sweets, Child of the Waters,
even those which gave heroic might to Indra:

5 Those in which Soma joys and is delighted, as
a young man with fair and pleasant damsels.
Go thou unto those Waters, O Adhvaryu, and
purify with herbs what thou infusest.

6 So maidens bow before the youthful gallant
who comes with love to them who yearn to meet
him.

In heart accordant and in wish one-minded are
the Adhvaryus and the heavenly Waters.

7 He who made room for you when fast
imprisoned, who freed you from the mighty
imprecation,-

Even to that Indra send the meath-rich current,
the wave that gratifies the Gods, O Waters.

8 Send forth to him the meath-rich wave, O
Rivers, which is your offspring and a well of
sweetness,

Oil-balmed, to be implored at sacrifices. Ye
wealthy Waters, hear mine invocation.

9 Send forth the rapture-giving wave, O Rivers,

which Indra drinks, which sets the Twain in
 motion;
 The well that springeth from the clouds,
 desirous, that wandereth triple-formed, distilling
 transport.
 10 These winding Streams which with their
 double current, like cattle-raiders, seek the
 lower pastures,-
 Waters which dwell together, thrive together,
 Queens, Mothers of the world, these, Rsi,
 honour.
 11 Send forth our sacrifice with holy worship
 send forth the hymn and prayer for gain of
 riches.
 For need of sacrifice disclose the udder. Give
 gracious hearing to our call, O Waters.
 12 For, wealthy Waters, ye control all treasures:
 ye bring auspicious intellect and Amrta.
 Ye are the Queens of independent riches
 Sarasvati give full life to the singer!
 13 When I behold the Waters coming hither,
 carrying with them milk and meath and butter,
 Bearing the well-pressed Soma juice to Indra,
 they harmonize in spirit with Adhvaryus.
 14 Rich, they are come with wealth for living
 beings, O friends, Adhvaryus, seat them in their
 places.
 Seat them on holy grass, ye Soma-bringers in
 harmony with the Offspring of the Waters.
 15 Now to this grass are come the longing
 Waters: the Pious Ones are seated at our
 worship.
 Adhvaryus, press the Soma juice for Indra so
 will the service of the Gods be easy.

HYMN XXXI. Visvedevas.

1. MAY benediction of the Gods approach us,
 holy, to aid us with all rapid succours.
 Therewith may we be happily befriended, and
 pass triumphant over all our troubles.
 2 A man should think on wealth and strive to
 win it by adoration on the path of Order,
 Counsel himself with his own mental insight,
 and grasp still nobler vigour with his spirit.
 3 The hymn is formed, poured are the allotted
 portions: as to a ford friends come unto the
 Wondrous.

We have obtained the power of ease and
comfort, we have become acquainted, with
Immortals.

4 Pleased be the Eternal Lord who loves the
household with this man whom God Savitar
created.

May Bhaga Aryaman grace him with cattle:
may he appear to him, and be, delightful.

5 Like the Dawns' dwelling-place be this
assembly, where in their might men rich in food
have gathered.

Striving to share the praises of this singer. To us
come strengthening and effectual riches!

6 This Bull's most gracious far-extended favour
existed first of all in full abundance.

By his support they are maintained in common
who in the Asura's mansion dwell together.

7 What was the tree, what wood, in sooth,
produced it, from which they fashioned forth the
Earth and Heaven?

These Twain stand fast and wax not old for
ever: these have sung praise to many a day and
morning.

8 Not only here is this: more is beyond us. He is
the Bull, the Heaven's and Earth's supporter.

With power divine he makes his skin a filter,
when the Bay Coursers bear him on as Surya.

9 He passes o'er the broad earth like a Stega: he
penetrates the world as Wind the mist-cloud.

He, balmed with oil, near Varuna and Mitra,
like Agni in the wood, hath shot forth
splendour.

10 When suddenly called the cow that erst was
barren, she, self-protected, ended all her
troubles.

Earth, when the first son sprang from sire and
mother, cast up the gami, that which men were
seeking.

11 To Nrsad's son they gave the name of
Kainva, and he the brown-hued courser won the
treasure.

For him dark-coloured streamed the shining
udder: none made it swell for him. Thus Order
willed it.

HYMN XXXII. Indra.

1. FORTH speed the Pair to bring the
meditating God, benevolent with boons sent in

return for boons.

May Indra graciously accept both gifts from us,
when he hath knowledge of the flowing Soma
juice.

2 Thou wanderest far, O Indra, through the
spheres of light and realms of earth, the region,
thou whom many praise!

Let those who often bring their solemn rites
conquer the noisy babblers who present no gifts.

3 More beautiful than beauty must this seem to
me, when the son duly careth for his parents'
line.

The wife attracts the husband: with a shout of
joy the man's auspicious marriage is performed
aright.

4 This beauteous place of meeting have I looked
upon, where, like milch-cows, the kine order the
marriage train;

Where the Herd's Mother counts as first and
best of all, and round her are the seven-toned
people of the choir.

5 The Pious One hath reached your place before
the rest: One only moves victorious with the
Rudras' band.

To these your helpers pour our meath, Immortal
Gods, with whom your song of praise hath
power to win their gifts.

6 He who maintains the Laws of God informed
me that thou wast lying hidden in the waters.
Indra, who knoweth well, beheld and showed
thee. By him instructed am I come, O Agni.

7 The stranger asks the way of him who knows
it: taught by the skilful guide he travels onward.
This is, in truth, the blessing of instruction: he
finds the path that leads directly forward.

8 Even now he breathed: these days hath he
remembered. Concealed, he sucked the bosom
of his Mother.

Yet in his youth old age hath come upon him:
he hath grown gracious, good, and free from
anger.

9 O Kalasa, all these blessings will we bring
them, O Kurusravana, who give rich presents.
May he, O wealthy princes, and this Soma
which I am bearing in my heart, reward you.

HYMN XXXIII. Various Deities.

1. THE urgings of the people have impelled me,

and by, the nearest way I bring you Pusan.
 The Universal Gods have brought me safely.
 The cry was heard, Behold, Dubsasu cometh!
 2 The ribs that compass me give pain and
 trouble me like rival wives.
 Indigence, nakedness, exhaustion press me sore:
 my mind is fluttering like a bird's.
 3 As rats eat weavers' threads, cares are
 consuming me, thy singer, gatakratu, me.
 Have mercy on us once, O Indra, Bounteous
 Lord: be thou a Father unto us.
 4 I the priests' Rsi chose as prince most liberal
 Kurusravana,
 The son of Trasadasyu's son,
 5 Whose three bays harnessed to the car bear me
 straight onward: I will laud
 The giver of a thousand meeds,
 6 The sire of Upamasravas, even him whose
 words were passing sweet,
 As a fair field is to its lord.
 7 Mark, Upamasravas, his son, mark, grandson
 of Mitratithi:
 I am thy father's eulogist.
 8 If I controlled Immortal Gods, yea, even were
 I Lord of men,
 My liberal prince were living still.
 9 None lives, even had he hundred lives, beyond
 the statute of the Gods
 So am I parted from my friend.

HYMN XXXIV. Dice, Etc.

1. SPRUNG from tall trees on windy heights,
 these rollers transport me as they turn upon the
 table.
 Dearer to me the die that never slumbers than
 the deep draught of Mujavan's own Soma.
 2 She never vexed me nor was angry with me,
 but to my friends and me was ever gracious.
 For the die's sake, whose single point is final,
 mine own devoted wife I alienated.
 3 My wife holds me aloof, her mother hates me:
 the wretched man finds none to give him
 comfort.
 As of a costly horse grown old and feeble, I find
 not any profit of the gamester.
 4 Others caress the wife of him whose riches the
 die hath coveted, that rapid courser:
 Of him speak father, mother, brothers saying,

We know him not: bind him and take him with you.

5 When I resolve to play with these no longer,
my friends depart from me and leave me lonely.
When the brown dice, thrown on the board,
have rattled, like a fond girl I seek the place of
meeting.

6 The gamester seeks the gambling-house, and
wonders, his body all afire, Shall I be lucky?
Still do the dice extend his eager longing,
staking his gains against his adversary.

7 Dice, verily, are armed with goads and
driving-hooks, deceiving and tormenting,
causing grievous woe.

They give frail gifts and then destroy the man
who wins, thickly anointed with the player's
fairest good.

8 Merrily sports their troop, the three-and-fifty,
like Savitar the God whose ways are faithful.
They bend not even to the mighty's anger: the
King himself pays homage and reveres them.

9 Downward they roll, and then spring quickly
upward, and, handless, force the man with
hands to serve them.

Cast on the board, like lumps of magic charcoal,
though cold themselves they bum the heart to
ashes.

10 The gambler's wife is left forlorn and
wretched: the mother mourns the son who
wanders homeless.

In constant fear, in debt, and seeking riches, he
goes by night unto the home of others.

11 Sad is the gambler when he sees a matron,
another's wife, and his well-ordered dwelling.
He yokes the brown steeds in the early morning,
and when the fire is cold sinks down an outcast.

12 To the great captain of your mighty army,
who hath become the host's imperial leader,
To him I show my ten extended fingers: I speak
the truth. No wealth am I withholding.

13 Play not with dice: no, cultivate thy corn-
land. Enjoy the gain, and deem that wealth
sufficient.

There are thy cattle there thy wife, O gambler.
So this good Savitar himself hath told me.

14 Make me your friend: show us some little
mercy. Assail us not with your terrific
fierceness.

Appeased be your malignity and anger, and let
the brown dice snare some other captive.

HYMN XXXV. Visvedevas.

1. THESE fires associate with Indra are awake,
bringing their light when first the Dawn begins
to shine.

May Heaven and Earth, great Pair, observe our
holy work. We claim for us this day the favour
of the Gods.

2 Yea, for ourselves we claim the grace of
Heaven and Earth, of Saryanavan, of the Hills
and Mother Streams.

For innocence we pray to Surya and to Dawn.
So may the flowing Soma bring us bliss to-day.

3 May the great Twain, the Mothers, Heaven
and Earth, this day preserve us free from sin for
peace and happiness.

May Morning sending forth her light drive sin
afar. We pray to kindled Agni for felicity.

4 May this first Dawn bring us the host of
gracious Gods: rich, may it richly shine for us
who strive for wealth.

The wrath of the malignant may we keep afar.
We pray to kindled Agni for felicity.

5 Dawns, who come forward with the bright
beams of the Sun, and at your earliest flushing
bring to us the light,

Shine ye on us to-day auspicious, for renown.
We pray to kindled Agni for felicity.

6 Free from all sickness may the Mornings
come to us, and let our fires mount upward with
a lofty blaze.

The Asvin Pair have harnessed their swift-
moving car. We pray to kindled Agni for
felicity.

7 Send us to-day a portion choice and excellent,
O Savitar, for thou art he who dealeth wealth.

I cry to Dhisana, Mother of opulence. We pray
to kindled Agni for felicity.

8 Further me this declaring of Eternal Law, the
Law of Gods, as we mortals acknowledge it!
The Sun goes up beholding all the rays of morn.
We pray to kindled Agni for felicity.

9 This day we pray with innocence in strewing
grass, adjusting pressing-stones, and perfecting
the hymn.

Thou in the Adityas' keeping movest restlessly.

We pray to kindled Agni for felicity.
 10 To our great holy grass I bid the Gods at
 morn to banquet, and will seat them as the seven
 priests,-
 Varuna, Indra, Mitra, Bhaga for our gain. We
 pray to kindled Agni for felicity.
 11 Come hither, O Adityas, for our perfect
 weal: accordant help our sacrifice that we may
 thrive.
 Pusan, Brhaspati, Bhaga, both Asvins, and
 enkindled Agni we implore for happiness.
 12 Adityas, Gods, vouchsafe that this our home
 may be praise-worthy, prosperous, our heroes'
 sure defence,
 For cattle, for our sons, for progeny, for life. We
 pray to kindled Agni for felicity.
 13 This day may all the Maruts, all be near us
 with aid: may all our fires be well enkindled.
 May all Gods come to us with gracious favour.
 May spoil and wealth be ours, and all
 possessions.
 14 He whom ye aid, O Deities, in battle, whom
 ye protect and rescue from affliction,
 Who fears no danger at your milk-libation,
 -such may we be to feast the Gods, ye Mighty.

HYMN XXXVI. Visvedevas.

1. THERE are the Dawn and Night, the grand
 and beauteous Pair, Earth, Heaven, and Varuna,
 Mitra, and Aryaman.
 Indra I call, the Maruts, Mountains, and the
 Floods, Adityas, Heaven and Earth, the Waters,
 and the Sky.
 2 May Dyaus and Prthivi, wise, true to Holy
 Law, keep us in safety from distress and injury.
 Let not malignant Nirrti rule over us. We crave
 to-day this gracious favour of the Gods.
 3 Mother of Mitra and of opulent Varuna, may
 Aditi preserve us safe from all distress.
 May we obtain the light of heaven without a
 foe. We crave this gracious favour of the Gods
 to-day.
 4 May ringing press-stones keep the Raksasas
 afar, ill dream, and Nirrti, and each voracious
 fiend.
 May the Adityas and the Maruts shelter us. We
 crave this gracious favour of the Gods to-day.
 5 Full flow libations; on our grass let Indra sit;

Brhaspati the singer laud with Sama hymns!
Wise be our hearts' imaginings that we may
live. We crave this gracious favour of the Gods
to-day.

6 Ye Asvins, make our sacrifice ascend to
heaven, and animate the rite that it may send us
bliss,
Offered with holy oil, with forward-speeding
rein. We crave the gracious favour of the Gods
to-day.

7 Hither I call the band of Maruts, swift to hear,
great, purifying, bringing bliss, to be our
Friends.

May we increase our wealth to glorify our
name. We crave this gracious favour of the Gods
to-day.

8 We bring the Stay of Life, who makes the
waters swell, swift-hearing, Friend of Gods,
who waits on sacrifice.

May we control that Power, Soma whose rays
are bright. We crave this gracious favour of the
Gods to-day.

9 Alive ourselves, with living sons, devoid of
guilt, may we win this with winners by fair
means to win.

Let the prayer-haters bear our sin to every side.
We crave this gracious favour of the Gods to-
day.

10 Hear us, O ye who claim the worship of
mankind, and give us, O ye Gods, the gift for
which we pray,
Victorious wisdom, fame with heroes and with
wealth. We crave to-day this gracious favour of
the Gods.

11 We crave the gracious favour of the Gods to-
day, great favour of great Gods, sublime and
free from foes,

That we may gain rich treasure sprung from
hero sons. We crave this gracious favour of the
Gods to-day.

12 In great enkindled Agni's keeping, and, for
bliss, free from all sin before Mitra and Varuna.
May we share Savitar's best animating help. We
crave this gracious favour of the Gods to-day.

13 All ye, the Gods whom Savitar the Father of
truth, and Varuna and Mitra govern,
Give us prosperity with hero children, and
opulence in kine and various treasure.

14 Savitar, Savitar from east and westward,
Savitar, Savitar from north and southward,
Savitar send us perfect health and comfort,
Savitar let our days of life be lengthened!

HYMN XXXVII. Surya.

1. Do homage unto Varuna's and Mitra's Eye:
offer this solemn worship to the Mighty God,
Who seeth far away, the Ensign, born of Gods.
Sing praises unto Surya, to the Son of Dyaus.

2 May this my truthful speech guard me on
every side wherever heaven and earth and days
are spread abroad.

All else that is in motion finds a place of rest:
the waters ever flow and ever mounts the Sun.

3 No godless man from time remotest draws
thee down when thou art driving forth with
winged dappled Steeds.

One lustre waits upon thee moving to the east,
and, Surya, thou arisest with a different light.

4 O Surya, with the light whereby thou
scatterest gloom, and with thy ray impellest
every moving thing,

Keep far from us all feeble, worthless sacrifice,
and drive away disease and every evil dream.

5 Sent forth thou guardest well the Universe's
law, and in thy wonted way arisest free from
wrath.

When Surya, we address our prayers to thee to-
day, may the Gods favour this our purpose and
desire.

6 This invocation, these our words may Heaven
and Earth, and Indra and the Waters and the
Maruts hear.

Ne'er may we suffer want in presence of the
Sun, and, living happy lives, may we attain old
age.

7 Cheerful in spirit, evermore, and keen of sight,
with store of children, free from sickness and
from sin,

Long-living, may we look, O Surya, upon thee
uprising day by day, thou great as Mitra is!

8 Surya, may we live long and look upon thee
still, thee, O Far-seeing One, bringing the
glorious light,

The radiant God, the spring of joy to every eye,
as thou art mounting up o'er the high shining

flood.

9 Thou by whose lustre all the world of life
comes forth, and by thy beams again returns
unto its rest,

O Surya with the golden hair, ascend for us day
after day, still bringing purer innocence.

10 Bless us with shine, bless us with perfect
daylight, bless us with cold, with fervent heat
and lustre.

Bestow on us, O Surya, varied riches, to bless
us in our home and when we travel.

11 Gods, to our living creatures of both kinds
vouchsafe protection, both to bipeds and to
quadrupeds,

That they may drink and eat invigorating food.
So grant us health and strength and perfect
innocence.

12 If by some grievous sin we have provoked
the Gods, O Deities, with the tongue or
thoughtlessness of heart,

That guilt, O Vasus, lay upon the Evil One, on
him who ever leads us into deep distress.

HYMN XXXVIII. Indra.

1. O INDRA, in this battle great and glorious, in
this loud din of war help us to victory,
Where in the strife for kine among bold ring-
decked men arrows fly all around and heroes are
subdued.

2 At home disclose to us opulence rich in food,
streaming with milk, O Indra, meet to be
renowned.

Sakra, may we be thine, the friendly
Conqueror's: even as we desire, O Vasu, so do
thou.

3 The godless man, much-lauded Indra, whether
he be Dasa or be Arya, who would war with us,-
Easy to conquer he for thee, with us, these foes:
with thee may we subdue them in the clash of
fight.

4 Him who must be invoked by many and by
few, who standeth nigh with comfort in the war
of men,

Indra, famed Hero, winner in the deadly strife,
let us bring hitherward to-day to favour us.

5 For, Indra, I have heard thee called Self.
capturer, One, Steer! who never yields, who
urges even the churl.

Release thyself from Kutsa and come hither.
How shall one like thee sit still bound that he
may not move?

HYMN XXXIX. Asvins.

1. As 'twere the name of father, easy to invoke,
we all assembled here invoke this Car of yours,
Asvins, your swiftly-rolling circumambient Car
which he who worships must invoke at eve and
dawn.

2 Awake all pleasant strains and let the hymns
flow forth: raise up abundant fulness: this is our
desire.

Asvins, bestow on us a glorious heritage, and
give our princes treasure fair as Soma is.

3 Ye are the bliss of her who groweth old at
home, and helpers of the slow although he
linger last.

Men call you too, Nasatyas, healers of the blind,
the thin and feeble, and the man with broken
bones.

4 Ye made Cyavana, weak and worn with length
of days, young again, like a car, that he had
power to move.

Ye lifted up the son of Tugra from the floods.
At our libations must all these your acts be
praised.

5 We will declare among the folk your ancient
deeds heroic; yea, ye were Physicians bringing
health.

You, you who must be lauded, will we bring for
aid, so that this foe of ours, O Asvins, may
believe.

6 Listen to me, O Asvins; I have cried to you.
Give me-your aid as sire and mother aid their
son.

Poor, without kin or friend or ties of blood am I.
Save me before it be too late, from this my
curse.

7 Ye, mounted on your chariot brought to
Vimada the comely maid of Purumitra as a
bride.

Ye, came unto the calling of the weakling's
dame, and granted noble offspring to the happy
wife.

8 Ye gave a ain the vigour of his youthful life to
tge sage Kali when old age was coming nigh.
Ye rescued Vandana and raised him from the

pit, and in a moment gave Vispala power to move.

9 Ye Asvins Twain, endowed with manly strength, brought forth Reblia when hidden in the cave and well-nigh dead,

Freed Saptavatliri, and for Atri caused the pit heated with fire to be a pleasant resting-place.

10 On Pedu ye bestowed, Asvins, a courser white, mighty with nine-and-ninety varied gifts of strength,

A horse to be renowned, who bore his friend at speed, joy-giving, Bhaga-like to be invoked of men.

11 From no side, ye Two Kings whom none may check or stay, doth grief, distress, or danger come u on the man

Whom, Asvins swift to hear, borne on your glowing path, ye with your Consort make the foremost in the race.

12 Come on that Chariot which the Rbhus wrought for you, the Chariot, Asvins, that is speedier than thought,

At harnessing whereof Heaven's Daughter springs to birth, and from Vivasvan come auspicious Night and Day.

13 Come, Conquerors of the sundered mountain, to our home, Asvins who made the cow stream milk for Sayu's sake,

Ye who delivered even from the wolf's deep throat and set again at liberty the swallowed quail.

14 We have prepared this laud for you, O Asvins, and, like the Bhrgus, as a car have framed it,

Have decked it as a maid to meet the bridegroom, and brought it as a son, our stay for ever.

HYMN XL. Asvins.

1. YOUR radiant Chariot-whither goes it on its way?-who decks it for you, Heroes, for its happy course,

Starting at daybreak, visiting each morning every house, borne hitherward through prayer unto the sacrifice?

2 Where are ye, Asvins, in the evening, where at morn? Where is your haltingplace, where rest ye for the night?

Who brings you homeward, as the widow
bedward draws her husband's brother, as the
bride attracts the groom?

3 Early ye sing forth praise as with a herald's
voice, and, meet for worship, go each morning
to the house.

Whom do ye ever bring to ruin? Unto whose
libations come ye, Heroes, like two Sons of
Kings?

4 Even as hunters follow two wild elephants, we
with oblations call you down at morn and eve.
To folk who pay you offerings at appointed
times, Chiefs, Lords of splendour, ye bring food
to strengthen them.

5 To you, O Asvins, came the daughter of a
King, Ghosa, and said, O Heroes, this I beg of
you:

Be near me in the day, be near me in the night:
help me to gain a car-borne chieftain rich in
steeds.

6 O Asvins, ye are wise: as Kutsa comes to
men, bring your car nigh the folk of him who
sings your praise.

The bee, O Asvins, bears your honey in her
mouth, as the maid carries it purified in her
hand.

7 To Bhujyu and to Vasa ye come near with
help, O Asvins, to Sinjara and to Usana.

Your worshipper secures your friendship for
himself. Through your protection I desire
felicity.

8 Krsa and Sayu ye protect, ye Asvins Twain:
ye Two assist the widow and the worshipper;
And ye throw open, Asvins, unto those who win
the cattle-stall that thunders with its serenfold
mouth.

9 The Woman hath brought forth, the Infant
hath appeared, the plants of wondrous beauty
straightway have sprung up.

To him the rivers run as down a deep descent,
and he this day becomes their master and their
lord.

10 They mourn the living, cry aloud, at
sacrifice: the men have set their thoughts upon a
distant cast.

A lovely thing for fathers who have gathered
here,-a joy to husbands,-are the wives their arms
shall clasp

11 Of this we have no knowledge. Tell it forth
to us, now the youth rests within the chambers
of the bride.

Fain would we reach the dwelling of the
vigorous Steer who loves the kine, O Asvins:
this is our desire.

12 Your favouring grace hath come, ye Lords of
ample wealth: Asvins, our longings are stored
up within your hearts.

Ye, Lords of splendour, have become our
twofold guard: may we as welcome friends
reach Aryaman's abode.

13 Even so, rejoicing in the dwelling-place of
man, give hero sons and riches to the eloquent.
Make a ford, Lords of splendour, where men
well may drink: remove the spiteful tree-stump
standing in the path.

14 O Asvins, Wonder-Workers, Lords of lustre,
where and with what folk do ye delight
yourselves to-day?

Who hath detained them with him? Whither are
they gone? Unto what sage's or what
worshipper's abode?

HYMN XLI. Asvins.

1. THAT general Car of yours, invoked by
many a man, that comes to our libations, three-
wheeled, meet for lauds,
That circumambient Car, worthy of sacrifice,
we call with our pure hymns at earliest flush of
dawn.

2 Ye, O Nasatyas, mount that early-harnessed
Car, that travels early, laden with its freight of
balm,

Wherewith ye, Heroes, visit clans who sacrifice,
even the poor man's worship where the priest
attends.

3 If to the deft Adhvaryu with the meath in
hand, or to the Kindler firm in strength, the
household friend,
Or to the sage's poured libations ye approach,
come thence, O Asvins, now to drink the
offered meath.

HYMN XLII. Indra.

1. EVEN as an archer shoots afar his arrow,
offer the laud to him with meet adornment.
Quell with your voice the wicked's voice, O

sages. Singer, make Indra rest beside the Soma.
 2 Draw thy Friend to thee like a cow at milking:
 O Singer, wake up Indra as a lover.
 Make thou the Hero haste to give us riches even
 as a vessel filled brimful with treasure.
 3 Why, Maghavan, do they call thee Bounteous;
 Giver? Quicken me: thou, I hear, art he who
 quickens.
 Sakra, let my intelligence be active, and bring
 us luck that finds great wealth, O Indra.
 4 Standing, in battle for their rights, together,
 the people, Indra, in the fray invoke thee.
 Him who brings gifts the Hero makes his
 comrade: with him who pours no juice he seeks
 not friendship.
 5 Whoso with plenteous food for him expresses
 strong Somas as much quickly-coming treasure,
 For him he overthrows in early morning his
 swift well-weaponed foes, and slays the tyrant.
 6 He unto whom we offer praises, Indra,
 Maghavan, who hath joined to ours his wishes,-
 Before him even afar the foe must tremble: low
 before him must bow all human glories.
 7 With thy fierce bolt, O God invoked of many,
 drive to a distance from afar the foeman.
 O Indra, give us wealth in corn and cattle, and
 make thy singer's prayer gain strength and
 riches.
 8 Indra, the swallower of strong libations rich in
 the boons they bring, the potent Somas,
 He, Maghavan, will not restrict his bounty he
 brings much wealth unto the Soma-presser.
 9 Yea, by superior play he wins advantage,
 when he, a gambler, piles his gains in season.
 Celestial-natured, he o'erwhelms with riches the
 devotee who keeps not back his treasure.
 10 O Much-invoked, may we subdue all famine
 and evil want with store of grain and cattle.
 May we allied, as first in rank, with princes
 obtain possessions by our own exertion.
 11 Brhaspati protect us from the rearward, and
 from above, and from below, from sinners!
 May Indra from the front, and from the centre,
 as Friend to friends, vouchsafe us room and
 freedom.

HYMN XLIII. Indra.

1. IN perfect unison all yearning hymns of mine

that find the light of heaven have sung forth
Indra's praise.

As wives embrace their lord, the comely
bridegroom, so they compass Maghavan about
that he may help.

2 Directed unto thee my spirit never strays, for I
have set my hopes on thee, O Much-invoked!
Sit, Wonderful! as King upon the sacred grass,
and let thy drinking-place be by the Soma juice.
3 From indigence and hunger Indra turns away:
Maghavan hath dominion over precious wealth.
These the Seven Rivers flowing on their
downward path increase the vital vigour of the
potent Steer.

4 As on the fair-leafed tree rest birds, to Indra
flow the gladdening Soma juices that the bowls
contain.

Their face that glows with splendour through
their mighty power hath found the shine of
heaven for man, the Aryas' light.

5 As in the game a gambler piles his winnings,
so Maghavan, sweeping all together, gained the
Sun

This mighty deed of thine none other could
achieve, none, Maghavan, before thee, none in
recent time.

6 Maghavan came by turns to all the tribes of
men: the Steer took notice of the people's songs
of praise.

The man in whose libations Sakra hath delight
by means of potent Somas vanquisheth his foes.

7 When Soma streams together unto Indra flow
like waters to the river, rivulets to the lake,
In place of sacrifice sages exalt his might, as the
rain swells the corn by moisture sent from
heaven.

8 He rushes through the region like a furious
Bull, he who hath made these floods the dames
of worthy lords.

This Maghavan hath found light for the man
who brings oblation, sheds the juice, and
promptly pours his gifts.

9 Let the keen axe come forth together with the
light: here be, as erst, the teeming cow of
sacrifice.

Let the Red God shine bright with his refulgent
ray, and let the Lord of heroes glow like
heaven's clear sheen.

10 O Much-invoked, may we subdue all famine
and evil want with store of grain and cattle.
May we allied, as first in rank, with princes
obtain possessions by our own exertion.
11 Brhaspati protect us from the rearward, and
from above, and from below, from sinners.
May Indra from the front, and from the centre,
as Friend to friends, vouchsafe us room and
freedom.

HYMN XLIV. Indra.

1. MAY Sovran Indra come to the carousal, he
who by Holy Law is strong and active,
The overcomer of all conquering forces with his
great steer-like power that hath no limit.

2 Firm-seated is thy car, thy Steeds are docile;
thy hand, O King, holds, firmly grasped, the
thunder.

On thy fair path, O Lord of men, come quickly:
we will increase thy powers when thou hast
drunken.

3 Let strong and mighty Steeds who bear this
Mighty Indra, the Lord of men, whose arm
wields thunder,

Bring unto us, as sharers of our banquet, the
Steer of conquering might, of real vigour.

4 So like a Bull thou rushest to the Lord who
loves the trough, the Sage, the prop of vigour, in
the vat,

Prepare thine energies, collect them in thyself:
be for our profit as the Master of the wise.

5 May precious treasures come to us-so will I
pray. Come to the votary's gift offered with
beauteous laud.

Thou art the Lord, as such sit on this holy grass:
thy vessels are inviolate as Law commands.

6 Far went our earlist invocation of the Gods,
and won us glories that can never be surpassed.
They who could not ascend the ship of sacrifice,
sink down in desolation, trembling with alarm.

7 So be the others, evil-hearted, far away, whose
horses, difficult to harness, have been yoked.
Here in advance men stand anear to offer gifts,
by whom full many a work that brings reward is
done.

8 He firmly fixed the plains and mountains as
they shook. Dyaus thundered forth and made the
air's mid-region quake.

He stays apart the two confronting bowls; he
sings lauds in the potent Soma's joy when he
hath drunk.

9 I bear this deftly-fashioned goad of thine,
wherewith thou, Maghavan, shalt break the
strickers with the hoof.

At this libation mayst thou be well satisfied.
Partake the juice, partake the worship,
Maghavan.

10 O Much-invoked, may we subdue all famine
and evil want with store of grain and cattle.
May we allied, as first in rank, with princes
obtain possessions by our own exertion.

11 Brhaspati protect us from the rearward, and
from above, and from below, from sinners.
May Indra from the front and from the centre, as
Friend to friends, vouchsafe us room and
freedom.

HYMN XLV. Agni.

1. FIRST Agni sprang to life from out of
Heaven: the second time from us came
Jatavedas.

Thirdly the Manly-souled was in the waters.
The pious lauds and kindles him the Eternal.

2 Agni, we know thy three powers in three
stations, we know thy forms in many a place
divided.

We know what name supreme thou hast in
secret: we know the source from which thou
hast proceeded.

3 The Manly-souled lit thee in sea and waters,
man's Viewer lit thee in the breast of heaven,
There as thou stoodest in the third high region
the Steers increased thee in the water's bosom.

4 Agni roared out, like Dyaus what time he
thunders: he licked the ground about the plants
he flickered.

At once, when born, he looked around
enkindled, and lightened heaven and earth
within with splendour.

5 The spring of glories and support of riches,
rouser of thoughts and guardian of the Soma,
Good Son of Strength, a King amid the waters,
in forefront of the Dawns he shines enkindled.

6 Germ of the world, ensign of all creation, be
sprang to life and filled the earth and heavens.
Even the firm rock he cleft when passing over,

when the Five Tribes brought sacrifice to Agni.
 7 So among mortals was Immortal Agni
 established as holy wise and willing envoy.
 He waves the red smoke that he lifts above him,
 striving to reach the heavens with radiant lustre.
 8 Like gold to look on, far he shone refulgent,
 beaming imperishable life for glory,
 Agni by vital powers became immortal when his
 prolific Father Dyaus begat him.
 9 Whoso this day, O God whose flames are
 lovely, prepares a cake, O Agni, mixt with
 butter,
 Lead thou and further him to higher fortune, to
 bliss bestowed by Gods, O thou Most Youthful.
 10 Endow him, Agni, with a share of glory, at
 every song of praise sung forth enrich him.
 Dear let him be to Surya, dear to Agni,
 preeminent with son and children's children.
 11 While, Agni, day by day men pay thee
 worship they win themselves all treasures worth
 the wishing.
 Allied with thee, eager and craving riches, they
 have disclosed the stable filled with cattle.
 12 Agni, the Friend of men, the Soma's keeper,
 Vaisvanara, hath been lauded by the Rsis.
 We will invoke benignant Earth and Heaven: ye
 Deities, give us wealth with hero children.

HYMN XLVI. Agni.

1. STABLISHED for thee, to lend thee vital
 forces, Giver of wealth, Guard of his servant's
 body.
 The Great Priest, born, who knows the clouds,
 Abider with men, is seated in the lap of waters.
 2 Worshipping, seeking him with adoration like
 some lost creature followed by its footprints,
 Wise Bhrgus, yearning in their hearts, pursued
 him, and found him lurking where the floods are
 gathered.
 3 On the Cow's forehead, with laborious
 searching, Trita, the offspring of Vibhiavas,
 found him.
 Born in our houses, Youthful, joy-bestower, he
 now becomes the central point of brightness.
 4 Yearning, with homage, they have set and
 made him blithe Priest among mankind,
 oblation-bearer,

Leader of rites and Purifier, envoy of men, as
sacrifice that still advances.

5 The foolish brought the ne'er-bewildered
forward, great, Victor, Song-inspirer, Fort-
destroyer.

Leading the Youth gold-bearded, like a courser
gleaming with wealth, they turned their hymn to
profit.

6 Holding his station firmly in the houses, Trita
sat down within his home surrounded
Thence, as Law bids, departs the Tribes'
Companion having collected men with no
compulsion.

7 His are the fires, eternal, purifying, that make
the houses move, whose smoke is shining,
White, waxing in their strength, for ever
stirring, and sitting in the wood; like winds are
Somas.

8 The tongue of Agni bears away the
praisesong, and, through his care for Earth, her
operations.

Him, bright and radiant, living men have
stablished as their blithe Priest, the Chief of
Sacrificers.

9 That Agni, him whom Heaven and Earth
engendered, the Waters. Tvastar, and with
might, the Bhrgus,

Him Matarisvan and the Gods have fashioned
holy for man and first to be entreated.

10 Agni, whom Gods have made oblationbearer,
and much-desiring men regard as holy,
Give life to him who lauds thee when he
worships, and then shall glorious men in troops
adore thee.

HYMN XLVII. Indra Vaikuntha.

1. THY right hand have we grasped in ours, O
Indra, longing for treasure, Treasure-Lord of
treasures!

Because we know thee, Hero, Lord of cattle:
vouchsafe us mighty and resplendent riches.

2 Wealth, fully armed, good guard and kind
protector, sprung from four seas, the prop and
stay of treasures,

Fraught with great bounties, meet for praise and
glory; vouchsafe us mighty and resplendent
riches.

3 Wealth, with good Brahmans, Indra! God-

attended, high, wide, and deep, arid based on
 broad foundations,
 Strong, with famed Rsis, conquering our
 foemen: vouchsafe us mighty and resplendent
 riches.
 4 Victorious, winning strength, with hero sages,
 confirmed in power, most useful, wealth-
 attracting,
 True, Indra! crushing forts and slaying Dasyus:
 vouchsafe us mighty and resplendent riches.
 5 Wealthy in heroes and in cars and horses,
 strength hundredfold and thousandfold, O Indra,
 With manly sages, happy troops, light-winning:
 vouchsafe us mighty and resplendent riches.
 6 To Saptagu the sage, the holy-minded, to him,
 Brhaspati, the song approaches,
 Angiras' Son who must be met with homage:
 vouchsafe us mighty and resplendent riches.
 7 My lauds, like envoys, craving loving-
 kindness, go forth to Indra with their strong
 entreaty,
 Moving his heart and uttered by my spirit:
 vouchsafe us mighty and resplendent riches.
 8 Grant us the boon for which I pray, O Indra, a
 spacious home unmatched among the people.
 To this may Heaven and Earth accord approval:
 vouchsafe us mighty and resplendent riches.

HYMN XLVIII. Indra Vaikuntha.

1. I WAS the first possessor of all precious gear:
 the wealth of every man I win and gather up.
 On me as on a Father living creatures call; I deal
 enjoyment to tho. man who offers gifts.
 2 I, Indra, am Atharvan's stay and firm support:
 I brought forth kine to Trita from the Dragon's
 grasp.
 I stripped the Dasyus of their manly might, and
 gave the cattle-stalls to Matarigvan and
 Dadhyac.
 3 For me hath Tvastar forged the iron
 thunderbolt: in me the Gods have centred
 intellectual power.
 My sheen is like the Sun's insufferably bright:
 men honour me as Lord for past and future
 deeds.
 4 I won myself these herds of cattle, steeds and
 kine, and gold in ample store, with my
 destructive bolt.

I give full many a thousand to the worshipper,
what time the Somas and the lauds have made
me glad.

5 Indra am I none ever wins my wealth from me
never at any time am I a thrall to death.

Pressing the Soma, ask riches from me alone:
ye, Purus, in my friendship shall not suffer
harm.

6 These, breathing loud in fury, two and two,
who caused Indra to bring his bolt of thunder to
the fray,

The challengers, I struck with deadly weapon
down: firm stand what words the God speaks to
his worshippers.

This One by stronger might I conquered singly;
yea, also two: shall three prevail against me?

Like many sheaves upon the floor I thrash them.

How can my foes, the Indralless, revile me?

8 Against the Gungus I made Atithigva strong,
and kept him mid the folk like Vrtra-conquering
strength,

When I won glory in the great foe-slaying fight,
in battle where Karanja fell, and Parnaya.

9 With food for mine enjoyment Sapyā Nami
came: he joined me as a friend of old in search
of kine.

As I bestowed on him an arrow for the fight I
made him worthy of the song and hymn of
praise.

10 One of the two hath Soma, seen within it; the
Herdsman with the bone shows forth the other.
He, fain to fight the Bull whose horns were
sharpened, stood fettered in the demon's ample
region.

11 I, as a God, ne'er violate the statutes of Gods,
of Vasus, Rudriyas, Adityas.

These Gods have formed me for auspicious
vigour, unconquered and invincible for ever.

HYMN XLIX. Indra Vaikuntha.

1. I HAVE enriched the singer with surpassing
wealth; I have allowed the holy hymn to
strengthen me.

I, furtherer of him who offers sacrifice, have
conquered in each fight the men who worship
not.

2 The People of the heavens, the waters, and the
earth have stablished me among the Gods with

Indra's name.

I took unto myself the two swift vigorous Bays
that speed on divers paths, and the fierce bolt
for strength.

3 With deadly blows I smote Atka for Kavi's
sake; I guarded Kutsa well with these saving
helps.

As Susna's slayer I brandished the dart of death:
I gave not up the Aryan name to Dasyu foes.

4 Smadibha, Tugra, and the Vetasus I gave as
prey to Kutsa, father-like, to succour him.

I was a worthy King to rule the worshipper,
when I gave Tuji dear inviolable gifts.

5 I gave up Mrgaya to Srutarvan as his prey
because he ever followed me and kept my laws.
For Ayu's sake I caused Veta to bend and bow,
and into Savya's hand delivered Padgrbhi.

6 1, I crushed Navavastva of the lofty car, the
Dasa, as the Vrtra-slayer kills the fiends;
When straightway on the region's farthest edge I
brought the God who makes the lights to
broaden and increase.

7 I travel round about borne onward in my
might by the fleet-footed dappled Horses of the
Sun.

When man's libation calls me to the robe of
state I soon repel the powerful Dasyu with my
blows.

8 Stronger am I than Nabus, I who slew the
seven: I glorified with might Yadu and Turvaga.
I brought another low, with strength I bent his
strength: I let the mighty nine-and-ninety wax in
power.

9 Bull over all the streams that flow along the
earth, I took the Seven Rivers as mine own
domain.

I, gifted with great wisdom, spread the floods
abroad: by war I found for man the way to high
success.

10 I set within these cows the white milk which
no God, not even Tvastar's self, had there
deposited,-

Much-longed-for, in the breasts, the udders of
the kine, the savoury sweets of meath, the milk
and Soma juice.

11 Even thus hath Indra Maghavan, truly
bounteous, sped Gods and men with mighty
operation.

The pious glorify all these thine exploits, Lord
of Bay Coursers, Strong, and Selfresplendent.

HYMN L. Indra Vaikuntha.

1. I LAUD your Mighty One who joyeth in the
juice, him who is shared by all men, who
created all;

Indra, whose conquering strength is powerful in
war, whose fame and manly vigour Heaven and
Earth revere.

2 He with his friend is active, lauded, good to
man, Indra who must be glorified by one like
me.

Hero, Lord of the brave, all cars are thy delight,
warring with Vrtra, or for waters, or for spoil.

3 Who are the men whom thou wilt further,
Indra, who strive to win thy bliss allied with
riches?

Who urged thee forward to exert thy power
divine, to valour, in the war for waters on their
fields?

4 Thou, Indra, through the holy prayer art
mighty, worthy of sacrifice at all libations.

In every fight thou castest heroes on the ground:
thou art the noblest song, O Lord of all the folk.

5 Help now, as Highest, those who toil at
sacrifice: well do the people know thy great
protecting might.

Thou shalt be Everlasting, Giver of success yea,
on all these libations thou bestowest strength.

6 All these libations thou makest effectual, of
which thou art thyself supporter, Son of Power.
Therefore thy vessel is to be esteemed the best,
sacrifice, holy text, prayer, and exalted speech.

7 They who with flowing Soma pray to thee, O
Sage, to pour on them thy gifts of opulence and
wealth,

May they come forward, through their spirit, on
the path of bliss, in the wild joy of Soma juice
effused.

HYMN LI. Agni. Gods.

1. LARGE was that covering, and firm of
texture, folded wherein thou enteredst the
waters.

One Deity alone, O Jatavedas Agni, saw all thy
forms in sundry places.

2 What God hath seen me? Who of all their

number clearly beheld my forms in many
places?

Where lie, then, all the sacred logs of Agni that
lead him God-ward, Varuna and Mitra?

3 In many places, Agni Jatavedas, we sought
thee hidden in the plants and waters.

Then Yama marked thee, God of wondrous
splendour! effulgent from thy tenfold secret
dwelling,

4 I fled in fear from sacrificial worship, Varuna,
lest the Gods should thus engage me.

Thus were my forms laid down in many places.
This, as my goal, I Agni saw before me.

5 Come; man is pious and would fain do
worship, he waits prepared: in gloom thou,
Agni, dwellest.

Make pathways leading God-ward clear and
easy, and bear oblations with a kindly spirit.

6 This goal mine elder brothers erst selected, as
he who drives a car the way to travel.

So, Varuna, I fled afar through terror, as flies the
wild-bull from an archer's bowstring.

7 We give thee life unwasting, Jatavedas, so
that, employed, thou never shalt be injured.

So, nobly born! shalt thou with kindly spirit
bear to the Gods their share of men's oblations.

8 Grant me the first oblations and the latter,
entire, my forceful shares of holy presents,
The soul of plants, the fatness of the waters, and
let there be long life, ye Gods, to Agni.

9 Thine be the first oblations and the latter,
entire, thy forceful shares of holy presents.

Let all this sacrifice be thine, O Agni, and let
the world's four regions how before thee.

HYMN LII. Gods.

1. INSTRUCT me, all ye Gods, how I, elected
your Priest, must seat me here, and how address
you.

Instruct me how to deal to each his portion, and
by what ' path to bring you man's oblation.

2 I sit as Priest most skilled in sacrificing: the
Maruts and all Deities impel me.

Asvins, each day yours is the Adhvaryu's duty:
Brahman and wood are here: 'tis yours to offer.

3 Who is the Priest? Is he the Priest of Yama?
On whom is thrust this God-appointed honour?
He springs to life each month, each day that

passes; so Gods have made him their oblation-bearer.

4 The Gods have made me bearer of oblations, who slipped away and passed through many troubles.

Wise Agni shall ordain for us the worship, whether five-wayed, threefold, or seven-threaded.

5 So will I win you strength and life for ever. O Gods, that I may give you room and freedom. To Indra's arms would I consign the thunder; in all these battles shall he then be victor.

6 The Deities three hundred and thirty-nine, have served and honoured Agni, Strewn sacred grass, anointed him with butter, and seated him as Priest, the Gods' Invoker.

HYMN LIII. Agni Saucika Gods.

1. HE hath arrived, he whom we sought with longing, who skilled in sacrifice well knows its courses.

Let him discharge his sacrificial duties: let him sit down as Friend who was before Us.

2 Best Priest, he hath been won by being seated, for he hath looked on the well-ordered viands. Come, let us worship Gods who must be worshipped, and pouring oil, laud those who should be lauded.

3 Now hath he made the feast of Gods effective: now have we found the secret tongue of worship.

Now hath he come, sweet, robed in vital vigour, and made our calling on the Gods effective.

4 This prelude of my speech I now will utter, whereby we Gods may quell our Asura foemen. Eaters of strengthening food who merit worship, O ye Five Tribes, be pleased with mine oblation.

5 May the Five Tribes be pleased with mine oblation, and the Cow's Sons and all who merit worship.

From earthly trouble may the earth protect us, and air's mid realm from woe that comes from heaven.

6 Spinning the thread, follow the region's splendid light: guard thou the path ways well which wisdom hath prepared.

Weave ye the knotless labour of the bards who
sing: be Manu thou, and bring the Heavenly
People forth.

7 Lovers of Soma, bind the chariot traces fast:
set ye the reins in order and embellish them.
Bring hitherward the car with seats where eight
may sit, whereon the Gods have brought the
treasure that we love.

8 Here flows Asmanvati: hold fast each other,
keep yourselves up, and pass, my friends, the
river.

There let us leave the Powers that brought no
profit, and cross the flood to Powers that are
auspicious.

9 Tvastar, most deft of workmen, knew each
magic art, bringing most blessed bowls that hold
the drink of Gods.

His axe, wrought of good metal, he is
sharpening now, wherewith the radiant
Brahmanaspati will cut.

10 Now, O ye Sapient Ones, make ye the axes
sharp wherewith ye fashion bowls to hold the
Amrta.

Knowing the secret places make ye ready that
whereby the Gods have gotten immortality.

11 Ye with a secret tongue and dark intention
laid the maiden deep within, the calf within the
mouth.

They evermore are near us with their gracious
help: successful is the song that strives for
victory.

HYMN LIV. Indra.

1. I SING thy fame that, Maghavan, through thy
Greatness the heavens and earth invoked thee in
their terror,

Thou, aiding Gods, didst quell the power of
Dasas, what time thou holpest many a race, O
Indra.

2 When thou wast roaming, waxen strong in
body, telling thy might, Indra, among the
people,

All that men called thy battles was illusion: no
foe hast thou to-day, nor erst hast found one.

3 Who are the Rsis, then, who comprehended
before our time the bounds of all thy greatness?
For from thy body thou hast generated at the
same time the Mother and the Father.

4 Thou, Mighty Steer, hast four supremest
natures, Asura natures that may ne'er be injured.
All these, O Maghavan, thou surely knowest,
wherewith thou hast performed thy great
achievements.

5 Thou hast all treasures in thy sole possession,
treasures made manifest and treasures hidden.
Defer not thou, O Maghavan, my longing: thou,
art Director, Indra, thou art Giver.

6 To him who set the light in things of
splendour, and with all sweetness blent essential
sweetness,
To Indra hath this welcome hymn that
strengthens been uttered by the votary
Brhaduktha.

HYMN LV. Indra.

1. FAR is that secret name by which, in terror,
the worlds invoked thee and thou gavest vigour
The earth and heaven thou settest near each
other, and Maghavan, madest bright thy
Brother's Children.

2 Great is that secret name and far-extending,
whereby thou madest all that is and shall be.
The Five Tribes whom he loveth well have
entered the light he loveth that was made
aforetime.

3 He filled the heaven and earth and all between
them, Gods five times sevenfold in their proper
seasons.

With four-and-thirty lights he looks around him,
lights of one colour though their ways are
divers.

4 As first among the lights, O Dawn, thou
shonest, whereby thou broughtest forth the Stay
of Increase,

Great art thou, matchless is thine Asura nature,
who, high above, art kin to those beneath thee.

5 The old hath waked the young Moon from his
slumber who runs his circling course with many
round him.

Behold the Gods' high wisdom in its greatness:
he who died yesterday to-day is living.

6 Strong is the Red Bird in his strength, great
Hero, who from of old hath had no nest to dwell
in.

That which he knows is truth and never idle: he
wins and gives the wealth desired of many.

7 Through these the Thunderer gained strong
manly vigour, through whom he waxed in
power to smite down Vrtra,-
Who through the might of Indra's operation
came forth as Gods in course of Law and Order.
8 All-strong, performing works with his
companion, All-marking, rapid Victor, Curse-
avorter,
The Hero, waxing, after draughts of Soma, blew
far from heaven the Dasyus with his weapon.

HYMN LVI. Visvedevas.

1. HERE is one light for thee, another yonder:
enter the third and he therewith united.
Uniting with a body be thou welcome, dear to
the Gods in their sublimest birthplace.
2 Bearing thy body, Vajin, may thy body afford
us blessing and thyself protection.
Unswerving, stablish as it were in heaven thine
own light as the mighty God's supporter.
3 Strong Steed art thou: go to the yearning
Maidens with vigour, happily go to heaven and
praises:
Fly happily to the Gods with easy passage,
according to the first and faithful statutes.
4 Part of their grandeur have the Fathers also
gained: the Gods have seated mental power in
them as Gods.
They have embraced within themselves all
energies, which, issuing forth, again into their
bodies pass.
5 They strode through all the region with
victorious might, establishing the old
immeasurable laws.
They compassed in their bodies all existing
things, and streamed forth offspring in many
successive forms.
6 In two ways have the sons established in his
place the Asura who finds the light, by the third
act,
As fathers, they have set their heritage on earth,
their offspring, as a thread continuously spun
out.
7 As in a ship through billows, so through
regions of air, with blessings, through toils and
troubles
Hath Brhaduktha brought his seed with glory,

and placed it here and in the realms beyond us.

HYMN LVII. Visvedevas.

1. LET us not, Indra, leave the path, the Soma-
presser's sacrifice:
Let no malignity dwell with us.
2 May we obtain, completely wrought, the
thread spun out to reach the Gods,
That perfecteth the sacrifice.
3 We call the spirit hither with the Soma of our
parted sires,
Yea, with the Fathers' holy hymns.
4 Thy spirit come to thee again for wisdom,
energy, and lire,
That thou mayst long behold the sun!
5 O Fathers, may the Heavenly Folk give us our
spirit once again,
That we may be with those who live.
6 O Soma with the spirit still within us, blest
with progeny,
May we be busied in the law.

HYMN LVIII. Manas or Spirit.

1. THY spirit, that went far away to Yama to
Vivasvan's Son,
We cause to come to thee again that thou mayst
live and sojourn here.
2 Thy spirit, that went far away, that passed
away to earth and heaven,
We cause to come to thee again that thou mayst
live and sojourn here.
3 Thy spirit, that went far away, away to the
four-cornered earth,
We cause to come to thee again that thou mayst
live and sojourn here.
4 Thy spirit, that went far away to the four
quarters of the world,
We cause to come to thee again that thou mayst
live and sojourn here.
5 Thy spirit, that went far away, away unto the
billowy sea,
We cause to come to thee again that thou mayst
live and sojourn here.
6 Thy spirit, that went far away to beams of
light that flash and flow,
We cause to come to thee again that thou mayst

live and sojourn here.

7 Thy spirit, that went far away, went to the
waters and the plants,
We cause to come to thee again that thou mayst
live and sojourn here.

8 Thy spirit, that went far away, that visited the
Sun and Dawn.

We cause to come to thee again that thou mayst
live and sojourn here.

9 Thy spirit, that went far away, away to lofty
mountain heights,
We cause to come to thee again that thou mayst
live and sojourn here.

10 Thy spirit, that went far away into this All,
that lives and moves,
We cause to come to thee again that thou mayst
live and sojourn here.

11 Thy spirit, that went far away to distant
realms beyond our ken,
We cause to come to thee again that thou mayst
live and sojourn here.

12 Thy spirit, that went far away to all that is
and is to be,
We cause to come to thee again that thou mayst
live and sojourn here.

HYMN LIX. Nirrti and Others.

1. His life hath been renewed and carried
forward as two men, car-borne, by the skilful
driver.

One falls, then seeks the goal with quickened
vigour. Let Nirrti depart to distant places.

2 Here is the psalm for wealth, and food, in
plenty: let us do many deeds to bring us glory.
All these our doings shall delight the singer. Let
Nirrti depart to distant places.

3 May we o'ercome our foes with acts of valour,
as heaven is over earth, hills over lowlands.

All these our deeds the singer hath considered.
Let Nirrti depart to distant places.

4 Give us not up as prey to death, O Sorna still
let us look upon the Sun arising.
Let our old age with passing days be kindly. Let
Nirrti depart to distant places.

5 O Asuniti, keep the soul within us, and make
the days we have to live yet longer.

Grant that we still may look upon the sunlight:
strengthen thy body with the oil we bring thee.

6 Give us our sight again, O Asuniti, give us
again our breath and our enjoyment.
Long may we look upon the Sun uprising; O
Anumati, favour thou and bless us.
7 May Earth restore to us our vital spirit, may
Heaven the Goddess and mid-air restore it.
May Soma give us once again our body, and
Pusan show the Path of peace and comfort.
8 May both Worlds bless Subandhu, young
Mothers of everlasting Law.
May Heaven and Earth uproot and sweep
iniquity and shame away: nor sin nor sorrow
trouble thee.
9 Health-giving medicines descend sent down
from heaven in twos and threes,
Or wandering singly on the earth. May Heaven
and Earth uproot and sweep iniquity and shame
away: nor sin nor sorrow trouble thee.
10 Drive forward thou the wagon-ox, O Indra,
which brought Usinarani's wagon hither.
May Heaven and Earth uproot and sweep
iniquity and shame away: nor sin nor sorrow
trouble thee.

HYMN LX. Asamati and Others.-

1. BRINGING our homage we have come to
one magnificent in look.
Glorified of the mighty Gods
2 To Asamati, spring of gifts, lord of the brave,
a radiant car,
The conqueror of Bhajeratha
3 Who, when the spear hath armed his hand, or
even weaponless o'erthrows
Men strong as buffaloes in fight;
4 Him in whose service flourishes Ikshvaku, rich
and dazzling-bright.
As the Five Tribes that are in heaven.
5 Indra, support the princely power of
Rathaprosthas matched by none,
Even as the Sun for all to see.
6 Thou for Agastya's sister's sons yokest thy
pair of ruddy steeds.
Thou trodest niggards under foot, all those, O
King, who brought no gifts.
7 This is the mother, this the sire, this one hath
come to be thy life.
What brings thee forth is even this. Now come,
Subandhu, get thee forth.

8 As with the leather thong they bind the chariot
yoke to hold it fast,
So have I held thy spirit fast, held it for life and
not for death, held it for thy security.
9 Even as this earth, the mighty earth, holds fast
the monarchs of the wood.
So have I held thy spirit fast, held it for life and
not for death, held it for thy security.
10 Subandlin's spirit I have brought from Yarna,
from Vivasvan's Son,
Brought it for life and not for death, yea,
brought it for security.
11 The wind blows downward from on high,
downward the Sun-God sends his heat,
Downward the milch-cow pours her milk: so
downward go thy pain and grief.
12 Felicitous is this mine hand, yet more
felicitous is this.
This hand contains all healing balms, and this
makes whole with gentle touch.

HYMN LXI. Visvedevas.

1. THE welcome speaker in the storm of battle
uttered with might this prayer to win the Asvins,
When the most liberal God, for Paktha, rescued
his parents, and assailed the seven Hotras.
2 Cyavana, purposing deceptive presents, with
all ingredients, made the altar ready.
Most sweet-voiced Turvayana poured oblations
like floods of widely fertilizing water.
3 To his oblations, swift as thought, ye hurried,
and welcomed eagerly the prayers he offered.
With arrows in his hand the Very Mighty forced
from him all obedience of a servant.
4 I call on you the Sons of Dyaus, the Asvins,
that a dark cow to my red kine be added.
Enjoy my sacrifice, come to my viands
contented, not deceiving expectation. '
10 Uttering praise to suit the rite Navagvas
came speedily to win the damsel's friendship.
They who approached the twice-strong stable's
keeper, heedless would milk the rocks that
naught had shaken.
11 Swift was new friendship with the maid they
quickly accepted it as genuine seed and bounty.
Milk which the cow Sabardugha had yielded
was the bright heritage which to thee they
offered.

12 When afterwards they woke- and missed the
cattle, the speaker thus in joyful mood
addressed them:

Matchless are singers through the Vasu's
nature; he bringeth them all food and all
possessions.

13 His followers then who dwelt in sundry
places came and desired too slay the son of
Nrsad.

Resistless foe, he found the hidden treasure of
Susna multiplied in numerous offspring.

14 Thou, called Effulgence, in whose threefold
dwelling, as in the light of heaven, the Gods are
sitting,

Thou who art called Agni or Jatavedas, Priest,
hear us, guileless Priest of holy worship.

15 And, Indra, bring, that I may laud and serve
them, those Two resplendent glorious Nasatyas,
Blithe, bounteous, man-like, to the sacrificer,
honoured among our men with offered viands.

16 This King is praised and honoured as
Ordainer: himself the bridge, the Sage speeds
o'er the waters.

He hath stirred up Kaksivan, stirred up Agni, as
the steed's swift wheel drives the felly onward.

17 Vaitarana, doubly kinsman, sacrificer, shall
milk the cow who ne'er hath calved, Sabardhu,
When I encompass Varuna and Mitra with
lauds, and Aryaman in safest shelter.

18 Their kin, the Prince in heaven, thy nearest
kinsman, turning his thought to thee thus speaks
in kindness:

This is our highest bond: I am his offspring.
How many others came ere I succeeded?

19 Here is my kinship, here the place I dwell in:
these are my Gods; I in full strength am present.
Twice-born am I, the first-born Son of Order:
the Cow milked this when first she had her
being.

20 So mid these tribes he rests, the friendly
envoy, borne on two paths, refulgent Lord of
fuel.

When, like a line, the Babe springs up erectly,
his Mother straight hath borne him strong to
bless us.

21 Then went the milch-kine forth to please the
damsel, and for the good of every man that
liveth.

Hear us, O wealthy Lord; begin our worship.
Thou hast grown mighty through Asvaghna's virtues.

22 And take thou notice of us also, Indra, for ample riches, King whose arm wields thunder! Protect our wealthy nobles, guard our princes unmenaced near thee, Lord of Tawny Coursers.

23 When he goes forth, ye Pair of Kings, for booty, speeding to war and praise to please the singer,-

I was the dearest sage of those about him,-let him lead these away and bring them safely.

24 Now for this noble man's support and comfort, singing with easy voice we thus implore thee:

Impetuous be his son and fleet his courser: and may I be his priest to win him glory.

25 If, for our strength, the priest with adoration to win your friendship made the laud accepted, That laud shall be a branching road to virtue for every one to whom the songs are suited.

26 Glorified thus, with holy hymns and homage:-Of noble race, with Waters, God-attended

May he enrich us for our prayers and praises: now can the cow be milked; the path is open.

27 Be to us, then, ye Gods who merit worship, be ye of one accord our strong protection, Who went on various ways and brought us vigour, ye who are undeceivable explorers.

HYMN LXII. Visvedevas, Etc.

1. YE, who, adorned with guerdon through the sacrifice, have won you Indra's friendship and eternal life,

Even to you be happiness, Angirases. Welcome the son of Manu, ye who are most wise.

2 The Fathers, who drave forth the wealth in cattle, have in the year's courses cleft Vala by Eternal Law:

A lengthened life be yours, O ye Angirases. Welcome the son of Manu, ye who are most wise.

3 Ye raised the Sun to heaven by everlasting Law, and spread broad earth, the Mother, out on every side.

Fair wealth of progeny be yours, Angirases. Welcome the son of Manu, ye who are most

wise.

4 This kinsman in your dwellingplace speaks
pleasant words: give car to this, ye Rsis,
children of the Gods.

High Brahman dignity be yours, Angirases.
Welcome the son of Manu, ye who are most
wise.

5 Distinguished by their varied form, these Rsis
have been deeply moved.

These are the sons of Angirases: from Agni
have they sprung to life.

6 Distinguished by their varied form, they
sprang from Agni, from the sky.
Navagva and Dasagva, noblest Angiras, he
giveth bounty with the Gods.

7 With Indra for associate the priests have
cleared the stable full of steeds and kine,
Giving to me a thousand with their eightmarked
cars, they gained renown among the Gods.

8 May this man's sons be multiplied; like
springing corn may Manu grow,
Who gives at once in bounteous gift a thousand
kine, a hundred steeds.

9 No one attains to him, as though a man would
grasp the heights of heaven.
Savarnya's sacrificial meed hath broadened like
an ample flood.

10 Yadu and Turva, too, have given two Dasas,
well-disposed, to serve,
Together with great store of kine.

11 Blest be the hamlet's chief, most liberal
Manu, and may his bounty rival that of Surya.
May the God let Ssvarni's life be leng
thened, with whom, unwearied, we have lived
and prospered.

HYMN LXIII. Visvedevas.

1. MAY they who would assume kinship from
far away, Vivasvan's generations, dearly loved
of men,

Even the Gods who sit upon the sacred grass of
Nahusa's son Yayati, bless and comfort us.

2 For worthy of obeisance, Gods, are all your
names, worthy of adoration and of sacrifice.

Ye who were born from waters, and from Aditi,
and from the earth, do ye here listen to my call.

3 I will rejoice in these Adityas for my weal, for
whom the Mother pours forth water rich in

balm,
And Dyaus the Infinite, firm as a rock, sweet
milk,-Gods active, strong through lauds, whose
might the Bull upholds.

4 Looking on men, ne'er slumbering, they by
their deserts attained as Gods to lofty
immortality.

Borne on refulgent cars, sinless, with serpents'
powers, they robe them, for our welfare, in the
height of heaven.

5 Great Kings who bless us, who have come to
sacrifice, who, ne'er assailed, have set their
mansion in the sky,-

These I invite with adoration and with hymns,
mighty Adityas, Aditi, for happiness.

6 Who offereth to you the laud that ye accept, O
ye All-Gods of Manu, many as ye are?

Who, Mighty Ones, will prepare for you the
sacrifice to bear us over trouble to felicity?

7 Ye to whom Manu, by seven priests, with
kindled fire, offered the first oblation with his
heart and soul,

Vouchsafe us, ye Adityas, sheiter free from fear,
and make us good and easy paths to happiness.

8 Wise Deities, who have dominion o'er the
world, ye thinkers over all that moves not and
that moves,

Save us from uncommitted and committed sin,
preserve us from all sin to-day for happiness.

9 In battles we invoke Indra still swift to hear,
and all the holy Host of Heaven who banish
grief,

Agni, Mitra, and Varuna that we may gain,
Dyays, Bhaga, Maruts, Prthivi for happiness:

10 Mightily-saving Earth, incomparable Heaven
the good guide Aditi who gives secure defence
The well-oared heavenly Ship that lets no
waters in, free from defect, will we ascend for
happiness.

11 Bless us, all Holy Ones, that we may have
your help, guard and protect us from malignant
injury.

With fruitful invocation may we call on you,
Gods, who give ear to us for grace, for
happiness.

12 Keep all disease afar and sordid sacrifice,
keep off the wicked man's malicious enmity.
Keep far away from us all hatred, O ye Gods,

and give us ample shelter for our happiness.

13 Untouched by any evil, every mortal thrives,
and, following the Law, spreads in his progeny.
Whom ye with your good guidance, O Adityas,
lead safely through all his pain and grief to
happiness.

14 That which ye guard and grace in battle, O
ye Gods, ye Maruts, where the prize is wealth,
where heroes win,
That conquering Car, O Indra, that sets forth at
dawn, that never breaks, may we ascend for
happiness.

15 Vouchsafe us blessing in our paths and
desert tracts, blessing in waters and in battle, for
the light;

Blessing upon the wombs that bring male
children forth, and blessing, O ye Maruts, for
the gain of wealth.

16 The noblest Svasti with abundant riches, who
comes to what is good by distant pathway,-
May she at home and far away preserve us, and
dwell with us under the Gods' protection

17 Thus hath the thoughtful sage, the son of
Plati, praised you, O Aditi and all Adityas,
Men are made rich by those who are Immortal:
the Heavenly Folk have been extolled by Gaya.

HYMN LXIV. Visvedevas.

1. WHAT God, of those who hear, is he whose
well-praised name we may record in this our
sacrifice; and how?

Who will be gracious? Who of many give us
bliss? Who out of all the Host will come to lend
us aid?

2 The will and thoughts within my breast exert
their power: they yearn with love, and fly to all
the regions round.

None other comforter is found save only these:
my longings and my hopes are fixt upon the
Gods.

3 To Narasamsa and to Pusan I sing forth,
unconcealable Agni kindied by the Gods.
To Sun and Moon, two Moons, to Yama in the
heaven, to Trita, Vata, Dawn, Night, and the
Atvins Twain.

4 How is the Sage extolled whom the loud
singers praise? What voice, what hymn is used

to laud Brhaspati?
May Aja-Ekapad with Rkvans swift to hear, and
Ahi of the Deep listen unto our call.
5 Aditi, to the birth of Daksa and the vow thou
summonest the Kings Mitra and Varuna.
With course unchecked, with many chariots
Aryaman comes with the seven priests to tribes
of varied sort.
6 May all those vigorous Coursers listen to our
cry, hearers of invocation, speeding on their
way;
Winners of thousands where the priestly meed is
won, who gather of themselves great wealth in
every race.
7 Bring ye Purandbi, bring Vayu who yokes his
steeds, for friendship bring ye Pusan with your
songs of praise:
They with one mind, one thought attend the
sacrifice, urged by the favouring aid of Savitar
the God.
8 The thrice-seven wandering Rivers, yea, the
mighty floods, the forest trees, the mountains,
Agni to our aid,
Krsanu, Tisya, archers to our gathering-place,
and Rudra strong amid the Rudras we invoke.
9 Let the great Streams come hither with their
mighty help, Sindhu, Sarasvati, and Sarayu with
waves.
Ye Goddess Floods, ye Mothers, animating all,
promise us water rich in fatness and in balm.
10 And let Brhaddiva, the Mother, hear our call,
and Tvastar, Father, with the Goddesses and
Dames.
Rbhuksan, Vaja, Bhaga, and Rathaspati, and the
sweet speech of him who labours guard us well!
11 Pleasant to look on as a dwelling rich in food
is the blest favour of the Maruts, Rudra's Sons.
May we be famed among the folk for wealth in
kine. and ever come to you, ye Gods, with
sacred food.
12 The thought which ye, O Maruts, Indra and
ye Gods have given to me, and ye, Mitra and
Varuna,-
Cause this to grow and swell like a milchcow
with milk. Will ye not bear away my songs
upon your car?
13 O Maruts, do ye never, never recollect and
call again to mind this our relationship?

When next we meet together at the central point,
even there shall Aditi confirm our brotherhood.

14 The Mothers, Heaven and Earth, those
mighty Goddesses, worthy of sacrifice, ecune
with the race of Gods.

These Two with their support uphold both Gods
and men, and with the Fathers pour the copious
genial stream.

15 This invocation wins all good that we desire
Brhaspati, highly-praised Aramati, are here,
Even where the stone that presses meath rings
loudly out, and where the sages make their
voices heard with hymns.

16 Thus hath the sage, skilled in loud singers'
duties, desiring riches, yearning after treasure,
Gaya, the priestly singer, with his praises and
hymns contented the Celestial people.

17 Thus hath the thoughtful sage the son of
Plati, praised you, O Aaiti and all Adityas.
Men are made rich by those who are Immortal:
the Heavenly Folk have been extolled by Gaya.

HYMN LXV. Visvedevas.

1. MAY Agni, Indra, Mitra, Varuna consent,
Aryaman, Vayu, Pusan, and Sarasvati,
Adityas, Maruts, Visnu, Soma, lofty Sky, Rudra
and Aditi, and Brahmanaspati.

2 Indra and Agni, Hero-lords when Vrtra fell,
dwelling together, speeding emulously on,
And Soma blent with oil, putting his greatness
forth, have with their power filled full the
mighty firmament.

3 Skilled in the Law I lift the hymn of praise to
these, Law-strengtheners, unassailed, and great
in majesty.

These in their wondrous bounty send the watery
sea: may they as kindly Friends send gifts to
make us great.

4 They with their might have stayed Heaven,
Earth, and Prthivi, the Lord of Light, the
firmament, -the lustrous spheres.

Even as fleet-foot steeds who make their
masters glad, the princely Gods are praised,
most bountiful to man.

5 Bring gifts to Mitra and to Varuna who, Lords
of all, in spirit never fail the worshipper,
Whose statute shines on high through
everlasting Law, whose places of sure refuge

are the heavens and earth.

6 The cow who yielding milk goes her
appointed way hither to us as leader of holy
rites,

Speaking aloud to Varuna and the worshipper,
shall with oblation serve Vivasvan and the
Gods.

7 The Gods whose tongue is Agni dwell in
heaven, and sit, aiders of Law, reflecting, in the
seat of Law.

They propped up heaven and then brought
waters with their might, got sacrifice and in a
body made it fair.

8 Born in the oldest time, the Parents dwelling
round are sharers of one mansion in the home of
Law.

Bound by their common vow Dyaus, Prthivi
stream forth the moisture rich in oil to Varuna
the Steer.

9 Parjanya, Vata, mighty, senders of the rain,
Indra and Vayu, Varuna, Mitra, Aryaman:
We call on Aditi, Adityas, and the Gods, those
who are on the earth, in waters, and in heaven.

10 Tvastar and Vayu, those who count as
Rbhus, both celestial Hotar-priests, and Dawn
for happiness,

Winners of wealth, we call, and wise Brhaspati,
destroyer of our foes, and Soma Indra's Friend.

11 They generated prayer, the cow, the horse,
the plants, the forest trees, the earth, the waters,
and the hills.

These very bounteous Gods made the Sun
mount to heaven, and spread the righteous laws
of Aryas o'er the land.

12 O Asvins, ye delivered Bhujyu from distress,
ye animated Syava, Vadhramati's son.

To Vimada ye brought his consort Kamadyu,
and gave his lost Visnapu back to Visvaka.

13 Thunder, the lightning's daughter, Aja-
Ekapad, heaven's bearer, Sindhu, and the waters
of the sea:

Hear all the Gods my words, Sarasvati give ear
together with Purandhi and with Holy Thoughts.

14 With Holy Thoughts and with Purandhi may
all Gods, knowing the Law immortal, Manu's
Holy Ones,

Boon-givers, favourers, finders of light, and
Heaven, with gracious love accept my songs,

my prayer, my hymn.
15 Immortal Gods have I, Vasistha, lauded,
Gods set on high above all other beings.
May they this day grant us wide space and
freedom: ye Gods, preserve us evermore with
blessings.

HYMN LXVI. Visvedevas.

1. I CALL the Gods of lofty glory for our weal,
the makers of the light, well-skilled in sacrifice;
Those who have waxen mightily, Masters of all
wealth, Immortal, strengthening Law, the Gods
whom Indra leads.

2 For the strong band of Maruts will we frame a
hymn: the chiefs shall bring forth sacrifice for
Indra's troop,

Who, sent by Indra and advised by Varuna,
have gotten for themselves a share of Surya's
light

3 May Indra with the Vasus keep our dwelling
safe, and Aditi with Adityas lend us sure
defence.

May the God Rudra with the Rudras favour us,
and Tvastar with the Dames further us to
success.

4 Aditi, Heaven and Earth, the great eternal
Law, Indra, Visnu, the Maruts, and the lofty
Sky.

We call upon Adityas, on the Gods, for help, on
Vasus, Rudras, Savitar of wondrous deeds.

5 With Holy Thoughts Sarasvan, firm-lawed
Varuna, great Vayu, Pusan, Visnu, and the
Asvins Twain,

Lords of all wealth, Immortal, furtherers of
prayer, grant us a triply-guarding refuge from
distress.

6 Strong be the sacrifice, strong be the Holy
Ones, strong the preparers of oblation, strong
the Gods.

Mighty be Heaven and Earth, true to eternal
Law, strong be Parjanya, strong be they who
laud the Strong.

7 To win us strength I glorify the Mighty
Twain, Agni and Soma, Mighty Ones whom
many laud.

May these vouchsafe us shelter with a triple
guard, these whom the strong have served in
worship of the Gods.

8 Potent, with firm-fixt laws, arranging
sacrifice, visiting solemn rites in splendour of
the day,
Obeying Order, these whose priest is Agni, free
from falsehood, poured the waters out when
Vrtra died.

9 The Holy Ones engendered, for their several
laws, the heavens and earth, the waters, and the
plants and trees.
They filled the firmament with heavenly light
for help: the Gods embodied Wish and made it
beautiful.

10 May they who bear up heaven, the Rbhus
deft of hand, and Vata and Parjanya of the
thundering Bull,
The waters and the plants, promote the songs we
sing: come Bhaga, Rati, and the Vaijns to my
call.

11 Sindhu, the sea, the region, and the
firmament, the thunder, and the ocean, Aja-
Ekapad,
The Dragon of the Deep, shall listen to my
words, and all the Deities and Princes shall give
ear.

12 May we, be yours, we men, to entertain the
Gods: further our sacrifice and give it full
success.

Adityas, Rudras, Vasus, givers of good gifts,
quicken the holy hymns which we are singing
now

13 I follow with success upon the path of Law
the two celestial Hotars, Priests of oldest time.
We pray to him who dwelleth near, Guard of the
Field, to all Immortal Gods who never are
remiss.

14 Vasistha's sons have raised their voices, like
their sire. Rsi-like praying to the Gods for
happiness.
Like friendly-minded kinsmen, come at our
desire, O Gods, and shake down treasures on us
from above.

15 Immortal Gods have I, Vasistha, lauded,
Gods set on high above all other beings.
May they this day grant us wide space and
freedom: ye Gods, preserve us evermore with
blessings.

HYMN LXVII. Brhaspati.

1. THIS holy hymn, sublime and sevenheaded,
sprung from eternal Law, our sire discovered.
Ayasya, friend of all men, hath engendered the
fourth hymn as he sang his laud to Indra.

2 Thinking aright, praising eternal Order, the
sons of Dyaus the Asura, those heroes,
Angirases, holding the rank of sages, first
honoured sacrifice's holy statute.

3 Girt by his friends who cried with swanlike
voices, bursting the stony barriers of the prison,
Brhaspati spake in thunder to the cattle, and
uttered praise and song when he had found
them.

4 Apart from one, away from two above him, he
drave the kine that stood in bonds of falsehood.
Brhaspati, seeking light amid the darkness,
drave forth the bright cows: three he made
apparent.

5 When he had cleft the lairs and western castle,
he cut off three from him who held the waters.
Brhaspati discovered, while he thundered like
Dyaus, the dawn, the Sun, the cow, the
lightning.

6 As with a hand, so with his roaring Indra cleft
Vala through, the guardian of the cattle.
Seeking the milk-draught with sweatshining
comrades he stole the Pani's kine and left him
weeping.

7 He with bright faithful Friends, winners of
booty, hath rent the milker of the cows asunder.
Brhaspati with wild boars strong and mighty,
sweating with heat, hath gained a rich
possession.

8 They, longing for the kine, with faithful spirit
incited with their hymns the Lord of cattle.
Brhaspati freed the radiant cows with comrades
self-yoked, averting shame from one another.

9 In our assembly with auspicious praises
exalting him who roareth like a lion,
Maywe, in every fight where heroes conquer,
rejoice in strong Brhaspati the Victor.

10 When he had won him every sort of booty
and gone to heaven and its most lofty mansions,
Men praised Brhaspati the Mighty, bringing the
light within their mouths from sundry places.

11 Fulfil the prayer that begs for vital vigour:
aid in your wonted manner even the humble.
Let all our foes be turned and driven backward.

Hear this, O Heaven and Earth, ye All-producers.

12 Indra with mighty strength cleft asunder the head of Arbuda the watery monster,
Slain Ahi, and set free the Seven Rivers. O Heaven and Earth, with all the Gods protect us.

HYMN LXVIII. Brhaspati.

1. LIKE birds who keep their watch, plashing in water, like the loud voices of the thundering rain-cloud,

Like merry streamlets bursting from the mountain, thus to Brhaspati our hymns have sounded.

2 The Son of Angirases, meeting the cattle, as Bhaga, brought in Aryaman among us.
As Friend of men he decks the wife and husband: as for the race, Brhaspati, nerve our coursers.

3 Brhaspati, having won them from the mountains, strewed down, like barley out of winnowing- baskets,
The vigorous, wandering cows who aid the pious, desired of all, of blameless form, well-coloured.

4 As the Sun dew with meath the seat of Order, and casts a flaming meteor down from heaven.
So from the rock Brhaspati forced the cattle, and cleft the earth's skin as it were with water.

5 Forth from mid air with light he drave the darkness, as the gale blows a lily from the fiver.
Like the wind grasping at the cloud of Vala, Brhaspati gathered to himself the cattle,

6 Brhaspati, when he with fiery lightnings cleft through the weapon of reviling Vala,
Consumed him as tongues eat what teeth have compassed: he threw the prisons of the red cows open.

7 That secret name borne by the lowing cattle within the cave Brhaspati discovered,
And drave, himself, the bright kine from the mountain, like a bird's young after the egg's disclosure.

8 He looked around on rock-imprisoned sweetness as one who eyes a fish in scanty water.

Brhaspati, cleaving through with varied clamour, brought it forth like a bowl from out

the timber.

9 He found the light of heaven, and fire, and
Morning: with lucid rays he forced apart the
darkness.

As from a joint, Brhaspati took the marrow of
Vala as he gloried in his cattle.

10 As trees for foliage robbed by winter, Vala
mourned for the cows Brhaspati had taken.

He did a deed ne'er done, ne'er to be equalled,
whereby the Sun and Moon ascend alternate.

11 Like a dark steed adorned with pearl, the
Fathers have decorated heaven With
constellations.

They set the light in day, in night the darkness.

Brhaspati cleft the rock and found the cattle.

12 This homage have we offered to the Cloud
God who thunders out to many in succession.

May this Brhaspati vouchsafe us fulness of life
with kine and horses, men, and heroes.

HYMN LXIX. Agni.

1. Auspicious is the aspect of Vadhryasva's fire
good is its guidance, pleasant are its visitings.
When first the people Of Sumitra kindle it, with
butter poured thereon it crackles and shines
bright.

2 Butter is that which makes Vadhryaiva's fire
grow strong: the butter is its food, the butter
makes it fat.

It spreads abroad when butter hath been offered
it, and balmed with streams of butter shines
forth like the Sun.

3 Still newest is this face of thine, O Agni,
which Manu and Sumitra have enkindled.

So richly shine, accept our songs with favour, so
give us strengthening food, so send us glory.

4 Accept this offering, Agni, whom aforesaid
Vadhryasva, hath entreated and enkindled.

Guard well our homes and ope, guard our
bodies, protect thy gift to us which thou hast
granted.

5 Be splendid, guard us Kinsman of
Vadhryasva: let not the enmity of men overcome
thee,

Like the bold hero Cyavana, I Sumitra tell forth
the title of Vadhryaiva's Kinsman.

6 All treasures hast thou won, of plains and
mountains, and quelled the Dasas' and Aryas'

hatred.

Like the bold hero Cyavana, O Agni, mayst
thou subdue the men who long for battle.

7 Deft Agni hath a lengthened thread, tall oxen,
a thousand heifers, numberless devices.

Decked by the men, splendid among the
splendid, shine brightly forth amid devout
Sumitras.

8 Thine is the teeming cow, O Jatavedas, who
pours at once her ceaseless flow, Sabardhuk,
Thou art lit up by men enriched with guerdon,
O Agni, by the pious-souled Sumitras.

9 Even Immortal Gods, O Jatavedas,
Vadhryasva's Kinsman, have declared thy
grandeur.

When human tribes drew near with supplication
thou conqueredst with men whom thou hadst
strengthened.

10 Like as a father bears his son, O Agni,
Vadhryasva bare thee in his lap and served thee.
Thou, Youngest God, having enjoyed his fuel,
didst vanquish those of old though they were
mighty.

11 Vadhryasva's Agni evermore hath
vanquished his foes with heroes who had
pressed the Soma.

Lord of bright rays, thou burntest up the battle,
subduing, as our help, e'en mighty foemen.

12 This Agni of Vadhryasva, Vrtra-slayer, lit
from of old, must be invoked with homage.

As such assail our enemies, Vadhryasva,
whether the foes be strangers or be kinsmen.

HYMN LXX. Apris.

1. ENJOY, O Agni, this my Fuel, welcome the
oil-filled ladle where we pour libation.

Rise up for worship of the Gods, wise Agni, on
the earth's height, while days are bright with
beauty.

2 May he who goes before the Gods come hither
with steeds whose shapes are varied,
Narasarhsa.

May he, most Godlike, speed our offered viands
with homage God-ward on the path of Order.

3 Men with oblations laud most constant Agni,
and pray him to perform an envoy's duty.

With lightly-rolling car and best draught-horses,
bring the Gods hither and sit down as Hotar.

4 May the delight of Gods spread out
 transversely: may it be with us long in length
 and fragrant.
 O Holy Grass divine, with friendly spirit bring
 thou the willing Gods whose Chief is Indra.
 5 Touch ye the far-extending height of heaven
 or spring apart to suit the wide earth's measure.
 Yearning, ye Doors, with those sublime in
 greatness, seize eagerly the heavenly Car that
 cometh.
 6 Here in this shrine may Dawn and Night, the
 Daughters of Heaven, the skilful Goddesses, be
 seated.
 In your wide lap, auspicious, willing Ladies
 may the Gods seat them with a willing spirit.
 7 Up stands the stone, high burns the fire
 enkindled: Aditi's lap contains the Friendly
 Natures
 Ye Two Chief Priests who serve at this our
 worship, may ye, more skilled, win for us rich
 possessions.
 8 On our wide grass, Three Goddesses be
 seated: for you have we prepared and made it
 pleasant.
 May Ila, she whose foot drops oil, the Goddess,
 taste, man-like, sacrifice and well-set presents.
 9 Since thou, God Tvastar, hast made beauty
 perfect, since thou hast been the Angirases'
 Companion,
 Willing, most wealthy, Giver of possessions,
 grant us the Gods' assembly, thou who knowest.
 10 Well-knowing, binding with thy cord, bring
 hither, Lord of the Wood, the Deities' assembly.
 The God prepare and season our oblations may
 Heaven and Earth be gracious to my calling.
 11 Agni, bring hither Varuna to help us, Indra
 from heaven, from air's mid-realm the Maruts.
 On sacred grass all Holy ones be seated and let
 the Immortal Gods rejoice in Svaha.

HYMN LXXI. Jnanam

1. WHEN-men, Brhaspati, giving names to
 objects, sent out Vak's first and earliest
 utterances,
 All that was excellent and spotless, treasured
 within them, was disclosed through their
 affection.
 2 Where, like men cleansing corn-flour in a

cribble, the wise in spirit have created language,
Friends see and recognize the marks of
friendship: their speech retains the blessed sign
imprinted.

3 With sacrifice the trace of Vak they followed,
and found her harbouring within the Rsis.
They brought her, dealt her forth in many
places: seven singers make her tones resound in
concert.

4 One man hath ne'er seen Vak, and yet he
seeth: one man hath hearing but hath never
heard her.

But to another hath she shown her beauty as a
fond well-dressed woman to her husband.

5 One man they call a laggard, dull in
friendship: they never urge him on to deeds of
valour.

He wanders on in profitless illusion: the Voice
he heard yields neither fruit, nor blossom.

6 No part in Vak hath he who hath abandoned
his own dear friend who knows the truth of
friendship.

Even if he hears her still in vain he listens:
naught knows he of the path of righteous action.

7 Unequal in the quickness of their spirit are
friends endowed alike with eyes and hearing.
Some look like tanks that reach the mouth or
shoulder, others like pools of water fit to bathe
in.

8 When friendly Brahmans sacrifice together
with mental impulse which the heart hath
fashioned,

They leave one far behind through their
attainments, and some who count as Brahmans
wander elsewhere.

9 Those men who step not back and move not
forward, nor Brahmans nor preparers of
libations,

Having attained to Vak in sinful fashion spin
out their thread in ignorance like spinsters.

10 All friends are joyful in the friend who
cometh in triumph, having conquered in
assembly.

He is their blame-avertter, food-provider
prepared is he and fit for deed of vigour.

11 One plies his constant task reciting verses.
one sings the holy psalm in Sakvari measures.
One more, the Brahman, tells the lore of being,

and one lays down the rules of sacrificing.

HYMN LXXII. The Gods.

1. LET US with tuneful skill proclaim these generations of the Gods,
That one may see them when these hymns are chanted in a future age.
- 2 These Brahmanaspati produced with blast and smelting, like a Smith,
Existence, in an earlier age of Gods, from Non-existence sprang.
- 3 Existence, in the earliest age of Gods, from Non-existence sprang.
Thereafter were the regions born. This sprang from the Productive Power.
- 4 Earth sprang from the Productive Power the regions from the earth were born.
Daksa was born of Aditi, and Aditi was Daksa's Child.
- 5 For Aditi, O Daksa, she who is thy Daughter, was brought forth.
After her were the blessed Gods born sharers of immortal life.
- 6 When ye, O Gods, in yonder deep closeclasping one another stood,
Thence, as of dancers, from your feet a thickening cloud of dust arose.
- 7 When, O ye Gods, like Yatis, ye caused all existing things to grow,
Then ye brought Surya forward who was lying hidden in the sea.
- 8 Eight are the Sons of Aditi who from her body sprang to life.
With seven she went to meet the Gods she cast Martanda far away.
- 9 So with her Seven Sons Aditi went forth to meet the earlier age.
She brought Martanda thitherward to spring to life and die again.

HYMN LXXIII. Indra.

1. THOU wast born mighty for victorious valour, exulting, strongest, full of pride and courage.
There, even there, the Maruts strengthened Indra when. his most rapid Mother stirred the Hero.
- 2 There with fiend's ways e'en Prsni was seated:

with much laudation they exalted Indra.
As if encompassed by the Mighty-footed, from
darkness, near at hand, forth came the Children.
3 High are thy feet when on thy way thou goest:
the strength thou foundest here hath lent thee
vigour.

Thousand hyenas in thy mouth thou holdest. O
Indra, mayst thou turn the Asvins hither.

4 Speeding at once to sacrifice thou comest for
friendship thou art bringing both Nasatyas.

Thou hadst a thousand treasures in possession.

The Asvins, O thou Hero, gave thee riches.

5 Glad, for the race that rests on holy Order,
with friends who hasten to their goal, hath Indra
With these his magic powers assailed the
Dasyu: he cast away the gloomy mists, the
darkness.

6 Two of like name for him didst thou demolish,
as Indra striking down the car of Usas.

With thy beloved lofty Friends thou camest, and
with the assurance of thine heart thou slewest.

7 War-loving Namuci thou smotest, robbing the
Dasa of his magic for the Rsi.

For man thou madest ready pleasant pathways,
paths leading as it were directly God-ward.

8 These names of thine thou hast fulfilled
completely: as Lord, thou boldest in thine arm,
O Indra.

In thee, through thy great might, the Gods are
joyful: the roots of trees hast thou directed
upward.

9 May the sweet Soma juices make him happy
to cast his quoit that lies in depth of waters.

Thou from the udder which o'er earth is fastened
hast poured the milk into the kine and herbage.

10 When others call him offspring of the
Courser, my meaning is that Mighty Power
produced him.

He came from Manyu and remained in houses:
whence he hath sprung is known to Indra only.

11 Like birds of beauteous wing the
Priyamedhas, Rsis, imploring, have come nigh
to Indra:

Dispel the darkness and fill full our vision
deliver us as men whom snares entangle.

HYMN LXXIV. Indra.

1. I AM prepared to laud with song or worship
the Noble Ones who are in earth and heaven,
Or Coursers who have triumphed in, the contest,
or those who famed, have won the prize with
glory.

2 Their call, the call of Gods, went up to
heaven: they kissed the ground with glory-
seeking spirit,
There where the Gods look on for happy
fortune, and like the kindly heavens bestow
their bounties.

3 This is the song of those Immortal Beings who
long for treasures in their full perfection.

May these, completing prayers and sacrifices,
bestow upon us wealth where naught is wanting.

4 Those living men extolled thy deed, O Indra,
those who would fain burst through the stall of
cattle,

Fain to milk her who bare but once, great, lofty,
whose Sons are many and her streams past
number.

5 Sacivan, win to your assistance Indra who
never bends, who overcomes his foemen.

Rbhuksan, Maghavan, the hymn's upholder,
who, rich in food, bears man's kind friend, the
thunder.

6 Since he who won of old anew hath
triumphed, Indra hath earned his name of Vrtra-
slayer.

He hath appeared, the mighty Lord of Conquest.
What we would have him do let him
accomplish.

HYMN LXXV. The Rivers.

1. THE singer, O ye Waters in Vivasvan's place,
shall tell your grandeur forth that is beyond
compare.

The Rivers have come forward triply, seven and
seven. Sindhu in might surpasses all the streams
that flow.

2 Varuna cut the channels for thy forward
course, O Sindhu, when thou rannest on to win
the race.

Thou speedest o'er precipitous ridges of the
earth, when thou art Lord and Leader of these
moving floods.

3 His roar is lifted up to heaven above the earth:
he puts forth endless vigour with a flash of light.

Like floods of rain that fall- in thunder from the cloud, so Sindhu rushes on bellowing like a bull.

4 Like mothers to their calves, like milch kine with their milk, so, Sindhu, unto thee the roaring rivers run.

Thou ledest as a warrior king thine army's wings what time thou comest in the van of these swift streams.

5 Favour ye this my laud, O Ganga, Yamuna, O Sutudri, Parusni and Sarasvati:

With Asikni, Vitasta, O Marudvrdha, O Arjikiya with Susoma hear my call.

6 First with Trstama thou art eager to flow forth, with Rasa, and Susartu, and with Svetya here, With Kubha; and with these, Sindhu and Mehatnu, thou seekest in thy course Krumu and Gomati.

7 Flashing and whitely-gleaming in her mightiness, she moves along her ample volumes through the realms,

Most active of the active, Sindhu unrestrained, like to a dappled mare, beautiful, fair to see.

8 Rich in good steeds is Sindhu, rich in cars and robes, rich in gold, nobly-fashioned, rich in ample wealth.

Blest Silamavati and young Urnavati invest themselves with raiment rich in store of sweets.

9 Sindhu hath yoked her car, light-rolling, drawn by steeds, and with that car shall she win booty in this fight.

So have I praised its power, mighty and unrestrained, of independent glory, roaring as it runs.

HYMN LXXVI. Press-stones.

1. I GRASP at you when power and strength begin to dawn: bedew ye, Indra and the Maruts, Heaven and Earth,

That Day and Night, in every hall of sacrifice, may wait on us and bless us when they first spring forth.

2 Press the libation out, most excellent of all: the Pressing-stone is grasped like a hand-guided steed.

So let it win the valour that subdues the foe, and the fleet courser's might that speeds to ample wealth.

3 Juice that this Stone pours out removes defect of ours, as in old time it brought prosperity to man.

At sacrifices they established holy rites on Tvastar's milk-blent juice bright with the hue of steeds.

4 Drive ye the treacherous demons far away from us: keep Nirrti afar and banish Penury. Pour riches forth for us with troops of hero sons, and bear ye up, O Stones, the song that visits Gods.

5 To you who are more mighty than the heavens themselves, who, finishing your task with more than Vibhvan's speed,

More rapidly than Vayu seize the Soma juice, better than Agni give us food, to you I sing.

6 Stirred be the glorious Stones: let it press out the juice, the Stone with heavenly song that reaches up to heaven,

There where the men draw forth the meath for which they long, sending their voice around in rivalry of speed.

7 The Stones press out the Soma, swift as car-borne men, and, eager for the spoil, drain forth the sap thereof

To fill the beaker, they exhaust the udder's store, as the men purify oblations with their lips.

8 Ye, present men, have been most skilful in your work, even ye, O Stones who pressed Soma for Indra's drink.

May all ye have of fair go to the Heavenly Race, and all your treasure to the earthly worshipper.

HYMN LXXVII. Maruts.

1. As with their voice from cloud they sprinkle treasure so are the wise man's liberal sacrifices. I praise their Company that merits worship as the good Martits' priest to pay them honour.

2 The youths have wrought their ornaments for glory through many nights,-this noble band of Maruts.

Like stags the Sons of Dyatis have striven onward, the Sons of Aditi grown strong like pillars.

3 They who extend beyond the earth and heaven, by their own mass, as from the cloud spreads Surya;

Like mighty Heroes covetous of glory, like

heavenly gallants who destroy the wicked.
4 When ye come nigh, as in the depth of waters,
the earth is loosened, as it were, and shaken.
This your all-feedin sacrifice approaches: come
all united, fraught, as 'twere with viands.
5 Ye are like horses fastened to the chariot
poles, luminous with your beams, with
splendour as at dawn;
Like self-bright falcons, punishers of wicked
men, like hovering birds urged forward,
scattering rain around.
6 When ye come forth, O Maruts, from the
distance, from the great treasury of rich
possessions,
Knowing, O Vasus, boons that should be
granted, even from afar drive back the men who
hate us.
7 He who, engaged in the rite's final duty
brings, as a man, oblation to the Maruts,
Wins him life's wealthy fulness, blest with
heroes: he shall be present, too, where Gods
drink Soma.
8 For these are helps adored at sacrifices,
bringing good fortune by their name Adityas.
Speeding on cars let them protect our praises,
delighting in our sacrifice and worship.

HYMN LXXVIII. Maruts.

1. Ye by your hymns are like high-thoughted
singers, skilful, inviting Gods with sacrifices;
Fair to behold, like Kings, with bright
adornment, like spotless gallants, leaders of the
people:
2 Like fire with flashing flame, breast-bound
with chains of gold, like tempest-blasts, self-
moving, swift to lend your aid;
As best of all foreknowers, excellent to guide,
like Somas, good to guard the man who follows
Law.
3 Shakers of all, like gales of wind they travel,
like tongues of burning fires in their effulgence.
Mighty are they as warriors clad in armour, and,
like the Fathers' prayers, Most Bounteous
Givers.
4 Like spokes of car-wheels in one nave united,
ever victorious like heavenly Heroes,
Shedding their precious balm like youthful
suitors, they raise their voice and chant their

psalm as singers.

5 They who are fleet to travel like the noblest steeds, long to obtain the prize like bounteous charioteers,

Like waters speeding on with their precipitous floods, like omniform Angirases with Samahymns.

6 Born from the stream, like press-stones are the Princes, for ever like the stones that crush in pieces;

Sons of a beauteous Dame, like playful children, like a great host upon the march with splendour.

7 Like rays of Dawn, the visitors of sacrifice, they shine with ornaments as eager to be bright. Like rivers hasting on, glittering with their spears, from far away they measure out the distances.

8 Gods, send us happiness and make us wealthy, letting us singers prosper, O ye Maruts.

Bethink you of our praise and of our friendship: ye from of old have riches to vouchsafe us.

HYMN LXXIX. Agni.

1. I HAVE beheld the might of this Great Being. Immortal in the midst of tribes of mortals.

His jaws now open and now shut together: much they devour, insatiately chewing.

2 His eyes are turned away, his head is hidden: unsated with his tongue he eats the fuel.

With hands upraised, with reverence in the houses, for him they quickly bring his food together.

3 Seeking, as 'twere, his Mother's secret bosom, he, like a child, creeps on through wide-spread bushes.

One he finds glowing like hot food made ready, and kissing deep within the earth's recesses.

4 This holy Law I tell you, Earth and Heaven: the Infant at his birth devours his Parents.

No knowledge of the God have I, a mortal. Yea, Agni knoweth best, for he hath wisdom.

5 This man who quickly gives him food, who offers his gifts of oil and butter and supports him, -

Him with his thousand eyes he closely looks on: thou showest him thy face from all sides, Agni.

6 Agni, hast thou committed sin or treason among the Gods? In ignorance I ask thee.

Playing, not playing, he gold-hued and
toothless, hath cut his food up as the knife a
victim.

7 He born in wood hath yoked his horses
rushing in all directions, held with reins that
glitter.

The well-born friend hath carved his food with
Vasus: in all his limbs he hath increased and
prospered.

HYMN LXXX. Agni.

1. AGNI bestows the fleet prize-winning
courser: Agni, the hero famed and firm in duty.
Agni pervades and decks the earth and heaven,
and fills the fruitful dame who teems with
heroes.

2 Blest be the wood that feeds the active Agni:
within the two great worlds hath Agni entered.
Agni impels a single man to battle, and with
him rends in pieces many a foeman.

3 Agni rejoiced the car of him who praised him,
and from the waters burnt away jarutha.

Agni saved Atri in the fiery cave, and made
Nrmedha rich with troops of children.

4 Agni hath granted wealth that decks the hero,
and sent the sage who wins a thousand cattle.

Agni hath made oblations rise to heaven: to
every place are Agni's laws extended.

5 With songs of praise the Rsis call on Agni; on
Agni, heroes worsted in the foray.

Birds flying in the region call on Agni around a
thousand cattle Agni wanders.

6 Races of human birth pay Agni worship, men
who have sprung from Nahus' line adore him.

Stablished in holy oil is Agni's pasture, on the
Gandharva path of Law and Order.

7 The Rbhus fabricated prayer for Agni, and we
with mighty hymns have called on Agni.

Agni, Most Youthful God, protect the singer:
win us by worship, Agni, great possessions.

HYMN LXXXI. Visvakarman.

1. HE who sate down as Hotar-priest, the Rsi,
our Father, offering up all things existing,-
He, seeking through his wish a great possession,
came among men on earth as archetypal.

2 What was the place whereon he took his
station? What was it that supported him? How

was it?

Whence Visvakarman, seeing all, producing the earth, with mighty power disclosed the heavens.

3 He who hath eyes on all sides round about him, a mouth on all sides, arms and feet on all sides,

He, the Sole God, producing earth and heaven, weldeth them, with his arms as wings, together.

4 What was the tree, what wood in sooth produced it, from which they fashioned out the earth and heaven?

Ye thoughtful men inquire within your spirit whereon he stood when he established all things.

5 Nine highest, lowest, sacrificial natures, and these thy mid-most here, O Visvakarman, Teach thou thy friends at sacrifice, O Blessed, and come thyself, exalted, to our worship.

6 Bring thou thyself, exalted with oblation, O Visvakarman, Earth and Heaven to worship. Let other men around us live in folly here let us have a rich and liberal patron.

7 Let us invoke to-day, to aid our labour, the Lord of Speech, the thought-swift Visvakarman. May he hear kindly all our invocations who gives all bliss for aid, whose works are righteous.

HYMN LXXXII. Visvakarman.

1. THE Father of the eye, the Wise in spirit, created both these worlds submerged in fatness. Then when the eastern ends were firmly fastened, the heavens and the earth were far extended.

2 Mighty in mind and power is Visvakarman, Maker, Disposer, and most lofty Presence. Their offerings joy in rich juice where they value One, only One, beyond the Seven Rsis.

3 Father who made us, he who, as Disposer, knoweth all races and all things existing, Even he alone, the Deities' narne-giver, him other beings seek for information.

4 To him in sacrifice they offered treasures,- Rsis of old, in numerous troops, as singers, Who, in the distant, near, and lower region, made ready all these things that have existence.

5 That which is earlier than this earth and heaven, before the Asuras and Gods had being,-

What was the germ primeval which the waters
received where all the Gods were seen together?
6 The waters, they received that germ primeval
wherein the Gods were gathered all together.
It rested set upon the Unborn's navel, that One
wherein abide all things existing.
7 Ye will not find him who produced these
creatures: another thing hath risen up among
you.
Enwrap in misty cloud, with lips that stammer,
hymn-chanters wander and are discontented.

HYMN LXXXII. Manyu.

1. HE who hath revered thee, Manyu,
destructive bolt, breeds for himself forthwith all
conquering energy.
Arya and Dasa will we conquer with thine aid,
with thee the Conqueror, with conquest
conquest-spiced.
2 Manyu was Indra, yea, the God, was Manyu,
Manyu was Hotar, Varuna, Jatavedas.
The tribes of human lineage worship Manyu.
Accordant with thy fervour, Manyu, guard us.
3 Come hither, Manyu, mightier than the
mighty; chase, with thy fervour for ally, our
foemen.
Slayer of foes, of Vrtra, and of Dasyu, bring
thou to us all kinds of wealth and treasure.
4 For thou art, Manyu, of surpassing vigour,
fierce, queller of the foe, and self-existent,
Shared by all men, victorious, subduer:
vouchsafe to us superior strength in battles.
5 I have departed, still without a portion, wise
God! according to thy will, the Mighty.
I, feeble man, was wroth thee, O Manyu I am
myself; come thou to give me vigour.
6 Come hither. I am all thine own; advancing
turn thou to me, Victorious, All-supporter!
Come to me, Manyu, Wielder of the Thunder:
bethink thee of thy friend, and slay the Dasyus.
7 Approach, and on my right hand hold thy
station: so shall we slay a multitude of foemen.
The best of meath I offer to support thee: may
we be first to drink thereof in quiet.

HYMN LXXXIV. Manyu.

1. BORNE on with thee, O Manyu girt by
Maruts, let our brave men, impetuous, bursting

forward,
 March on, like flames of fire in form, exulting,
 with pointed arrows, sharpening their weapons.
 2 Flashing like fire, be thou, O conquering
 Manyu, invoked, O Victor, as our army's leader.
 Slay thou our foes, distribute their possessions:
 show forth thy vigour, scatter those who hate us.
 3 O Manyu, overcome thou our assailant on!
 breaking, slaying, crushing down the foemen.
 They have not hindered thine impetuous vigour:
 Mighty, Sole born! thou makest them thy
 subjects.
 4 Alone or many thou art worshipped, Manyu:
 sharpen the spirit of each clan for battle.
 With thee to aid, O thou of perfect splendour,
 we will uplift the glorious shout for conquest.
 5 Unyielding bringing victory like Indra, O
 Manyu, be thou here our Sovran Ruler.
 To thy dear name, O Victor, we sing praises: we
 know the spring from which thou art come
 hither.
 6 Twin-born with power, destructive bolt of
 thunder, the highest conquering might is thine,
 Subduer!
 Be friendly to its in thy spirit, Manyu, O Much-
 invoked, in shock of mighty battle.
 7 For spoil let Varuna and Manyu give us the
 wealth of both sides gathered and collected;
 And let our enemies with stricken spirits,
 o'erwhelmed with terror, slink away defeated.

HYMN LXXXV. Surya's Bridal.

1. TRUTH is the base that bears the earth; by
 Surya are the heavens sustained.
 By Law the Adityas stand secure, and Soma
 holds his place in heaven.
 2 By Soma are the Adityas strong, by Soma
 mighty is the earth.
 Thus Soma in the midst of all these
 constellations hath his place.
 3 One thinks, when they have brayed the plant,
 that he hath drunk the Soma's juice;
 Of him whom Brahmans truly know as Soma no
 one ever tastes.
 4 Soma, secured by sheltering rules, guarded by
 hymns in Brhati,
 Thou standest listening to the stones none tastes
 of thee who dwells on earth.

5 When they begin to drink thee then, O God,
thou swellest out again.
Vayu is Soma's guardian God. The Moon is that
which shapes the years.
6 Raibhi was her dear bridal friend, and
Narasamsi led her home.
Lovely was Surya's robe: she came to that
which Gatha had adorned.
7 Thought was the pillow of her couch, sight
was the unguent for her eyes:
Her treasury was earth and heaven..when Surya
went unto her Lord.
8 Hymns were the cross-bars of the pole,
Kurira-metre decked the car:
The bridesmen were the Asvin Pair Agni was
leader of the train.
9 Soma was he who wooed the maid: the
groomsmen were both Asvins, when
The Sun-God Savitar bestowed his willing
Surya on her Lord.
10 Her spirit was the bridal car; the covering
thereof was heaven:
Bright were both Steers that drew it when Surya
approached her husband's, home.
11 Thy Steers were steady, kept in place by holy
verse and Sama-hymn:
All car were thy two chariot wheels: thy path
was tremulous in the sky,
12 Clean, as thou wentest, were thy wheels
wind, was the axle fastened there.
Surya, proceeding to her Lord, mounted a spirit-
fashioned car.
13 The bridal pomp of Surya, which Savitar
started, moved along.
In Magha days are oxen slain, in Arjunis they
wed the bride.
14 When on your three-wheeled chariot, O
Asvins, ye came as wooers unto Surya's bridal,
Then all the Gods agreed to your proposal
Pusan as Son elected you as Fathers.
15 O ye Two Lords of lustre, then when ye to
Surya's wooing came,
Where was one chariot wheel of yours? Where
stood ye for the Sire's command?
16 The Brahmans, by their seasons, know, O
Surya, those two wheels of thine:
One kept concealed, those only who are skilled
in highest truths have learned.

17 To Surya and the Deities, to Mitra and to Varuna.

Who know aright the thing that is, this adoration have I paid.

18 By their own power these Twain in close succession move;

They go as playing children round the sacrifice.

One of the Pair beholdeth all existing things; the other ordereth seasons and is born again.

19 He, born afresh, is new and new for ever
ensign of days he goes before the Mornings
Coming, he orders for the Gods their portion.
The Moon prolongs the days of our existence.

20 Mount this, all-shaped, gold-hued, with
strong wheels, fashioned of Kimsuka and
Salmali, light-rolling,

Bound for the world of life immortal, Surya:
make for thy lord a happy bridal journey.

21 Rise up from hence: this maiden hath a
husband. I laud Visvvasu with hymns and
homage.

Seek in her father's home another fair one, and
find the portion from of old assigned thee.

22 Rise up from hence, Visvvasu: with
reverence we worship thee.

Seek thou another willing maid, and with her
husband leave the bride.

23 Straight in direction be the path's, and
thornless, whereon our fellows travel to the
wooing.

Let Aryaman and Bhaga lead us: perfect, O
Gods, the union of the wife and husband.

24 Now from the noose of Varuna I free thee,
wherewith Most Blessed Savitar hath bound
thee.

In Law's seat, to the world of virtuous action, I
give thee up uninjured with thy consort.

25 Hence, and not thence, I send these free. I
make thee softly fettered there.

That, Bounteous Indra, she may live blest in her
fortune and her sons.

26 Let Pusan take thy hand and hence conduct
thee; may the two Asvins on their car transport
thee.

Go to the house to be the household's mistress
and speak as lady to thy gathered people.

27 Happy be thou and prosper with thy children
here: be vigilant to rule thy household in this

home.

Closely unite thy body with this; man, thy lord.
So shall ye, full of years, address your company.

28 Her hue is blue and red: the fiend who
clingeth close is driven off.

Well thrive the kinsmen of this bride the
husband is bound fast in bonds.

29 Give thou the woollen robe away: deal
treasure to the Brahman priests.

This female fiend hath got her feet, and as a
wife attends her lord.

30 Unlovely is his body when it glistens with
this wicked fiend,

What time the husband wraps about his limbs
the garment of his wife.

31 Consumptions, from her people, which
follow the bride's resplendent train,-

These let the Holy Gods again bear to the place
from which they came.

32 Let not the highway thieves who lie in
ambush find the wedded pair.

By pleasant ways let them escape the danger,
and let foes depart.

33 Signs of good fortune mark the bride come
all of you and look at her.

Wish her prosperity, and then return unto your
homes again.

34 Pungent is this, and bitter this, filled, as it
were, with arrow-barbs, Empoisoned and not fit
for use.

The Brahman who knows Surya well deserves
the garment of the bride.

35 The fringe, the cloth that decks her head, and
then the triply parted robe,-

Behold the hues which Surya wears these doth
the Brahman purify.

36 I take thy hand in mine for happy fortune
that thou mayst reach old age with me thy
husband.

Gods, Aryaman, Bhaga, Savitar, Purandhi, have
given thee to be my household's mistress.

37 O Pusan, send her on as most auspicious, her
who shall be the sharer of my pleasures;

Her who shall twine her loving arms about me,
and welcome all my love and mine embraces.

38 For thee, with bridal train, they, first,
escorted Surya to her home.

Give to the husband in return, Agni, the wife

with progeny.
 39 Agni hath given the bride again with
 splendour and with ample life.
 Long lived be he who is her lord; a hundred
 autumns let him live.
 40 Soma obtained her first of all; next the
 Gandharva was her lord.
 Agai was thy third husband: now one born of
 woman is thy fourth.
 41 Soma to the Gandharva, and to Agni the
 Gandharva gave:
 And Agni hath bestowed on me riches and sons
 and this my spouse.
 42 Be ye not parted; dwell ye here reach the full
 time of human life.
 With sons and grandsons sport and play,
 rejoicing in your own abode.
 43 So may Prajapati bring children forth to us;
 may Aryaman adorn us till old age come nigh.
 Not inauspicious enter thou thy husband's
 house: bring blessing to our bipeds and our
 quadrupeds.
 44 Not evil-eyed, no slayer of thy husband,
 bring weal to cattle, radiant, gentlehearted;
 Loving the Gods, delightful, bearing heroes,
 bring blessing to our quadrupeds and bipeds.
 45 O Bounteous Indra, make this bride blest in
 her sons and fortunate.
 Vouchsafe to her ten sons, and make her
 husband the eleventh man.
 46 Over thy husband's father and thy husband's
 mother bear full sway.
 Over the sister of thy lord, over his brothers rule
 supreme.
 47 So may the Universal Gods, so may the
 Waters join our hearts.
 May Matarisvan, Dhatar, and Destri together
 bind us close.

HYMN LXXXVI. Indra.

1. MEN have abstained from pouring juice they
 count not Indra as a God.
 Where at the votary's store my friend Vrsakapi
 hath drunk his fill. Supreme is Indra over all.
 2 Thou, Indra, heedless passest by the ill
 Vrsakapi hath wrought;
 Yet nowhere else thou findest place wherein to

drink the Soma juice. Supreme is Indra over all.

3 What hath he done to injure thee, this tawny
beast Vrsakapi,

With whom thou art so angry now? What is the
votary's foodful store? Supreme is Indra over
all.

4 Soon may the hound who hunts the boar seize
him and bite him in the car,

O Indra, that Vrsakapi whom thou protectest as
a friend, Supreme is Indra over all.

5 Kapi hath marred the beauteous things, all
deftly wrought, that were my joy.

In pieces will I rend his head; the sinner's
portion shall be woo. Supreme is Indra over all.

6 No Dame hath ampler charms than I, or
greater wealth of love's delights.

None with more ardour offers all her beauty to
her lord's embrace. Supreme is Indra over all.

7 Mother whose love is quickly won, I say
what verily will be.

My breast, O Mother, and my head and both my
hips seem quivering. Supreme is Indra over all.

8 Dame with the lovely hands and arms, with
broad hair-plaits add ample hips,

Why, O thou Hero's wife, art thou angry with
our Vrsakapi? Supreme is Indra over all.

9 This noxious creature looks on me as one
bereft of hero's love,

Yet Heroes for my sons have I, the Maruts'
Friend and Indra's Queen. Supreme is Indra over
all.

10 From olden time the matron goes to feast and
general sacrifice.

Mother of Heroes, Indra's Queen, the rite's
ordainer is extolled. Supreme is Indra over all.

11 So have I heard Indrani called most fortunate
among these Dames,

For never shall her Consort die in future time
through length of days. Supreme is Indra
overall.

12 Never, Indrani, have I joyed without my
friend Vrsakapi,

Whose welcome offering here, made pure with
water, goeth to the Gods. Supreme is Indra over
all.

13 Wealthy Vrsakapayi, blest with sons and
consorts of thy sons,
Indra will eat thy bulls, thy dear oblation that

effecteth much. Supreme is Indra over all.
 14 Fifteen in number, then, for me a score of
 bullocks they prepare,
 And I devour the fat thereof: they fill my belly
 full with food. Supreme is Indra over all.
 15 Like as a bull with pointed horn, loud
 bellowing amid the herds,
 Sweet to thine heart, O Indra, is the brew which
 she who tends thee pours. Supreme is Indra over
 all.
 18 O Indra this Vrsakapi hath found a slain wild
 animal,
 Dresser, and new-made pan, and knife, and
 wagon with a load of wood. Supreme is Indra
 over all.
 19 Distinguishing the Dasa and the Arya,
 viewing all, I go.
 I look upon the wise, and drink the simple
 votary's Soma juice. Supreme is Indra over all.
 20 The desert plains and steep descents, how
 many leagues in length they spread!
 Go to the nearest houses, go unto thine home,
 Vrsakapi. Supreme is Indra over all.
 21 Turn thee again Vrsakapi: we twain will
 bring thee happiness.
 Thou goest homeward on thy way along this
 path which leads to sleep. Supreme is Indra over
 all.
 22 When, Indra and Vrsakapi, ye travelled
 upward to your home,
 Where was that noisome beast, to whom went it,
 the beast that troubles man? Supreme is Indra
 over all.
 23 Daughter of Manu, Parsu bare a score of
 children at a birth.
 Her portion verily was bliss although her
 burthen caused her grief.

HYMN LXXXVII. Agni.

1. I BALM with oil the mighty Raksas-slayer; to
 the most famous Friend I come for shelter
 Enkindled, sharpened by our rites, may Agni
 protect us in the day and night from evil.
 2 O Jatavedas with the teeth of iron, enkindled
 with thy flame attack the demons.
 Seize with thy longue the foolish gods' adorers:
 rend, put within thy mouth the raw-flesh caters.
 3 Apply thy teeth, the upper and the lower, thou

who hast both, enkindled and destroying.
Roam also in the air, O King, around us, and
with thy jaws assail the wicked spirits.
4 Bending thy shafts through sacrifices, Agni,
whetting their points with song as if with
whetstones,
Pierce to the heart therewith the Yatudhanas,
and break their arms uplifted to attack thee.
5 Pierce through the Yatudhana's skin, O Agni;
let the destroying dart with fire consume him.
Rend his joints, Jatavedas, let the cater of flesh,
flesh-seeking, track his mangled body.
6 Where now thou seest Agni Jatavedas, one of
these demons standing still or roaming,
Or flying on those paths in air's midregion,
sharpen the shaft and as an archer pierce him.
7 Tear from the evil spirit, Jatavedas, what he
hath seized and with his spears hath captured.
Blazing before him strike him down, O Agni; let
spotted carrion-eating kites devour him.
8 Here tell this forth, O Agni: whosoever is, he
himself, or acteth as, a demon,
Him grasp, O thou Most Youthful, with thy fuel.
to the Mati-seer's eye give him as booty.
9 With keen glance guard the sacrifice, O Agni:
thou Sage, conduct it onward to the Vasus.
Let not the fiends, O Man-beholder, harm thee
burning against the Raksasas to slay them.
10 Look on the fiend mid men, as Man-
beholder: rend thou his three extremities in
pieces.
Demolish with thy flame his ribs, O Agni, the
Yatudhana's root destroy thou triply.
11 Thrice, Agni, let thy noose surround the
demon who with his falsehood injures Holy
Order.
Loud roaring with thy flame, O Jatavedas, crush
him and cast him down before the singer.
12 Lead thou the worshipper that eye, O Agni,
wherewith thou lookest on the hoof-armed
demon.
With light celestial in Atharvan's manner burn
up the foot who ruins truth with falsehood.
13 Agni, what curse the pair this day have
uttered, what heated word the worshippers have
spoken,
Each arrowy taunt sped from the angry spirit,-
pierce to the heart therewith the Yatudhanas.

14 With fervent heat exterminate the demons;
destroy the fiends with burning flame, O Agni.
Destroy with fire the foolish gods' adorers;
blaze and destrey the insatiable monsters.
15 May Gods destroy this day the evil-doer may
each hot curse of his return and blast him.
Let arrows pierce the liar in his vitals, and
Visva's net enclose the Yatudhana.
16 The fiend who smears himself with flesh of
cattle, with flesh of horses and of human bodies,
Who steals the milch-cow's milk away, O
Agni,-tear off the heads of such with fiery fury.
17 The cow gives milk each year, O Man-
regarder: let not the Yatudhana ever taste it.
If one would glut him with the biesting, Agni,
pierce with thy flame his vitals as he meets thee.
18 Let the fiends drink the poison of the cattle;
may Aditi cast off the evildoers.
May the God Savitar give them up to ruin, and
be their share of plants and herbs denied them.
19 Agni, from days of old thou slayest demons:
never shall Raksasas in fight o'ercome thee.
Burn up the foolish ones, the flesh-devourers:
let none of them escape thine heavenly arrow.
20 Guard us, O Agni, from above and under,
protect us fl-om behind us and before us;
And may thy flames, most fierce and never
wasting, glowing with fervent heat, consume the
sinner.
21 From rear, from front, from under, from
above us, O King, protect us as a Sage with
wisdom.
Guard to old age thy friend, O Friend, Eternal:
O Agni, as Immortal, guard us mortals.
22 We set thee round us as a fort, victorious
Agni, thee a Sage,
Of hero lineage, day by day, destroyer of our
treacherous foes.
23 Burn with thy poison turned against the
treacherous brood of Raksasas,
O Agni, with thy sharpened glow, with lances
armed with points of flame.
24 Burn thou the paired Kimidins, brun, Agni,
the Yatudhana pairs.
I sharpen thee, Infallible, with hymns. O Sage,
be vigilant.
25 Shoot forth, O Agni, with thy flame
demolish them on every side.

Break thou the Yatudhana's strength, the vigour
of the Raksasa.

HYMN LXXXVIII. Agni.

1. DEAR, ageless sacrificial drink is offered in
light-discovering, heaven-pervading Agni.
The Gods spread forth through his Celestial
Nature, that he might bear the world up and
sustain it.

2 The world was swallowed and concealed in
darkness: Agni was born, and light became
apparent.

The Deities, the broad earth, and the heavens,
and plants, and waters gloried in his friendship.

3 Inspired by Gods who claim our adoration, I
now will laud Eternal Lofty Agni,
Him who hath spread abroad the earth with
lustre, this heaven, and both the worlds, and
air's mid-region.

4 Earliest Priest whom all the Gods accepted,
and chose him, and anointed him with butter,
He swiftly made all things that fly, stand, travel,
all that hath motion, Agni Jatavedas.

5 Because thou, Agni, Jatavedas, stoodest at the
world's head with thy refulgent splendour,
We sent thee forth with hymns and songs and
praises: thou filledst heaven and earth, God
meet for worship.

6 Head of the world is Agni in the night-time;
then, as the Sun, at morn springs up and rises.
Then to his task goes the prompt Priest
foreknowing the wondrous power of Gods who
must be honoured.

7 Lovely is he who, kindled in his greatness,
hath shone forth, seated in the heavens,
refulgent.

With resonant hymns all Gods who guard our
bodies have offered up oblation in this Agni.

8 First the Gods brought the hymnal into being;
then they engendered Agni, then oblation.

He was their sacrifice that guards our bodies:
him the heavens know, the earth, the waters
know him.

9 He, Agni, whom the Gods have generated, in
whom they offered up all worlds and creatures,
He with his bright glow heated earth and
heaven, urging himself right onward in his
grandeur.

10 Then by the laud the Gods engendered Agni
in heaven, who fills both worlds through
strength and vigour.

They made him to appear in threefold essence:
he ripens plants of every form and nature.

11 What time the Gods, whose due is worship,
set him as Surya, Son of Aditi, in heaven,
When the Pair, ever wandering, sprang to being,
all creatures that existed looked upon them.

12 For all the world of life the Gods made Agni
Vaisvanara to be the days' bright Banner,-
Him who hath spread abroad the radiant
Mornings, and, coming with his light, unveils
the darkness.

13 The wise and holy Deities engendered Agni
Vaisvanara whom age ne'er touches.
The Ancient Star that wanders on for ever, lofty
and strong, Lord of the Living Being.

14 We call upon the Sage with holy verses,
Agni Vaisvanara the ever-beaming,
Who hath surpassed both heaven and earth in
greatness: lie is a God below, a God above us.

15 I have heard mention of two several
pathways, ways of the Fathers and of Gods and
mortals.

On these two paths each moving creature
travels, each thing between the Father and the
Mother.

16 These two united paths bear him who
journeys born from the head and pondered with
the spirit

He stands directed to all things existing, hasting,
unresting in his fiery splendour.

17 Which of us twain knows where they speak
together, upper and lower of the two rite-
leaders?

Our friends have helped to gather our assembly.
They came to sacrifice; who will announce it?

18 How many are the Fires and Suns in
number? What is the number of the Dawns and
Waters?

Not jestingly I speak to you, O Fathers. Sages, I
ask you this for information.

19 As great as is the fair-winged Morning's
presence to him who dwells beside us,
matarisvan!

Is what the Brahman does when he approaches

to sacrifice and sits below the Hotar.

HYMN LXXXIX. Indra.

1. I WILL extol the most heroic Indra who with
his might forced earth and sky asunder;
Who hath filled all with width as man's
Upholder, surpassing floods and rivers in his
greatness.

2 Surya is he: throughout the wide expanses
shall Indra turn him, swift as car-wheels, hither,
Like a stream resting not but ever active he hath
destroyed, with light, the blackhued darkness.

3 To him I sing a holy prayer, incessant new,
matchless, common to the earth and heaven,
Who marks, as they were backs, all living
creatures: ne'er doth he fail a friend, the noble
Indra.

4 I will send forth my songs in flow unceasing,
like water from the ocean's depth, to Indra.
Who to his car on both its sides securely hath
fixed the earth and heaven as with an axle.

5 Rousing with draughts, the Shaker, rushing
onward, impetuous, very strong, armed as with
arrows

Is Soma; forest trees and all the bushes deceive
not Indra with their offered likeness.

6 Soma hath flowed to him whom naught can
equal, the earth, the heavens, the firmament, the
mountains,-

When heightened in his ire his indignation
shatters the firm and breaks the strong in pieces.

7 As an axe fells the tree so he slew Vrtra, brake
down the strongholds and dug out the rivers.

He cleft the mountain like a new-made pitcher.

Indra brought forth the kine with his
Companions.

8 Wise art thou, Punisher of guilt, O Indra. The
sword lops limbs, thou smitest down the sinner,
The men who injure, as it were a comrade, the
lofty Law of Varuna and Mitra.

9 Men who lead evil lives, who break
agreements, and injure Varuna, Aryaman and
Mitra,-

Against these foes, O Mighty Indra, sharpen, as
furious death, thy Bull of fiery colour.

10 Indra is Sovran Lord of Earth and Heaven,
Indra is Lord of waters and of mountains.

Indra is Lord of prosperers and sages Indra must

be invoked in rest and effort.

11 Vaster than days and nights, Giver of
increase, vaster than firmament and flood of
ocean,

Vaster than bounds of earth and wind's
extension, vaster than rivers and our lands is
Indra.

12 Forward, as herald of refulgent Morning, let
thine insatiate arrow fly, O Indra.

And pierce, as 'twere a stone launched forth
from heaven, with hottest blaze the men who
love deception.

13 Him, verily, the moons, the mountains
followed, the tall trees followed and the plants
and herbage.

Yearning with love both Worlds approached,
the Waters waited on Indra when he first had
being.

14 Where was the vengeful dart when thou, O
Indra, clavest the demon ever beat on outrage?
When fiends lay there upon the ground extended
like cattle in the place of immolation?

15 Those who are set in enmity against us, the
Oganas, O Indra, waxen mighty,-

Let blinding darkness follow those our fbemen,
while these shall have bright shining nights to
light them.

16 May plentiful libations of the people, and
singing Rsis' holy prayers rejoice thee.
Hearing with love this common invocation,
come unto us, pass by all those who praise thee.

17 O Indra, thus may we be made partakers of
thy new favours that shall bring us profit.
Singing with love, may we the Visvamisras win
daylight even now through thee, O Indra.

18 Call we on Maghavan, auspicious Indra, best
hero in the fight where spoil is gathered,
The Strong who listens, who gives aid in battles,
who slays the Vrtras, wins and gathers riches.

HYMN XC. Purusa.

1. A THOUSAND heads hath Purusa, a
thousand eyes, a thousand feet.
On every side pervading earth he fills a space
ten fingers wide.

2 This Purusa is all that yet hath been and all
that is to be;

The Lord of Immortality which waxes greater

still by food.

3 So mighty is his greatness; yea, greater than this is Purusa.

All creatures are one-fourth of him, three-fourths eternal life in heaven.

4 With three-fourths Purusa went up: one-fourth of him again was here.

Thence he strode out to every side over what cats not and what cats.

5 From him Viraj was born; again Purusa from Viraj was born.

As soon as he was born he spread eastward and westward o'er the earth.

6 When Gods prepared the sacrifice with Purusa as their offering,

Its oil was spring, the holy gift was autumn; summer was the wood.

7 They balmed as victim on the grass Purusa born in earliest time.

With him the Deities and all Sadhyas and Rsis sacrificed.

8 From that great general sacrifice the dripping fat was gathered up.

He formed the creatures of-the air, and animals both wild and tame.

9 From that great general sacrifice Rcas and Sama-hymns were born:

Therefrom were spells and charms produced; the Yajus had its birth from it.

10 From it were horses born, from it all cattle with two rows of teeth:

From it were generated kine, from it the goats and sheep were born.

11 When they divided Purusa how many portions did they make?

What do they call his mouth, his arms? What do they call his thighs and feet?

12 The Brahman was his mouth, of both his arms was the Rajanya made.

His thighs became the Vaisya, from his feet the Sudra was produced.

13 The Moon was gendered from his mind, and from his eye the Sun had birth;

Indra and Agni from his mouth were born, and Vayu from his breath.

14 Forth from his navel came mid-air the sky was fashioned from his head

Earth from his feet, and from his car the regions.

Thus they formed the worlds.
15 Seven fencing-sticks had he, thrice seven
layers of fuel were prepared,
When the Gods, offering sacrifice, bound, as
their victim, Purusa.
16 Gods, sacrificing, sacrificed the victim these
were the earliest holy ordinances.
The Mighty Ones attained the height of heaven,
there where the Sidhyas, Gods of old, are
dwelling.

HYMN XCI. Agni.

1. BRISK, at the place of Ila, hymned by men
who wake, our own familiar Friend is kindled in
the house;
Hotar of all oblation, worthy of our choice,
Lord, beaming, trusty friend to one who loveth
him.
2 He, excellent in glory, guest in every house,
finds like a swift-winged bird a home in every
tree.
Benevolent to men, he scorns no living man:
Friend to the tribes of men he dwells with every
tribe.
3 Most sage with insight, passing skilful with
thy powers art thou, O Agni, wise with wisdom,
knowing all.
As Vasu, thou alone art Lord of all good things,
of all the treasures that the heavens and earth
produce.
4 Foreknowing well, O Agni, thou in Ila's place
hast occupied thy regular station balmed with
oil.
Marked are thy comings like the comings of the
Dawns, the rays of him who shineth spotless as
the Sun.
5 Thy glories are, as lightnings from the rainy
cloud, marked, many-hued, like heralds of the
Dawns' approach,
When, loosed to wander over plants and forest
trees, thou crammest by thyself thy food into thy
mouth.
6 Him, duly coming as their germ, have plants
received: this Agni have maternal Waters
brought to life.
So in like manner do the forest trees and plants
bear him within them and produce him
evermore.

7 When, sped and urged by wind, thou spreadest
thee abroad, swift piercing through thy food
according to thy will,

Thy never-ceasing blazes, longing to consume,
like men on chariots, Agni, strive on every side.

8 Agni, the Hotar-priest who fills the assembly
full, Waker of knowledge, chief Controller of
the thought,-

Him, yea, none other than thyself, doth man
elect at sacrificial offerings great and small
alike.

9 Here, Api, the arrangers, those attached to
thee, elect thee as their Priest in sacred
gatherings,

When men with strewn clipt grass and
sacrificial gifts offer thee entertainment, piously
inclined.

10 Thine is the Herald's task and Cleanser's duly
timed; Leader art thou, and Kindler for the pious
man.

Thou art Director, thou the ministering Priest:
thou art the Brahman, Lord and Master in our
home.

11 When mortal man presents to thee Immortal
God, Agni, his fuel or his sacrificial gift,
Then thou art his Adhvaryu, Hotar, messenger,
callest the Gods and orderest the sacrifice.

12 From us these hymns in concert have gone
forth to him, these. holy words, these Rcas,
songs and eulogies,

Eager for wealth, to Jatavedas fain for wealth:
when they have waxen strong they please their
Strengtheners.

13 This newest eulogy will I speak forth to him,
the Ancient One who loves it. May he hear our
voice.

May it come near his heart and make it stir with
love, as a fond well-dressed matron clings about
her lord.

14 He in whom horses, bulls, oxen, and barren
cows, and rams, when duly set apart, are offered
up,-

To Agni, Soma-sprinkled, drinker of sweet
juice, Disposer, with my heart I bring a fair
hymn forth.

15 Into thy mouth is poured the offering, Agni,
as Soma into cup, oil into ladle.

Vouchsafe us wealth. strength-winning, blest

with heroes, wealth lofty, praised by men, and
full of splendour.

HYMN XCII. Visvedevas.

1. I PRAISE your Charioteer of sacrifice, the
Lord of men, Priest of the tribes, refulgent,
Guest of night.
Blazing amid dry plants, snatching amid the
green, the Strong, the Holy Herald hath attained
to heaven.

2 Him, Agni, Gods and men have made their
chief support, who drinks the fatness and
completes the sacrifice.

With kisses they caress the Grandson of the
Red, like the swift ray of light, the Household
Priest of Dawn.

3 Yea, we discriminate his and the niggard's
ways: his branches evermore are sent forth to
consume.

When his terrific flames have reached the
Immortal's world, then men remember and extol
the Heavenly Folk.

4 For then the net of Law, Dyaus, and the wide
expanse, Earth, Worship, and Devotion meet for
highest praise,

Varuna, Indra, Mitra were of one accord, and
Savitar and Bhaga, Lords of holy might.

5 Onward, with ever-roaming Rudra, speed the
floods: over Aramati the Mighty have they run.
With them Parijman, moving round his vast
domain, loud bellowing, bedews all things that
are within.

6 Straightway the Rudras, Maruts visiting all
men, Falcons of Dyaus, home-dwellers with the
Asura,-

Varuna, Mitra, Aryaman look on with these, and
the swift-moving Indra with swift-moving
Gods.

7 With Indra have they found enjoyment, they
who toil, in the light's beauty, in the very Strong
One's strength;

The singers who in men's assemblies forged for
him, according to his due, his friend the
thunderbolt.

8 Even the Sun's Bay Coursers hath lie held in
check: each one fears Indra as the mightiest of
all.

Unhindered, from the air's vault thunders day by

day the loud triumphant breathing of the fearful
Bull.

9 With humble adoration show this day your
song of praise to mighty Rudra, Ruler of the
brave:

With whom, the Eager Ones, going their
ordered course, he comes from heaven Self-
bright, auspicious, strong to guard.

10 For these have spread abroad the fame of
human kind, the Bull Brhaspati and Soma's
brotherhood.

Atharvan first by sacrifices made men sure:
through skill the Bhrgus were esteemed of all as
Gods.

11 For these, the Earth and Heaven with their
abundant seed, four-bodied Narasmsa, Yama,
Aditi,

God Tvastar Wealth-bestower, the Rbhuksanas,
Rodasi, Maruts, Visnu, claim and merit praise.

12 And may he too give car, the Sage, from far
away, the Dragon of the Deep, to this our
yearning call.

Ye Sun and Moon who dwell in heaven and
move in turn, and with your thought, O Earth
and Sky, observe this well.

13 Dear to all Gods, may Pasan guard the ways
we go, the Waters' child and Vayu help us to
success.

Sing lauds for your great bliss to Wind, the
breath of all: ye Asvins prompt to hear, hear this
upon your way.

14 With hymns of praise we sing him who is
throned as Lord over these fearless tribes, the
Self-resplendent One.

We praise Night's youthful Lord benevolent to
men, the foeless One, the free, with all celestial
Dames.

15 By reason of his birth here Angiras first
sang: the pressing-stones upraised bebold the
sacrifice-

The stones through which the Sage became
exceeding vast, and the sharp axe obtains in
fight the beauteous place.

HYMN XCIII. Visvedevas.

1. MIGHTY are ye, and far-extended, Heaven
and Earth: both Worlds are evermore to us like
two young Dames.

Guard us thereby from stronger foe; guard us
hereby to give us strength.

2 In each succeeding sacrifice that mortal
honoureth the Gods,
He who, most widely known and famed for
happiness, inviteth them.

3 Ye who are Rulers over all, great is your
sovrain power as Gods.
Ye all possess all majesty: all must be served in
sacrifice.

4 These are the joyous Kings of Immortality,
Parijman, Mitra, Aryaman, and Varuna.
What else is Rudra, praised of men? the Maruts,
Bhaga, Pusana?

5 Come also to our dwelling, Lords of ample
wealth, common partakers of our waters, Sun
and Moon,
When the great Dragon of the Deep hath settled
down upon their floors.

6 And let the Asvins, Lords of splendour, set us
free,- both Gods, and, with their Laws, Mitra
and Varuna.

Through woes, as over desert lands, he speeds
to ample opulence.

7 Yea, let the Asvins Twain be gracious unto us,
even Rudras, and all Gods, Bhaga, Rathaspati;
Parijman, Rbhu, Vaja, O Lords of all wealth
Rbhuksanas.

8 Prompt is Rbhuksan, prompt the worshipper's
strong drink: may thy fleet Bay Steeds, thine
who sperdest on, approach.

Not man's but God's is sacrifice whose psalm is
unassailable.

9 O God Savitar, harmed by none, lauded, give
us a place among wealthy princes.

With his Car-steeds at once 'hath our Indra
guided the reins and the car of these men.

10 To these men present here, O Heaven and
Earth, to us grant lofty fame extending over all
mankind.

Give us a steed to win us strength, a steed with
wealth for victory.

11 This speaker, Indra-for thou art our Friend-
wherever he may be, guard thou, Victor! for
help, ever for help

Thy wisdom, Vasu! prosper him.

12 So have they strengthened this mine hymn
which seems to take its bright path to the Sun,

and reconciles the men:

Thus forms a carpenter the yoke of horses, not
to be displaced.

13 Whose chariot-seat hath come again laden
with wealth and bright with gold,
Lightly, with piercing ends, as 'twere two ranks
of heroes ranged for fight.

14 This to Duhsima Prthavana have I sung, to
Vena, Rama, to the nobles, and the King.
They yoked five hundred, and their love of us
was famed upon their way.

15 Besides, they showed us seven -and-seventy
horses here.

Tanva at once displayed his gift, Parthya at once
displayed his gift; and straightway Mayava
showed his.

HYMN XCIV. Press-stones.

1. LET these speak loudly forth; let us speak out
aloud: to the loud speaking Pressing-stones
address the speech;

When, rich with Soma juice, Stones of the
mountain, ye, united, swift to Indra bring the
sound of praise.

2 They speak out like a hundred, like a thousand
men: they cry aloud to us with their green-tinted
mouths,

While, pious Stones, they ply their task with
piety, and, even before the Hotar, taste the
offered food.

3 Loudly they speak, for they have found the
savoury meath: they make a humming sound
over the meat prepared.

As they devour the branch of the Red-coloured
Tree, these, the well-pastured Bulls, have
uttered bellowings.

4 They cry aloud, with strong exhilarating drink,
calling on Indra now, for they have found the
meath.

Bold, with the sisters they have danced,
embraced by them, making the earth reecho
with their ringing sound.

5 The Eagles have sent forth their cry aloft in
heaven; in the sky's vault the dark impetuous
ones have danced.

Then downward to the nether stone's fixt place
they sink, and, splendid as the Sun, effuse their
copious stream.

6 Like strong ones drawing, they have put forth
all their strength: the Bulls, harnessed together,
bear the chariot-poles.

When they have bellowed, panting, swallowing
their food, the sound of their loud snorting is
like that of steeds.

7 To these who have ten workers and a tenfold
girth, to these who have ten yoke-straps and ten
binding thongs,

To these who bear ten reins, the eternal, sing ye
praise, to these who bear ten car-poles, ten when
they are yoked.

8 These Stones with ten conductors, rapid in
their course, with lovely revolution travel round
and round.

They have been first to drink the flowing Soma
juice, first to enjoy the milky fluid of the stalk.

9 These Soma-eaters kiss Indra's Bay-coloured
Steeds: draining the stalk they sit upon the ox's
hide.

Indra, when he hath drunk Soma-nicath drawn
by them, waxes in strength, is famed, is mighty
as a Bull.

10. Strong is your stalk; ye, verily, never shall
be harmed; ye have refreshment, ye are ever
satisfied.

Fair are ye, as it were, through splendour of his
wealth, his in whose sacrifice, O Stones, ye find
delight.

11 Bored deep, but not pierced through with
holes, are ye, O Stones, not loosened, never
weary, and exempt from death,

Eternal, undiseased, moving in sundry ways,
unthirsting, full of fatness, void of all desire.

12 Your fathers, verily, stand firm from age to
age: they, loving rest, are not dissevered from
their seat.

Untouched by time, ne'er lacking green plants
and green trees, they with their voice have
caused the heavens and earth to hear.

13 This, this the Stones proclaim, what time
they are disjoined, and when with ringing
sounds they move and drink the balm.

Like tillers of the ground when they are sowing
seed, they mix the Soma, nor, devouring, minish
it.

14 They have raised high their voice for juice,
for sacrifice, striking the Mother earth as though

they danced thereon.
So loose thou too his thought who hath effused
the sap, and let the Stones which we are
honouring be disjoined.

HYMN XCV. Urvasi. Pururavas.

1. Ho there, my consort! Stay, thou fierce-souled lady, and let us reason for a while together.

Such thoughts as these of ours, while yet unspoken in days gone by have never brought us comfort.

2 What am I now to do with this thy saying? I have gone from thee like the first of Mornings. Pururavas, return thou to thy dwelling: I, like the wind, am difficult to capture.

3 Like a shaft sent for glory from the quiver, or swift-steed winning cattle winning hundreds. The lightning seemed to flash, as cowards planned it. The minstrels bleated like a lamb in trouble.

4 Giving her husband's father life and riches, from the near dwelling, when her lover craved her,

She sought the home wherein she found her pleasure, accepting day and night her lord's embraces.

5 Thrice in the day didst thou embrace thy consort, though coldly she received thy fond caresses.

To thy desires, Pururavas, I yielded: so wast thou king, O hero, of my body.

6 The maids Sujirni, Sreni, Sumne-api, Charanyu, Granthini, and Hradecaksus,- These like red kine have hastened forth, the bright ones, and like milch-cows have lowed in emulation.

7 While he was born the Dames sate down together, the Rivers with free kindness gave him nurture;

And then, Pururavas, the Gods increased thee for mighty battle, to destroy the Dasyus.

8 When I, a mortal, wooed to mine embraces these heavenly nymphs who laid aside their raiment,

Like a scared snake they fled from me in terror, like chariot horses when the car has touched them.

9 When, loving these Immortal Ones, the mortal
hath converse with the nymphs as they allow
him.

Like swans they show the beauty of their
bodies, like horses in their play they bite and
nibble.

10 She who flashed brilliant as the falling
lightning brought me delicious presents from
the waters.

Now from the flood be born a strong young hero
May Uruvasi prolong her life for ever

11 Thy birth hath made me drink from earthly
milch-kine: this power, Pururavas, hast thou
vouchsafed me.

I knew, and, warned thee, on that day. Thou
wouldst not hear me. What sayest thou, when
naught avails thee?

12 When will the son be born and seek his
father? Mourner-like, will he weep when first he
knows him?

Who shall divide the accordant wife and
husband, while fire is shining with thy consort's
parents?

13 I will console him when his tears are falling:
he shall not weep and cry for care that blesses.
That which is thine, between us, will I send
thee. Go home again, thou fool; thou hast not
won me.

14 Thy lover shall flee forth this day for ever, to
seek, without return, the farthest distance.
Then let his bed be in Destruction's bosom, and
there let fierce rapacious wolves devour him.

15 Nay, do not die, Pururavas, nor vanish: let
not the evil-omened wolves devour thee.

With women there can be no lasting friendship:
hearts of hyenas are the hearts of women.

16 When amid men in altered shape I sojourned,
and through four autumns spent the nights
among them,

I tasted once a day a drop of butter; and even
now with that am I am contented.

17 I, her best love, call Urvasi to meet me, her
who fills air and measures out the region.

Let the gift brought by piety approach thee.
Turn thou to me again: my heart is troubled.

18 Thus speak these Gods to thee, O son of Ila:
As death hath verily got thee for his subject,
Thy sons shall serve the Gods with their

oblation, and thou, moreover, shalt rejoice in Svarga.

HYMN XCVI. Indra.

1 In the great synod will I laud thy two Bay Steeds: I prize the sweet strong drink of thee the Warrior-God,
His who pours lovely oil as 'twere with yellow drops. Let my songs enter thee whose form hath golden tints.

2 Ye who in concert sing unto the goldhued place, like Bay Steeds driving onward to the heavenly seat,
For Indra laud ye strength allied with Tawny Steeds, laud him whom cows content as 'twere with yellow drops.

3 His is that thunderbolt, of iron, goldenhued, gold-coloured, very dear, and yellow in his arms;
Bright with strong teeth, destroying with its tawny rage. In Indra are set fast all forms of golden hue.

4 As if a lovely ray were laid upon the sky, the golden thunderbolt spread out as in a race.
That iron bolt with yellow jaw smote Ahi down. A thousand flames had he who bore the tawny-hued.

5 Thou, thou, when praised by men who sacrificed of old. hadst pleasure in their lauds, O Indra golden-haired.
All that befits thy song of praise thou welcomest, the perfect pleasant gift, O Golden-hued from birth.

6 These two dear Bays bring hither Indra on his car, Thunder-armed, joyous, meet for laud, to drink his fill.

Many libations flow for him who loveth them: to Indra have the gold-hued Soma juices run.

7 The gold-hued drops have flowed to gratify his wish: the yellow drops have urged the swift Bays to the Strong.

He who speeds on with Bay Steeds even as he lists hath satisfied his longing for the golden drops.

8 At the swift draught the Soma-drinker waxed in might, the Iron One with yellow beard and yellow hair.

He, Lord of Tawny Coursers, Lord of fleet-foot

Mares, will bear his Bay Steeds safely over all distress.

9 His yellow-coloured jaws, like ladles move apart, what time, for strength, he makes the yellow-tinted stir,

When, while the bowl stands there, he grooms his Tawny Steeds, when he hath drunk strong drink, the sweet juice that he loves.

10 Yea, to the Dear One's seat in homes of heaven and earth the Bay Steeds' Lord hath whinnied like a horse for food.

Then the great wish hath seized upon him mightily, and the Beloved One hath gained high power of life,

11 Thou, comprehending with thy might the earth and heaven, acceptest the dear hymn for ever new and new.

O Asura, disclose thou and make visible the Cow's beloved home to the bright golden Sun.

12 O Indra, let the eager wishes of the folk bring thee, delightful, golden-visored, on thy car,

That, pleased with sacrifice wherein ten fingers toil, thou mayest, at the feast, drink of our offered meath.

13 Juices aforetime, Lord of Bays, thou drankest; and thine especially is this libation.

Gladden thee, Indra, with the meath-rich Soma: pour it down ever, Mighty One! within thee.

HYMN XCVII. Praise of Herbs.

1. HERBS that sprang up in time of old, three ages earlier than the Gods,-
Of these, whose hue is brown, will I declare the hundred powers and seven.

2 Ye, Mothers, have a hundred homes, yea, and a thousand are your growths.

Do ye who have a thousand powers free this my patient from disease.

3 Be glad and joyful in the Plants, both blossoming and bearing fruit,

Plants that will lead us to success like mares who conquer in the race.

4 Plants, by this name I speak to you, Mothers, to you the Goddesses:

Steed, cow, and garment may I win, win back thy very self, O man.

5 The Holy Fig tree is your home, your mansion is the Parna tree:

Winners of cattle shali ye be if ye regain for me
this man.

6 He who hath store of Herbs at hand like Kings
amid a crowd of men,-

Physician is that sage's name, fiend-slayer,
chaser of disease.

7 Herbs rich in Soma, rich in steeds, in
nourishments, in strengthening power,-

All these have I provided here, that this man
may be whole again.

8 The healing virtues of the Plants stream forth
like cattle from the stall,-

Plants that shall win me store of wealth, and
save thy vital breath, O man.

9 Reliever is your mother's name, and hence
Restorers are ye called.

Rivers are ye with wings that fly: keep far
whatever brings disease.

10 Over all fences have they passed, as steals a
thief into the fold.

The Plants have driven from the frame whatever
malady was there.

11 When, bringing back the vanished strength, I
hold these herbs within my hand,

The spirit of disease departs ere he can seize
upon the life.

12 He through whose frame, O Plants, ye creep
member by member, joint by joint,-

From him ye drive away disease like some
strong arbiter of strife.

13 Fly, Spirit of Disease, begone, with the blue
jay and kingfisher.

Fly with the wind's impetuous speed, vanish
together with the storm.

14 Help every one the other, lend assistance
each of you to each,

All of you be accordant, give furtherance to this
speech of mine.

15 Let fruitful Plants, and fruitless, those that
blossom, and the blossomless,

Urged onward by Brhaspati, release us from our
pain and grief;

16 Release me from the curse's plague and woe
that comes from Varuna;

Free me from Yama's fetter, from sin and
offence against the Gods.

17 What time, descending from the sky, the
Plants flew earthward, thus they spake:

No evil shall befall the man whom while he
 liveth we pervade,
 18 Of all the many Plants whose King is, Soma,
 Plants of hundred forms,
 Thou art the Plant most excellent, prompt to the
 wish, sweet to the heart.
 19 O all ye various Herbs whose King is Soma,
 that o'erspread the earth,
 Urged onward by Brhaspati, combine your
 virtue in this Plant.
 20 Unharm'd be he who digs you up, unharm'd
 the man for whom I dig:
 And let no malady attack biped or quadruped of
 ours.
 21 All Plants that hear this speech, and those
 that have departed far away,
 Come all assembled and confer your healing
 power upon this Herb.
 22 With Soma as their Sovran Lord the Plants
 hold colloquy and say:
 O King, we save from death the man whose
 cure a Brahman undertakes.
 23 Most excellent of all art thou, O Plant thy
 vassals are the trees.
 Let him be subject to our power, the man who
 seeks to injure us.

HYMN XCVIII. The Gods.

1. COME, be thou Mitra, Varuna, or Pusan,
 come, O Brhaspati, to mine oblation:
 With Maruts, Vasus, or Adityas, make thou
 Parjanya pour for Santanu his rain-drops.
 2 The God, intelligent, the speedy envoy whom
 thou hast sent hath come to me, Devapi:
 Address thyself to me and turn thee hither
 within thy lips will I put brilliant language.
 3 Within my mouth, Brhaspati, deposit speech
 lucid, vigorous, and free from weakness,
 Thereby to win for Santanu the rain-fall. The
 meath-rich drop from heaven hath passed within
 it.
 4 Let the sweet drops descend on us, O Indra:
 give us enough to lade a thousand wagons.
 Sit to thy Hotar task; pay worship duly, and
 serve the Gods, Devapi, with oblation.
 5 Knowing the God's good-will, Devapi, Rsi,
 the son of Rstisena, sate as Hotar.
 He hath brought down from heaven's most lofty

summit the ocean of the rain, celestial waters.
 6 Gathered together in that highest ocean, the
 waters stood by deities obstructed.
 They hurried down set free by Arstisena, in
 gaping clefts, urged onward by Devapi.
 7 When as chief priest for Santanu, Devapi,
 chosen for Hotar's duty, prayed beseeching,
 Graciously pleased Brhaspati vouchsafed him a
 voice that reached the Gods and won the waters.
 8 O Agni whom Devapi Arstisena, the mortal
 man, hath kindled in his glory,
 Joying in him with all the Gods together, urge
 on the sender of the rain, Parjanya.
 9 All ancient Rsis with their songs approached
 thee, even thee, O Much-invoked, at sacrifices.
 We have provided wagon-loads in thousands:
 come to the solemn rite, Lord of Red Horses.
 10 The wagon-loads, the nine-and-ninety
 thousand, these have been offered up to thee, O
 Agni.
 Hero, with these increase thy many bodies, and,
 stimulated, send us rain from heaven.
 11 Give thou these ninety thousand loads, O
 Agni, to Indra, to the Bull, to be his portion.
 Knowing the paths which Deities duly travel,
 set mid the Gods in heaven Aulana also.
 12 O Agni, drive afar our foes, our troubles
 chase malady away and wicked demons.
 From this air-ocean, from the lofty heavens,
 send down on us a mighty flood of waters.

HYMN XCIX. Indra.

I. WHAT Splendid One, Loud-voiced,
 Farstriding, dost thou, well knowing, urge us to
 exalt with praises?
 What give we him? When his might dawned, he
 fashioned the Vrtra-slaying bolt, and sent us
 waters.
 2 He goes to end his work with lightning
 flashes: wide is the seat his Asura glory gives
 him.
 With his Companions, not without his Brother,
 he quells Saptatha's magic devices.
 3 On most auspicious path he goes to battle he
 toiled to win heaven's light, full fain to gain it;
 He seized the hundred-gated castle's treasure by
 craft, unchecked, and slew the lustful demons.
 4 Fighting for kine, the prize of war, and I

roaming among the herd he brings the young
 streams hither,
 Where, footless, joined, without a car to bear
 them, with jars for steeds, they pour their flood
 like butter.
 5 Bold, unsolicited for wealth, with Rudras he
 came, the Blameless, having left his dwelling,
 Came, seized the food of Vamra and his
 consort, and left the couple weeping and
 unsheltered.
 6 Lord of the dwelling, he subdued the demon
 who roared aloud, six-eyed and triple-headed.
 Trta, made stronger by the might he lent him,
 struck down the boar with shaft whose point
 was iron.
 7 He raised himself on high and shot his arrow
 against the guileful and oppressive foeman.
 Strong, glorious, manliest, for us he shattered
 the forts of Nabus when he slew the Dasyus.
 8 He, like a cloud that rains upon the pasture,
 hath found for us the way to dwell in safety.
 When the Hawk comes in body to the Soma,
 armed with his iron claws he slays the Dasyus.
 9 He with his potent Friends gave up the
 mighty, gave gusnia up to Kutsa for affliction.
 He led the lauded Kavi, he delivered Atka as
 prey to him and to his heroes.
 10 He, with his Gods who love mankind, the
 Wondrous, giving like Varuna who works with
 magic,
 Was known, yet young as guardian of the
 seasons; and he quelled Araru, four-footed
 demon.
 11 Through lauds of him hath Ausija Rjisvan
 burst, with the Mighty's aid, the stall of Pipru.
 When the saint pressed the juice and shone as
 singer, he seized the forts and with his craft
 subdued them.
 12 So, swiftly Asura, for exaltation, hath the
 great Vamraka come nigh to Indra.
 He will, when supplicated, bring him blessing:
 he hath brought all, food, strength, a happy
 dwelling.

HYMN C. Visvedevas.

1. Be, like thyself, O Indra, strong for our
 delight: here lauded, aid us, Maghavan, drinker
 of the juice.

Savitar with the Gods protect us: hear ye Twain.
We ask for freedom and complete felicity.

2 Bring swift, for offering, the snare that suits
the time, to the pure-drinker Vayu, roaring as he
goes,

To him who hath approached the draught of
shining milk. We ask for freedom and complete
felicity.

3 May Savitar the God send us full life, to each
who sacrifices, lives aright and pours the juice
That we with simple hearts may wait upon the
Gods. We ask for freedom and complete
felicity.

4 May Indra evermore be gracious unto us, and
may King Soma meditate our happiness,
Even as men secure the comfort of a friend. We
ask for freedom and complete felicity.

5 Indra hath given the body with its song and
strength: Brhaspati, thou art the lengthener of
life.

The sacrifice is Manu, Providence, our Sire. We
ask for freedom and complete felicity.

6 Indra possesseth might celestial nobly formed:
the singer in the hotise is Agni, prudent Sage.
lie is the sacrifice in synod, fair, most near. We
ask for freedom and complete felicity,

7 Not often have we sinned against you secretly,
nor, Vasus, have we openly provoked the Gods.
Not one of its, ye Gods, hath worn an alien
shape. We ask for freedom and complete
felicity.

8 May Savitar remove from us our malady, and
may the Mountains keep it far away from where
The press-stone as it sheds the meath rings
loudly forth. We ask for freedom and complete
felicity.

9 Ye Vasus, let the stone, the presser stand
erect: avert all enmities and keep them far
remote.

Our guard to be adored is Savitar this God. We
ask for freedom and complete felicity.

10 Eat strength and fatness in the pasture, kine,
who are balmed at the reservoir and at the seat
of Law.

So let your body be our body's medicine. We
ask for freedom and complete felicity.

11 The singer fills the spirit: all mens, love hath
he. Indra takes kindly care of those who pour

the juice.

For his libation is the heavenly udder full. We
ask for freedom and complete felicity.

12 Wondrous thy spirit-filling light, triumphant;
thy hosts save from decay and are resistless.

The pious votary by straightest pathway speeds
to possess the best of all the cattle.

HYMN CI. Visvedevas.

1. WAKE with one mind, my friends, and
kindle Agni, ye who are many and who dwell
together.

Agni and Dadhikras and Dawn the Goddess,
you, Gods with Indra, I call down to help us.

2 Make pleasant hymns, spin out your songs and
praises: build ye a ship equipped with oars for
transport.

Prepare the implements, make all things ready,
and let the sacrifice, my friends, go forward.

3 Lay on the yokes, and fasten well the traces:
formed is the furrow, sow the seed within it.
Through song may we find bearing fraught with
plenty: near to the ripened grain approach the
sickle.

4 Wise, through desire of bliss from Gods, the
skilful bind the traces fast, And lay the yokes on
either side.

5 Arrange the buckets in their place securely
fasten on the straps.

We will pour forth the well that hath a copious
stream, fair-flowing well that never fails.

6 I pour the water from the well with pails
prepared and goodly straps,

Unfailing, full, with plenteous stream.

7 Refresh the horses, win the prize before you:
equip a chariot fraught with happy fortune.

Pour forth the well with stone wheel, wooden
buckets, the drink of heroes, with the trough for
armour.

8 Prepare the cow-stall, for there drink your
heroes: stitch ye the coats of armour, wide and
many.

Make iron forts, secure from all assailants let
not your pitcher leak: stay it securely.

9 Hither, for help, I turn the holy heavenly mind
of you the Holy Gods, that longs for sacrifice.

May it pour milk for us, even as a stately cow
who, having sought the pasture, yields a

thousand streams.

10 Pour golden juice within the wooden vessel:
with stone-made axes fashion ye and form it.
Embrace and compass it with tenfold girdle, and
to both chariot-poles attach the car-horse.

11 Between both poles the car-horse goes
pressed closely, as in his dwelling moves the
doubly-wedded.

Lay in the wood the Soviran of the Forest, and
sink the well although ye do not dig it.

12 Indra is he, O men, who gives us happiness:
sport, urge the giver of delight to win us
strength

Bring quickly down, O priests, hither to give us
aid, to drink the Soma, Indra Son of Nistigri.

HYMN CII. Indra.

1. FOR thee may Indra boldly speed the car that
works on either side.

Favour us, Much-invoked! in this most glorious
fight against the raiders of our wealth.

2 Loose in the wind the woman's robe was
streaming what time she won a car-load worth a
thousand.

The charioteer in fight was Mudgalani: she
Indra's dart, heaped up the prize of battle.

3 O Indra, cast thy bolt among assailants who
would slaughter us:

The weapon both of Dasa and of Arya foe keep
far away, O Maghavan.

4 The bull in joy had drunk a lake of water. His
shattering horn encountered an opponent.

Swiftly, in vigorous strength, eager for glory, he
stretched his forefeet, fain to win and triumph.

5 They came anear the bull; they made him
thunder, made him pour rain down ere the fight
was ended.

And Mudgala thereby won in the contest well-
pastured kine in hundreds and in thousands.

6 In hope of victory that bull was harnessed:
Kesi the driver urged him on with shouting.

As he ran swiftly with the car behind him his
lifted heels pressed close on Mudgalani.

7 Deftly for him he stretched the car-pole
forward, guided the bull thereto and firmly
yoked him.

Indra vouchsafed the lord of cows his favour:
with mighty steps the buffalo ran onward.

8 Touched by the goad the shaggy beast went nobly, bound to the pole by the yoke's thong of leather.

Performing deeds of might for many people, he, looking on the cows, gained strength and vigour.

9 Here look upon this mace, this bull's companion, now lying midway on the field of battle.

Therewith hath Mudgala in ordered contest won for cattle for himself, a hundred thousand.

10 Far is the evil: who hath here beheld it? Hither they bring the bull whom they are yoking..

To this they give not either food or water.

Reaching beyond the pole it gives directions.

11 Like one forsaken, she hath found a husband, and teemed as if her breast were full and flowing.

With swiftly-racing chariot may we conquer, and rich and blessed be our gains in battle.

12 Thou, Indra, art the mark whereon the eyes of all life rest, when thou,

A Bull who drivest with thy bull, wilt win the race together with thy weakling friend.

HYMN CIII. Indra.

1. SWIFT, rapidly striking, like a bull who sharpens his horns, terrific, stirring up the people,

With eyes that close not, bellowing, Sole Hero, Indra. subdued at once a hundred armies.

2 With him loud-roaring, ever watchful, Victor, bold, hard to overthrow, Rouser of battle, Indra. the Strong, whose hand bears arrows, conquer, ye warriors, now, now vanquish in the combat.

3 He rules with those who carry shafts and quivers, Indra who with his band rings hosts together,

Foe-conquering, strong of arm, the Soma-drinker, with mighty bow, shooting with well-laid arrows.

4 Brhaspati, fly with thy chariot hither, slayer of demons, driving off our foemen.

Be thou protector of our cars, destroyer, victor in battle, breaker-up of armies.

5 Conspicuous by thy strength, firm, foremost

fighter, mighty and fierce, victorious, all-
 subduing,
 The Son of Conquest, passing men and heroes,
 kine-winner, mount thy conquering car, O Indra.
 6 Cleaver of stalls, kine-winner, armed with
 thunder, who quells an army and with might
 destroys it.-
 Follow him, brothers! quit yourselves like
 heroes, and like this Indra show your zeal and
 courage.
 7 Piercing the cow-stalls with surpassing vigour,
 Indra, the pitiless Hero, wild with anger,
 Victor in fight, unshaken and resistless, may he
 protect our armies in our battles.
 8 Indra guide these: Brhaspati precede them, the
 guerdon, and the sacrifice, and Soma;
 And let the banded Maruts march in forefront of
 heavenly hosts that conquer and demolish.
 9 Ours be the potent host of mighty Indra, King
 Varuna, and Maruts, and Adityas.
 Uplifted is the shout of Gods who conquer high-
 minded Gods who cause the worlds to tremble.
 10 Bristle thou up, O Maghavan, our weapons:
 excite the spirits of my warring heroes.
 Urge on the strong steeds' might, O Vrtra-
 slayer, and let the din of conquering cars go
 upward.
 11 May Indra aid us when our flags are
 gathered: victorious be the arrows of our army.
 May our brave men of war prevail in battle. Ye
 Gods, protect us in the shout of onset.
 12 Bewildering the senses of our foemen, seize
 thou their bodies and depart, O Apva.
 Attack them, set their hearts on fire and burn
 them: so let our foes abide in utter darkness.
 13 Advance, O heroes, win the day. May Indra
 be your sure defence.
 Exceeding mighty be your arms, that none may
 wound or injure you.

HYMN CIV. Indra.

1. Soma hath flowed for thee, Invoked of mat
 Speed to our sacrifice with both thy Coursers.
 To thee have streameld the songs or mighty
 singers, imploring, Indra, drink of our libation.
 2 Drink of the juice which men have washed in
 waters, and fill thee full, O Lord of Tawny
 Horses.

O Indra, hearer of the laud, with Soma which
stones have mixed for thee enhance thy rapture.

3 To make thee start, a strong true draught I
offer to thee, the Bull, O thou whom Bay Steeds
carry.

Here take delight, O Indra, in our voices while
thou art hymned with power and all our spirit.

4 O Mighty Indra, through thine aid, thy
prowess, obtaining life, zealous, and skilled in
Order,

Men in the house who share the sacred banquet
stand singing praise that brings them store of
children.

5 Through thy directions, Lord of Tawny
Coursers, thine who art firm, splendid, and
blest, the people

Obtain most liberal aid for their salvation, and
praise thee, Indra, through thine excellencies.

6 Lord of the Bays, come with thy two Bay
Horses, come to our prayers, to drink the juice
of Soma.

To thee comes sacrifice which thou acceptest:
thou, skilled in holy rites, art he who giveth.

7 Him of a thousand powers, subduing foemen,
Maghavan praised with hymns and pleased with
Soma,-

Even him our songs approach, resistless Indra:
the adorations of the singer laud him.

8 The way to bliss for Gods and man thou
foundest, Indra, seven lovely floods, divine,
untroubled,

Wherewith thou, rending forts, didst move the
ocean, and nine-and-ninety flowing streams of
water.

9 Thou from the curse didst free the mighty
Waters, and as their only God didst watch and
guard them.

O Indra, cherish evermore thy body with those
which thou hast won in quelling Vrtra.

10 Heroic power and noble praise is Indra yea,
the song worships him invoked of many.

Vrtra he quelled, and gave men room and
freedom: gakra, victorious, hath conquered
armies.

11 Call we on Maghayan, auspicious Indra. best
Hero in this fight where spoil is gathered,
The Strong, who listens, who gives aid in
battles, who slays the Vrtras, wins and gathers

riches.

HYMN CV. Indra.

1. WHEN, Vasu, wilt thou love the laud? Now
let the channel bring the stream.

The juice is ready to ferment.

2 He whose two Bay Steeds harnessed well,
swerving, pursue the Bird's tail-plumes,
With Rowing manes, like heaven and earth, he
is the Lord with power to give.

3 Bereft of skill is Indra, if, like some

outwearied man he fears

The sinner, when the Mighty hath prepared
himself for victory.

4 Indra with these drives round, until he meets
with one to worship him:

Indra is Master of the pair who snort and swerve
upon their way.

5 Borne onward by the long-maned Steeds who
stretch themselves as 'twere for food,

The God who wears the helm defends them with
his jaws.

6 The Mighty sang with Lofty Ones: the Hero
fashioned with his strength,

Like skilful Matarisvan with his power and
might,

7 The bolt, which pierced at once the vitals of
the Dasyu easy to be slain,

With jaw uninjured like the wondrous
firmament.

8 Grind off our sins: with song will we conquer
the men who sing no hymns:

Not easily art thou pleased with prayerless
sacrifice.

9 When threefold flame burns high for thee, to
rest on poles of sacrifice,

Thou with the living joyest in the self-bright
Ship.

10 Thy glory was the speckled cup, thy glory
was the flawless scoop.

Wherewith thou pourest into thy receptacle.

11 As hundreds, O Immortal God, have sung to
thee, so hath Sumitra, yea, Durmitra praised
thee here,

What time thou holpest Kutsa's son, when
Dasyus fell, yea, holpest Kutsa's darling when
the Dasyus died.

HYMN CVI. Asvins.

1. THIS very thing ye Twain hold as your
object: ye weave your songs as skilful men
weave garments.

That ye may come united have I waked you: ye
spread out food like days of lovely weather.

2 Like two plough-bulls ye move along in
traces, and seek like eager guests your bidder's
banquet.

Ye are like glorious envoys mid the people: like
bulls, approach the place where ye are watered.

3 Like the two pinions of a bird, connected, like
two choice animals, ye have sought our
worship.

Bright as the fire the votary hath kindled, ye
sacrifice in many a spot as roamers.

4 Ye are our kinsmen, like two sons, two
fathers, strong in your splendour and like kings
for conquest;

Like rays for our enjoyment, Lords to feed us,
ye, like quick bearers, have obeyed our calling.

5 You are like two pleasantly moving well-fed
(hills) like Mitra and Varuna, the two bestowers
of felicity, veracious, possessors of infinite
wealth, happy, like two horses plump with
fodder, abiding in the firmament, like two rams
(are you) to be nourished with sacrificial food,
to be cherished (with oblations).

6 You are like two mad elephants bending their
forequarters and smiting the foe, like the two
sons of Nitosa destroying (foes), and cherishing
(friends); you are bright as two water-born
(jewels), do you, who are victorious, (render)
my decaying mortal body free from decay.

7 Fierce (Asvins), like two powerful (heroes),
you enable this moving, perishable mortal
(frame) to cross over to the objects (of its
destination) as over water; extremely strong,
like the Rbhus, your chariot, attained its
destination swift as the wind, it pervaded
(everywhere), it dispensed riches.

8 With your bellies full of the Soma, like two
saucepans, preservers of wealth, destroyers of
enemies. (you are) armed with hatchets, moving
like two flying (birds) with forms like the moon,
attaining success through the mind, like two

laudable beings, (you are) approaching (the sacrifice).

9 Like giants, ye will find firm ground to stand on in depths, like feet for one who fords a shallow.

Like cars ye will attend to him who orders: ye Two enjoy our wondrous work as sharers.

10 Like toiling bees ye bring to us your honey, as bees into the hide that opens downward.

11 May we increase the laud and gain us vigour: come to our song, ye whom one chariot carries. Filled be our kine with ripened meath like glory: Bhutamsa hath fulfilled the Asvins' longing.

HYMN CVII. Daksina.

1. THESE men's great bounty hath been manifested, and the whole world of life set free from darkness.

Great light hath come, vouchsafed us by the Fathers: apparent is the spacious path of Guerdon.

2 High up in heaven abide the Guerdon-givers: they who give steeds dwell with the Sun for ever.

They who give gold are blest with life eternal. they who give robes prolong their lives, O Soma.

3 Not from the niggards-for they give not firely-comes Meed at sacrifice, Gods' satisfaction:

Yea, many men with hands stretched out with Guerdon present their gifts because they dread dishonour.

4 These who observe mankind regard oblation as streamy Vayu and light-finding Arka.

They satisfy and give their gifts in synod, and pour in streams the seven-mothered Guerdon.

5 He who brings Guerdon comes as first invited: chief of the hamlet comes the Guerdon-bearer. Him I account the ruler of the people who was the first to introduce the Guerdon.

6 They call him Rsi, Brahman, Sama-chanter, reciter of the laud, leader of worship.

The brightly-shining God's three forms he knoweth who first bestowed the sacrificial Guerdon.

7 Guerdon bestows the horse, bestows the bullock, Guerdon bestows, moreover, gold that

Rsisters.

Guerdon gives food which is our life and spirit.

He who is wise takes Guerdon for his armour.

8 The liberal die not, never are they ruined: the liberal suffer neither harm nor trouble.

The light of heaven, the universe about us, -all this doth sacrificial Guerdon give them.

9 First have the liberal gained a fragrant dwelling, and got themselves a bride in fair apparel.

The liberal have obtained their draught of liquor, and conquered those who, unprovoked, assailed them.

10 They deck the fleet steed for the bounteous giver: the maid adorns herself and waits to meet him.

His home is like a lake with lotus blossoms, like the Gods' palaces adorned and splendid.

11 Steeds good at draught convey the liberal giver, and lightly rolling moves the car of Guerdon.

Assist, ye Gods, the liberal man in battles: the liberal giver conquers foes in combat.

HYMN CVIII. Sarama. Panis.

1. WHAT wish of Sarama hath brought her hither? The path leads far away to distant places.

What charge hast thou for us? Where turns thy journey? How hast thou made thy way o'er Rasa's waters.

2 I come appointed messenger of Indra, seeking your ample stores of wealth, O Panis.

This hath preserved me from the fear of crossing: thus have I made my way o'er Rasa's waters.

3 What is that Indra like, what is his aspect whose envoy, Sarama, from afar thou comest? Let him approach, and we will show him friendship: he shall be made the herdsman of our cattle.

4 I know him safe from harm: but he can punish who sent me hither from afar as envoy.

Him rivers flowing with deep waters bide not. Low will ye be, O Panis, slain by Indra.

5 These are the kine which, Sarama, thou seekest, flying, O Blest One, to the ends of heaven.

Who will loose these for thee without a battle?
Yea, and sharp-pointed are our warlike
weapons.

6 Even if your wicked bodies, O ye Panis, were
arrow-proof, your words are weak for
wounding;

And were the path to you as yet unmastered,
Brhaspati in neither case will spare you.

7 Paved with the rock is this our treasure-
chamber; filled full of precious things, of kine,
and horses.

These Panis who are watchful keepers guard it.
In vain hast thou approached this lonely station.

8 Rsis will come inspirited with Soma,
Angirases unwearied, and Navagvas.

This stall of cattle will they part among them:
then will the Panis wish these words unspoken.

9 Even thus, O Sarama, hast thou come hither,
forced by celestial might to make the journey.

Turn thee not back, for thou shalt be our sister:
O Blest One, we will give thee of the cattle.

10 Brotherhood, sisterhood, I know not either:
the dread Angirases and Indra know them.

They seemed to long for kine when I departed.
Hence, into distance, be ye gone, O Panis.

11 Hence, far away, ye Panis! Let the cattle
lowing come forth as holy Law commandeth,
Kine which Brhaspati, and Soma, Rsis, sages,
and pressing-stones have found when hidden.

HYMN CIX. Visvedevas.

1. THESE first, the boundless Sea, and
Matarisvan, fierce-glowing Fire, the Strong, the
Bliss-bestower.

And heavenly Floods, first-born by holy Order,
exclaimed against the outrage on a Brahman.

2 King Soma first of all, without reluctance,
made restitution of the Brahman's consort.

Mitra and Varuna were the inviters: Agni as
Hota; took her hand and led her.

3 The man, her pledge, must by her hand be
taken when they have cried, She is a Brahman's
consort.

She stayed not for a herald to conduct her: thus
is the kingdom of a ruler guarded.

4 Thus spake of her those Gods of old, Seven
Rsis who sate them down to their austere
devotion:

Dire is a Brahman's wife led home by others: in
the supremest heaven she plants confusion.
5 The Brahmacari goes engaged in duty: he is a
member of the Gods' own body.
Through him Brhaspati obtained his consort, as
the Gods gained the ladle brought by Soma.
6 So then the Gods restored her, so men gave
the woman back again.
The Kings who kept their promises restored the
Brahman's wedded wife,
7 Having restored the Brahman's wife, and freed
them, with Gods' aid, from sin,
They shared the fulness of the earth, and won
themselves extended sway.

HYMN CX. Apris.

1. THOU in the house of man this day
enkindled worshipp'st Gods as God, O
Jatavedas.
Observant, bright as Mitra, bring them hither:
thou art a sapient and foreknowing envoy.
2 Tanunapat, fair-tongued, with sweet meath
balming the paths and ways of Order, make them
pleasant.
Convey our sacrifice to heaven, exalting with
holy thoughts our hymns of praise and worship.
3 Invoked, deserving prayer and adoration, O
Agni, come accordant with the Vasus.
Thou art, O Youthful Lord, the Gods' Invoker,
so, best of Sacrificers, bring them quickly.
4 By rule the Sacred Grass is scattered eastward,
a robe to clothe this earth when dawns are
breaking.
Widely it spreads around and far-extended, fair
for the Gods and bringing peace and freedom.
5 Let the expansive Doors be widely opened,
like wives who deck their beauty for their
husbands.
Lofty, celestial, all-impelling Portals, admit the
Gods and give them easy entrance.
6 Pouring sweet dew let holy Night and
Morning, each close to each, be seated at their
station,
Lofty, celestial Dames with gold to deck them.
assuming all their fair and radiant beauty.
7 Come the two first celestial sweet-voiced
Hotars, arranging sacrifice for man to worship
As singers who inspire us in assemblies,

showing the eastward light with their direction.
8 Let Bharati come quickly to our worship, and
Ila showing like a human being.
So let Sarasvati and both her fellows, deft
Goddesses, on this fair grass be seated.
9 Hotar more skilled in sacrifice, bring hither
with speed to-day God Tvastar, thou who
knowest.
Even him who formed these two, the Earth and
Heaven the Parents, with their forms, and every
creature.
10 Send to our offerings which thyself thou
balme the Companies of Gods in ordered
season.
Agni, Vanaspati the Immolator sweeten our
offered gift with meath and butter.
11 Agni, as soon as he was born, made ready
the sacrifice, and was the Gods' preder.
May the Gods eat our offering consecrated
according to this true Priest's voice and
guidance.

HYMN CXI. Indra.

1. BRING forth your sacred song ye prudent
singers, even as are the thoughts of human
beings.
Let us draw Indra with true deeds anear us: he
loves our songs, the Hero, and is potent.
2 The hymn shone brightly from the seat of
worship: to the kine came the Bull, the Heifer's
Offspring
With mighty bellowing hath he arisen, and hath
pervaded even the spacious regions.
3 Indra knows, verily, how to hear our singing,
for he, victorious, made a path for Surya.
He made the Cow, and he became the Sovran of
Heaven, primeval, matchless, and unshaken.
4 Praised by Angirases, Indra demolished with
might the works of the great watery monster
Full many regions, too, hath he pervaded, and
by his truth supported earth's foundation.
5 The counterpart of heaven and earth is Indra:
he knoweth all libations, slayeth Susna.
The vast sky with the Sun hath he extended,
and, best otpillars, stayed it with a pillar.
6 The Vrtra-slaver with his bolt felled Vrtra: the
magic of the godless, waxen mighty,
Here hast thou, Bold Assailant, boldly

conquered. Yea, then thine arms, O Maghavan,
were potent.

7 When the Dawns come attendant upon Surya
their rays discover wealth of divers colours.
The Star of heaven is seen as 'twere
approaching: none knoweth aught of it as it
departeth.

8 Far have they gone, the first of all these
waters, the waters that flowed forth when Indra
sent them.

Where is their spring, and where is their
foundation? Where now, ye Waters, is your
inmost centre?

9 Thou didst free rivers swallowed by the
Dragon; and rapidly they set themselves in
motion,

Those that were loosed and those that longed for
freedom. Excited now to speed they run
unresting.

10 Yearning together they have sped to Sindhu:
the Fort-destroyer, praised, of old, hath loved
them.

Indra, may thy terrestrial treasures reach us, and
our full songs of joy approach thy dwelling.

HYMN CXII. Indra.

1. DRINK of the juice, O Indra, at thy plea.
sure, for thy first draught is early morn's
libation.

Rejoice, that thou mayst slay our foes, O Hero,
and we with lauds will tell thy mighty exploits.

2 Thou hast a car more swift than thought, O
Indra; thercon come hither, come to drink the
Soma.

Let thy Bay Steeds, thy Stallions, hasten hither,
with whom thou cornest nigh and art delighted.

3 Deck out thy body with the fairest colours,
with golden splendour of the Sun adorn it.

O Indra, turn thee hitherward invited by us thy
friends; be seated and be joyful.

4 O thou whose grandeur in thy festive
transports not even these two great worlds have
comprehended.

Come, Indra, with thy dear Bay Horses
harnessed, come to our dwelling and the food
thou lovest.

5 Pressed for thy joyous banquet is the Soma,
Soma whereof thou, Indra, ever drinking,

Hast waged unequalled battles with thy foemen,
which prompts the mighty flow of thine
abundance.

6 Found from of old is this thy cup, O Indra:
Satakratu, drink therefrom the Soma.
Filled is the beaker with the meath that
gladdens, the beaker which all Deities delight
in.

7 From many a side with proffered
entertainment the folk are calling thee, O
Mighty Indra.

These our libations shall for thee be richest in
sweet meath: dvink thereof and find them
pleasant.

8 I will declare thy deeds of old, O Indra, the
mighty acts which thou hast first accomplished.
In genuine wrath thou loosenedst the mountain
so that the Brahman easily found the cattle.

9 Lord of the hosts, amid our bands be seated:
they call thee greatest Sage among the sages.
Nothing is done, even far away, without thee:
great, wondrous, Maghavan, is the hymn I sing
thee.

10 Aim of our eyes be thou, for we implore
thee, O Maghavan, Friend of friends and Lord
of treasures.

Fight, Warrior strong in truth, fight thou the
battle: give us our share of undivided riches.

HYMN CXTII. Indra.

1. THE Heavens and the Earth accordant with
all Gods encouraged graciously that vigorous
might of his.

When he came showing forth his majesty and
power, he drank of Soma juice and waxed
exceeding strong.

2 This majesty of his Visnu extols and lauds,
making the stalCthat gives the meath flow forth
with inight.

When Indra Maghavan with those who followed
him had smitten Vrtra he deserved the choice of
Gods.

3 When, bearing warlike weapons, fain to win
thee praise, thou mettest Vrtra, yea, the Dragon,
for the fight,

Then all the Maruts who were gathered with
dice there extolled, O Mighty One, thy powerful
majesty.

4 Soon as he sprang to life he forced asun. der
hosts: forward the Hero looked to manly deed
and war.

He cleft the rock, he let concurrent streams flow
forth, and with his skilful art stablished the
heavens' wide vault.

5 Indra hath evermore possessed surpassing
power: he forced, far from each other, heaven
and earth apart.

He hurled impetuous down his iron thunderbolt,
a joy to Varuna's and Mitra's worshipper.

6 Then to the mighty powers of Indra, to his
wrath, his the fierce Stormer, loud of voice, they
came with speed;

What time the Potent One rent Vrtra with his
strength, who held the waters back, whom
darkness compassed round.

7 Even in the first of those heroic acts which
they who strove together came with might to
execute,

Deep darkness fell upon the slain, and Indra
won by victory the right of being first invoked.

8 Then all the Gods extolled, with eloquence
inspired by draughts of Soma juice, thy deeds of
manly might.

As Agni eats the dry food with his tcetlv, he ate
Vrtra, the Dragon, maimed by Indra's deadly
dart.

9 Proclaim his many friendships, met with
friendship, made with singers, with the skilful
and the eloquent.

Indra, when he subdues Dhuni and Cumuri, lists
to Dabhiti for his faithful spirit's sake.

10 Give riches manifold with noble horses, to be
remembered while my songs address thee.

May we by easy paths pass all our troubles: find
us this day a ford wide and extensive.

HYMN CXIV. Visvedevas.

1. Two perfect springs of heat pervade the
Threefold, and come for their delight is
Matarisvan.

Craving the milk of heaven the Gods are
present: well do they know the praisesong and
the Saman.

2 The priests beard far away, as they are
ordered, serve the three Nirrtis, for well they
know them.

Sages have traced the cause that first produced them, dwelling in distant and mysterious chambers.

3 The Youthful One, well-shaped, with four locks braided, brightened with oil, puts on the ordinances.

Two Birds of mighty power are seated near her, there where the Deities receive their portion.

4 One of these Birds hath passed into the sea of air: thence he looks round and views this universal world.

With simple heart I have beheld him from afar: his Mother kisses him and he returns her kiss.

5 Him with fair wings though only One in nature, wise singers shape, with songs, in many figures.

While they at sacrifices fix the metres, they measure out twelve chalices of Soma.

6 While they arrange the four and six-and-thirty, and duly order, up to twelve, the measures, Having disposed the sacrifice thoughtful sages send the Car forward with the Rc and Saman.

7 The Chariot's majesties are fourteen others: seven sages lead it onward with their Voices.

Who will declare to us the ford Apnana, the path whereby they drink first draughts of Soma?

8 The fifteen lauds are in a thousand places that is as vast as heaven and earth in measure.

A thousand spots contain the mighty thousand. Vak spreadeth forth as far as Prayer extendeth.

9 What sage hath learned the metres' application? Who hath gained Vak, the spirit's aim and object?

Which ministering priest is called eighth Hero?

Who then hath tracked the two Bay Steeds of Indra?

10 Yoked to his chariot-pole there stood the Coursers: they only travel round earth's farthest limits.

These, when their driver in his home is settled, receive the allotted meed of their exertion.

HYMN CXV. Agni.

1. VERILY wondrous is the tender Youngling's growth who never draweth nigh to drink his Mothers' milk.

As soon as she who hath no udder bore him, he,

faring on his great errand, suddenly grew strong.
 2 Then Agni was his name, most active to
 bestow, gathering up the trees with his
 consuming tooth;
 Skilled in fair sacrifice, armed with destroying
 tongue, impetuous as a bull that snorteth in the
 mead.
 3 Praise him, your God who, bird-like, rests
 upon a tree, scattering drops of juice and
 pouring forth his flood,
 Speaking aloud with flame as with his lips a
 priest, and broadening his paths like one of high
 command.
 4 Thou Everlasting, whom, far-striding fain to
 burn, the winds, uninterrupted, never overcome,
 They have approached, as warriors eager for the
 fight, heroic Trita, guiding him to gain his wish.
 5 This Agni is the best of Kanvas, Kanvas'
 Friend, Conqueror of the foe whether afar or
 near.
 May Agni guard the singers, guard the princes
 well: may Agni grant to us our princes' gracious
 help.
 6 Do thou, Supitrya, swiftly following, make
 thyself the lord of Jatavedas, mightiest of all,
 Who surely gives a boon even in thirsty land
 most powerful, prepared to aid us in the wilds.
 7 Thus noble Agni with princes and mortal men
 is lauded, excellent for conquering strength with
 chiefs,
 Men who are well-disposed as friends and true
 to Law, even as the heavens in majesty surpass
 mankind.
 8 O Son of Strength, Victorious, with this title
 Upastuta's most potent voice reveres thee.
 Blest with brave sons by thee we will extol thee,
 and lengthen out the days of our existence.
 9 Thus, Agni, have the sons of Vrstihavya, the
 Rsis, the Upastutas invoked thee.
 Protect them, guard the singers and the princes.
 With Vasat! have they come, with hands
 uplifted, with their uplifted hands and cries of
 Glory!

HYMN CXVI. Indra.

1. DRINK Soma juice for mighty power and
 vigour, drink, Strongest One, that thou mayst
 smite down Vrtra.

Drink thou, invoked, for strength, and riches:
drink thou thy fill of meath and pour it down, O
Indra.

2 Drink of the foodful juice stirred into motion,
drink what thou choosest of the flowing Soma.
Giver of weal, be joyful in thy spirit, and turn
thee hitherward to bless and prosper.

3 Let heavenly Soma gladden thee, O Indra, let
that effused among mankind delight thee.

Rejoice in that whereby thou gavest freedom,
and that whereby thou conquerest thy foemen.

4 Let Indra come, impetuous, doubly mighty, to
the poured juice, the Bull, with two Bay
Coursers.

With juices pressed in milk, with meath
presented, glut evermore thy bolt, O Foe-
destroyer.

5 Dash down, outffaming their sharp flaming
weapons, the strong-holds of the men urged on
by demons.

I give thee, Mighty One, great strength and
conquest: go, meet thy foes and rend them in the
battle.

6 Extend afar the votary's fame and glory, as the
firm archer's strength drives off the foeman.

Ranged on our side, grown strong in might that
conquers, never defeated, still increase thy
body.

7 To thee have we presented this oblation:
accept it, Sovran Ruler, free from anger.

Juice, Maghavan, for thee is pressed and
ripened: eat, Indra, drink of that which stirs to
meet thee.

8 Eat, Indra, these oblations which approach
thee: be pleased with food made ready and with
Soma.

With entertainment we receive thee friendly:
effectual be the sacrificer's wishes.

9 I send sweet speech to Indra and to Agni: with
hymns I speed it like a boat through waters.

Even thus, the Gods seem moving round about
me, the fountains and bestowers of our riches.

HYMN CXVII. Liberality.

1. THE Gods have not ordained hunger to be
our death: even to the well-fed man comes death
in varied shape.

The riches of the liberal never waste away,

while he who will not give finds none to
comfort him.

2 The man with food in store who, when the
needy comes in miserable case begging for
bread to eat,

Hardens his heart against him-even when of old
he did him service-finds not one to comfort him.

3 Bounteous is he who gives unto the beggar
who comes to him in want of food and feeble.
Success attends him in the shout of battle. He
makes a friend of him in future troubles.

4 No friend is he who to his friend and comrade
who comes imploring food, will offer nothing.
Let him depart-no home is that to rest in-, and
rather seek a stranger to support him.

5 Let the rich satisfy the poor implorer, and
bend his eye upon a longer pathway.

Riches come now to one, now to another, and
like the wheels of cars are ever rolling.

6 The foolish man wins food with fruitless
labour: that food -I speak the truth- shall be his
ruin.

He feeds no trusty friend, no man to love him.

All guilt is he who eats with no partaker.

7 The ploughshare ploughing makes the food
that feeds us, and with its feet cuts through the
path it follows.

Better the speaking than the silent Brahman: the
liberal friend outvalues him who gives not.

8 He with one foot hath far outrun the biped,
and the two-footed catches the three-footed.
Four-footed creatures come when bipeds call
them, and stand and look where five are met
together.

9 The hands are both alike: their labour differs.

The yield of sister milch-kine is unequal.

Twins even diffier in their strength and vigour:
two, even kinsmen, differ in their bounty.

HYMN CXVIII. Agni.

1. AGNI, refulgent among men thou slayest the
devouring fiend,

Bright Ruler in thine own abode.

2 Thou springest up when worshipped well the
drops of butter are thy joy

When ladies are brought near to thee.

3 Honoured with gifts he shines afar, Agni
adorable with song:

The dripping ladle balms his face.
4 Agni with honey in his mouth, honoured with
gifts, is balmed with oil,
Refulgent in his wealth of light.
5 Praised by our hymns thou kindest thee,
Oblation-bearer, for the Gods
As such do mortals call on thee.
6 To that Immortal Agni pay worship with oil,
ye mortal men,-
Lord of the house, whom none deceives.
7 O Agni, burn the Raksasas with thine
unconquerable flame
Shine guardian of Eternal Law.
8 So, Agni, with thy glowing face burn fierce
against the female fiends,
Shining among Uruksayas.
9 Uruksayas have kindled thee, Oblation-bearer,
thee, with hymns.
Best Worshipper among mankind.

HYMN CXIX. Indra.

1. THIS, even this was my resolve, to win a
cow, to win a steed:
Have I not drunk of Soma juice?
2 Like violent gusts of wind the draughts that I
have drunk have lifted me
Have I not drunk of Soma juice?
3 The draughts I drank have borne me up, as
fleet-foot horses draw a car:
Have I not drunk of Soma juice?
4 The hymn hath reached me, like a cow who
lows to meet her darling calf:
Have I not drunk of Soma juice?
5 As a wright bends a chariot-seat so round my
heart I bend the hymn:
Have I not drunk of Soma juice?
6 Not as a mote within the eye count the Five
Tribes of men with me:
Have I not drunk of Soma juice?
7 The heavens and earth themselves have not
grown equal to one half of me
Have I not drunk of Soma juice?
8 I in my grandeur have surpassed the heavens
and all this spacious earth
Have I not drunk of Soma juice?
9 Aha! this spacious earth will I deposit either
here or there

Have I not drunk of Soma juice?
10 In one short moment will I smite the earth in
fury here or there:
Have I not drunk of Soma juice?
11 One of my flanks is in the sky; I let the other
trail below:
Have I not drunk of Soma juice?
12 I, greatest of the Mighty Ones, am lifted to
the firmament:
Have I not drunk of Soma juice?
13 I seek the worshipper's abode; oblation-
bearer to the Gods:
Have I not drunk of Soma juice?

HYMN CXX. Indra.

1. IN all the worlds That was the Best and
Highest whence sprang the Mighty Gods, of
splendid valour.
As soon as born he overcomes his foemen, be in
whom all who lend him aid are joyful.
2 Grown mighty in his strength, with ample
vigour, he as a foe strikes fear into the Dasa,
Eager to win the breathing and the breathless.
All sang thy praise at banquet and oblation.
3 All concentrate on thee their mental vigour,
what time these, twice or thrice, are thine
assistants.
Blend what is sweeter than the sweet with
sweetness: win, quickly with our meath that
meath in battle.
4 Therefore in thee too, thou who winnest
riches, at every banquet are the sages joyful.
With mightier power, Bold God, extend thy
firmness: let not malignant Yatudhanas harm
thee.
5 Proudly we put our trust in thee in battles,
when we behold great wealth the prize of
combat.
I with my words impel thy weapons onward,
and sharpen with my prayer thy vital vigour.
6 Worthy of praises, many-shaped, most skilful,
most energetic, Aptya of the Aptyas:
He with his might destroys the seven Danus,
subduing many who were deemed his equals.
7 Thou in that house which thy protection
guardeth bestowest wealth, the higher and the
lower.
Thou stablishest the two much-wandering

Mothers, and bringest many deeds to their completion.
8 Brhaddiva, the foremost of light-winners, repeats these holy prayers, this strength of Indra. He rules the great self-luminous fold of cattle, and all the doors of light hath he thrown open.
9 Thus hath Brhaddiva, the great Atharvan, spoken to Indra as himself in person. The spotless Sisters, they who are his Mothers, with power exalt him and impel him onward.

HYMN CXXI. Ka.

1. IN the beginning rose Hiranyagarbha, born Only Lord of all created beings. He fixed and holdeth up this earth and heaven. What God shall we adore with our oblation?
2 Giver of vital breath, of power and vigour, he whose commandments all the Gods acknowledge -. The Lord of death, whose shade is life immortal. What God shall we adore with our oblation?
3 Who by his grandeur hath become Sole Ruler of all the moving world that breathes and slumbers; He who is Loord of men and Lord of cattle. What God shall we adore with our oblation?
4 His, through his might, are these snow-covered mountains, and men call sea and Rasa his possession: His arms are these, his are these heavenly regions. What God shall we adore with our oblation?
5 By him the heavens are strong and earth is stedfast, by him light's realm and sky-vault are supported: By him the regions in mid-air were measured. What God shall we adore with our oblation?
6 To him, supported by his help, two armies embattled look while trembling in their spirit, When over them the risen Sun is shining. What God shall we adore with our oblation?
7 What time the mighty waters came, containing the universal germ, producing Agni, Thence sprang the Gods' one spirit into being. What God shall we adore with our oblation?
8 He in his might surveyed the floods containing productive force and generating

Worship.

He is the God of gods, and none beside him.

What God shall we adore with our oblation?

9 Neer may he harm us who is earth's Begetter,
nor he whose laws are sure, the heavens'

Creator,

He who brought forth the great and lucid waters.

What God shall we adore with our oblation?

10 Prajapati! thou only comprehendest all these
created things, and none beside thee.

Grant us our hearts' desire when we invoke thee:
may we have store of riches in possession.

HYMN CXXII. Agni.

1. I PRAISE the God of wondrous might like
Indra, the lovely pleasant Guest whom all must
welcome.

May Agni, Priest and Master of the household,
give hero strength and all-sustaining riches.

2 O Agni, graciously accept this song of mine,
thou passing-wise who knowest every
ordinance.

Enwrapped in holy oil further the course of
prayer: the Gods bestow according to thy holy
law.

3 Immortal, wandering round the seven stations,
give, a liberal Giver, to the pious worshipper,
Wealth, Agni, with brave sons and ready for his
use: welcome the man who comes with fuel
unto thee.

4 The seven who bring oblations worship thee,
the Strong, the first, the Great Chief Priest,
Ensign of sacrifice,

The oil-anointed Bull, Agni who hears, who
sends as God full hero strength to him who
freely gives.

5 First messenger art thou, meet for election:
drink thou thy fill invited to the Anirta,
The Maruts in the votary's house adorned thee;
with lauds the Bhrgus gave thee light and glory.

6 Milking the teeming Cow for all-sustaining
food. O Wise One, for the worship-loving
worshipper,

Thou, Agni, dropping oil, thrice lighting works
of Law, showest thy wisdom circling home and
sacrifice.

7 They who at flushing of this dawn appointed
thee their messenger, these men have paid thee

reverence.

Gods strengthened thee for work that must be glorified, Agni, while they made butter pure for sacrifice.

8 Arrangers in our synods, Agni, while they sang Vasisistha's sons have called thee down, the Potent One.

Maintain the growth of wealth with men who sacrifice. Ye Gods, preserve us with your blessings evermore.

HYMN CXXIII. Vena.

1. SEE, Vena, born in light, hath driven hither, on chariot of the air, the Calves of Prsni.

Singers with hymns caress him as an infant there where the waters and the sunlight mingle.

2 Vena draws up his wave from out the ocean. mist-born, the fair one's back is made apparent, Brightly he shone aloft on Order's summit: the hosts sang glory to their common birthplace.

3 Full many, loving to their joint-possession, dwelling together stood the Darling's Mothers. Ascending to the lofty height of Order, the bands of singers 'sip the sweets of Amrta.

4 Knowing his form, the sages yearned to meet him: they have come nigh to hear the wild Bull's bellow.

Performing sacrifice they reached the river: for the Gandharva found the immortal waters.

5 The Apsaras, the Lady, sweetly smiling, supports her Lover in sublimest heaven.

In his Friend's dwelling as a Friend he wanders: he, Vena, rests him on his golden pinion.

6 They gaze on thee with longing in their spirit, as on a strong-winged bird that mounteth skyward;

On thee with wings of gold, Varuna's envoy, the Bird that hasteneth to the home of Yama.

7 Erect, to heaven hath the Gandharva mounted, pointing at us his many-coloured weapons; Clad in sweet raiment beautiful to look on, for he, as light, produceth forms that please us.

8 When as a spark he cometh near the ocean, still looking with a vulture's eye to heaven, His lustre, joying in its own bright splendour, maketh dear glories in the lowest region.

HYMN CXXIV. Agni, Etc.

1. COME to this sacrifice of ours, O Agni,
threefold, with seven threads and five divisions.
Be our oblation-bearer and preceder: thou hast
lain long enough in during darkness.

2 I come a God foreseeing from the godless to
immortality by secret pathways,
While I, ungracious one, desert the gracious,
leave mine own friends and seek the kin of
strangers.

3 I, looking to the guest of other lineage, have
founded many a rule of Law and Order.
I bid farewell to the Great God, the Father, and,
for neglect, obtain my share of worship.

4 I tarried many a year within this altar: I leave
the Father, for my choice is Indra.
Away pass Agni, Varuna and Soma. Rule ever
changes: this I come to favour.

5 These Asuras have lost their powers of magic.
But thou, O Varuna, if thou dost love me,
O King, discerning truth and right from
falsehood, come and be Lord and Ruler of my
kingdom.

6 Here is the light of heaven, here all is lovely;
here there is radiance, here is air's wide region.
Let us two slaughter Vrtra. Forth, O Soma!
Thou art oblation: we therewith will serve thee.

7 The Sage hath fixed his form by wisdom in
the heavens: Varuna with no violence let the
waters flow.

Like women-folk, the floods that bring
prosperity have coloured his hue and colour as
they gleamed and shone.

8 These wait upon his loftiest power and vigour:
he dwells in these who triumph in their
Godhead;

And they, like people who elect their ruler, have
in abhorrence turned away from Vrtra.

9 They call him Swan, the abhorrent floods'
Companion, moving in friendship with celestial
Waters.

The poets in their thought have looked on Indra
swiftly approaching when Anustup calls him.

HYMN CXXV. Vak.

1. I TRAVEL with the Rudras and the Vasus,
with the Adityas and All-Gods I wander.
I hold aloft both Varuna and Mitra, Indra and
Agni, and the Pair of Asvins.

2 I cherish and sustain high-swelling Soma, and
 Tvastar I support, Pusan, and Bhaga.
 I load with wealth the zealous sacrificer who
 pours the juice and offers his oblation
 3 I am the Queen, the gatherer-up of treasures,
 most thoughtful, first of those who merit
 worship.
 Thus Gods have stablished me in many places
 with many homes to enter and abide in.
 4 Through me alone all eat the food that feeds
 them,-each man who sees, brewhes, hears the
 word outspoken
 They know it not, but yet they dwell beside me.
 Hear, one and all, the truth as I declare it.
 5 I, verily, myself announce and utter the word
 that Gods and men alike shall welcome.
 I make the man I love exceeding mighty, make
 him a sage, a Rsi, and a Brahman.
 6 I bend the bow for Rudra that his arrow may
 strike and slay the hater of devotion.
 I rouse and order battle for the people, and I
 have penetrated Earth and Heaven.
 7 On the world's summit I bring forth the
 Father: my home is in the waters, in the ocean.
 Thence I extend o'er all existing creatures, and
 touch even yonder heaven with my forehead.
 8 I breathe a strong breath like the wind and
 tempest, the while I hold together all existence.
 Beyond this wide earth and beyond the heavens
 I have become so mighty in my grandeur.

HYMN CXXVI. Visvedevas.

1. No peril, no severe distress, ye Gods, affects
 the mortal man,
 Whom Aryaman and Mitra lead, and Varima, of
 one accord, beyond his foes.
 2 This very thing do we desire, Varuna, Mitra,
 Aryaman,
 Whereby ye guhrd the mortal man from sore
 distress, and lead him safe beyond his foes.
 3 These are, each one, our present helps,
 Varuna, Mitra, Aryaman.
 Best leaders, best deliverers to lead us on and
 bear as safe beyond our foes.
 4 Ye compass round and guard each man,
 Varuna, Mitra, Aryaman:
 In your dear keeping may we be, ye who are
 excellent as guides beyond our foes.

5 Adityas are beyond all foes,-Varuna, Mitra,
Aryaman:
Strong Rudra with the Marut host, Indra, Agni
let us call for weal beyond our foes.
6 These lead us safely over all, Varuna, Mitra,
Aryaman,
These who are Kings of living men, over all
troubles far away beyond our foes.
7 May they give bliss to aid us well, Varuna,
Mitra, Aryaman:
May the Adityas, when we pray, grant us wide
shelter and defence beyond our foes.
8 As in this place, O Holy Ones, ye Vasus freed
even the Gaud when her feet were fettered.
So free us now from trouble and affliction: and
let our life be lengthened still, O Api.

HYMN CXXVII. Night.

1. WITH all her eyes the Goddess Night looks
forth approaching many a spot:
She hath put all her glories on.
2 Immortal. she hath filled the waste, the
Goddess hath filled height and depth:
She conquers darkness with her light.
3 The Goddess as she comes hath set the Dawn
her Sister in her place:
And then the darkness vanishes.
4 So favour us this night, O thou whose
pathways we have visited
As birds their nest upon the tree.
5 The villagers have sought their homes, and all
that walks and all that flies,
Even the falcons fain for prey.
6 Keep off the she-wolf and the wolf, O Urmya,
keep the thief away;
Easy be thou for us to pass.
7 Clearly hath she come nigh to me who decks
the dark with richest hues:
O Morning, cancel it like debts.
8 These have I brought to thee like kine. O
Night, thou Child of Heaven, accept
This laud as for a conqueror.

HYMN CXXVIII. Visvedevas.

1. LET me win glory, Agni, in our battles:
enkindling thee, may we support our bodies.
May the four regions bend and bow before me:
with thee for guardian may we win in combat.

2 May all the Gods be on my side in battle, the
Maruts led by Indra, Visnu, Agni.
Mine be the middle air's extended region, and
may the wind blow favouring these my wishes.
3 May the Gods grant me riches; may the
blessing and invocation of the Gods assist me.
Foremost in fight be the divine Invokers: may
we, unwounded, have brave heroes round us.
4 For me let them present all mine oblations,
and let my mind's intention be accomplished.
May I be guiltless of the least transgression:
and, all ye Go-is, do ye combine to bless us.
5 Ye six divine Expanses, grant us freedom:
here, all ye Gods, acquit yourselves like heroes.
Let us not lose our children or our bodies: let us
not benefit the foe, King Soma!
6 Baffling the wrath of our opponents, Agni,
guard us as our infallible Protector.
Let these thy foes turn back and seek their
houses, and let their thought who watch at home
be ruined.
7 Lord of the world, Creator of creators the
saviour God who overcomes the foeman.
May Gods, Brhaspati, both Asvins shelter from
ill thii sacrifice and sacrificer.
8 Foodful, and much-invoked, at this our calling
my the great Bull vouchsafe us wide protection.
Lord of Bay Coursers, Indra, blew our children:
harm us not, give us riot as prey to others.
9 Let those who are our foemen stay. afar from
us: with Indra and with Agni we will drive them
off.
Vasus, Adityas, Rudras have exalted me, made
me far-reaching, inighty, thinker, sovran lord.

HYMN CXXIX. Creation.

1. THEN was not non-existent nor existent:
there was no realm of air, no sky beyond it.
What covered in, and where? and what gave
shelter? Was water there, unfathomed depth of
water?
2 Death was not then, nor was there aught
immortal: no sign was there, the day's and
night's divider.
That One Thing, breathless, breathed by its own
nature: apart from it was nothing whatsoever.
3 Darkness there was: at first concealed in
darkness this All was indiscriminated chaos.

All that existed then was void and form less: by
the great power of Warmth was born that Unit.

4 Thereafter rose Desire in the beginning,
Desire, the primal seed and germ of Spirit.

Sages who searched with their heart's thought
discovered the existent's kinship in the non-
existent.

5 Transversely was their severing line extended:
what was above it then, and what below it?

There were begetters, there were mighty forces,
free action here and energy up yonder

6 Who verily knows and who can here declare
it, whence it was born and whence comes this
creation?

The Gods are later than this world's production.
Who knows then whence it first came into
being?

7 He, the first origin of this creation, whether he
formed it all or did not form it,

Whose eye controls this world in highest
heaven, he verily knows it, or perhaps he knows
not.

HYMN CXXX. Creation.

1. THE sacrifice drawn out with threads on
every side, stretched by a hundred sacred
ministers and one,-

This do these Fathers weave who hitherward are
come: they sit beside the warp and cry, Weave
forth, weave back.

2 The Man extends it and the Man unbinds it:
even to this vault of heaven hath he outspun, it.
These pegs are fastened to the seat of worship:
they made the Sama-hymns their weaving
shuttles.

3 What were the rule, the order and the model?
What were the wooden fender and the butter?
What were the hymn, the chant, the recitation,
when to the God all Deities paid worship?

4 Closely was Gayatri conjoined with Agni, and
closely Savitar combined with Usnih.

Brilliant with Ukthas, Soma joined Anustup:
Brhaspati's voice by Brhati was aided.

5 Viraj adhered to Varuna and Mitra: here
Tristup day by day was Indra's portion.

Jagati entered all the Gods together: so by this
knowledge men were raised to Rsis.

6 So by this knowledge men were raised to Rsis,

when ancient sacrifice sprang up, our Fathers.
With the mind's eye I think that I behold them
who first performed this sacrificial worship.
7 They who were versed in ritual and metre, in
hymns and rules, were the Seven Godlike Rsis.
Viewing the path of those of old, the sages have
taken up the reins like chariot-drivers.

HYMN CXXXI. Indra.

1. DRIVE all our enemies away, O Indra, the
western, mighty Conqueror, and the eastern.
Hero, drive off our northern foes and southern,
that we in thy wide shelter may be joyful.
2 What then? As men whose fields are full of
barley reap the ripe corn removing it in order,
So bring the food of those men, bring it hither,
who went not to prepare the grass for worship.
3 Men come not with one horse at sacred
seasons; thus they obtain no honour in
assemblies.
Sages desiring herds of kine and horses
strengthen the mighty Indra for his friendship.
4 Ye, Asvins, Lords of Splendour, drank full
draughts of grateful Soma juice,
And aided Indra in his work with Namuci of
Asura birth.
5 As parents aid a son, both Asvins, Indra, aided
thee with their wondrous Powers and wisdom.
When thou, with might, hadst drunk the draught
that gladdens, Sarasvati, O Maghavan, refreshed
thee.
6 Indra is strong to save, rich in assistance may
he, possessing all, be kind and gracious.
May he disperse our foes and give us safety, and
may we be the lords of hero vigour.
7 May we enjoy his favour, his the Holy may
we enjoy his blessed loving kindness.
May this rich Indra, as our good Protector, drive
off and keep afar all those who hate us.

HYMN CXXXII. Mitra. Varuna.

1. MAY Dyaus the Lord of lauded wealth, and
Earth stand by the man who offers sacrifice,
And may the Asvins, both the Gods, strengthen
the worshipper with bliss.
2 As such we honour you, Mitra and Varuna,
with hasty zeal, most blest, you who sustain the
folk.

So may we, through your friendship for the
 worshipper, subdue the fiends.
 3 And when we seek to win your love and
 friendship, we who have precious wealth in our
 possession,
 Or when the worshipper augments his riches let
 not his treasures be shut up
 4 That other, Asura! too was born of Heaven.
 thou art, O Varuna, the King of all men.
 The chariot's Lord was well content, forbearing
 to anger Death by sin so great.
 This sin hath Sakaputa here committed. Heroes
 who fled to their dear friend he slayeth,
 When the Steed bringeth down your grace and
 favour in bodies dear and worshipful.
 6 Your Mother Aditi, ye wise, was purified with
 water even as earth is purified from heaven.
 Show love and kindness here below: wash her
 in rays of heavenly light.
 7 Ye Twain have seated you as Lords of
 Wealth, as one who mounts a car to him who
 sits upon the pole, upon the wood.
 These our disheartened tribes Nrmedhas saved
 from woe, Sumedhas saved from Woe.

HYMN CXXXIII. Indra.

1. SING strength to Indra that shall set his
 chariot in the foremost place.
 Giver of room in closest fight, slayer of foes in
 shock of war, be thou our great encourager. Let
 the weak bowstrings break upon the bows of
 feeble enemies.
 2 Thou didst destroy the Dragon: thou sentest
 the rivers down to earth.
 Foeless, O Indra, wast thou born. Thou tendest
 well each choicest thing. Therefore we draw us
 close to thee. Let the weak bowstrings break
 upon the bows of feeble enemies.
 3 Destroyed be all malignities and all our
 enemy's designs.
 Thy bolt thou castest, at the foe, O Indra, who
 would smite us dead: thy liberal bounty gives us
 wealth.
 4 The robber people round about, Indra, who
 watch and aim at us,-
 Trample them down beneath thy foot; a
 conquering scatterer art thou.
 5 Whoso assails us, Indra, be the man a stranger

or akin,
Bring down, thyself, his strength although it be
as vast as are the heavens.
6 Close to thy friendship do we cling, O Indra,
and depend, or, thee.
Lead us beyond all pain and grief along the path
of holy Law.
7 Do thou bestow upon us her, O Indra, who
yields according to the singer's longing,
That the great Cow may, with exhaustless
udder, pouring a thousand streams, give milk to
feed us.

HYMN CXXXIV. Indra.

1. As, like the Morning, thou hast filled, O
Indra, both the earth and heaven.
So as the Mighty One, great King of all the
mighty world of men, the Goddess Mother
brought thee forth, the Blessed Mother gave
thee life.
2 Relax that mortal's stubborn strength whose
heart is bent on wickedness.
Trample him down beneath thy feet who
watches for and aims at us. The Goddess
Mother brought thee forth, the Blessed Mother
gave thee life.
3 Shake down, O Slayer of the foe, those great
all splendid enemies.
With all thy powers, O Sakra, all thine helps, O
Indra, shake them down:
4 As thou, O Satakratu, thou, O Indrv, shakest
all things down
As wealth for him who sheds the juice, with
thine assistance thousandfold.
5 Around, on every side like drops of sweat let
lightning-flashes fall.
Let all malevolence pass away from us like
threads of Darva grass.
6 Thou bearest in thine hand a lance like a long
hook, great Counsellor!
As with his foremost foot a goat, draw down the
branch, O Maghavan.
7 Never, O Gods, do we offend, nor are we ever
obstinate: we walk as holy texts command.
Closely we clasp and cling to you, cling to your
sides, beneath your arms.

HYMN CXXXV. Yama.

1. IN the Tree clothed with goodly leaves where
 Yama drinketh with the Gods,
 The Father, Master of the house, tendeth with
 love our ancient Sires.
 2 I looked reluctantly on him who cherishes
 those men of old,
 On him who treads that evil path, and then I
 yearned for this again.
 3 Thou mountest, though thou dost not see, O
 Child, the new and wheel-less car
 Which thou hast fashioned mentally, onepoled
 but turning every way.
 4 The car which thou hast made to roll
 hitherward from the Sages, Child!
 This hath the Saman followed close, hence, laid
 together on a ship.
 5 Who was the father of the child? Who made
 the chariot roll away?
 Who will this day declare to us how the funeral
 gift was made?
 6 When the funeral gift was placed, straightway
 the point of flame appeared.
 A depth extended in the front: a passage out was
 made behind.
 7 Here is the seat where Yama dwells, that
 which is called the Home of Gods:
 Here minstrels blow the flute for him here he is
 glorified with songs.

HYMN CXXXVI. Kesins.

1. HE with the long loose locks supports Agni,
 and moisture, heaven, and earth:
 He is all sky to look upon: he with long hair is
 called this light.
 2 The Munis, girdled with the wind, wear
 garments soiled of yellow hue.
 They, following the wind's swift course go
 where the Gods have gone before.
 3 Transported with our Munihood we have
 pressed on into the winds:
 You therefore, mortal men. behold our natural
 bodies and no more.
 4 The Muni, made associate in the holy work of
 every God,
 Looking upon all varied forms flies through the
 region of the air.
 5 The Steed of Vata, Vayu's friend, the Muni,
 by the Gods impelled,

In both the oceans hath his home, in eastern and
in western sea.

6 Treading the path of sylvan beasts,
Gandharvas, and Apsarases,
He with long locks, who knows the wish, is a
sweet most delightful friend

7 Vayu hath churned for him: for him he
poundeth things most hard to bend,
When he with long loose locks hath drunk, with
Rudra, water from the cup.

HYMN CXXXVII Visvedevas.

1. YE Gods, raise up once more the man whom
ye have humbled and brought low.
O Gods, restore to life again the man who hath
committed sin.

2 Two several winds are blowing here, from
Sindhu, from a distant land.
May one breathe energy to thee, the other blow
disease away.

3 Hither, O Wind, blow healing balm, blow all
disease away, thou Wind;
For thou who hast all medicine comest as envoy
of the Gods.

4 I am come nigh to thee with balms to give
thee rest and keep thee safe.
I bring thee blessed strength, I drive thy
weakening malady away.

5 Here let the Gods deliver him, the Maruts'
band deliver him:
All things that be deliver him that he be freed
from his disease.

6 The Waters have their healing power, the
Waters drive disease away.
The Waters have a balm for all: let them make
medicine for thee.

7 The tongue that leads the voice precedes.
Then with our ten-fold branching hands,
With these two chasers of disease we stroke
thee with a gentle touch.

HYMN CXXXVIII. Indra.

1. ALLIED with thee in friendship, Indra, these,
thy priests, remembering Holy Law, rent Vrtra
limb from limb,
When they bestowed the Dawns and let the
waters flow, and when thou didst chastise
dragons at Kutsa's call.

2 Thou sentest forth productive powers, clavest
the hills, thou dravest forth the kine, thou
drankest pleasant meath.

Thou gavest increase through this Tree's
surpassing might. The Sun shone by the hymn
that sprang from Holy Law.

3 In the mid-way of heaven the Sun unyoked his
car: the Arya found a match to meet his Dam
foe.

Associate with Rjisvan Indra overthrew the
solid forts of Pipru, conjuring Asura.

4 He boldly cast down forts which none had e'er
assailed: unwearied he destroycd the godless
treasure-stores.

Like Sun and Moon he took the stronghold's
wealth away, and, praised in song, demolished
foes with flashing dart.

5 Armed with resistless weapons, with vast
power to cleave, the Vrtra-slayer whets his darts
and deals fordi wounds.

Bright Usas was afraid of Indra's slaughtering
bolt: she went upon her way and left her chariot
there.

6 These are thy famous exploits, only thine,
when thou alone hast left the other reft of
sacrifice.

Thou in the heavens hast set the ordering of the
Moons: the Father bears the felly portioned out
by thee.

HYMN CXXXIX. Savitar.

1. SAVITAR, golden-haired, hath lifted
eastward, bright With the sunbeams, his eternal
lustre;

He in whose energy wise Pusan marches,
surveying all existence like a herdsman.

2 Beholding men he sits amid the heaven filling
the two world-halves and air's wide region.

He looks upon the rich far-spreading pastures
between the eastern and the western limit.

3 He, root of wealth, the gatherer-up of
treasures, looks with his might on every form
and figure.

Savitar, like a God.whose Law is constant,
stands in the battle for the spoil like Indra.

4 Waters from sacrifice came to the Gandharva
Visvavasu, O Soma, when they saw him.

Indra, approaching quickly, marked their going,

and looked around upon the Sun's enclosures.
5 This song Visvavasu shall sing us, meter of
air's mid-realm celestial Gandharva,
That we may know aright both truth and
falsehood: may he inspire our thoughts and help
our praises.
6 In the floods' track he found the bootyseeker:
the rocky cow-pen's doors he threw wide open.
These, the Gandharva told him, Rowed with
Amrta. Indra knew well the puissancc of the
dragons.

HYMN CXL. Agni.

1. AGNI, life-power and fame are thine: thy
fires blaze mightily, thou rich in wealth of
beams!
Sage, passing bright, thou givest to the
worshipper, with strength, the food that merits
laud.
2 With brilliant, purifying sheen, with perfect
sheen thou liftest up thyself in light.
Thou, visiting both thy Mothers, aidest them as
Son: thou joinest close the earth and heaven.
3 O Jatavedas, Son of Strength, rejoice ihyself,
gracious, in our fair hymns and songs.
In thee are treasured various forms of
strengthening food, born nobly and of wondrous
help.
4 Agni, spread forth, as Ruler, over living
things: give wealth to us, Immortal God.
Thou shinest out from beauty fair to look upon:
thou ledest us to conquering power.
5 To him, the wise, who orders sacrifice, who
hath great riches un der his control,
Thou givest blest award of good, and plenteous
food, givest him wealth that conquers all.
6 The men have set before them them for their
welfare Agni, strong, visible to all, the Holy.
Thee, Godlike One, with ears to hear, most
famous, men's generations magnify with praise-
songs.

HYMN CXLI. Visvedevas.

1. TURN hither, Agni, speak to us: come to us
with a gracious mind.
Enrich us, Master of the house: thou art the
Giver of our wealth.
2 Let Aryarnan vouchsafe us wealth, and Bhaga,

and Brhaspati.

Let the Gods give their gifts, and let Sunrta,
Goddess, grant us wealth.

3 We call King Soma to our aid, and Agni with
our songs and hymns,
Adityas, Visnu, Surya, and the Brahman Priest
Brhaspati.

4 Indra, Vayu, Brhaspati, Gods swift to listen,
we invoke,
That in the synod all the folk may be benevolent
to us.

5 Urge Aryaman to send us gifts, and Indra, and
Brhaspati,
Vata, Visnu, Sarasvati and the Strong Courser
Savitar.

6 Do thou, O Agni, with thy fires strengthen our
prayer and sacrifice:

Urge givers to bestow their wealth to aid our
service of the Gods.

HYMN CXLII. Agni.

1. WITH thee, O Agni, was this singer of the
laud: he hath no other kinship, O thou Son of
Strength.

Thou givest blessed shelter with a triple guard.
Keep the destructive lightning far away from us.

2 Thy birth who seekest food is in the falling
flood, Agni: as Comrade thou winnest all living
things.

Our coursers and our songs shall be victorious:
they of themselves advance like one who guards
the herd.

3 And thou, O Agni, thou of Godlike nature,
sparest the stones, while caring up the
brushwood.

Then are thy tracks like deserts in the corn-
lands. Let us not stir to wrath thy mighty arrow.

4 O'er hills through vales devouring as thou
goest, thou partest like an army fain for booty
As when a barber shaves a beard, thou shavest
earth when the wind blows on thy flame and
fans it.

5 Apparent are his lines as he approaches the
course is single, but the cars are many,
When, Agni, thou, making thine arms
resplendent, advancest o'er the land spread out
beneath thee.

6 Now let thy strength, thy burning flames fly

upward, thine energies, O Agni, as thou toilest.
Gape widely, bend thee, waxing in thy vigour:
let all the Vasus sit this day beside thee.
7 This is the waters' reservoir, the great abode of
gathered streams.
Take thou another path than this, and as thou
listest walk thereon.
8 On thy way hitherward and hence let flowery
Durva grass spring up
Let there be lakes with lotus blooms. These are
the mansions of the flood.

HYMN CXLIII. Asvins.

1. YE made that Atri, worn with eld, free as a
horse to win the goal.
When ye restored to youth and strength
Kaksivan like a car renewed,
2 Ye freed that Atri like a horse, and brought
him newly-born to earth.
Ye loosed him like a firm-tied knot which Gods
unsoiled by dust had bound.
3 Heroes who showed most wondrous power to
Atri, strive to win fair songs;
For then, O Heroes of the sky, your hymn of
praise shall cease no more.
4 This claims your notice, Bounteous Gods! -
oblation, Asvins! and our love,
That ye, O Heroes, in the fight may bring us
safe to ample room.
5 Ye Twain to Bhujyu tossed about in ocean at
the region's end,
Nasatyas, with your winged sterds came nigh,
and gave him strength to win.
6 Come with your joys, most liberal Gods,
Lords of all treasures, bringing weal.
Like fresh full waters to a well, so, Heroes come
and be with us.

HYMN CXLIV. Indra.

1. THIS deathless Indu, like a steed, strong and
of full vitality,
Belongs to thee, the Orderer.
2 Here, by us, for the worshipper, is the wise
bolt that works with skill.
It brings the bubbling beverage as a dexterous
man brings the effectual strong drink.
3 Impetuous Ahisuva, a bull among cows of his,
looked down upon the restless Hawk.

4 That the strong-pinioned Bird hath brought,
Child of the Falcon, from afar,
What moves upon a hundred wheels along the
female Dragon's path.

5 Which, fair, unrobbed, the Falcon brought
thee in his foot, the red-hued dwelling of the
juice;

Through this came vital power which lengthens
out our days, and kinship through its help
awoke.

6 So Indra is by Indu's power; e'en among Gods
will it repel great treachery.
Wisdom, Most Sapient One, brings force that
lengthens life. May wisdom bring the juice to
us.

HYMN CXLV. Sapatnibadhanam.

1. FROM out the earth I dig this plant, a herb of
most effectual power,
Wherewith one quells the rival wife and gains
the husband for oneself.

2 Auspicious, with expanded leaves, sent by the
Gods, victorious plant,
Blow thou the rival wife away, and make my
husband only mine.

3 Stronger am I, O Stronger One, yea, mightier
than the mightier;
And she who is my rival wife is lower than the
lowest dames.

4 Her very name I utter not: she takes no
pleasure in this man.
Far into distance most remote drive we the rival
wife away.

5 I am the conqueror, and thou, thou also act
victorious:
As victory attends us both we will subdue my
fellow-wife.

6 I have gained thee for vanquisher, have
grasped thee with a stronger spell.
As a cow hastens to her calf, so let thy spirit
speed to me, hasten like water on its way.

HYMN CXLVI. Aranyani.

1. GODDESS of wild and forest who seemest to
vanish from the sight.
How is it that thou seekest not the village? Art
thou not afraid?

2 What time the grasshopper replies and swells

the shrill cicala's voice,
Seeming to sound with tinkling bells, the Lady
of the Wood exults.
3 And, yonder, cattle seem to graze, what seems
a dwelling-place appears:
Or else at eve the Lady of the Forest seems to
free the wains.
4 Here one is calling to his cow, another there
hath felled a tree:
At eve the dweller in the wood fancies that
somebody hath screamed.
5 The Goddess never slays, unless some
murderous enemy approach.
Man eats of savoury fruit and then takes, even
as he wills, his rest.
6 Now have I praised the Forest Queen, sweet-
scented, redolent of balm,
The Mother of all sylvan things, who tills not
but hath stores of food.

HYMN CXLVII Indra.

1. I TRUST in thy first wrathful deed, O Indra,
when thou slewest Vrtra and didst work to profit
man;
What time the two world-halves fell short of
thee in might, and the earth trembled at thy
force, O Thunder-anned.
2 Thou with thy magic powers didst rend the
conjurer Vrtra, O Blameless One, with heart that
longed for fame.
Heroes elect thee when they battle for the prey,
thee in all sacrifices worthy of renown.
3 God Much-invoked, take pleasure in these
princes here, who, thine exalters, Maghavan,
have come to wealth.
In synods, when the rite succeeds, they hymn
the Strong for sons and progeny and riches
undisturbed.
4 That man shall find delight in well-protected
wealth whose care provides for him the quick-
sought joyous draught.
Bringing oblations, strengthened Maghavan, by
thee, he swiftly wins the spoil with heroes in the
fight.
5 Now for our band, O Maghavan, when lauded,
make ample room with might, and grant us
riches.
Magician thou, our Varuna and Mitra, deal food

to us, O Wondrous, as Dispenser.

HYMN CXLVIII. Indra.

1. WHEN we have pressed the juice we laud thee, Indra, and when, Most Valorous we have won the booty.

Bring us prosperity, as each desires it under thine own protection may we conquer.

2 Sublime from birth, mayst thou O Indra, Hero, with Surya overcome the Dasa races.

As by a fountain's side, we bring the Soma that lay concealed, close-hidden in the waters.

3 Answer the votary's hymns, for these thou knowest, craving the Rsis' prayer, thyself a Singer

May we be they who take delight in Somas: these with sweet food for thee, O Chariot-rider.

4 These holy prayers, O Indra, have I sung thee: grant to the men the strength of men, thou Hero. Be of one mind with those in whom thou joyest: keep thou the singers safe and their companions.

5 Listen to Prthi's call, heroic Indra, and be thou lauded by the hymns of Venya,

Him who hath sung thee to thine oil-rich dwelling, whose rolling songs have sped thee like a torrent.

HYMN CXLIX. Savitar.

1. SAVITAR fixed the earth with bands to bind it, and made heaven steadfast where no prop supported.

Savitar milked, as 'twere a restless courser, air, sea bound fast to what no foot had trodden.

2 Well knoweth Savitar, O Child of Waters, where ocean, firmly fixt, o'erflowed its limit. Thence sprang the world, from that uprose the region: thence heaven spread out and the wide earth expanded.

3 Then, with a full crowd of Immortal Beings, this other realm came later, high and holy. First, verily, Savitar's strong-pinioned Eagle was born: and he obeys his law for ever.

4 As warriors to their steeds, kine to their village, as fond milk giving cows approach their youngling,

As man to wife, let Savitar come downward to us, heaven's bearer, Lord of every blessing.

5 Like the Angirasa Hiranvastupa, I call thee,

Savitar, to this achievement:
So worshipping and lauding thee for favour I
watch for thee as for the stalk of Soma.

HYMN CL. Agni.

1. THOU, bearer of oblations, though kindled,
art kindled for the Gods.
With the Adityas, Rudras, Vasus, come to us: to
show us favour come to us.
2 Come hither and accept with joy this sacrifice
and hymn of ours.
O kindled God, we mortals are invoking thee,
calling on thee to show us grace.
3 I laud thee Jatavedas, thee Lord of all
blessings, with my song.
Agni, bring hitherward the Gods whose Laws
we love, whose laws we love, to show us grace.
4 Agni the God was made the great High-Priest
of Gods, Rsis have kindled Agni, men of mortal
mould.
Agni I invoke for winning ample wealth.
kindly disposed for winning wealth.
5 Atri and Bharadvaja and Gavisthira, Kanva
and Trasadasyu, in our fight he helped.
On Agni calls Vasistha, even the household
priest, the household priest to win his grace.

HYMN CLI. Faith.

1. By Faith is Agni kindled, through Faith is
oblation offered up.
We celebrate with praises Faith upon the height
of happiness.
2 Bless thou the man who gives, O Faith; Faith,
bless the man who fain would give.
Bless thou the liberal worshippers: bless thou
the word that I have said.
3 Even as the Deities maintained Faith in the
mighty Asuras,
So make this uttered wish of mine true for the
liberal worshippers.
4 Guarded by Vayu, Gods and men who
sacrifice draw near to Faith.
Man winneth Faith by yearnings of the heart,
and opulence by Faith.
5 Faith in the early morning, Faith at noonday
will we invoke,
Faith at the setting of the Sun. O Faith, endow

us with belief.

HYMN CLII. Indra.

1. A MIGHTY Governor art thou, Wondrous,
Destroyer of the foe,
Whose friend is never done to death, and never,
never overcome.
2 Lord of the clan, who brings us bliss, Strong,
Warrior, Slayer of the fiend,
May India, Soma-drinker, go before us, Bull
who gives us peace.
3 Drive Raksasas and foes away, break thou in
pieces Vrtra's jaws:
O Vrtra-slaying Indra, quell the foeman's wrath
who threatens us.
4 O Indra, beat our foes away, humble the men
who challenge us:
Send down to nether darkness him who seeks to
do us injury.
5 Baffle the foeman's plan, ward off his weapon
who would conquer us.
Give shelter from his furious wrath, and keep
his murdering dart afar.

HYMN CLIII. Indra.

1. SWAYING about, the Active Ones came
nigh to Indra at his birth,
And shared his great heroic might.
2 Based upon strength and victory and power, O
Indra is thy birth:
Thou, Mighty One, art strong indeed.
3 Thou art the Vrtra-slayer, thou, Indra, hast
spread the firmament:
Thou hast with might upheld the heavens.
4 Thou, Indra, bearest in thine arms the
lightning that accords with thee,
Whetting thy thunderbolt with might.
5 Thou, Indra, art preeminent over all creatures
in thy might:
Thou hast pervaded every place.

HYMN CLIV. New Life.

1. FOR some is Soma purified, some sit by
sacrificial oil:
To those for whom the meath flows forth, even
to those let him depart.
2 Invincible through Fervour, those whom
Fervour hath advanced to heaven,

Who showed great Fervour in their lives, -even
to those let him depart.

3 The heroes who contend in war and boldly
cast their lives away,

Or who give guerdon thousandfold, -even to
those let him depart.

4 Yea, the first followers of Law, Law's pure
and holy strengtheners,

The Fathers, Yama! Fervour-moved, even to
those let him depart.

5 Skilled in a thousand ways and means, the
sages who protect the Sun,

The Rsis, Yama! Fervour-moved, -even to those
let him depart.

HYMN CLV. Various.

1. ARAYI, one-eyed limping hag, fly, ever-
screeching, to the hill.

We frighten thee away with these, the heroes of
Sirimbitha.

2 Scared from this place and that is she,
destroyer of each germ unborn.

Go, sharp-horned Brahmanaspti and drive Arayi
far away.

3 Yon log that floats without a man to guide it
on the river's edge,-

Seize it, thou thing with hideous jaws, and go
thou far away thereon.

4 When, foul with secret stain and spot, ye
hastened onward to the breast,

All Indra's enemies were slain and passed away
like froth and foam.

5 These men have led about the cow, have duly
carried Agni round,

And raised their glory to the Gods. Who will
attack them with success?

HYMN CLVI. Agni.

1. LET songs of ours speed Agni forth like a
fleet courser in the race,

And we will win each prize through him.

2 Agni the dart whereby we gain kine for
ourselves with help from thee,-

That send us for the gain of wealth.

3 O Agni, bring us wealth secure, vast wealth in
horses and in kine:

Oil thou the socket, turn the wheel.

4 O Agni, thou hast made the Sun, Eternal Star,

to mount the sky,
Bestowing light on living men.
5 Thou, Agni, art the people's light, best,
dearest, seated in thy shrine:
Watch for the singer, give him life.

HYMN CLVII. Visvedevas.

1. WE will, with Indra and all Gods to aid us,
bring these existing worlds into subjection.
2 Our sacrifice, our bodies, and our offspr. let
Indra form together with Adityas.
3 With the Adityas, with the band of Maruts,
may Indra be Protector of our bodies.
4 As when the Gods came, after they had
slaughtered the Asuras, keeping safe their
Godlike nature,
5 Brought the Sun hitherward with mighty
powers, and looked about them on their
vigorous Godhead.

HYMN CLVIII. Surya.

1. MAY Surya guard us out of heaven, and Vata
from the firmament,
And Agni from terrestrial spots.
2 Thou Savitar whose flame deserves hundred
libations, be thou pleased:
From failing lightning keep us safe.
3 May Savitar the God, and may Parvata also
give us sight;
May the Creator give us sight.
4 Give sight unto our eye, give thou our bodies
sight that they may see:
May we survey, discern this world.
5 Thus, Surya, may we look on thee, on thee
most lovely to behold,
See clearly with the eyes of men.

HYMN CLIX. Saci Paulomi.

1. YON Sun hath mounted up, and this my
happy fate hath mounted high.
I knowing this, as conqueror have won my
husband for mine own.
2 I am the banner and the head, a mighty
arbitress am I:
I am victorious, and my Lord shall be
submissive to my will.
3 My Sons are slayers of the foe, my Daughter
is a ruling Queen:

I am victorious: o'er my Lord my song of
triumph is supreme.
4 Oblation, that which Indra gave and thus grew
glorious and most high,-
This have I offered, O ye Gods, and rid me of
each rival wife.
5 Destroyer of the rival wife, Sole Spouse,
victorious, conqueror,
The others' glory have I seized as 'twere the
wealth of weaker Dames.
6 I have subdued as conqueror these rivals,
these my fellow-wives,
That I may hold imperial sway over this Hero
and the folk.

HYMN CLX. Indra.

1. TASTE this strong draught enriched with
offered viands: with all thy chariot here unyoke
thy Coursers.
Let not those other sacrificers stay thee, Indra:
these juices shed for thee are ready.
2 Thine is the juice effused, thine are the juices
yet to be pressed: our resonant songs invite thee.
O Indra, pleased to-day with this libation, come,
thou who knowest all and drink the Soma.
3 Whoso, devoted to the God, effuses Soma for
him with yearning heart and spirit,-
Never doth Indra give away his cattle: for him
he makes the lovely Soma famous.
4 He looks with loving favour on the mortal
who, like a rich man, pours for him the Soma.
Maghavan in his bended arm supports him: he
slays, unasked, the men who hate devotion.
5 We call on thee to come to us, desirous of
goods and spoil, of cattle, and of horses.
For thy new love and favour are we present: let
us invoke thee, Indra, as our welfare.

HYMN CLXI. Indra.

1. FOR life I set thee free by this oblation from
the unknown decline and from Consumption;
Or, if the grasping demon have possessed him,
free him from her, O Indra, thou and Agni.
2 Be his days ended, be he now departed, be he
brought very near to death already,
Out of Destruction's lap again I bring him, save
him for life to last a hundred autumns.
3 With hundred-eyed oblation, hundred-

autumned, bringing a hundred lives, have I
restored him,
That Indra for a hundred years may lead him
safe to the farther shore of all misfortune.
4 Live, waxing in thy strength, a hundred
autumns, live through a hundred springs, a
hundred winters.
Through hundred-lived oblation Indra, Agni,
Brhaspati, Savitar yield him for a hundred!
5 So have I found and rescued thee thou hast
returned with youth renewed.
Whole in thy members! I have found thy sight
and all thy life for thee.

HYMN CLXII. Agni

1. MAY Agni, yielding to our prayer, the
Raksas-slayer, drive away
The malady of evil name that hath beset thy
labouring womb.
2 Agni, concurring in the prayer, drive off the
eater of the flesh,
The malady of evil name that hath attacked thy
babe and womb.
3 That which destroys the sinking germ, the
settled, moving embryo,
That which will kill the babe at birth, even this
will we drive far away.
4 That which divides thy legs that it may lie
between the married pair,
That penetrates and licks thy side,--even this will
we exterminate.
5 What rests by thee in borrowed form of
brother, lover, or of lord,
And would destroy thy Progeny,--even this will
we exterminate.
6 That which through sleep or darkness hath
deceived thee and lies down by thee,
And will destroy thy progeny,--even this will
we exterminate.

HYMN CLXIII

1. FROM both thy nostrils, from thine eyes,
from both thine ears and from thy chin,
Forth from thy head and brain and tongue I
drive thy malady away.
2 From the neck-tendons and the neck, from the
breast-bones and from the spine,
From shoulders, upper, lower arms, I drive thy

malady away.

3 From viscera and all within, forth from the
rectum, from the heart,
From kidneys, liver, and from spleen, I drive thy
malady away.

4 From thighs, from knee-caps, and from heels,
and from the forepart of the feet,
From hips from stomach, and from groin I drive
thy malady away.

5 From what is voided from within, and from
thy hair, and from they nails,
From all thyself from top to toe, I drive thy
malady away.

6 From every member, every hair, disease that
comes in every joint,
From all thyself, from top to toe, I drive thy
malady away.

HYMN CLXIV. Dream-charm.

1. AVAUNT, thou Master of the mind Depart,
and vanish far away.

Look on Destruction far from hence. The live
man's mind is manifold.

2 A happy boon do men elect, a mighty blessing
they obtain.

Bliss with Vaivasvata they see. The live man's
mind seeks many a place.

3 If by address, by blame, by imprecation we
have committed sin, awake or sleeping,
All hateful acts of ours, all evil doings may
Agni bear away to distant places.

4 When, Indra, Brahmanaspati, our deeds are
wrongful and unjust,
May provident Angirasa prevent our foes from
troubling, us.

5 We have prevailed this day and won: we are
made free from sin and guilt.

Ill thoughts, that visit us awake or sleeping,
seize the man we hate, yea, seize the man who
hateth us.

HYMN CLXV. Visvedevas.

1. GODS, whatsoe'er the Dove came hither
seeking, sent to us as the envoy of Destruction,
For that let us sing hymns and make atonement.
Well be it with our quadrupeds and bipeds.

2 Auspicious be the Dove that hath been sent us,
a harmless bird, ye Gods, within our dwelling.
May Agni, Sage, be pleased with our oblation,
and may the Missile borne on wings avoid us.
3 Let not the Arrow that hath wings distract us:
beside the fire-place, on the hearth it settles.
May, it bring welfare to our men and cattle: here
let the Dove, ye Gods, forbear to harm us.
4 The screeching of the owl is ineffective and
when beside the fire the Dove hath settled,
To him who sent it hither as an envoy, to him be
reverence paid, to Death, to Yama.
5 Drive forth the Dove, chase it with holy
verses: rejoicing, bring ye hither food and cattle,
Barring the way against all grief and trouble.
Let the swift bird fly forth and leave us vigour.

HYMN CLXVI. Sapatnanasanam.

1. MAKE me a bull among my peers, make me
my rivals, conqueror:
Make me the slayer of my foes, a sovran ruler,
lord of kine
2 I am my rivals' slayer, like Indra unwounded
and unhurt,
And all these enemies of mine are vanquished
and beneath my feet.
3 Here, verily, I bind you fast, as the two bow-
ends with the string.
Press down these men, O Lord of Speech, that
they may humbly speak to me.
4 Hither I came as conqueror with mighty all-
effecting power,
And I have mastered all your thought, your
synod, and your holy work.
5 May I be highest, having gained your strength
in war, your skill in peace
my feet have trodden on your heads.
Speak to me from beneath my feet, as frogs
from out the water croak, as frogs from out the
water croak.

HYMN CLXVII. Indra.

1. THIS pleasant meath, O Indra, is effused for
thee: thou art the ruling Lord of beaker and of
juice.
Bestow upon us wealth with many hero sons:
thou, having glowed with Fervour, wortnest
heavenly light.

2 Let us call Sakra to libations here effused,
winner of light who joyeth in the potent juice.
Mark well this sacrifice of ours and come to us:
we pray to Maghavan the Vanquisher of hosts.
3 By royal Soma's and by Varuna's decree,
under Brhaspati's and Anumati's guard,
This day by thine authority, O Maghavan,
Maker, Disposer thou! have I enjoyed the jars.
4 I, too, urged on, have had my portion, in the
bowl, and as first Prince I drew forth this my
hymn of praise,
When with the prize I came unto the flowing
juice, O Visvamitra, Jamadagni, to your home.

HYMN CLXVIII. Vayu.

1. O THE Wind's chariot, O its power and
glory! Crashing it goes and hath a voice of
thunder.
It makes the regions red and touches heaven,
and as it moves the dust of earth is scattered.
2 Along the traces of the Wind they hurry, they
come to him as dames to an assembly.
Borne on his car with these for his attendants,
the God speeds forth, the universe's Monarch.
3 Travelling on the paths of air's midregion, no
single day doth he take rest or slumber.
Holy and earliest-born, Friend of the waters,
where did he spring and from what region came
he?
4 Germ of the world, the Deities' vital spirit, this
God moves ever as his will inclines him.
His voice is heard, his shape is ever viewless.
Let us adore this Wind with our oblation.

HYMN CLXIX. COWS.

1. MAY the wind blow upon our Cows with
healing: may they eat herbage full of vigorous
juices.
May they drink waters rich in life and fatness: to
food that moves on feet be gracious, Rudra.
2 Like-coloured, various-hued, or single-
coloured, whose names through sacrifice are
known to Agni,
Whom the Angirases produced by
Fervour, vouchsafe to these, Parjanya, great
protection.
3 Those who have offered to the Gods their
bodies, whose varied forms are all well known

to Soma,-
Those grant us in our cattle-pen, O Indra, with
their full streams of milk and plenteous
offspring.
4 Prajapati, bestowing these upon me, one-
minded with all Gods and with the Fathers,
Hath to our cow-pen brought auspicious cattle:
so may we own the offspring they will bear us.

HYMN CLXX. Surya.

1. MAY the Bright God drink glorious Soma-
mingled meath, giving the sacrifice's lord
uninjured life;
He who, wind-urged, in person guards our
offspring well, hath nourished them with food
and shines o'er many a land.
2 Radiant, as high Truth, cherished, best at
winning strength, Truth based upon the statute
that supports the heavens,
He rose, a light, that kills Vrtras and enemies,
best slayer of the Dasyus, Asuras, and foes.
3 This light, the best of lights, supreme, all-
conquering, winner of riches, is exalted with
high laud.
All-lighting, radiant, mighty as the Sun to see,
he spreadeth wide unfailing victory and
strength.
4 Beaming forth splendour with thy light, thou
hast attained heaven's lustrous realm.
By thee were brought together all existing
things, possessor of all Godhead, All-effecting
God.

HYMN CLXXI. Indra.

1. FOR Ita's sake who pressed the juice, thou,
Indra, didst protect his car,
And hear the Soma-giver's call.
2 Thou from his skin hast borne the head of the
swift-moving combatant,
And sought the Soma-pourer's home.
3 Venya, that mortal man, hast thou, for
Astrabudhna the devout,
O Indra, many a time set free.
4 Bring, Indra, to the east again that Sun who
now is in the west,
Even against the will of Gods.

HYMN CLXXII. Dawn.

1. WITH all thy beauty come: the kine
approaching with full udders follow on thy path.
2 Come with kind thoughts, most liberal,
rousing the warrior's hymn of praise, with
bounteous ones,
3 As nourishers we tie the thread, and, liberal
with our bounty, offer sacrifice.
4 Dawn drives away her Sister's gloom, and,
through her excellence, makes her retrace her
path.

HYMN CLXXIII. The King.

1. BE with us; I have chosen thee: stand stedfast
and immovable.
Let all the people wish for thee let not thy
kingship fall away.
2 Be even here; fall not away be like a mountain
unremoved.
Stand stedfast here like Indra's self, and hold the
kingship in the grasp.
3 This man hath Indra stablished, made secure
by strong oblation's power.
May Soma speak a benison, and Brahmanaspati,
on him.
4 Firm is the sky and firm the earth, and stedfast
also are these hills.
Stedfast is all this living world, and stedfast is
this King of men.
5 Stedfast, may Varuna the King, stedfast, the
God Brhaspati,
Stedfast, may Indra, stedfast too, may Agni
keep thy stedfast reign.
6 On constant Soma let us think with constant
sacrificial gift
And then may Indra make the clans bring tribute
unto thee alone.

HYMN CLXXIV. The King.

1. WITH offering for success in fight whence
Indra was victorious.
With this, O Brahmanaspati, let us attain to
royal sway.
2 Subduing those who rival us, subduing all
malignities,
Withstand the man who menaces, withstand the
man who angers us.
3 Soma and Savitar the God have made thee a
victorious King

All elements have aided thee, to make thee
general conqueror.
4 Oblation, that which Indra. gave and thus
grew glorious and most high,-
This have I offered, Gods! and hence now,
verily, am rivalless.
5 Slayer of rivals, rivalless, victorious, with
royal sway,
Over these beings may I rule, may I be Sovran
of the folk.

HYMN CLXXV. Press-stones.

1. MAY Savitar the God, O Stones, stir you
according to the Law:
Be harnessed to the shafts, and press.
2 Stones, drive calamity away, drive ye away
malevolence:
Make ye the Cows our medicine.
3 Of one accord the upper Stones, giving the
Bull his bull-like strength,
Look down with pride on those below.
4 May Savitar the God, O Stones, stir you as
Law commands for him
Who sacrifices, pouring juice.

HYMN CLXXVI. Agni.

1. WITH hymns of praise their sons have told
aloud the Rbhus' mighty deeds.
Who, all-supporting, have enjoyed the earth as,
twere a mother cow.
2 Bring forth the God with song divine, being
Jatavedas hitherward,
To bear our gifts at once to heaven.
3 He here, a God-devoted Priest, led forward
comes to sacrifice.
Like a car covered for the road, he, glowing,
knows, himself, the way.
4 This Agni rescues from distress, as 'twere
from the Immortal Race,
A God yet mightier than strength, a God who
hath been made for life.

HYMN CLXXVII. Mayabheda.

1. THE sapient with their spirit and their mind
behold the Bird adorned with all an Asura's
magic might.
Sages observe him in the ocean's inmost depth:
the wise disposers seek the station of his rays.

2 The flying Bird bears Speech within his spirit:
erst the Gandharva in the womb pronounced it:
And at the seat of sacrifice the sages cherish this
radiant, heavenly-bright invention.

3 I saw the Herdsman, him who never resteth,
approaching and departing on his pathways.
He, clothed in gathered and diffusive splendour,
within the worlds continually travels.

HYMN CLXXVIII. Tarksya.

1. THIS very mighty one whom Gods
commission, the Conqueror of cars, ever
triumphant,

Swift, fleet to battle, with uninjured fellows, even
Tarksya for our weal will we call hither.

2 As though we offered up our gifts to Indra,
may we ascend him as a ship for safety.
Like the two wide worlds, broad, deep far-
extended, may we be safe both when he comes
and leaves you.

3 He who with might the Five Lands hath
pervaded, like Surya with his lustre, and the
waters-

His strength wins hundreds, thousands none
avert it, as- the young maid repelleth not her
lover.

HYMN CLXXIX. Indra.

1. Now lift ye up yourselves and look on Indra's
seasonable share.

If it be ready, offer it; unready, ye have been
remise.

2 Oblation is prepared: come to us, Indra; the
Sun hath travelled over half his journey.

Friends with their stores are sitting round thee
waiting like lords of clans for the tribe's
wandering chieftain.

3 Dressed in the udder and on fire, I fancy; well-
dressed, I fancy, is this recent present.

Drink, Indra, of the curd of noon's libation with
favour, Thunderer, thou whose deeds are
mighty.

HYMN CLXXX. Indra.

1. O MUCH-INVOKED, thou hast subdued thy
foemen: thy might is loftiest; here display thy
bounty.

In thy right hand, O Indra, bring us treasures:

thou art the Lord of rivers filled with riches.

2 Like a dread wild beast roaming on the mountain thou hast approached us from the farthest distance.

Whetting thy bold and thy sharp blade, O Indra, crush thou the foe and scatter those who hate us.

3 Thou, mighty Indra, sprangest into being as strength for lovely lordship o'er the people.

Thou drovest off the folk who were unfriendly, and to the Gods thou gavest room and freedom.

HYMN CLXXXI. Visvedevas.

1. VASISTHA mastered the Rathantara, took it from radiant Dhatar, Savitar, and Visnu, Oblation, portion of fourfold oblation, known by the names of Saprathas and Prathas.

2. These sages found what lay remote and hidden, the sacrifice's loftiest secret essence. From radiant Dhatar, Savitar, and Visnu, from Agni, Bharadvaja brought the Brhat.

3 They found with mental eyes the earliest Yajus, a pathway to the Gods, that had descended.

From radiant Dhitar, Savitar, and Visnu, from Surya did these sages bring the Gharma.

HYMN CLXXXII. Brhaspati.

1. BRHASPATI lead us safely over troubles and turn his evil thought against the sinner; Repel the curse, and drive away ill-feeling, and give the sacrificer peace and comfort!

2 May Naratarhsa aid us at Prayaja: blest be our Anuyaja at invokings.

May he repel the curse, and chase ill-feeling, and give the sacrificer peace and comfort.

3 May he whose head is flaming burn the demons, haters of prayer, so that the arrow slay them.

May he repel the curse and chase ill-feeling, and give the sacrificer peace and comfort.

HYMN CLXXXIII. The Sacrificer, Etc.

1. I SAW thee meditating in thy spirit what sprang from Fervour and hath thence developed. Bestowing offspring here, bestowing riches, spread in thine offspring, thou who cravest children.

2 I saw thee pondering in thine heart, and

praying that in due time thy body might be fruitful.

Come as a youthful woman, rise to meet me:
spread in thine offspring, thou who cravest children.

3 In plants and herbs, in all existent beings I have deposited the germ of increase.

All progeny on earth have I engendered, and sons in women who will be hereafter.

HYMN CLXXXIV.

1. MAY Visnu form and mould the womb, may Tvastar duly shape the forms,
Prajapati infuse the stream, and Dhatar lay the germ for thee.

2 O Sinivali, set the germ, set thou the germ, Sarasvati:

May the Twain Gods bestow the germ, the Asvins crowned with lotuses.

3 That which the Asvins Twain rub forth with the attrition-sticks of gold,-
That germ of thine we invoke, that in the tenth month thou mayst bear.

HYMN CLXXXV. Aditi.

1. GREAT, unassailable must he the heavenly favour of Three Gods,
Varuna, Mitra, Aryaman.

2 O'er these, neither at home nor yet abroad or pathways that are Strange,
The evil-minded foe hath power

3 Nor over him, the man on whom the Sons of Aditi bestow Eternal light that he may live.

HYMN CLXXXVI. Vayu.

1. FILLING our hearts with health and joy, may Vata breathe his balm on us
May he prolong our days of life.

2 Thou art our Father, Vata, yea, thou art a Brother and a friend,

So give us strength that we may live.

3 The store of Amrta laid away yonder, O Vata, in thine home,-

Give us thereof that we may live.

HYMN CLXXXVII. Agni.

1. To Agni send I forth my song, to him the Bull

of all the folk:
So may he bear us past our foes.
2 Who from the distance far away shines
brilliantly across the wastes:
So may he bear us past our foes.
3 The Bull with brightly-gleaming flame who
utterly consumes the fiends
So may he bear us past our foes.
4 Who looks on all existing things and
comprehends them with his view:
So may he bear us past our foes.
5 Resplendent Agni, who was born in farthest
region of the air:
So may he bear us past our foes.

HYMN CLXXXVIII. Agni.

1. Now send ye Jatavedas forth, send hitherward
the vigorous Steed
To seat him on our sacred grass.
2. I raise the lofty eulogy of Jatavedas, raining
boons,
With sages for his hero band.
3 With flames of Jatavedas which carry oblation
to the Gods,
May he promote our sacrifice.

HYMN CLXXXIX. Surya.

1. THIS spotted Bull hath come, and sat before
the Mother in the east,
Advancing to his Father heaven.
2 Expiring when he draws his breath, she moves
along the lucid spheres:
The Bull shines out through all the sky.
3 Song is bestowed upon the Bird: it rules
supreme through thirty realms
Throughout the days at break of morn.

HYMN CXC. Creation.

1. FROM Fervour kindled to its height Eternal
Law and Truth were born:
Thence was the Night produced, and thence the
billowy flood of sea arose.
2 From that same billowy flood of sea the Year
was afterwards produced,
Ordainer of the days nights, Lord over all who
close the eye.
3 Dhatar, the great Creator, then formed in due
order Sun and Moon.

He formed in order Heaven and Earth, the
regions of the air, and light.

HYMN CXCI. Agni.

1. THOU, mighty Agni, gatherest up all that is
precious for thy friend.

Bring us all treasures as thou art enkindled in
libation's place

2 Assemble, speak together: let your minds be
all of one accord,

As ancient Gods unanimous sit down to their
appointed share.

3 The place is common, common the assembly,
common the mind, so be their thought united.

A common purpose do I lay before you, and
worship with your general oblation.

4 One and the same be your resolve, and be your
minds of one accord.

United be the thoughts of all that all may
happily agree.

APPENDIX I.

PAGE 87, HYMN CXXVI.

I subjoin a Latin version of the two stanzas
omitted in my translation. They are in a
different metre from the rest of the hymn, have
no apparent connexion with what precedes, and
look like a fragment of a liberal shepherd's love-
song. The seventh stanza should, it seems,
precede the sixth:

6 [Ille loquitur]. Adhaerens, arcte adhaerens, illa
quac mustelae similis se abdidit, multum
humorem effundens, dat mihi complexuum
centum gaudia.

7 [Illa loquitur]. Prope, prope accede; molliter
me tange. Ne putes pilos corporis mei-paucos
esse: tota sum villosa sicut Gandharidum ovis.
Professor Ludwig thinks that (multum
humorem, i.e., semen genitale, effundens) may
be the name of a slave-girl. Gandharidum ovis: a
ewe of the Gandharis. The country of Gandhara
is placed by Lassen to the west of the Indus and
to the south of the Kophen or Kabul river. King
Darius in a rock-inscription mentions the
Ga(n)dara together with the Hi(n)du as people
subject to him, and the Gandarii, together with
the Parthians, Khorasmians, Sogdians, and

Dadikae, are said by Herodotus to have formed part of the army of Xerxes. The name of the country is preserved in the modern Kandahar. See Muir, O.S. Texts, ii. 342, and Zimmer, *Altindisches Leben*, p. 30.

PAGE 221, HYMN CLXXIX.

The deified object of this omitted hymn is said to be Rati or Love, and its Rsis or authors are Lopamudrd, Agastya, and a disciple.

Lopamudra is represented as inviting the caresses of her aged husband Agastya, and complaining of his coldness and neglect.

Agastya responds in stanza 3, and in the second half of stanza 4 the disciple or the poet briefly tells the result of the dialogue. Stanza 5 is supposed to be spoken by the disciple who has overheard the conversation, but its connexion with the rest of the hymn is not very apparent. In stanza 6 'toiling with strong endeavour' is a paraphrase and not a translation of the original *khanamanah khanitraib (ligonibus fodiens)* which Sayana explains by 'obtaining the desired result by means of lauds and sacrifices.'

M. Bergaigne is of opinion that the hymn has a mystical meaning, Agastya being identifiable with the celestial Soma whom Lopamudra, representing fervent Prayer, succeeds after long labour in drawing down from his secret dwelling place. See *La Religion Vedique*, ii. 394 f.

1 'Through many autumns have I toiled and laboured, at night and morn, through age-inducing dawns.

Old age impairs the beauty of our bodies. Let husbands still come near unto their spouses.

2 For even the men aforetime, law-fulfillers, who with the Gods declared eternal statutes,-- They have decided, but have not accomplished: so now let Wives come near unto their husbands.

3 Non inutilis est labor cui Dii favent: nos omnes aemulos et aemulas vincamus. Superemus in hac centum artium pugna in qua duas partes convenientes utrinque commovemus.

4 Cupido me cepit illius tauri [viri] qui me despicit, utrum hinc utrum illinc ab aliqua parte

nata sit.

Lopamudra taururn [mariturn suum] ad se
detrahit: insipiens illa sapientem anhelantem
absorbet.

5 This Soma I address that is most near us, that
which hath been imbibed within the spirit,
To pardon any sins we have committed. Verily
mortal man is full of longings.

6 Agastya thus, toiling with strong endeavour,
wishing for children, progeny and power,
Cherished - a sage of mighty strength - both
classes, and with the Gods obtained his prayer's
fulfilment.

By 'both classes' probably priests and princes, or
institutors of sacrifices, are meant. M.

Bergaigne understands the expression to mean
the two forms or essences of Soma, the celestial
and the terrestrial.

5 Membrum suum virile, quod vrotentum fuerat,
mas ille retraxit. Rursus illud quod in juvenem
filiam sublatum fuerat, non aggressurus, ad se
rerahit.

6 Quum jam in medio connessu, semiperfecto
opere, amorem in puellam pater impleverat,
ambo discedentes seminis paulum in terrae
superficiem sacrorum sede effusum emisunt.

7 Quum pater suam nilam adiverat, cum ed
congressus suum semen supra verram effudit.
Tum Dii benigni precem (brahma) prgeduerunt,
et Vastoshpatim, legum sacrarum custodem,
formaverunt.

8 Ille tauro similis spumam in certamine
jactavit, tunc discedens pusillaximis huc
profectus est. Quasi dextro pede claudus
processit, "inutiles fuerunt illi mei complexus,"
ita locutus.

9 'The fire, burning the people, does not
approach quickly (by day): the naked (Rakasas
approach) not Agni by night; the giver of fuel,
and the giver of food, he, the upholder (of the
rite), is born, overcoming enemies by his might.'

PAGE 619, HYMN CVI

I borrow Wilson's translation of the omitted
stanzas.

5 'You are like two pleasantly moving well-fed
(hills) like Mitra and Varuna, the two bestowers
of felicity, veracious, possessors of infinite

wealth, happy, like two horses plump with
fodder, abiding in the firmament, like two rams
(are you) to be nourished with sacrificial food,
to be cherished (with oblations).

6 'You are like two mad elephants bending their
forequarters and smiting the foe, like the two
sons of Nitosa destroying (foes), and cherishing
(friends); you are bright as two water-born
(jewels), do you, who are victorious, (render)
my decaying mortal body free from decay.

7 'Fierce (Asvins), like two powerful (heroes),
you enable this moving, perishable mortal
(frame) to cross over to the objects (of its
destination) as over water; extremely strong,
like the Rbhus, your chariot, attained its
destination swift as the wind, it pervaded
(everywhere), it dispensed riches.

8 'With your bellies full of the Soma, like two
saucepans, preservers of wealth, destroyers of
enemies. (you are) armed with hatchets, moving
like two flying (birds) with forms like the moon,
attaining success through the mind, like two
laudable beings, (you are) approaching (the
sacrifice).'

PAGE 645, HYMN CLXII.

1. MAY Agni, yielding to our prayer, the
Raksas-slayer, drive away

The malady of evil name that hath beset thy
labouring womb.

2 Agni, concurring in the prayer, drive off the
eater of the flesh,

The malady of evil name that hath attacked thy
babe and womb.

3 That which destroys the sinking germ, the
settled, moving embryo,

That which will kill the babe at birth, even this
will we drive far away.

4 That which divides thy legs that it may lie
between the married pair,

That penetrates and licks thy side, -even this will
we exterminate.

5 What rests by thee in borrowed form of
brother, lover, or of lord,

And would destroy thy Progeny, -even this will
we exterminate.

6 That which through sleep or darkness hath
deceived thee and lies down by thee,

And will destroy thy progeny,--even this will
we exterminate.

PAGE 645, HYMN CLXIII

1. FROM both thy nostrils, from thine eyes,
from both thine ears and from thy chin,
Forth from thy head and brain and tongue I
drive thy malady away.
- 2 From the neck-tendons and the neck, from the
breast-bones and from the spine,
From shoulders, upper, lower arms, I drive thy
malady away.
- 3 From viscera and all within, forth from the
rectum, from the heart,
From kidneys, liver, and from spleen, I drive thy
malady away.
- 4 From thighs, from knee-caps, and from heels,
and from the forepart of the feet,
From hips ' from stomach, and from groin I
drive thy malady away.
- 5 From what is voided from within, and from
thy hair, and from they nails,
From all thyself from top to toe, I drive thy
malady away.
- 6 From every member, every hair, disease that
comes in every joint,
From all thyself, from top to toe, I drive thy
malady away.

PAGE 650, HYMN CLXXXIV.

1. MAY Visnu form and mould the womb, may
Tvastar duly shape the forms,
Prajapati infuse the stream, and Dhatar lay the
germ for thee.
- 2 O Sinivali, set the germ, set thou the germ,
Sarasvati:
May the Twain Gods bestow the germ, the
Asvins crowned with lotuses.
- 3 That which the Asvins Twain rub forth with
the attrition-sticks of gold,-
That germ of thine we invoke, that in the tenth
month thou mayst bear.

APPENDIX II.

METRE.

Rhyme is not used in the Rgveda. The metres
are regulated by the number of syllables in the
stanza, which consists generally of three or four

Padas, measures, divisions, or quarter verses, with a distinctly marked interval at the end of the second Pada, and so forming two hemistichs or semi-stanzas of equal or unequal length. These Padas most usually contain eight or eleven or twelve syllables each; but occasionally they consist of fewer and sometimes of more than these numbers. The Padas of a stanza are generally of equal length and of more or less corresponding prosodial quantities: but sometimes two or more kinds of metre are employed in one stanza, and then the Padas vary in quantity and length. As regards quantity, the first Syllables of the Pada are not subject to very strict laws, but the last four are more regular, their measure being generally iambic in Padas of eight and of twelve syllables and trochaic in those of eleven. In the printed text the first and second Padas form one line, and the third, or third and fourth, or third, fourth, and fifth, complete the distich or stanza. This arrangement I have followed in my translation.

Subjoined, in alphabetical arrangement, are the names, with brief descriptions, of the metres used in the Hymns of the Rgveda. The Index of Hymns will show the metre or metres employed in each Hymn.

Abhtisarini: a species of Trstup, in which two Padas contain twelve instead of eleven syllables.

Amstup or Anustubh: consisting of four Padas of eight syllables each, two Padas forming a line. This is the prevailing form of metre in the Manava-dharma-sastra, the Mahabharata, the Ramayana, and the Puranas.

Anustubgarbha: a metre of the Usnih class: the first Pada containing five syllables, and the three following Padas of eight syllables each.

Anustup Pipilikamadhyā: a species of Anustup, having the second Pada shorter than the first and third (8 syllables+ 4+8+ 8).

Asti: consisting of four Padas of Sixteen syllables each, or sixty-four syllables in the stanza.

Astrapaikti: consisting of two Padas of eight syllables each, followed by two Padas of twelve syllables each.

Atidhrti: four Padas of nineteen syllables each,

= 76 syllables.

Atijagati: four Padas of thirteen syllables each.

Atincrti: consisting of three Padas containing respectively seven, six, and seven syllables.

Atisakvari: four Padas of fifteen syllables each.

Atyasti: four Padas of seventeen syllables each.

Brhati: four Padas (8 + 8 + 12 + 8) containing 36 syllables in the stanza.

Caturvimsatika Dvipada: a Dvipada containing 24 syllables instead of 20.

Dhrti: consisting of seventy-two syllables in a stanza.

Dvipada Viraj: a species of Gayatri consisting of two Padas only (12+8 or 10+10 syllables); inadequately represented in the translation by two decasyllabic iambic lines.

Ekapada Tristup: a Tristup consisting of a single Pada or quarter stanza.

Ekapada Viraj: a Viraj consisting of a single Pada.

Gayatri: the stanza usually consists of twenty-four syllables, variously arranged, but generally as a triplet of three Padas of eight syllables each, or in one line of sixteen syllables and a second line of eight. There are eleven varieties of this metre, and the number of syllables in the stanza varies accordingly from nineteen to thirty-three.

Jagati: a metre consisting of forty-eight syllables arranged in four Padas of twelve syllables each, two Padas forming a line or hemistich which in the translation is represented by a double Alexandrine.

Kakup or Kakubh: a metre of three Padas consisting of eight, twelve, and eight syllables respectively.

Kakubh Nyakusira; consisting of three Padas of 9+12+4 syllables.

Krti: a metre of four Padas. of twenty syllables each.

Madhyejyotis: a metre in which a Pada of eight syllables stands between two Padas of twelve.

Mahibrhati: four Padas of eight syllables each, followed by one of twelve.

Mahapadapankti: a two-lined metre of thirtyone syllables, the first line consisting of four Padas of five syllables each, and the second being a Tristup of the usual eleven syllables. See Vedic

Hymns, part 1. (S. Books of the East, XXXII), p. xcvi.

Mahapankti: a metre of forty-eight syllables 8×6 or 12×4 .

Mahasatobhrati: a lengthened form of Satobhrati.

Nastarupi: a variety of Anustup.

Nyankusarini: a metre of four Padas of $8 + 12 + 8 + 8$ syllables.

Padanict: a variety of Gayatri in which one syllable is wanting in each Pada: $7+3=21$ syllables.

Padapankti: a metre consisting of five Padas of five syllables each.

Pankti: a metre of five octosyllabic Padas, like Anustup with an additional Pada.

Panktyuttara: a metre which ends with a Pankti of $5 + 5$ syllables.

Pipilikamadhya: any metre the middle Pada of which is shorter than the preceding and the following.

Pragatha: a metre in Book VIII, consisting of strophes combining two verses, viz. a Brhati or Kakup followed by a Satobhrati.

Prastarapankti: a metre of forty syllables: $12+12+8+8$

Pratistha: a metre of four Padas of four syllables each; also a variety of the Gayatri consisting of three Padas of eight, seven, and six syllables respectively.

Purastadbrhati: a variety of Brhati with twelve syllables in the first Pada.

Pura-usnih: a metre of three Padas, containing $12+8+8$ syllables.

Sakvari: a metre of four Padas of fourteen syllables each.

Satobhrati: a metre whose even Padas contain eight syllables each, and the uneven twelve: $12+8+12+8=40$.

Skandhogriva: consisting of Padas of $8 + 12 + 8 + 8$ syllables.

Tanusira: consisting of three Padas of $11 + 11 + 6$ syllables.

Tristup or Tristubh: a metre of four Padas of eleven syllables each.

Uparistadbrhati: consisting of four Padas of $12 + 8 + 8 + 8$ syllables.

Uparistajjyotis: a Tristup stanza the last Pada of

which contains only eight syllables.
Urdhvabrhati: a variety of Brhati.
Urobrhati: a variety of Brhati: $8+12+8+8$ syllables.
Usniggarbha: Gayatri of three Padas of six, seven, and eleven syllables respectively.
Usnih: consisting of three Padas of $8+8+12$ syllables.
Vardhamana: a species of Gayatri; $6+7+8+21$ syllables.
Viparita: a metre of four Padas resembling Vistarapankti.
Viradrupa: a Tristup metre of four Padas, $11+11+11+7$ or 8 syllables.
Viraj: a metre of four Padas of ten syllables each.
Viratpurva: a variety of Tristup.
Viratsthana: a variety of Tristup.
Visamapada: metre of uneven stanzas.
Vistarabrhati: a form of Brhati of four Padas containing $8+10+10+8=36$ syllables.
Vistarapankti: a form of Pankti consisting of four padas of $8+12+12+8=40$ syllables.
Yavamadhya: a metre having a longer Pada between two shorter ones.

Source: This is a translation by Ralph T.H. Griffith, 1896.

Saturday , February 5, 2011

Compiled by: Raj Krishna

