



English translation of Holy Vedas – Rig Veda : Book 10

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Credits

English translation of
Holy Vedas – Rig Veda : Book 10

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Book 10 Part 01

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, Sharinging [sic] 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 lofty 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 whitely shining 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 fellows 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 summons, 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, Wonder Worker! 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 precedest 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 omniform 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

1

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 girt 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, comest 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

1

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 seized 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 a stranger. 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 [sic] dwelling: 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 Rkvas: 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.

-- Book 10 Part 01 --

Book 10 Part 02

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

1

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 well prepared 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

1

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 cat 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, the wise 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 and 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

1

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

1

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

1

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, exorter 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 earth 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 [sic] 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

rn [sic] 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 milk oblation, 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.

1

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 [sic]: 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 whirleth 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.

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Book 10 Part 03

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 Mitrathiti: 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 he 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 he 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 [sic] the vigour of his youthful life to the 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.

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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 halting place, 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 sevenfold 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 earliest 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 strikers 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 stablished 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 praise song, 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 oblation bearer, 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 Indraless, 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 Vetāsus 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 Self resplendent.

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.

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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-averted, 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, establish 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 LVIL 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 Soma 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 yokedst 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

Subandhu's spirit I have brought from Yama, from Vivasvat'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 milk—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, be 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 lengthened, 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, shelter 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 kindled 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 [sic] 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.

I. 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.

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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, May we, 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 dewes 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 cat 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 [sic], 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 o'ercome 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, Narasahrha. 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 Brahmins sacrifice together with mental impulse which the heart hath fashioned, They leave one far behind through their attainments, and some who count as Brahmins wander elsewhere.

9

Those men who step not back and move not forward, nor Brahmins 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-avert, 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 Brahmin, 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 rankest 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 leadest 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-feeding 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 Sama-hymns.

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 recmes [sic].

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.

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Book 10 Part 07

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 cavern, 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' name–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. Enwrapped 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–sped.

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 Brahmins 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 Arjuri 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 die 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 fienod [sic] 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 with, 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 tongue 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 destroy 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, burn, 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.

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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 foemen, 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 Visvamitras 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: onefourth 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 crampest 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 beheld 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 sovran 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 mans 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-meath 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 dros [sic] 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 shall 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.

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Book 10 Part 09

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 [sic] 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 [sic] 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 fireely [sic]—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 [sic]. 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 worshippest 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' preceder. May the Gods cat 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 be 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 [sic], 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; thereon come hither, come to drink the Soma. Let thy Bay Steeds, thy Stallions, hasten hither, with whom thou comest 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: drink 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.

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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 [sic] gives the meath flow forth with might. 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 asunder 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 [sic], 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 anear: 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 [sic] Apnana [sic], 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 CXV

1

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 [sic] 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 differ 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

1, 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 Lord 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 steadfast, 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

Never 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 Amrta, 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, lowing 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 sky-ward; 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 preceptor: 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 eau [sic] lit 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-swellung 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, breathes, 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

1, 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 guard 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 us 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 this sacrifice and sacrificer.

8

Foodful, and much-invoked, at this our calling mty [sic] 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, mighty, 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.

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Book 10 Part 11

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 Indra, 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 destroyed 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 [sic] 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 [sic] 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 Visvavasū, O Soma, when they saw him. Indra, approaching quickly, marked their going, and looked around upon the Sun's enclosures.

5

This song Visvavasū 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 Amṛta. Indra knew well the puissance [sic] 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 thyself, 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 leadest us to conquering power.

5

To him, the wise, who orders sacrifice, who hath great riches under his control, Thou givest blest award of good, and plenteous food, givest him wealth that conquers all.

6

The men have set before 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 Aryaman 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 withheld, 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 [sic] 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 cicada'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-armed.

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 offspring, 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.

-- Book 10 Part 11 --

Book 10 Part 12

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,
worthest 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

1, 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 [sic], 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.

I. 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 remiss.

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.

HYMN CLXII.

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MAY Agni, yielding to our prayer, the Raksas–slayer, drive away The malady of evil name that hath beset thy labouring womb.

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— Book 10 Part 12 —