



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 02 Part 01

HYMN I. Agni.

1

THOU, Agni, shining in thy glory through the days, art brought to life from out the waters, from the stone: From out the forest trees and herbs that grow on ground, thou, Sovran Lord of men art generated pure.

2

Thine is the Herald's task and Cleanser's duly timed; Leader art thou, and Kindler for the pious man. Thou art Director, thou the ministering Priest: thou art the Brahman, Lord and Master in our home.

3

Hero of Heroes, Agni! Thou art Indra, thou art Visnu of the Mighty Stride, adorable: Thou, Brahmanaspati, the Brahman finding wealth: thou, O Sustainer, with thy wisdom tendest us.

4

Agni, thou art King Varuna whose laws stand fast; as Mitra, Wonder–Worker, thou must be implored. Aryaman, heroes' Lord, art thou, enriching all, and liberal Amsa in the synod, O thou God.

5

Thou givest strength, as Tvastar, to the worshipper: thou wielding Mitra's power hast kinship with the Dames. Thou, urging thy fleet coursers, givest noble steeds: a host of heroes art thou with great store of wealth.

6

Rudra art thou, the Asura of mighty heaven: thou art the Maruts' host, thou art the Lord of food, Thou goest with red winds: bliss hast thou in thine home. As Pusan thou thyself protectest worshippers.

7

Giver of wealth art thou to him who honours thee; thou art God Savitar, granter of precious things. As Bhaga, Lord of men! thou rulest over wealth, and guardest in his house him who hath served thee well.

8

To thee, the people's Lord within the house, the folk press forward to their King most graciously inclined. Lord of the lovely look, all things belong to thee: ten, hundred, yea, a thousand are outweighed by thee.

9

Agni, men seek thee as a Father with their prayers, win thee, bright–formed, to brotherhood

with holy act. Thou art a Son to him who duly worships thee, and as a trusty Friend thou guardest from attack.

10

A Rbhu art thou, Agni, near to be adored thou art the Sovran Lord of foodful spoil and wealth. Thou shinest brightly forth, thou burnest to bestow: pervading sacrifice, thou lendest us thine help.

11

Thou, God, art Aditi to him who offers gifts: thou, Hotri, Bharati, art strengthened by the song. Thou art the hundred-wintered Ila to give strength, Lord of Wealth! Vrtra-slayer and Sarasvati.

12

Thou, Agni, cherished well, art highest vital power; in thy delightful hue are glories visible. Thou art the lofty might that furthers each design: thou art wealth manifold, diffused on every side.

13

Thee, Agni, have the Adityas taken as their mouth; the Bright Ones have made thee, O Sage, to be their tongue. They who love offerings cling to thee at solemn rites: by thee the Gods devour the duly offered food.

14

By thee, O Agni, all the Immortal guileless Gods eat with thy mouth the oblation that is offered them. By thee do mortal men give sweetness to their drink. Bright art thou born, the embryo of the plants of earth.

15

With these thou art united, Agni; yea thou, God of noble birth, surpasses them in majesty, Which, through the power of good, here spreads abroad from thee, diffused through both the worlds, throughout the earth and heaven.

16

The princely worshippers who send to those who sing thy praise, O Agni, guerdon graced with kine and steeds,— Lead thou both these and us forward to higher bliss. With brave men in the assembly may we speak aloud.

HYMN II. Agni.

1

WITH sacrifice exalt Agni who knows all life; worship him 'with oblation and the song of praise, Well kindled, nobly fed; heaven's Lord, Celestial Priest, who labours at the pole where deeds of might are done.

2

At night and morning, Agni, have they called to thee, like milch-kine in their stalls lowing to meet their young. As messenger of heaven thou lightest all night long the families of men.

Thou Lord of precious boons.

3

Him have the Gods established at the region's base, doer of wondrous deeds, Herald of heaven and earth; Like a most famous car, Agni the purely bright, like Mitra. to be glorified among the folk.

4

Him have they set in his own dwelling, in the vault, like the Moon waxing, fulgent, in the realm of air. Bird of the firmament, observant with his eyes, guard of the place as 'twere, looking to Gods and men.

5

May he as Priest encompass all the sacrifice. men throng to him with offerings and with hymns of praise. Raging with jaws of gold among the growing plants, like heaven with all the stars, he quickens earth and sky.

6

Such as thou art, brilliantly kindled for our weal, a liberal giver, send us riches in thy shine, For our advantage, Agni, God, bring Heaven and Earth hither that they may taste oblation brought by man.

7

Agni, give us great wealth, give riches thousandfold. unclothe to us, like doors, strength that shall bring renown. Make Heaven and Earth propitious through the power of prayer, and like the sky's bright sheen let mornings beam on us.

8

Enkindled night by night at every morning's dawn, may he shine forth with red flame like the realm of light,— Agni adored in beauteous rites with lauds of men, fair guest of living man and King of all our folk.

9

Song chanted by us men, O Agni, Ancient One, has swelled unto the deathless Gods in lofty heaven— A milch—cow yielding to the singer in the rites wealth manifold, in hundreds, even as he wills.

10

Agni, may we show forth our valour with the steed or with the power of prayer beyond all other men; And over the Five Races let our glory shine high like the realm of light and unsurpassable.

11

Such, Conqueror! be to us, be worthy of our praise, thou for whom princes nobly born exert themselves; Whose sacrifice the strong seek, Agni, when it shines for never—failing offspring in thine own abode.

12

Knower of all that lives, O Agni may we both, singers of praise and chiefs, be in thy keeping still. Help us to wealth exceeding good and glorious, abundant, rich in children and their progeny.

13

The princely worshippers who send to those who sing thy praise, O Agni, guerdon, graced with kine and steeds,— Lead thou both these and us forward to higher bliss. With brave men in the assembly may we speak aloud.

HYMN III. Apris.

1

AGNI is set upon the earth well kindled; he standeth in the presence of all beings. Wise, ancient, God, the Priest and Purifier, let Agni serve the Gods for he is worthy.

2

May Narasamsa lighting up the chambers, bright in his majesty through threefold heaven, Steeping the gift with oil diffusing purpose, bedew the Gods at chiefest time of worship.

3

Adored in heart, as is thy right, O Agni, serve the Gods first to-day before the mortal. Bring thou the Marut host. Ye men do worship to Indra seated on the grass, eternal.

4

O Grass divine, increasing, rich in heroes, strewn for wealth' sake, well laid upon this altar,— On this bedewed with oil sit ye, O Vasus, sit all ye Gods, ye Holy, ye Adityas.

5

Wide be the Doors, the Goddesses, thrown open, easy to pass, invoked, through adorations, Let them unfold, expansive, everlasting, that sanctify the class famed, rich in heroes.

6

Good work for us, the glorious Night and Morning, like female weavers, waxen from aforetime, Yielders of rich milk, interweave in concert the long—extended thread, the web of worship.

7

Let the two heavenly Heralds, first, most wise, most fair, present oblation duly with the sacred verse, Worshipping God at ordered seasons decking them at three high places at the centre of the earth.

8

Sarasvati who perfects our devotion, Ila divine, Bharati all surpassing,— Three Goddesses, with power inherent, seated, protect this holy Grass, our flawless refuge!

9

Born is the pious hero swift of hearing, like gold in hue, well formed, and full of vigour. May Tvastar lengthen our line and kindred, and may they reach the place which Gods inhabit.

10

Vanaspati shall stand anear and start us, and Agni with his arts prepare oblation. Let the skilled heavenly Immolator forward unto the Gods the offering thrice anointed.

11

Oil has been mixt: oil is his habitation. In oil he rests: oil is his proper province. Come as thy wont is: O thou Steer, rejoice thee; bear off the oblation duly consecrated.

HYMN IV Agni.

1

FOR you I call the glorious refulgent Agni, the guest of men, rich in oblations Whom all must strive to win even as a lover, God among godly people, Jatavedas.

2

Bhrigus who served him in the home of waters set him of old in houses of the living. Over all worlds let Agni be the Sovran, the messenger of Gods with rapid coursers.

3

Among the tribes of men the Gods placed Agni as a dear Friend when they would dwell among them. Against the longing nights may he shine brightly, and show the offerer in the house his vigour.

4

Sweet is his growth as of one's own possessions; his look when rushing fain to burn is lovely. He darts his tongue forth, like a harnessed courser who shakes his flowing tail, among the bushes.

5

Since they who honour me have praised my greatness,—he gave, as 'twere, his hue to those who love him. Known is he by his bright delightful splendour, and waxing old renews his youth for ever.

6

Like one athirst, he lighteth up the forests; like water down the chariot ways he roareth. On his black path he shines in burning beauty, marked as it were the heaven that smiles through vapour.

7

Around, consuming the broad earth, he wanders, free roaming like an ox without a herdsman,—Agni refulgent, burning up the bushes, with blackened lines, as though the earth he seasoned.

8

I, in remembrance of thine ancient favour have sung my hymn in this our third assembly. O Agni, give us wealth with store of heroes and mighty strength in food and noble offspring.

9

May the Grtsamadas, serving in secret, through thee, O Agni, overcome their neighbours, Rich in good heroes and subduing foemen. That vital power give thou to chiefs and singers.

HYMN V. Agni.

1

HERALD and teacher was he born, a guardian for our patrons' help, Earner by rites of noble wealth. That Strong One may we grasp and guide;

2

In whom, Leader of sacrifice, the seven reins, far extended, meet; Who furthers, man-like, eighth in place, as Cleanser, all the work divine.

3

When swift he follows this behest, bird-like he chants the holy prayers. He holds all knowledge in his grasp even as the felly rounds the wheel.

4

Together with pure mental power, pure, as Director, was he born. Skilled in his own unchanging laws he waxes like the growing boughs.

5

Clothing them in his hues, the kine of him the Leader wait on him. Is he not better than the Three, the Sisters who have come to us?

6

When, laden with the holy oil, the Sister by the Mother stands, The Priest delights in their approach, as corn at coming of the rain.

7

For his support let him perform as ministrant his priestly task; Yea, song of praise and sacrifice: we have bestowed, let us obtain.

8

That so this man well skilled, may pay worship to all the Holy Ones. And, Agni, this our sacrifice which we have here prepared, to thee.

HYMN VI. Agni.

1

AGNI, accept this flaming brand, this waiting with my prayer on thee: Hear graciously these songs of praise.

2

With this hymn let us honour thee, seeker of horses, Son of Strength, With this fair hymn, thou nobly born.

3

As such, lover of song, with songs, wealth-lover, giver of our wealth! With reverence let us worship thee.

4

Be thou for us a liberal Prince, giver and Lord of precious things. Drive those who hate us far away.

5

Such as thou art, give rain from heaven, give strength which no man may resist: Give food exceeding plentiful.

6

To him who lauds thee, craving help, most youthful envoy! through our song, Most holy Herald! come thou nigh.

7

Between both races, Agni, Sage, well skilled thou passest to and fro, As envoy friendly to mankind.

8

Befriend us thou as knowing all. Sage, duly worship thou the Gods, And seat thee on this sacred grass.

HYMN VII. Agni.

1

VASU, thou most youthful God, Bharata, Agni, bring us wealth, Excellent, splendid, much-desired.

2

Let no malignity prevail against us, either God's or man's. Save us from this and enmity.

3

So through thy favour may we force through all our enemies a way, As 'twere through streaming water-floods.

4

Thou, Purifier Agni, high shinest forth, bright, adorable, When worshipped with the sacred oil.

5

Ours art thou, Agni, Bharata, honoured by us with barren cows, With bullocks and with kine in calf

6

Wood-fed, bedewed with sacred oil, ancient, Invoker, excellent, The Son of Strength, the Wonderful.

HYMN VIII. Agni.

1

Now praise, as one who strives for strength, the harnessing of Agni's car, The liberal, the most splendid One;

2

Who, guiding worshippers aright, withers, untouched by age, the foe: When worshipped fair to look upon;

3

Who for his glory is extolled at eve and morning in our homes, Whose statute is inviolate;

4

Who shines refulgent like the Sun, with brilliance and with fiery flame, Decked with imperishable sheen.

5

Him Atri, Agni, have our songs Strengthened according to his sway: All glories hath he made his own.

6

May we with Agni's, Indra's help, with Soma's, yea, of all the Gods, Uninjured dwell together still, and conquer those who fight with us.

HYMN IX. Agni.

1

ACCUSTOMED to the Herald's place, the Herald hath seated him, bright, splendid, passing mighty, Whose foresight keeps the Law from violation, excellent, pure-tongued, bringing thousands, Agni.

2

Envoy art thou, protector from the foeman, strong God, thou leadest us to higher blessings. Refulgent, be an ever-heedful keeper, Agni, for us and for our seed offspring.

3

May we adore thee in thy loftiest birthplace, and, with our praises, in thy lower station. The place whence thou issued forth I worship: to thee well kindled have they paid oblations.

4

Agni, best Priest, pay worship with oblation; quickly commend the gift to be presented; For thou art Lord of gathered wealth and treasure. of the bright song of praise thou art inventor.

5

The twofold opulence, O Wonder–Worker, of thee new–born each day never decreases. Enrich with food the man who lauds thee, Agni: make him the lord of wealth with noble offspring.

6

May he, benevolent with this fair aspect, best sacrificer, bring the Gods to bless us. Sure guardian, our protector from the foemen, shine, Agni, with thine affluence and splendour.

HYMN X. Agni.

1

AGNI, first, loudly calling, like a Father, kindled by man upon the seat of worship. Clothed in his glory, deathless, keen of insight, must be adorned by all, the Strong, the Famous.

2

May Agni the resplendent hear my calling through all my songs, Immortal, keen of insight. Dark steeds or ruddy draw his car, or carried in sundry ways he makes them red of colour.

3

On wood supine they got the well–formed Infant: a germ in various–fashioned plants was Agni; And in the night, not compassed round by darkness, he dwells exceeding wise, with rays of splendour.

4

With oil and sacred gifts I sprinkle Agni who makes his home in front of all things living, Broad, vast, through vital power o'er all expanded, conspicuous, strong with all the food that feeds him.

5

I pour to him who looks in all directions: may he accept it with a friendly spirit. Agni with bridegroom's grace and lovely colour may not be touched when all his form is fury.

6

By choice victorious, recognize thy portion: with thee for envoy may we speak like Manu. Obtaining wealth, I call on perfect Agni who with an eloquent tongue dispenses sweetness.

HYMN XI. Indra.

1

HEAR thou my call, O Indra; be not heedless: thine may we be for thee to give us treasures; For these presented viands, seeking riches, increase thy strength like streams of water flowing.

2

Floods great and many, compassed by the Dragon, thou badest swell and settest free, O Hero. Strengthened by songs of praise thou rentest piecemeal the Dasa, him who deemed himself immortal.

3

For, Hero, in the lauds wherein thou joyedst, in hymns of praise, O Indra, songs of Rudras,
These streams in which is thy delight approach thee, even as the brilliant ones draw near to
Vayu.

4

We who add strength to thine own splendid vigour, laying within thine arms the splendid
thunder— With us mayst thou, O Indra, waxen splendid, with Surya overcome the Dasa
races.

5

Hero, thou slewest in thy valour Ahi concealed in depths, mysterious, great enchanter,
Dwelling enveloped deep within the waters, him who checked heaven and stayed the floods
from flowing.

6

Indra, we laud thy great deeds wrought aforetime, we laud thine exploits later of
achievement; We laud the bolt that in thine arms lies eager; we laud thy two Bay Steeds,
heralds of Surya.

7

Indra, thy Bay Steeds showing forth their vigour have sent a loud cry out that droppeth
fatness. The earth hath spread herself in all her fulness: the cloud that was about to move
hath rested.

8

Down, never ceasing, hath the rain—cloud settled: bellowing, it hath wandered with the
Mothers. Swelling the roar in the far distant limits, they have spread wide the blast sent
forth by Indra.

9

Indra hath hurled down the magician Vrtra who lay beleaguering the mighty river. Then both
the heaven and earth trembled in terror at the strong Hero's thunder when he bellowed.

10

Loud roared the mighty Hero's bolt of thunder, when he, the Friend of man, burnt up the
monster, And, having drunk his fill of flowing Soma, baffled the guileful Danava's devices.

11

Drink thou, O Hero Indra, drink the Soma; let the joy—giving juices make thee joyful. They,
filling both thy flanks, shall swell thy vigour. The juice that satisfies hath helped Indra.

12

Singers have we become with thee, O Indra: may we serve duly and prepare devotion.
Seeking thy help we meditate thy praises: may we at once enjoy thy gift of riches.

13

May we be thine, such by thy help, O Indra, as swell thy vigour while they seek thy favour.

Give us, thou God, the riches that we long for, most powerful, with store of noble children.

14

Give us a friend, give us an habitation; Indra, give us the company of Maruts, And those whose minds accord with theirs, the Vayus, who drink the first libation of the Soma.

15

Let those enjoy in whom thou art delighted. Indra, drink Soma for thy strength and gladness. Thou hast exalted us to heaven, Preserver, in battles, through the lofty hymns that praise thee.

16

Great, verily, are they, O thou Protector, who by their songs of praise have won the blessing. They who strew sacred grass to be thy dwelling, helped by thee have got them strength, O Indra.

17

Upon the great Trikadruka days, Hero, rejoicing thee, O Indra, drink the Soma. Come with Bay Steeds to drink of libation, shaking the drops from out thy beard, contented.

18

Hero, assume the might wherewith thou clavest Vrtra piecemeal, the Danava Aurnavabha. Thou hast disclosed the light to light the Arya: on thy left hand, O Indra, sank the Dasyu.

19

May we gain wealth, subduing with thy succour and with the Arya, all our foes, the Dasyus. Our gain was that to Trta of our party thou gavest up Tvastar's son Visvarupa.

20

He cast down Arbuda what time his vigour was strengthened by libations poured by Trta. Indra sent forth his whirling wheel like Surya, and aided by the Angirases rent Vala.

21

Now let that wealthy Cow of thine, O Indra, yield in return a boon to him who lauds thee. Give to thy praisers: let not fortune fail us. Loud may we speak, with brave men, in the assembly.

HYMN XII. Indra.

1

HE who, just born, chief God of lofty spirit by power and might became the Gods' protector, Before whose breath through greatness of his valour the two worlds trembled, He, O men, is Indra.

2

He who fixed fast and firm the earth that staggered, and set at rest the agitated mountains, Who measured out the air's wide middle region and gave the heaven support, He, men, is Indra.

3

Who slew the Dragon, freed the Seven Rivers, and drove the kine forth from the cave of Vala, Begat the fire between two stones, the spoiler in warriors' battle, He, O men, is Indra.

4

By whom this universe was made to tremble, who chased away the humbled brood of demons, Who, like a gambler gathering his winnings seized the foe's riches, He, O men, is Indra.

5

Of whom, the Terrible, they ask, Where is He? or verily they say of him, He is not. He sweeps away, like birds, the foe's possessions. Have faith in him, for He, O men, is Indra.

6

Stirrer to action of the poor and lowly, of priest, of suppliant who sings his praises; Who, fair-faced, favours him who presses Soma with stones made ready, He, O men, is Indra.

7

He under whose supreme control are horses, all chariots, and the villages, and cattle; He who gave being to the Sun and Morning, who leads the waters, He, O men, is Indra.

8

To whom two armies cry in close encounter, both enemies, the stronger and the weaker; Whom two invoke upon one chariot mounted, each for himself, He, O ye men, is Indra.

9

Without whose help our people never conquer; whom, battling, they invoke to give them succour; He of whom all this world is but the copy, who shakes things moveless, He, O men, is Indra.

10

He who hath smitten, ere they knew their danger, with his hurled weapon many grievous sinners; Who pardons not his boldness who provokes him, who slays the Dasyti, He, O men, is Indra.

11

He who discovered in the fortieth autumn Sambara as he dwelt among the mountains; Who slew the Dragon putting forth his vigour, the demon lying there, He, men, is Indra.

12

Who with seven guiding reins, the Bull, the Mighty, set free the Seven great Floods to flow at pleasure; Who, thunder-armed, rent Rauhina in pieces when scaling heaven, He, O ye men, is Indra.

13

Even the Heaven and Earth bow down before him, before his very breath the mountains tremble. Known as the Soma-drinker, armed with thunder, who wields the bolt, He, O ye men, is Indra.

14

Who aids with favour him who pours the Soma and him who brews it, sacrificer, singer.
Whom prayer exalts, and pouring forth of Soma, and this our gift, He, O ye men, Is Indra.

15

Thou verily art fierce and true who sendest strength to the man who brews and pours
libation. So may we evermore, thy friends, O Indra, speak loudly to the synod with our
heroes.

HYMN XIII. Indra.

1

THE Season was the parent, and when born therefrom it entered rapidly the floods wherein
it grows. Thence was it full of sap, streaming with milky juice: the milk of the plant's stalk is
chief and meet for lauds.

2

They come trooping together bearing milk to him, and bring him sustenance who gives
support to all. The way is common for the downward streams to flow. Thou who didst these
things first art worthy of our lauds.

3

One priest announces what the institutor gives: one, altering the forms, zealously plies his
task, The third corrects the imperfections left by each. Thou who didst these things first art
worthy of our lauds.

4

Dealing out food unto their people there they sit, like wealth to him who comes, more than
the back can bear. Greedily with his teeth he eats the master's food. Thou who didst these
things first art worthy of our lauds.

5

Thou hast created earth to look upon the sky: thou, slaying Ahi, settest free the river's
paths. Thee, such, a God, the Gods have quickened with their lauds, even as a steed with
waters: meet for praise art thou.

6

Thou givest increase, thou dealest to us our food: thou milkest from the moist the dry, the
rich in sweets. Thou by the worshipper layest thy precious store: thou art sole Lord of all.
Meet for our praise art thou.

7

Thou who hast spread abroad the streams by stablished law, and in the field the plants that
blossom and bear seed; Thou who hast made the matchless lightnings of the sky,—vast,
compassing vast realms, meet for our praise art thou.

8

Who broughtest Narmara with all his wealth, for sake of food, to slay him that the fiends

might be destroyed, Broughtest the face unclouded of the strengthening one, performing much even now, worthy art thou of praise.

9

Thou boundest up the Dasa's hundred friends and ten, when, at one's hearing, thou helpst thy worshipper. Thou for Dabhiti boundest Dasyus not with cords; Thou wast a mighty help. Worthy of lauds art thou.

10

All banks of rivers yielded to his manly might; to him they gave, to him, the Strong, gave up their wealth. The six directions hast thou fixed, a five-fold view: thy victories reached afar. Worthy of lauds art thou.

11

Meet for high praise, O Hero, is thy power, that with thy single wisdom thou obtainest wealth, The life-support of conquering Jatusthira. Indra, for all thy deeds, worthy of lauds art thou.

12

Thou for Turviti heldest still the flowing floods, the river-stream for Vayya easily to pass Didst raise the outcast from the depths, and gavest fame unto the halt and blind. Worthy of lauds art thou.

13

Prepare thyself to grant us that great bounty, O Vasu, for abundant is thy treasure. Snatch up the wonderful, O Indra, daily. Loud may we speak, with heroes, in assembly.

HYMN XIV. Indra.

1

MINISTERS, bring the Soma juice for Indra, pour forth the gladdening liquor with the beakers. logeth ever To drink of this the Hero offer it to the Bull, for this he willeth.

2

Ye ministers, to him who with the lightning smote, like a tree, the rain-withholding Vrtra—Bring it to him, him who is fain to taste it, a draught of this which Indra here deserveth.

3

Ye ministers, to him who smote Drhhikas who drove the kine forth, and discovered Vala, Offer this draught, like Vita in the region: clothe him with Soma even as steeds with trappings.

4

Him who did Urana to death, Adhvaryus! though showing arms ninety—and—nine in number; Who cast down headlong Arbuda and slew him,—speed ye that Indra to our offered Soma.

5

Ye ministers, to him who struck down Svasna, and did to death Vyamsa and greedy Susna,

And Rudhikras and Namuci and Pipru,— to him, to Indra, pour ye forth libation.

6

Ye ministers, to him who as with thunder demolished Sambara's hundred ancient castles;
Who cast down Varcin's sons, a hundred thousand,—to him, to Indra, offer ye the Soma.

7

Ye ministers, to him who slew a hundred thousand, and cast them down upon earth's
bosom; Who quelled the valiant men of Atithigva, Kutsa, and Ayu,—bring to him the Soma.

8

Ministers, men, whatever thing ye long for obtain ye quickly bringing gifts to Indra. Bring to
the Glorious One what bands have cleansed; to Indra bring, ye pious ones, the Soma.

9

Do ye, O ministers, obey his order: that purified in wood, in wood uplift ye. Well pleased he
longs for what your hands have tended: offer the gladdening Soma juice to Indra.

10

As the cow's udder teems with milk, Adhvaryus, so fill with Soma Indra, liberal giver. I know
him: I am sure of this, the Holy knows that I fain would give to him more largely.

11

Him, ministers, the Lord of heavenly treasure and all terrestrial wealth that earth possesses,
Him, Indra, fill with Soma as a garner is filled with barley full: be this your labour.

12

Prepare thyself to grant us that great booty, O Vasu, for abundant is thy treasure. Gather up
wondrous wealth, O Indra, daily. Loud may we speak, with heroes, in assembly.

— Book 02 Part 01 —

Book 02 Part 02

HYMN XV. Indra

1

Now, verily, will I declare the exploits, mighty and true, of him the True and Mighty. In the Trikadrukas he drank the Soma then in its rapture Indra slew the Dragon.

2

High heaven unsupported in space he stablished: he filled the two worlds and the air's mid-region. Earth he upheld, and gave it wide expansion. These things did Indra in the Soma's rapture.

3

From front, as 'twere a house, he ruled and measured; pierced with his bolt the fountains of the rivers, And made them flow at ease by paths far-reaching, These things did Indra in the Soma's rapture.

4

Compassing those who bore away Dabhiti, in kindled fire he burnt up all their weapons. And made him rich with kine and cars and horses. These things did Indra in the Soma's rapture.

5

The mighty roaring flood he stayed from flowing, and carried those who swam not safely over. They having crossed the stream attained to riches. These things did Indra in the Soma's rapture.

6

With mighty power he made the stream flow upward, crushed with his thunderbolt the car of Usas, Rending her slow steeds with his rapid coursers. These things did Indra in the Soma's rapture.

7

Knowing the place wherein the maids were hiding, the outcast showed himself and stood before them. The cripple stood erect, the blind beheld them. These things did Indra in the Soma's rapture.

8

Praised by the Angirases he slaughtered Vala, and burst apart the bulwarks of the mountain. He tore away their deftly-built defences. These things did Indra in the Soma's rapture.

9

Thou, with sleep whelming Cumuri and Dhuni, slewest the Dasyu, keptest safe Dabhiti. There the staff-bearer found the golden treasure. These things did Indra in the Soma's

rapture.

10

Now let that wealthy Cow of thine, O Indra , yield in return a boon to him who lauds thee. Give to thy praisers: let not fortune fail us. Loud may we speak, with brave men, in assembly.

HYMN XVI. Indra.

1

To him, your own, the best among the good, I bring eulogy, like oblation in the kindled fire. We invoke for help Indra untouched by eld, who maketh all decay, strengthened, for ever young.

2

Without whom naught exists, Indra the Lofty One; in whom alone all powers heroic are combined. The Soma is within him, in his frame vast strength, the thunder in his hand and wisdom in his head.

3

Not by both worlds is thine own power to be surpassed, nor may thy car be stayed by mountains or by seas. None cometh near, O Indra, to thy thunderbolt, when with swift steeds thou fliest over many a league.

4

For all men bring their will to him the Resolute, to him the Holy One, to him the Strong they cleave. Pay worship with oblation, strong and passing wise. Drink thou the Soma, Indra, through the mighty blaze.

5

The vessel of the strong flows forth, the flood of meath, unto the Strong who feeds upon the strong, for drink, Strong are the two Adhvaryus, strong are both the stones. They press the Soma that is strong for him the Strong.

6

Strong is thy thunderbolt, yea, and thy car is strong; strong are thy Bay Steeds and thy weapons powerful. Thou, Indra, Bull, art Lord of the strong gladdening drink. with the strong Soma, Indra, satisfy thyself.

7

I, bold by prayer, come near thee in thy sacred rites, thee like a saving ship, thee shouting in the war. Verily he will hear and mark this word of ours: we will pour Indra forth as 'twere a spring of wealth.

8

Turn thee unto us ere calamity come nigh, as a cow full of pasture turns her to her calf. Lord of a Hundred Powers, may we once firmly cling to thy fair favours even as husbands to their wives.

9

Now let that wealthy Cow of thine, O Indra, yield in return a boon to him who lauds thee.
Give to thy praisers: let not fortune fail us. Loud may we speak, with heroes, in assembly.

HYMN XVII. Indra.

1

LIKE the Angirases, sing this new song forth to him, for, as in ancient days, his mighty powers are shown, When in the rapture of the Soma he unclosed with strength the solid firm-shut stables of the kine.

2

Let him be even that God who, for the earliest draught measuring out his power, increased his majesty; Hero who fortified his body in the wars, and through his greatness set the heaven upon his head.

3

Thou didst perform thy first great deed of hero might what time thou showedst power, through prayer, before this folk. Hurling down by thee the car-borne Lord of Tawny Steeds, the congregated swift ones fled in sundry ways.

4

He made himself by might Lord of all living things, and strong in vital power waxed great above them all. He, borne on high, o'erspread with light the heaven and earth, and, sewing up the turbid darkness, closed it in.

5

He with his might made firm the forward-bending hills, the downward rushing of the waters he ordained. Fast he upheld the earth that nourisheth all life, and stayed the heaven from falling by his wondrous skill.

6

Fit for the grasping of his arms is what the Sire hath fabricated from all kind of precious wealth. The thunderbolt, wherewith, loud-roaring, he smote down, and striking him to death laid Krivi on the earth.

7

As she who in her parents' house is growing old, I pray to thee as Bhaga from the seat of all. Grant knowledge, mete it out and bring it to us here: give us the share wherewith thou makest people glad.

8

May we invoke thee as a liberal giver thou givest us, O Indra, strength and labours. Help us with manifold assistance, Indra: Mighty One, Indra, make us yet more wealthy.

9

Now may that wealthy Cow of thine, O Indra, give in return a boon to him who lauds thee.
Give to thy praisers: let not fortune fail us. Loud may we speak, with heroes, in assembly.

HYMN XVIII. Indra

1

THE rich new car hath been equipped at morning; four yokes it hath, three whips, seven reins to guide it: Ten-sided, friendly to mankind, light-winner, that must be urged to speed with prayers and wishes.

2

This is prepared for him the first, the second, and the third time: he is man's Priest and Herald. Others get offspring of another parent he goeth, as a noble Bull, with others.

3

To Indra's car the Bay Steeds have I harnessed, that new well-spoken words may bring him hither. Here let not other worshippers detain thee, for among us are many holy singers.

4

Indra, come hitherward with two Bay Coursers, come thou with four, with six when invoked. Come thou with eight, with ten, to drink the Soma. Here is the juice, brave Warrior: do not scorn it.

5

O Indra, come thou hither having harnessed thy car with twenty, thirty, forty horses. Come thou with fifty well trained coursers, Indra, sixty or seventy, to drink the Soma.

6

Come to us hitherward, O Indra, carried by eighty, ninety, or an hundred horses. This Soma juice among the Sunahotras hath been poured out, in love, to glad thee, Indra.

7

To this my prayer, O Indra, come thou hither: bind to thy car's pole all thy two Bay Coursers. Thou art to be invoked in many places Hero, rejoice thyself in this libation.

8

Ne'er be my love from Indra disunited still may his liberal Milch-cow yield us treasure. So may we under his supreme protection, safe in his arms, succeed in each forth-going.

9

Now may that wealthy Cow Of thine, O Indra, give in return a boon to him who lauds thee. Give to thy praisers: let not fortune fail us. Loud may we speak, with heroes, in assembly.

HYMN XIX. Indra.

1

DRAUGHTS of this sweet juice have been drunk for rapture, of the wise Soma-presser's offered dainty, Wherein, grown mighty in the days aforetime, Indra hath found delight, and men who worship.

2

Cheered by this meath Indra, whose hand wields thunder, rent piecemeal Ahi who barred up the waters, So that the quickening currents of the rivers flowed forth like birds unto their resting-places.

3

Indra, this Mighty One, the Dragon's slayer, sent forth the flood of waters to the ocean. He gave the Sun his life, he found the cattle, and with the night the works of days completed.

4

To him who worshipping hath Indra given many and matchless gifts. He slayeth Vrtra. Straight was he to be sought with supplications by men who struggled to obtain the sunlight.

5

To him who poured him gifts he gave up Surya,—Indra, the God, the Mighty, to the mortal; For Etasa with worship brought him riches that keep distress afar, as 'twere his portion.

6

Once to the driver of his chariot, Kutsa, he gave up greedy Surya, plague of harvest; And Indra, for the sake of Divodasa demolished Sambara's nine—and—ninety castles.

7

So have we brought our hymn to thee, O Indra, strengthening thee and fain ourselves for glory. May we with best endeavours gain this friendship, and mayst thou bend the godless scorner's weapons.

8

Thus the Grtsamadas for thee, O Hero, have wrought their hymn and task as seeking favour. May they who worship thee afresh, O Indra, gain food and strength, bliss, and a happy dwelling.

9

Now may that wealthy Cow of thine, O Indra, give in return a boon to him who lauds thee, Give to thy praisers: let not fortune fail us. Loud may we speak, with heroes, in assembly.

HYMN XX. Indra.

1

As one brings forth his car when fain for combat, so bring we power to thee— regard us, Indra— Well skilled in song, thoughtful in spirit, seeking great bliss from one like thee amid the Heroes.

2

Indra, thou art our own with thy protection, a guardian near to men who love thee truly, Active art thou, the liberal man's defender, his who draws near to thee with right devotion.

3

May Indra, called with solemn invocations. the young, the Friend, be men's auspicious keeper, One who will further with his aid the singer, the toiler, praiser, dresser of oblations.

4

With laud and song let me extol that Indra in whom of old men prospered and were mighty. May he, implored, fulfil the prayer for plenty of him who worships, of the living mortal.

5

He, Indra whom the Angirases' praise delighted, strengthened their prayer and made their goings prosper. Stealing away the mornings with the sunlight, he, lauded, crushed even Asna's ancient powers.

6

He verily, the God, the glorious Indra, hath raised him up for man, best Wonder–Worker. He, self–reliant, mighty and triumphant, brought low the dear head of the wicked Dasa.

7

Indra the Vrtra–slayer, Fort–destroyer, scattered the Dasa hosts who dwelt in darkness. For men hath he created earth and waters, and ever helped the prayer of him who worships.

8

To him in might the Gods have ever yielded, to Indra in the tumult of the battle. When in his arms they laid the bolt, he slaughtered the Dasyus and cast down their forts of iron.

9

Now may that wealthy Cow of thine, O Indra, give in return a boon to him who lauds thee. Give to thy praisers: let not fortune fail us. Loud may we speak, with heroes, in assembly.

HYMN XXI.

1

To him the Lord of all, the Lord of wealth, of light; him who is Lord for ever, Lord of men and tilth, Him who is Lord of horses, Lord of kine, of floods, to Indra, to the Holy bring sweet Soma juice.

2

To him the potent One, who conquers and breaks down, the Victor never vanquished who disposes all, The mighty–voiced, the rider, unassailable, to Indra everconquering speak your reverent prayer.

3

Still Victor, loved by mortals, ruler over men, o'erthrower, warrior, he hath waxen as he would; Host–gatherer, triumphant, honoured mid the folk. Indra's heroic deeds will I tell forth to all.

4

The strong who never yields, who slew the furious fiend, the deep, the vast, of wisdom

unattainable; Who speeds the good, the breaker–down, the firm, the vast,—Indra whose rites bring joy hath made the light of Dawn.

5

By sacrifice the yearning sages sending forth their songs found furtherance from him who speeds the flood. In Indra seeking help with worship and with hymn, they drew him to themselves and won them kine and wealth.

6

Indra, bestow on us the best of treasures, the spirit of ability and fortune; Increase of riches, safety of our bodies, charm of sweet speech, and days of pleasant weather.

HYMN XXII. Indra.

I. At the Trikadrakas the Great and Strong hath drunk drink blent with meal. With Visnu hath he quaffed the poured out Soma juice, all that he would. That hath so heightened him the Great, the Wide, to do his mighty work. So may the God attain the God, true Indu Indra who is true.

2

So he resplendent in the battle overcame Krivi by might. He with his majesty hath filled the earth and heaven, and waxen strong. One share of the libation hath he swallowed down: one share he left. So may the God attend the God, true Indu Indra who is true.

3

Brought forth together with wisdom and mighty power thou grewest great; with hero deeds subduing the malevolent, most swift in act; Giving prosperity, and lovely wealth to him who praiseth thee. So may the God attend the God, true Indu Indra who is true.

4

This, Indra, was thy hero deed, Dancer, thy first and ancient work, worthy to be told forth in heaven, What time thou sentest down life with a God's own power, freeing the floods. All that is godless may he conquer with his might, and, Lord of Hundred Powers, find for us strength and food.

HYMN XXIII. Brahmanaspati.

1

WE call thee, Lord and Leader of the heavenly hosts, the wise among the wise, the famous of all, The King supreme of prayers, O Brahmanaspati: hear us with help; sit down in place of sacrifice.

2

Brhaspati, God immortal! verily the Gods have gained from thee, the wise, a share in holy rites. As with great light the Sun brings forth the rays of morn, so thou alone art Father of all sacred prayer.

3

When thou hast chased away revilers and the gloom, thou mountest the refulgent car of sacrifice; The awful car, Brhaspati, that quells the foe, slays demons, cleaves the stall of kine, and finds the light.

4

Thou leadest with good guidance and preservest men; distress o'ertakes not him who offers gifts to thee. Him who hates prayer thou punishest, Brhaspati, quelling his wrath: herein is thy great mightiness.

5

No sorrow, no distress from any side, no foes, no creatures double-tongued have overcome the man,— Thou drivest all seductive fiends away from him whom, careful guard, thou keepest Brahmanaspati.

6

Thou art our keeper, wise, preparer of our paths: we, for thy service, sing to thee with hymns of praise. Brhaspati, whoever lays a snare for us, him may his evil fate, precipitate, destroy.

7

Him, too, who threatens us without offence of ours, the evilminded, arrogant, rapacious man,— Him turn thou from our path away, Brhaspati: give us fair access to this banquet of the Gods.

8

Thee as protector of our bodies we invoke, thee, saviour, as the comforter who loveth us. Strike, O Brhaspati, the Gods' revilers down, and let not the unrighteous come to highest bliss.

9

Through thee, kind –prosperer, O Brahmanaspati, may we obtain the wealth of Men which all desire: And all our enemies, who near or far away prevail against us, crush, and leave them destitute.

10

With thee as our own rich and liberal ally may we, Brhaspati, gain highest power of life. Let not the guileful wicked man be lord of us:—still may we prosper, singing goodly hymns of praise.

11

Strong, never yielding, hastening to the battle-cry, consumer of the foe, victorious in the strife, Thou art sin's true avenger, Brahmanaspati, who tamest e'en the fierce, the wildly passionate.

12

Whoso with mind ungodly seeks to do us harm, who, deeming him a man of might mid lords, would slay,— Let not his deadly blow reach us, Brhaspati; may we humiliate the

strong ill-doer's wrath.

13

The mover mid the spoil, the winner of all wealth, to be invoked in fight and reverently adored, Brhaspati hath overthrown like cars of war all wicked enemies who fain would injure us.

14

Burn up the demons with thy fiercest flaming brand, those who have scorned thee in thy manifested might. Show forth that power that shall deserve the hymn of praise: destroy the evil speakers, O Brhaspati.

15

Brhaspati, that which the foe deserves not which shines among the folk effectual, splendid, That, Son of Law I which is with might refulgent—that treasure wonderful bestow thou on us.

16

Give us not up to those who, foes in ambushade, are greedy for the wealth of him who sits at ease, Who cherish in their heart abandonment of Gods. Brhaspati, no further rest shall they obtain.

17

For Tvastar, he who knows each sacred song, brought thee to life, preeminent o'er all the things that be. Guilt—scourger, guilt—avenger is Brhaspati, who slays the spoiler and upholds the mighty Law.

18

The mountain, for thy glory, cleft itself apart when, Angiras! thou openedst the stall of kine. Thou! O Brhaspati, with Indra for ally didst hurl down water—floods which gloom had compassed round.

19

O Brahmanaspati, be thou controller of this our hymn and prosper thou our children. All that the Gods regard with love is blessed. Loud may we speak, with heroes, in assembly.

HYMN XXIV. Brahmanaspati.

1

BE pleased with this our offering, thou who art the Lord; we will adore thee with this new and mighty song. As this thy friend, our liberal patron, praises thee, do thou, Brhaspati, fulfil our hearts' desire.

2

He who with might bowed down the things that should be bowed, and in his fury rent the holds of Sambara: Who overthrew what shook not, Brahmapaspati,—he made his way within the mountain stored with wealth.

3

That was a great deed for the Godliest of the Gods: strong things were loosened and the firmly fixed gave way. He drave the kine forth and cleft Vala through by prayer, dispelled the darkness and displayed the light of heaven.

4

The well with mouth of stone that poured a flood of meath, which Brahmapaspati hath opened with his might— All they who see the light have drunk their fill thereat: together they have made the watery fount flow forth.

5

Ancient will be those creatures, whatsoe'er they be; with moons, with autumns, doors uncloseth themselves to you. Effortless they pass on to perfect this and that, appointed works which Brahmanaspati ordained.

6

They who with much endeavour searching round obtained the Panis' noblest treasure hidden in the cave,— Those sages, having marked the falsehoods, turned them back whence they had come, and sought again to enter in.

7

The pious ones when they had seen the falsehoods turned them back, the sages stood again upon the lofty ways. Cast down with both their arms upon the rock they left the kindled fire, and said, No enemy is he.

8

With his swift bow, strung truly, Brahmanaspati reaches the mark whate'er it be that he desires. Excellent are the arrows wherewithal he shoots, keen-eyed to look on men and springing from his ear.

9

He brings together and he parts, the great High Priest; extolled is he, in battle Brahmapaspati. When, gracious, for the hymn he brings forth food and wealth, the glowing Sun untroubled sends forth fervent heat.

10

First and preeminent, excelling all besides are the kind gifts of liberal Brhaspati. These are the boons of him the Strong who should be loved, whereby both classes and the people have delight.

11

Thou who in every way supreme in earthly power, rejoicing, by thy mighty strength hast waxen great,— He is the God spread forth in breadth against the Gods: he, Brahmanaspati, encompasseth this All.

12

From you, twain Maghavans, all truth proceedeth: even the waters break not your commandment. Come to us, Brahmanaspati and Indra, to our oblation lie [sic] yoked

steeds to fodder.

13

The sacrificial flames most swiftly hear the call: the priest of the assembly gaineth wealth for hymns. Hating the stern, remitting at his will the debt, strong in the shock of fight is Brahmanaspati.

14

The wrath of Brahmanaspati according to his will had full effect when he would do a mighty deed. The kine he drave forth and distributed to heaven, even as a copious flood with strength flows sundry ways.

15

O Brahmanaspati, may we be evermore masters of wealth well-guided, full of vital strength. Heroes on heroes send abundantly to us, when thou omnipotent through prayer seekest my call.

16

O Brahmanaspati, be thou controller of this our hymn, and prosper thou our children. All that the Gods regard with love is blessed. Loud may we speak, with heroes, in assembly.

HYMN XXV. Brahmanaspati.

1

HE lighting up the flame shall conquer enemies: strong shall he be who offers prayer and brings his gift. He with his seed spreads forth beyond another's seed, whomever Brahmanaspati takes for his friend.

2

With heroes he shall overcome his hero foes, and spread his wealth by kine wise by himself is be. His children and his children's children grow in strength, whomever Brahmanaspati takes for his friend.

3

He, mighty like a raving river's billowy flood, as a bull conquers oxen, overcomes with strength. Like Agni's blazing rush he may not be restrained, whomever Brahmanaspati takes for his friend.

4

For him the floods of heaven flow never failing down: first with the heroes he goes forth to war for kine. He slays in unabated vigour with great might, whomever Brahmanaspati takes for his friend.

5

All roaring rivers pour their waters down for him, and many a flawless shelter hath been granted him. Blest with the happiness of Gods he prospers well, whomever Brahmanaspati takes for his friend.

HYMN XXVI. Brahmanaspati.

1

THE righteous singer shall o'ercome his enemies, and he who serves the Gods subdue the godless man. The zealous man shall vanquish the invincible, the worshipper share the food of him who worships not.

2

Worship, thou hero, chase the arrogant afar: put on auspicious courage for the fight with foes. Prepare oblation so that thou mayst have success. we crave the favouring help of Brahmanaspati.

3

He with his folk, his house, his family, his sons, gains booty for himself, and, with the heroes, wealth, believing Who with oblation and a true heart serves Brahmanaspati the Father of the Gods.

4

Whoso hath honoured him with offerings rich in oil, him Brahmanaspati leads forward on his way, Saves him from sorrow, frees him from his enemy, and is his wonderful deliverer from woe.

HYMN XXVII. Adityas.

1

THESE hymns that drop down fatness, with the ladle I ever offer to the Kings Adityas. May Mitra, Aryanian, and Bhaga hear us, the mighty Varuna Daksa, and Amsa.

2

With one accord may Aryaman and Mitra and Varuna this day accept this praise-song—Adityas bright and pure as streams of water, free from all guile and falsehood, blameless, perfect.

3

These Gods, Adityas, vast, profound, and faithful, with many eyes, fain to deceive the wicked, Looking within behold the good and evil near to the Kings is even the thing most distant.

4

Upholding that which moves and that which moves not, Adityas, Gods, protectors of all being, Provident, guarding well the world of spirits, true to eternal Law, the debt-exactors.

5

May I, Adityas, share in this your favour which, Aryaman, brings profit e'en in danger. Under your guidance, Varuna and Mitra, round troubles may I pass, like rugged places.

6

Smooth is your path, O Aryaman and Mitra; excellent is it, Varuna, and thornless. Thereon,

Adityas, send us down your blessing: grant us a shelter hard to be demolished.

7

Mother of Kings, may Aditi transport us, by fair paths Aryaman, beyond all hatred. May we uninjured, girt by many heroes, win Varuna's and Mitra's high protection.

8

With their support they stay three earths, three heavens; three are their functions in the Gods' assembly. Mighty through Law, Adityas, is your greatness; fair is it, Aryaman, Varuna, and Mitra.

9

Golden and splendid, pure like streams of water, they hold aloft the three bright heavenly regions. Ne'er do they slumber, never close their eyelids, faithful, far-ruling for the righteous mortal.

10

Thou over all, O Varuna, art Sovran, be they Gods, Asura! or be they mortals. Grant unto us to see a hundred autumns ours be the blest long lives of our forefathers.

11

Neither the right nor left do I distinguish, neither the east nor yet the west, Adityas. Simple and guided by your wisdom, Vasus! may I attain the light that brings no danger.

12

He who bears gifts unto the Kings, true Leaders, he whom their everlasting blessings prosper, Moves with his chariot first in rank and wealthy, munificent and lauded in assemblies.

13

Pure, faithful, very strong, with heroes round him, he dwells beside the waters rich with pasture. None slays, from near at hand or from a distance, him who is under the Adityas' guidance.

14

Aditi, Mitra, Varuna, forgive us however we have erred and sinned against you. May I obtain the broad light free from peril: O Indra, let not during darkness seize us.

15

For him the Twain united pour their fulness, the rain from heaven: he thrives most highly favoured. He goes to war mastering both the mansions: to him both portions of the world are gracious.

16

Your guiles, ye Holy Ones, to quell oppressors, your snares spread out against the foe, Adityas, May I car-borne pass like a skilful horseman: uninjured may we dwell in spacious shelter.

17

May

1

not live, O Varuna, to witness my wealthy, liberal, dear friend's destitution. King, may

1

never lack well-ordered riches. Lord may we speak, with heroes, in assembly.

HYMN XXVIII. Varuna

1

THIS laud of the self-radiant wise Aditya shall be supreme o'er all that is in greatness.

1

beg renown of Varuna the Mighty, the God exceeding kind to him who worships. 2, Having extolled thee. Varuna, with thoughtful care may we have high fortune in thy service, Singing thy praises like the fires at coming, day after day, of mornings rich in cattle.

3

May we be in thy keeping, O thou Leader wide-ruling Varuna, Lord of many heroes. O sons of Aditi, for ever faithful, pardon us, Gods, admit us to your friendship.

4

He made them flow, the Aditya, the Sustainer: the rivers run by Varuna's commandment. These feel no weariness, nor cease from flowing: swift have they flown like birds in air around us.

5

Loose me from sin as from a bond that binds me: may we swell, Varuna, thy spring of Order. Let not my thread, while I weave song, be severed, nor my work's sum, before the time, be shattered.

6

Far from me, Varuna, remove all danger accept me graciously, thou Holy Sovran. Cast off, like cords that hold a calf, my troubles: I am not even mine eyelid's lord without thee.

7

Strike us not, Varuna, with those dread weapons which, Asura, at thy bidding wound the sinner. Let us not pass away from light to exile. Scatter, that we may live, the men who hate us

8

O mighty Varuna, now and hereafter, even as of old, will we speak forth our worship. For in thyself, invincible God, thy statutes ne'er to be moved are fixed as on a mountain.

9

Move far from me what sins I have committed: let me not suffer, King, for guilt of others.

Full many a morn remains to dawn upon us: in these, O Varuna, while we live direct us.

10

O King, whoever, be he friend or kinsman, hath threatened me affrighted in my slumber— If any wolf or robber fain would harm us, therefrom, O Varuna, give thou us protection. 11 May I not live O Varuna, to witness my wealthy, liberal dear friend's destitution. King, may I never lack well-ordered riches. Loud may we speak, with heroes, in assembly.

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HYMN XXIX. Visvedevas.

UPHOLDERS of the Law, ye strong Adityas, remove my sin like her who bears in secret. You, Varuna, Mitra and all Gods who listen, I call to help me, I who know your goodness.

2

Ye, Gods, are providence and ye are power: remove ye utterly all those who hate us. As givers of good things deal with us kindly: this day be gracious to us and hereafter.

3

What service may we do you with our future, what service, Vasus, with our ancient friendship? O Aditi, and VaruVa and Mitra, Indra and Maruts, make us well and happy.

4

Ye, O ye Gods, are verily our kinsmen as such be kind to me who now implore you. Let not your car come slowly to our worship: of kinsmen such as you ne'er let us weary.

5

I singly have sinned many a sin against you, and ye chastised me as a sire the gambler. Far be your nets, far, Gods, be mine offences: seize me not like a bird upon her offspring.

6

Turn yourselves hitherward this day, ye Holy, that fearing in my heart I may approach you. Protect us, God; let not the wolf destroy us. Save us, ye Holy, from the pit and falling.

7

May I not live, O Varuna, to witness my wealthy, liberal, dear friend's destitution. King, may I never lack well-ordered riches. Loud may we speak, with heroes, in assembly.

HYMN XXX. Indra and Others.

1

THE streams unceasing flow to Indra, slayer of Ahi, Savitar, God, Law's fulfiller, Day after day goes on the sheen of waters. What time hath past since they were first set flowing?

2

His Mother—for she knew—spake and proclaimed him who was about to cast his bolt at Vrtra. Cutting their paths according to his pleasure day after day flow to their goal the rivers.

3

Aloft he stood above the airy region, and against Vrtra shot his deadly missile. Enveloped in a cloud he rushed upon him. Indra subdued the foe with sharpened weapons.

4

As with a bolt, Brhaspati, fiercely flaming, pierce thou Vrkadvaras', the Asura's, heroes.
Even as in time of old with might thou slewest, so slay even now our enemy, O Indra.

5

Cast down from heaven on high thy bolt of thunder wherewith in joy thou smitest dead the
foeman. For gain of children make us thine, O Indra, of many children's children and of
cattle.

6

Whomso ye love, his power ye aid and strengthen; ye Twain are the rich worshipper's
advancers. Graciously favour us, Indra and Soma; give us firm standing in this time of
danger.

7

Let it not vex me, tire me, make me slothful, and never let us say, Press not the Soma; For
him who cares for me, gives gifts, supports me, who comes with kine to me who pour
libations.

8

Sarasvati, protect us: with the Maruts allied thou boldly conquerest our foemen, While Indra
does to death the daring chieftain of Sandikas exulting in his prowess.

9

Him who waylays, yea, him who would destroy us,—aim at him, pierce him with thy
sharpened weapon. Brhaspati, with arms thou slayest foemen O King, give up the spoiler to
destruction.

10

Perform, O Hero, with our valiant heroes the deeds heroic which thou hast to finish. Long
have they been inflated with presumption: slay them, and bring us hither their possessions.

11

I craving joy address with hymn and homage your heavenly host, the company of Maruts,
That we may gain wealth with full store of heroes, each day more famous, and with troops
of children.

HYMN XXXI. Visvedevas.

1

HELP, Varuna and Mitra, O ye Twain allied with Vasus, Rudras, and Adityas, help our car,
That, as the wild birds of the forest from their home, our horses may fly forth, glad, eager for
renown.

2

Yea, now ye Gods of one accord speed on our car what time among the folk it seeks an act
of might; When, hasting through the region with the stamp of hoofs, our swift steeds trample
on the ridges of the earth.

3

Or may our Indra here, the Friend of all mankind, coming from heaven, most.wise, girt by the Marut host, Accompany, with aid untroubled by a foe, our car to mighty gain, to win the meed of strength.

4

Or may this Tvastar, God who rules the world with power, one-minded with the Goddesses speed forth our car; Ila and Bhaga the celestial, Earth and Heaven, Pusan, Purandhi, and the Asvins, ruling Lords.

5

Or, seen alternate, those two blessed Goddesses, Morning and Night who stir all living things to act: While with my newest song I praise you both, O Earth, that from what moves not ye may spread forth threefold food.

6

Your blessing as a boon for suppliants we desire: the Dragon of the Deep, and Aja-Ekapad, Trita, Rbhuksan, Savitar shall joy in us, and the Floods' swift Child in our worship and our prayer.

7

These earnest prayers I pray to you, ye Holy: to pay you honour, living men have formed them, Men fain to win the prize and glory. May they win, as a car-horse might the goal, your notice.

HYMN XXXII. Various Deities.

1

GRACIOUSLY further, O ye Heaven and Earth, this speech striving to win reward, of me your worshipper. First rank I give to you, Immortal, high extolled! I, fain to win me wealth, to you the mighty Pair.

2

Let not man's guile annoy us, secret or by day: give not us up a prey to these calamities. Sever not thou our friendship: think thereon for us. This, with a heart that longs for bliss, we seek from thee.

3

Bring hither with benignant mind the willing Cow teeming with plenteous milk, full, inexhaustible. O thou invoked by many, day by day I urge thee with my word, a charger rapid in his tread.

4

With eulogy I call on Raka swift to hear may she, auspicious, hear us, and herself observe. With never-breaking needle may she sew her work, and give a hero son most wealthy, meet for praise.

5

All thy kind thoughts, O Raka, lovely in their form, wherewith thou grantest wealth to him who offers gifts– With these come thou to us this day benevolent, O Blessed One, bestowing food of thousand sorts.

6

O broad–tressed Sinivali, thou who art the Sister of the Gods, Accept the offered sacrifice, and, Goddess, grant us progeny.

7

With lovely fingers, lovely arms, prolific Mother of many sons– Present the sacred gifts to her, to Sinlivali Queen of men.

8

Her, Sinivali, her, Gungu, her, Raka, her, Sarasvati, Indrani to mine aid I call, and Vartunani for my weal.

HYMN XXXIII. Rudra.

1

FATHER of Maruts, let thy bliss approach us: exclude us not from looking on the sunlight. Gracious to our fleet courser be the Hero may we transplant us, Rudra, in our children.

2

With the most saving medicines which thou givest, Rudra, may I attain a hundred winters. Far from us banish enmity and hatred, and to all quarters maladies and trouble.

3

Chief of all born art thou in glory, Rudra, armed with the thunder, mightiest of the mighty. Transport us over trouble to well–being repel thou from us all assaults of mis. chief.

4

Let us not anger thee with worship, Rudra, ill praise, Strong God! or mingled invocation. Do thou with strengthening balms incite our heroes: I hear thee famed as best of all physicians.

5

May I with praise–songs win that Rudra's favour who is adored with gifts and invocations. Ne'er may the tawny God, fair–checked, and gracious, swiftheating, yield us to this evil purpose.

6

The Strong, begirt [sic] by Maruts, hath refreshed me, with most invigorating food, imploring. As he who finds a shade in fervent sunlight may I, uninjured, win the bliss of Rudra.

7

Where is that gracious hand of thine, O Rudra, the hand that giveth health and bringeth comfort, Remover of the woe that Gods have sent us? O Strong One, look thou on me with

compassion.

8

To him the strong, great, tawny, fair-complexioned, I utter forth a mighty hymn of praises.
We serve the brilliant God with adorations, we glorify, the splendid name of Rudra.

9

With firm limbs, multiform, the strong, the tawny adorns himself with bright gold decorations:
The strength of Godhead ne'er departs from Rudra, him who is Sovran of this world, the mighty.

10

Worthy, thou carriest thy bow and arrows, worthy, thy manyhued and honoured necklace.
Worthy, thou cuttest here each fiend to pieces: a mightier than thou there is not, Rudra.

11

Praise him the chariot-borne, the young, the famous, fierce, slaying like a dread beast of the forest. O Rudra, praised, be gracious to the singer. let thy hosts spare us and smite down another.

12

I bend to thee as thou approachest, Rudra, even as a boy before the sire who greets him. I praise thee Bounteous Giver, Lord of heroes: give medicines to us as thou art lauded.

13

Of your pure medicines, O potent Martits, those that are wholesomest and healthbestowing, Those which our father Manu hath selected, I crave from. Rudra for our gain and welfare.

14

May Rudra's missile turn aside and spare us, the great wrath of the impetuous One avoid us. Turn, Bounteous God, thy strong bow from our princes, and be thou gracious to our seed and offspring.

15

O tawny Bull, thus showing forth thy nature, as neither to be wroth, O God, nor slay us. Here, Rudra, listen to our invocation. Loud may we speak, with heroes, in assembly.

HYMN XXXIV. Maruts

1

THE Maruts of resistless might who love the rain, resplendent, terrible like wild beasts in their strength, Glowing like flames of fire, impetuous in career, blowing the wandering raincloud, have disclosed the kine.

2

They gleam with armlets as the heavens are decked with stars, like cloud-born lightnings shine the torrents of their rain. Since the strong Rudra, O Maruts with brilliant chests, sprang into life for you in Prsni's radiant lap.

3

They drip like horses in the racings of swift steeds; with the stream's rapid cars they hasten on their way. Maruts with helms of gold, ye who make all things shake, come with your spotted deer, one-minded, to our food.

4

They have bestowed of Mitra all that live, to feed, they who for evermore cause their swift drops to flow; Whose steeds are spotted deer, whose riches never fail, like horses in full speed, bound to the pole in work.

5

With brightly-flaming kine whose udders swell with milk, idth [sic] glittering lances on your unobstructed paths, O Maruts, of one mind, like swans who seek their nests, come to the rapturous enjoyment of the meath.

6

To these our prayers, O Maruts, come unanimous, come ye to our libations like the praise of men. Make it swell like a mare, in udder like a cow, and for the singer grace the song with plenteous strength.

7

Give us a steed, O Maruts mighty in the car; prevailing prayer that brings remembrance day by day; Food to your praisers, to your bard in deeds of might give winning wisdom, power uninjured, unsurpassed.

8

When the bright-chested Maruts, lavish of their gifts, bind at the time bliss their horses to the cars, Then, as the milch-cow feeds her calf within the stalls, they pour forth food for all oblation-bringing men.

9

Save us, O Maruts, Vasus, from the injurer, the mortal foe who makes us looked upon as wolves. With chariot all aflame compass him round about: O Rudras, cast away the foeman's deadly bolt.

10

Well-known, ye Maruts, is that wondrous course of yours, when they milked Prsni's udder, close akin to her. Or when to shame the bard who lauded, Rudra's Sons, ye O infallible brought Trita to decay.

11

We call you such, great Maruts, following wonted ways, to the oblation paid to Visnu Speeder-on. With ladles lifted up, with prayer, we seek of them preeminent, golden-hued, the wealth which all extol.

12

They, the Dasagvas, first of all brought sacrifice: they at the break of mornings shall inspirit us. Dawn with her purple beams uncovereth the nights, with great light glowing like a

billowy sea of milk.

13

The Rudras have rejoiced them in the gathered bands at seats of worship as in purple ornaments. They with impetuous vigour sending down the rain have taken to themselves a bright and lovely hue.

14

Soliciting their high protection for our help, with this our adoration we sing praise to them, Whom, for assistance, like the five terrestrial priests. Trita hath brought to aid us hither on his car.

15

So may your favouring help be turned to us—ward, your kindness like a lowing [sic] cow approach us, Wherewith ye bear your servant over trouble, and free your worshipper from scoff and scorning.

HYMN XXXV. Son of Waters.

1

EAGER for spoil my flow of speech I utter: may the Floods' Child accept my songs with favour. Will not the rapid Son of Waters make them lovely, for he it is who shall enjoy them?

2

To him let us address the song well—fashioned, forth from the heart. Shall he not understand it? The friendly Son of Waters by the greatness of Godhead hath produced all things existing.

3

Some floods unite themselves and others join them: the sounding rivers fill one common storehouse. On every side the bright Floods have encompassed the bright resplendent Offspring of the Waters.

4

The never—sullen waters, youthful Maidens, carefully decking, wait on him the youthful. He with bright rays shines forth in splendid beauty, unfed with wood. in waters, oil—enveloped.

5

To him three Dames are offering food to feed him, Goddesses to the God whom none may injure. Within the waters hath he pressed, as hollows, and drinks their milk who now are first made mothers.

6

Here was the horse's birth; his was the sunlight. Save thou our princes from the oppressor's onslaught. Him, indestructible, dwelling at a distance in forts unwrought lies and ill spirits reach not.

7

He, in whose mansion is the teeming Milch-cow, swells the Gods' nectar and cats noble viands. Ile Son of Waters, gathering strength in waters, shines for his worshipper to give him treasures.

8

He who in waters with his own pure Godhead shines widely, law-abiding, everlasting— The other worlds are verily his branches, and plants are born of him with all their offspring.

9

The Waters' Son hath risen, and clothed in lightning ascended up unto the curled cloud's bosom; And bearing with them his supremest glory the Youthful Ones, gold-coloured, move around him.

10

Golden in form is he, like gold to look on, his colour is like gold, the Son of Waters. When he is seated fresh from golden birthplace those who present their gold give food to feed him.

11

This the fair name and this the lovely aspect of him the Waters' Son increase in secret. Whom here the youthful Maids together kindle, his food is sacred oil of golden colour.

12

Him, nearest Friend of many, will we worship with sacrifice. and reverence and oblation. I make his back to shine, with chips provide him; t offer food and with my songs exalt him.

13

The Bull hath laid his own life-germ Within them. He sucks them as an infant, and they kiss him. He, Son of Waters, of unfading colour, hadi [sic] entered here as in another's body.

14

While here he dwelleth in sublimest station, resplendent with the rays that never perish, The Waters, bearing oil to feed their offspring, flow, Youthful Ones, in wanderings about him.

15

Agni, I gave good shelter to the people, and to the princes goodly preparation. Blessed is all that Gods regard with favour. Loud may we speak, with heroes, in assembly.

HYMN XXXVI Various Gods.

1

WATER and milk hath he endued, sent forth to thee: the men have drained him with the filters and the stones. Drink, Indra, from the Hotar's bowl first right is thine—Soma hallowed and poured with Vasat and Svaha.

2

Busied with sacrifice, with spotted deer and spears, gleaming upon your way with

ornaments, yea, our Friends, Sitting on sacred grass, ye Sons of Bharata, drink Soma from the Hotar's bowl, O Men of heaven.

3

Come unto us, ye swift to listen: as at home upon the sacred grass sit and enjoy yourselves. And, Tvastar, well-content be joyful in the juice with Gods and Goddesses in gladsome company.

4

Bring the Gods hither, Sage, and offer sacrifice: at the three altars seat thee willingly, O Priest. Accept for thy delight the proffered Soma meath: drink from the Kindler's bowl and fill thee with thy share.

5

This is the strengthener of thy body's manly might: strength, victory for all time are placed within thine arms. Pressed for thee, Maghavan, it is offered unto thee: drink from the chalice of this Brahman, drink thy fill.

6

Accept the sacrifice; mark both of you, my call: the Priest hath seated him after the ancient texts. My prayer that bids them come goes forth to both the Kings: drink ye the Soma meath from the Director's bowl.

HYMN XXXVII. Various Gods.

1

Enjoy thy fill of meath out of the Hotar's cup: Adhvaryus he desires a full draught poured for him. Bring it him: seeking this he gives. Granter of Wealth, drink Soma with the Rtus from the Hotar's cup.

2

He whom of old I called on, him I call on now. He is to be invoked; his name is He who Gives, Here brought by priests is Soma meath. Granter of Wealth, drink Soma with the Rtus from the Hotar's cup.

3

Fat may the horses be wherewith thou speedest on: Lord of the Wood, unharmed, strengthen thou thyself. Drawing and seizing, Bold One, thou who grantest wealth, drink Soma with the Rtus from the Nestar's cup.

4

From Hotar's cup and Hotar's he hath drunk and joyed: the proffered food hath pleased him from the Nestar's bowl. The fourth cup undisturbed, immortal, let him drink who giveth wealth, the cup of the wealth-giving God.

5

Yoke, O ye Twain, to-day your hero-bearing car, swift-moving hitherward: your loosing-place is here. Mix the oblations, then come hither with the meath, and drink the

Soma, ye rich in abundant strength.

6

Agni, accept the fuel and our offered gift: accept the prayer of man, accept our eulogy, Do thou with all, with Rtu, O thou Excellent, fain, make the great Gods all fain taste the gift we bring.

HYMN XXXVIII. Savitar.

1

UPRISEN is Savitar, this God, to quicken, Priest who neglects not this most constant duty. To the Gods, verily, he gives rich treasure, and blesses him who calls them to the banquet.

2

Having gone up on high, the God broadhanded spreads his arms widely forth that all may mark him. Even the waters bend them to his service: even this wind rests in the circling region.

3

Though borne by swift steeds he will yet unyoke them: e'en the fleet chariot hath he stayed from going. He hath checked e'en their haste who glide like serpents. Night closely followed Savitar's dominion.

4

What was spread out she weaves afresh, re-weaving: the skilful leaves his labour half-completed. He hath arisen from rest, and parted seasons: Savitar hath approached, God, holy-minded.

5

Through various dwellings, through entire existence, spreads, manifest, the household light of Agni. The Mother gives her Son the goodliest portion, and Savitar hath sped to meet his summons.

6

He comes again, unfolded, fain for conquest: at home was he, the love of all things moving. Each man hath come leaving his evil doings, after the Godlike Savitar's commandment.

7

The wild beasts spread through desert places seeking their watery share which thou hast set in waters. The woods are given to the birds. These statutes of the God Savitar none disobeyeth.

8

With utmost speed, in restless haste at sunset Varuna seeks his watery habitation. Then seeks each bird his nest, each beast his lodging. In due place Savitar hath set each creature.

9

Him whose high law not Varuna nor Indra, not Mitra, Aryaman, nor Rudra breaketh, Nor evil-hearted fiends, here for my welfare him I invoke, God Savitar, with worship.

10

May they who strengthen bliss, and thought and wisdom, and the Dames' Lord and Narasamsa aid us. That good may come to us and wealth be gathered, may we be Savitar the God's beloved.

11

So come to us our hearts' desire, the bounty bestowed by thee, from heaven and earth and waters, That it be well with friends and those who praise thee, and, Savitar, with the loud-lauding singer.

HYMN XX Asvins.

1

SING like the two press-stones for this same purpose; come like two misers to the tree of treasure; Like two laud-singing Brahmans in the assembly, like the folk's envoys called in many places.

2

Moving at morning like two chr-borne [sic] heroes, like to a pair of goats ye come electing; Like two fair dames embellishing their bodies, like a wise married pair among the people.

3

Like to a pair of horns come first to usward, like to a pair of hoofs with rapid motion; Come like two Cakavas in the grey of morning, come like two chariot wheels at dawn, ye Mighty.

4

Bear us across the rivers like two vessels, save us as ye were yokes, naves, spokes and fellies. Be like two dogs that injure not our bodies; preserve us, like two crutches, that we fall not.

5

Like two winds ageing not, two confluent rivers, come with quick vision like two eyes before us. Come like two hands most helpful to the body, and guide us like two feet to what is precious.

6

Even as two lips that with the mouth speak honey, even as two breasts that nourish our existence, Like the two nostrils that protect our being, be to us as our ears that hear distinctly.

7

Like two hands give ye us increasing vigour; like heaven and earth constrain the airy regions. Asvins, these hymns that struggle to approach you, sharpen ye like an axe upon a whetstone.

8

These prayers of ours exalting you, O Asvins, have the GṛtSamadas, for a laud, made ready. Welcome them, O ye Heroes, and come hither. Loud may we speak. with brave men, in assembly.

HYMN XL. Soma and Pusan.

1

SOMA and Pusan, Parents of all riches, Parents of earth and Parents of high heaven, You Twain, brought forth as the whole world's protectors, the Gods have made centre of life eternal.

2

At birth of these two Gods all Gods are joyful: they have caused darkness, which we hate, to vanish. With these, with Soma and with Pusan, India generates ripe warm milk in the raw milch-cows.

3

Soma and Pusan, urge your chariot hither, the seven-wheeled car that measures out the region, That stirs not all, that moves to every quarter, five-reined and harnessed by the thought, ye Mighty.

4

One in the heaven on high hath made his dwelling, on earth and in the firmament the other. May they disclose to us great store of treasure, much-longed for, rich in food, source of enjoyment.

5

One of you Twain is Parent of all creatures, the other journeys onward all-beholding. Soma and Pusan, aid my thought with favour: with you may we o'ercome in all encounters.

6

May Pusan stir our thought, the all-impelling, may Soma Lord of riches grant us riches. May Aditi the perfect Goddess aid us. Loud may we speak, with heroes, in assembly.

HYMN XLI. Various Deities.

1

O VAYU, come to us with all the thousand chariots that are thine, Team-borne, to drink the Soma juice.

2

Drawn by thy team, O Vayu, come; to thee is offered this, the pure. Thou visitest the presser's house.

3

Indra and Vayu, drawn by teams, ye Heroes, come today and drink. Of the bright juice when blent with milk.

4

This Soma hath been shed for you, Lawstrengtheners, Mitra–Varuna! Listen ye here to this my call.

5

Both Kings who never injure aught seat them in their supremest home, The thousand–pillared, firmly–based.

6

Fed with oblation, Sovran Kings, Adityas, Lords of liberal gifts. They wait on him whose life is true.

7

With kine, Nasatyas, and with steeds, come, Asvins, Rudras, to the house That will protect its heroes well;

8

Such, wealthy Gods! as none afar nor standing nigh to us may harm, Yea, no malicious mortal foe.

9

As such, O longed–far Asvins, lead us on to wealth of varied sort, Wealth that shall bring us room and rest.

10

Verily Indra, conquering all, driveth e'en mighty fear away, For firm is he and swift to act.

11

Indra be gracious unto us: sin shall not reach us afterward, And good shall be before us still.

12

From all the regions of the world let Indra send security, The foe–subduer, swift to act.

13

O all ye Gods, come hitherward: hear this mine invocation, seat Yourselves upon this sacred grass.

14

Among the gunahotras strong for you is this sweet gladdening draught. Drink ye of this delightful juice.

15

Ye Martus led by Indra, Gods with Priṣan for your bounteousest, Hear all of you this call of mine.

16

Best Mother, best of Rivers, best of Goddesses, Sarasvati, We are, as 'twere, of no repute

and dear Mother, give thou us renown.

17

In thee, Sarasvati, divine, all generations have their stay. Be, glad with Sunahotra's sons: O Goddess grant us progeny.

18

Enriched with sacrifice, accept Sarasvati, these prayers of ours, Thoughts which Gṛtsamadas beloved of Gods bring, Holy One, to thee.

19

Ye who bless sacrifice, go forth, for verily we choose you both, And Agni who conveys our gifts.

20

This our effectual sacrifice, reaching the sky, shall Heaven and Earth Present unto the Gods to-day.

21

In both your laps, ye guileless Ones, the Holy Gods shall sit them down To-day to drink the Soma here.

HYMN XLII Kapinjala.

1

TELLING his race aloud with cries repeated, he sends his voice out as his boat a steersman. O Bird, be ominous of happy fortune from no side may calamity befall thee.

2

Let not the falcon kill thee, nor the eagle let not the arrow-bearing archer reach thee. Still crying in the region of the Fathers, speak here auspicious, bearing joyful tidings.

3

Bringing good tidings, Bird of happy omen, call thou out loudly southward of our dwellings, So that no thief, no sinner may oppress us. Loud may we speak, with heroes, in assembly.

HYMN XLIII. Kapinjala.

1

HERE on the right sing forth chanters of hymns of praise, even the winged birds that in due season speak. He, like: a Sama-chanter utters both the notes, skilled in the mode of Trstup and of Gayatri.

2

Thou like the chanter-priest chantest the Sama, Bird; thou singest at libations like a Brahman's son. Even as a vigorous horse when he comes near the mare, announce to us good fortune, Bird, on every side, proclaim in all directions happy luck, O Bird.

3

When singing here, O Bird. announce good luck to us, and when thou sittest still think on us with kind thoughts. When flying off thou singest thou art like a lute. With brave sons in assembly may we speak aloud.

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