



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 04 Part 01

HYMN I. Agni.

THEE Agni, have the Gods, ever of one accord, sent hither down, a God, appointed messenger, yea, with their wisdom sent thee down. The Immortal, O thou Holy One, mid mortal men, the God-devoted God, the wise, have they brought forth, brought forth the omnipresent God-devoted Sage.

2

As such, O Agni, bring with favour to the Gods thy Brother Varuna who loveth sacrifice, True to the Law, the Aditya who supporteth men, the King, supporter of mankind.

3

Do thou, O Friend, turn hither him who is our Friend, swift as a wheel, like two car-steeds in rapid course, Wondrous! to us in rapid course. O Agni, find thou grace for us with Varuna, with Maruts who illumine all. Bless us, thou Radiant One, for seed and progeny, yea, bless us, O thou Wondrous God.

4

Do thou who knowest Varuna, O Agni, put far away from us the God's displeasure. Best Sacrificer, brightest One, refulgent remove thou far from us all those who hate us.

5

Be thou, O Agni, nearest us with succour, our closest Friend while now this Morn is breaking. Reconcile to us Varuna, be bounteous enjoy the gracious juice; be swift to hear us.

6

Excellent is the glance, of brightest splendour, which the auspicious God bestows on mortals- The God's glance, longed-for even as the butter, pure, heated, of the cow, the milch-cow's bounty.

7

Three are those births, the true, the most exalted, eagerly longed-for, of the God, of Agni. He came invested in the boundless region, pure, radiant, friendly, mightily resplendent.

8

This envoy joyeth in all seats of worship, borne on his golden car, sweet-tongued Invoker: Lovely to look on, with red steeds, effulgent, like a feast rich in food, joyous for ever.

9

Allied by worship, let him give man knowledge: by an extended cord they lead him onward. He stays, effectual in this mortal's dwelling, and the God wins a share in his possessions.

10

Let Agni –for he knows the way– conduct us to all that he enjoys of God–sent riches, What all the Immortals have prepared with wisdom, Dyaus, Sire, Begetter, raining down true blessings.

11

In houses first he sprang into existence, at great heaven's base, and in this region's bosom; Footless and headless, both his ends concealing, in his Bull's lair drawing himself together.

12

Wondrously first he rose aloft, defiant, in the Bull's lair, the home of holy Order, Longed–for, young, beautiful, and far–resplendent: and seven dear friends sprang up unto the Mighty.

13

Here did our human fathers take their places, fain to fulfil the sacred Law of worship. Forth drave they, with loud call, Dawn's teeming Milch–kine bid in the mountains table, in the cavern.

14

Splendid were they when they had rent the mountain: others, around, shall tell forth this their exploit. They sang their song, prepared to free the cattle: they found the light; with holy hymns they worshipped.

15

Eager, with thought intent upon the booty, the men with their celestial speech threw open, The solid mountain firm, compact, enclosing, confining Cows, the stable full of cattle.

16

The Milch–cow's earliest name they comprehended: they found the Mother's thrice–seven noblest titles. This the bands knew, and sent forth acclamation: with the Bull's sheen the Red One was apparent.

17

The turbid darkness fled, the heaven was splendid! up rose the bright beam of celestial Morning. Surya ascended to the wide expanses, beholding deeds of men both good and evil.

18

Then, afterwards they looked around, awakened, when first they held that Heaven allotted treasure. Now all the Gods abide in all their dwellings. Varuna, Mitra, be the prayer effective.

19

I will call hither brightly–beaming Agni, the Herald, all–supporting, best at worship. He hath disclosed, like the milch cows' pure udder, the Sorria's juice when cleansed and poured from beakers.

20

The freest God of all who should be worshipped, the guest who is received in all men's houses, Agni who hath secured the Gods' high favour,—may he be gracious, to us Jatavedas.

HYMN II. Agni.

1

THE, Faithful One, Immortal among mortals, a God among the Gods, appointed envoy, Priest, best at worship, must shine forth in glory . Agni shall be raised high with man's oblations.

2

Born for us here this day, O Son of Vigour, between both races of born beings, Agni, Thou farest as an envoy, having harnessed, Sublime One! thy strong—muscle radiant stallions.

3

I laud the ruddy steeds who pour down blessing, dropping oil, fleetest through the thoualit [sic] of Order. Yoking red horses to and fro thou goest between you Deities and mortal races.

4

Aryaman, Mitra, Varuna, and Indra with Visnu, of the Gods, Maruts and Asvins— These, Agni, with good car and steeds, bring hither, most bountiful, to folk with fair oblations.

5

Agni, be this our sacrifice eternal, with brave friends, rich in kine and sheep and horses, Rich, Asura! in sacred food and children, in full assembly, wealth broad—based and during.

6

The man who, sweating, brings for thee the fuel, and makes his head to ache, thy faithful servant,— Agni, to him be a self—strong Protector guard him from all who seek to do him mischief.

7

Who brings thee food, though thou hast food in plenty, welcomes his cheerful guest and speeds him onward, Who kindles thee devoutly in his dwelling, to him be wealth secure and freely giving.

8

Whoso sings praise to thee at eve or morning, and, with oblation, doth the thing thou lovest,— In his own home, even as a gold—girt courser, rescue him from distress, the bounteous giver.

9

Whoso brings gifts to thee Immortal, Agni, and doth thee service with uplifted ladle,— Let him not, sorely toiling, lose his riches; let not the sinner's wickedness enclose him.

10

Whose well-wrought worship thou acceptest, Agni, thou God a mortal's gift, thou liberal Giver,— Dear be his sacrifice to thee, Most Youthful! and may we strengthen him when he adores thee.

11

May he who knows distinguish sense and folly of men, like straight and crooked backs of horses. Lead us, O God, to wealth and noble offspring: keep penury afar and grant us plenty.

12

This Sage the Sages, ne'er deceived, commanded, setting him down in dwellings of the living. Hence mayst thou, friendly God, with rapid footsteps behold the Gods, wonderful, fair to look on.

13

Good guidance hast thou for the priest, O Agni, who, Youngest God! with outpoured Soma serves thee. Ruler of men, thou joyous God, bring treasure splendid and plentiful to aid the toiler.

14

Now all that we, thy faithful servants, Agni, have done with feet, with hands, and with our bodies, The wise, with toil, the holy rite have guided, as those who frame a car with manual cunning.

15

May we, seven sages first in rank, engender, from Dawn the Mother, men to be ordainers. May we, Angirases, be sons of Heaven, and, radiant, burst the wealth-containing mountain.

16

As in the days of old our ancient Fathers, speeding the work of holy worship, Agni, Sought pure light and devotion, singing praises; they cleft the ground and made red Dawns apparent.

17

Gods, doing holy acts, devout, resplendent, smelting like ore their human generations. Enkindling Agni and exalting Indra, they came encompassing the stall of cattle.

18

Strong One! he marked them—and the Gods before them—like herds of cattle in a foodful pasture. There they moaned forth their strong desire for mortals, to aid the True, the nearest One, the Living.

19

We have worked for thee, we have laboured nobly—bright Dawns have shed their light upon our worship— Adding a beauty to the perfect Agni, and the God's beauteous eye that shines for ever.

20

Agni, Disposer, we have sung these praises to thee the Wise: do thou accept them gladly. Blaze up on high and ever make us richer. Give us great wealth, O thou whose boons are many.

HYMN III. Agni.

1

WIN, to assist you, Rudra, Lord of worship, Priest of both worlds, effectual Sacrificer, Agni, invested with his golden colours, before the thunder strike and lay you senseless.

2

This shrine have we made ready for thy coming, as the fond dame attires her for her husband. Performer of good work, sit down before us, invested while these flames incline to meet thee.

3

A hymn, O Priest, to him who hears, the gentle, to him who looks on men, exceeding gracious, A song of praise sing to the God Immortal, whom the stone, presser of the sweet juice, worships.

4

Even as true knower of the Law, O Agni, to this our solemn rite be thou attentive. When shall thy songs of festival be sung thee? When is thy friendship shown within our dwelling?

5

Why this complaint to Varuna, O Agni? And why to Heaven? for what is our transgression? How wilt thou speak to Earth and bounteous Mitra? What wilt thou say to Aryaman and Bhaga?

6

What, when thou blazest on the lesser altars, what to the mighty Wind who comes to bless us, True, circumambient? what to Earth, O Agni, what wilt thou say to man-destroying Rudra?

7

How to great Pusan who promotes our welfare,– to honoured Rudra what, who gives oblations? What sin of ours to the far-striding Visnu, what, Agni, wilt thou tell the Lofty Arrow.

8

What wilt thou tell the truthful band of Maruts, how answer the great Sun when thou art questioned? Before the Free, before the Swift, defend us: fulfil heaven's work, all-knowing Jatavedas.

9

I crave the cow's true gift arranged by Order: though raw, she hath the sweet ripe juice, O Agni. Though she is black of hue with milk she teemeth, nutritious, brightly shining,

all–sustaining.

10

Agni the Bull, the manly, hath been sprinkled with oil upon his back, by Law eternal. He who gives vital power goes on unswerving. Prsni the Bull hath milked the pure white udder.

11

By Law the Angirases cleft the rock asunder, and sang their hymns together with the cattle. Bringing great bliss the men encompassed Morning: light was apparent at the birth of Agni.

12

By Law the Immortal Goddesses the Waters, with meath–rich waves, O Agni, and uninjured, Like a strong courser lauded in his running, sped to flow onward swiftly and for ever.

13

Go never to the feast of one who harms us, the treacherous neighbour or. unworthy kinsman. Punish us not for a false brother's trespass. Let us riot feel the might of friend or foeman.

14

O Agni, keep us safe with thy protection, loving us, honoured God! and ever guarding. Beat thou away, destory severe affliction slay e'en the demon when he waxes mighty.

15

Through these our songs of praise be gracious, Agni; moved by our prayers, O Hero, touch our viands. Accept, O Angiras, these our devotions, and let the praise which Gods desire address thee.

16

To thee who knowest, Agni, thou Disposer, all these wise secret speeches have I uttered, Sung to thee, Sage, the charming words of wisdom, to thee, O Singer, with. my thoughts and Praises.

HYMN IV. Agni.

1

PUT forth like a wide–spreading net thy vigour; go like a mighty King with his attendants. Thou, following thy swift net, shootest arrows: transfix the fiends with darts that burn most fiercely.

2

Forth go in rapid flight thy whirling weapons: follow them closely, glowing in thy fury. Spread with thy tongue the winged flames, O Agni; unfettered, cast thy firebrands all around thee.

3

Send thy spies forward, fleetest in thy motion; be, ne'er deceived, the guardian of this people From him who, near or far, is bent on evil, and let no trouble sent from thee

o'ercome us.

4

Rise up, O Agni, spread thee out before us: burn down our foes, thou who hast sharpened arrows. Him, blazing Agni! who hath worked us mischief, consume thou utterly like dried-up stubble.

5

Rise, Agni, drive off those who fight against us: make manifest thine own celestial vigour. Slacken the strong bows of the demondriven: destroy our foemen whether kin or stranger.

6

Most Youthful God, he knoweth well thy favour who gave an impulse to this high devotion. All fair days and magnificence of riches hast thou beamed forth upon the good man's portals.

7

Blest, Agni, be the man, the liberal giver, who with his lauds and regular oblation is fain to please thee for his life and dwelling. May all his days be bright: be this his longing.

8

I praise thy gracious favour: sing in answer. May this my song sing like a loved one with thee. Lords of good steeds and cars may we adorn thee, and day by day vouchsafe thou us dominion.

9

Here of free choice let each one serve thee richly, resplendent day by day at eve and morning. So may we honour thee, content and joyous, passing beyond the glories of the people.

10

Whoso with good steeds and fine gold, O Agni, comes nigh thee on a car laden with treasure, His Friend art thou, yea, thou art his Protector whose joy it is to entertain thee duly.

11

Through words and kinship I destroy the mighty: this power I have from Gotama my father. Mark thou this speech of ours, O thou Most Youthful, Friend of the House, exceeding wise, Invoker.

12

Knowing no slumber, speedy and propitious, alert and ever friendly, most unwearied, May thy protecting powers, unerring Agni, taking their places here, combined, preserve us.

13

Thy guardian rays, O Agni, when they saw him, preserved blind Mamateya from affliction. Lord of all riches, he preserved the pious: the fees who fain would harm them did no mischief

14

Aided by thee with thee may we be wealthy, may we gain strength with thee to guide us onward. Fulfil the words of both, O Ever Truthful: straightway do this, thou God whom power emboldens.

15

O Agni, with this fuel will we serve thee; accept the laud we sing to thee with favour Destroy the cursing Raksasas: preserve us, O rich in friends, from guile and scorn and slander.

HYMN V. Agni.

1

How shall we give with one accord oblation to Agni, to Vaisvanara the Bounteous? Great light, with full high growth hath he uplifted, and, as a pillar bears the roof, sustains it.

2

Reproach not him who, God and selfreliant, vouchsafed this bounty unto me a mortal,—Deathless, discerners, wise, to me the simple, Vaisvanara most manly, youthful Aini.

3

Sharp-pointed, powerful, strong, of boundless vigour, Agni who knows the lofty hymn, kept secret As the lost milch-cow's track, the doubly Mighty,—he hath declared to me this hidden knowledge.

4

May he with sharpened teeth, the Bounteous Giver, Agni, consume with flame most fiercely glowing. Those who regard not Varuna's commandments and the dear steadfast laws of sapient Mitra.

5

Like youthful women without brothers, straying, like dames who hate their lords, of evil conduct, They who are full of sin, untrue, unfaithful, they have engendered this abysmal station.

6

To me, weak, innocent, thou, luminous Agni, bast boldly given as 'twere a heavy burthen, This Prstha hymn, profound and strong and mighty, of seven elements, and with offered dainties.

7

So may our song that purifies, through wisdom reach in a moment him the Universal, Established on the height, on earth's best station, above the beauteous grassy skin of Prsni.

8

Of this my speech what shall I utter further? They indicate the milk stored up in secret When they have thrown as 'twere the cows' stalls open. The Bird protects earths' best and well-loved station.

9

This is the Great Ones' mighty apparition which from of old the radiant Cow hath followed. This, shining brightly in the place of Order, swift, hasting on in secret, she discovered.

10

He then who shone together with his Parents remembered Prsni's fair and secret treasure, Which, in the Mother Cow's most lofty station, the Bull's tongue, of the flame bent forward, tasted.

11

With reverence I declare the Law, O Agni; what is, comes by thine order, Jatavedas. Of this, whate'er it be, thou art the Sovran, yea, all the wealth that is in earth or heaven.

12

What is our wealth therefrom, and what our treasure? Tell us O Jatavedas, for thou knowest, What is our best course in this secret passage: we, unrepached, have reached a t)lace far distant.

13

What is the limit, what the rules, the guerdon? Like fleet-foot coursers speed we to the contest. When will the Goddesses, the Immortal's Spouses, the Dawns, spread over us the Sun-God's splendour?

14

Unsatisfied, with speech devoid of vigour, scanty and frivolous and inconclusive, Wherefore do they address thee here, O Agni? Let these who have no weapons suffer sorrow.

15

The majesty of him the Good, the Mighty, aflame, hath shone for glory in the dwelling. He, clothed in light, hath shone most fair to look on, wealthy in boons, as a home shines with riches.

HYMN VI. Agni.

1

PRIEST of our rite, stand up erect, O Agni, in the Gods' service best of sacrificers, For over eveiy [sic] thought thou art the Ruler: thou furthest e'en the wisdom of the pious.

2

He was set down mid men as Priest unerring, Agni, wise, welcome in our holy synods. Like Savitar he hath lifted up his splendour, and like a builder raised his smoke to heaven.

3

The glowing ladle, filled with oil, is lifted; choosing Gods' service to the right he circles. Eager he rises like the new-wrought pillar which, firmly set and fixed, anoints the victims.

4

When sacred grass is strewn and Agni kindled, the Adhvaryu rises to, his task rej o cing.

Agni the Priest, like one who tends the cattle, goes three times round, as from of old he wills it.

5

Agni himself, the Priest, with measured motion, goes round, with sweet speech, cheerful, true to Order. His fulgent flames run forth like vigorous horses; all creatures are affrighted when he blazes.

6

Beautiful and auspicious is thine aspect, O lovely Agni, terrible when spreading. Thy splendours are not covered by the darkness: detraction leaves no stain upon thy body.

7

Naught hindered his production, Bounteous Giver: his Mother and his Sire were free to send him. Then as Friend benevolent, refulgent, Agni shone forth in human habitations.

8

He, Agni, whom the twice-five sisters, dwelling together, in the homes of men engendered, Bright like a spear's tooth, wakened in the morning, with powerful mouth and like an axe well-sharpened.

9

These thy Bay Coursers, Agni, dropping fatness, ruddy vigorous, speeding straightly forward, And red steeds, wonderful, of mighty muscle, are to this service of the Gods invited:

10

These brightly-shining games of thine, O Agni, that move for ever restless, allsubduing, Like falcons hasting eagerly to the quarry, roar loudly like the army of the Maruts.

11

To thee, O flaming God, hath prayer been offered. Let the priest laud thee: give to him who worships. Men have established Agni as Invoker, fain to adore the glory of the living.

HYMN VII. Agni.

1

HERE by ordainers was this God appointed first Invoker, best at worship, to be praised at rites: Whom Apnavana, and the Bhrgus caused to shine bright-coloured in the wood, spreading from home to home.

2

When shall thy glory as a God, Agni, be suddenly shown forth. For mortal men have held thee fast, adorable in all their homes,

3

Seeing thee faithful to the Law, most sapient, like the starry heaven, Illumining with cheerful ray each solemn rite in every house.

4

Vivasvan's envoy living men have taken as their ensign, swift, The ruler over all mankind, moving like Bhrgu in each home.

5

Him the intelligent have they placed duly as Invoking Priest, Welcome, with sanctifying flame, best worshipper, with sevenfold might;

6

In his Eternal Mothers, in the wood, concealed and unapproached, Kept secret though his flames are bright seeking on all sides, quickly found.

7

That as food spreads forth in this earthly udder, Gods may rejoice them in the home of Order, Great Agni, served with reverence and oblation, flies ever to the sacrifice, the Faithful.

8

Bird of each rite, skilled in an envoy's duties, knowing both worlds and that which lies between them, Thou goest from of old a willing Herald, knowing full well heaven's innermost recesses.

9

Bright God, thy path is black: light is before thee: thy moving splendour is the chief of wonders. When she, yet unimpregnate, hath conceived thee, even when newly born thou art an envoy.

10

Yet newly born, his vigour is apparent when the wind blows upon his fiery splendour, His sharpened tongue he layeth on the brushwood, and with his teeth e'en solid food consumeth.

11

When he hath borne off food with swift flame swiftly, strong Agni makes himself a speedy envoy, Follows the rustling of the wind, consuming, and courser-like, speeds, drives the swift horse onward.

HYMN VIII. Agni.

1

YOUR envoy who possesses all, Immortal, bearer of your gifts, Best worshipper, I woo with song.

2

He, Mighty, knows the gift of wealth, he knows the deep recess of heaven: He shall bring hitherward the Gods.

3

He knows, a God himself, to guide Gods to the righteous in his home: He gives e'en treasures that we love.

4

He is the Herald: well-informed, he doth his errand to and fro, Knowing the deep recess of heaven.

5

May we be they who gratify Agni with sacrificial gifts, Who cherish and enkindle him.

6

Illustrious for wealth are they, and hero deeds, victorious, Who have served Agni reverently.

7

So unto us, day after day, may riches craved by many come, And power and might spring up for us.

8

That holy Singer in his strength shoots forth his arrows swifter than The swift shafts of the tribes of men.

HYMN IX. Agni.

1

AGNI, show favour: great art thou who to this pious man art come, To seat thee on the sacred grass.

2

May he the Immortal, Helper, bard to be deceived among mankind, Become the messenger of all.

3

Around the altar is he led, welcome Chief Priest at solemn rites, Or as the Hotar sits him down.

4

Agni in fire at sacrifice, and in the house as Lord thereof, And as a Brahman takes his seat.

5

Thou comest as the guide of folk who celebrate a sacrifice, And to oblations brought by men.

6

Thou servest as his messenger whose sacrifice thou lovest well, To bear the mortal's gifts to heaven.

7

Accept our solemn rite; be pleased, Angiras, with our sacrifice: Give ear and listen to our call.

8

May thine inviolable car, wherewith thou guardest those who give, Come near to us from every side.

HYMN X. Agni.

I. This day with praises, Agni, we bring thee that which thou lovest. Right judgment, like a horse, with our devotions.

2

For thou hast ever been the Car-driver, Agni, of noble Strength, lofty sacrifice, and rightful judgment.

3

Through these our praises come thou to meet us, bright as the sunlight, O Agni, well disposed, with all thine aspects.

4

Now may we serve thee singing these lauds this day to thee, Agni. Loud as the voice of Heaven thy blasts are roaring.

5

just at this time of the day and the night thy look is the sweetest . It shineth near us even as gold for glory.

6

Spotless thy body, brilliant as gold, like clarified butter: This gleams like gold on thee, O Self. dependent.

7

All hate and mischief, yea, if committed, Agni, thou turnest, Holy One, from the man who rightly worships.

8

Agni, with you Gods, prosperous be our friendships and kinships. Be this our bond here by this place, thine altar.

HYMN XI. Agni.

1

THY blessed majesty, victorious Agni, shines brightly in the neighbourhood of Surya. Splendid to see, it shows even at nighttime, and food is fair to look on in thy beauty.

2

Agni, disclose his thought for him who singeth, the well, Strong God! while thou art praised with fervour. Vouchsafe to us that powerful hymn, O Mighty, which, Radiant One! with all the Gods thou lovest.

3

From thee, O Agni, springs poetic wisdom, from thee come thoughts and hymns of praise that prosper; From thee flows wealth, with heroes to adorn it, to the true-hearted man who gives oblation.

4

From thee the hero springs who wins the booty, bringer of help, mighty, of real courage. From thee comes wealth, sent by the Gods, bliss-giving; Agni, from thee the fleet impetuous charger.

5

Immortal Agni, thee whose voice is pleasant, as first in rank, as God, religious mortals Invite with hymns; thee who removest hatred, Friend of the Home, the household's Lord, unerring.

6

Far from us thou removest want and sorrow, far from us all ill-will when thou protectest. Son of Strength, Agni, blest is he at evening, whom thou as God attendest for his welfare.

HYMN XII. Agni.

1

WHOSO enkindles thee, with lifted ladle, and thrice this day offers thee food, O Agni, May he excel, triumphant through thy splendours, wise through thy mental power, O Jatavedas.

2

Whoso with toil and trouble brings thee fuel, serving the majesty of mighty Agni, He, kindling thee at evening and at morning, prospers, and comes to wealth, and slays his foemen.

3

Agni is Master of sublime dominion, Agni is Lord of strength and lofty riches. Straightway the self-reliant God, Most Youthful, gives treasures to the mortal who adores him.

4

Most Youthful God, whatever sin, through folly, we here, as human beings, have committed, In sight of Aditi make thou us sinless remit, entirely, Agni, our offences.

5

Even in the presence of great sin, O Agni, free us from prison of the Gods or mortals. Never may we who are thy friends be injured: grant health and strength unto our seed and offspring.

6

Even as ye here, Gods Excellent and Holy, have loosed the cow that by the foot was tethered, So also set us free from this affliction long let our life, O Agni, be extended.

HYMN XIII. Agni.

1

AGNI hath looked, benevolently-minded, on the wealth-giving spring of radiant Mornings. Come, Asvins, to the dwelling of the pious: Surya the God is rising with his splendour.

2

Savitar, God, hath spread on high his lustre, waving his flag like a spoil-seeking hero. Their stablished way go Varuna and Mitra, what time they make the Sun ascend the heaven.

3

Him whom they made to drive away the darkness, Lords of sure mansions, constant to their object, Him who beholds the universe, the Sun-God, seven strong and youthful Coursers carry onward.

4

Spreading thy web with mightiest Steeds thou comest, rending apart, thou God, the black-hued mantle. The rays of Surya tremulously shining sink, like a hide, the darkness in the waters.

5

How is it that, unbound and not supported, he falleth not although directed downward? By what self power moves he? Who hath seen it? He guards the vault of heaven, a close-set pillar.

HYMN XIV. Agni.

1

THE God hath looked, even Agni Jatavedas, to meet the Dawns refulgent in their glories. Come on your chariot, ye who travel widely, come to this sacrifice of ours, Nasatyas.

2

Producing light for all the world of creatures, God Savitar hath raised aloft his banner. Making his presence known by sunbeams, Surya hath filled the firmament and earth and heaven.

3

Red Dawn is come, riding with brightness onward, distinguished by her beams, gay-hued and mighty. Dawn on her nobly-harnessed car, the Goddess, awaking men to happiness, approacheth.

4

May those most powerful steeds and chariot bring you, O Asvins, hither at the break of morning. Here for your draught [sic] of meath are Soma juices: at this our sacrifice rejoice,

ye Mighty.

5

How is it that, unbound and unsupported, he falleth not although directed downward? By what self–power moves he? Who hath seen it? He guards the vault of heaven, a close–set pillar?

HYMN XV. Agni.

1

AGNI the Herald, like a horse, is led forth at our solemn rite, God among Gods adorable.

2

Three times unto our solemn rite comes Agni like a charioteer, Bearing the viands to the Gods.

3

Round the oblations hath he paced, Agni the Wise, the Lord of Strength, Giving the offerer precious boons.

4

He who is kindled eastward for Sṛnjaya, Devavata's son, Resplendent, tamer of the foe.

5

So mighty be the Agni whom the mortal hero shall command, With sharpened teeth and bountiful.

6

Day after day they dress him, as they clean a horse who wins the prize. Dress the red Scion of the Sky.

7

When Sahadeva's princely son with two bay horses thought of me, Summoned by him I drew not back.

8

And truly those two noble bays I straightway took when offered me, From Sahadeva's princely son.

9

Long, O ye Asvins, may he live, your care, ye Gods, the princely son. Of Sahadeva, Somaka.

10

Cause him the youthful prince, the son of Sahadeva, to enjoy Long life, O Asvins, O ye Gods.

HYMN XVI. Indra.

1

IMPETUOUS, true, let Maghavan come hither, and let his Tawny Coursers speed to reach us. For him have we pressed juice exceeding potent: here, praised with song, let him effect his visit.

2

Unyoke, as at thy journey's end, O Hero, to gladden thee today at this libation. Like Usana, the priest a laud shall utter, a hymn to thee, the Lord Divine, who markest.

3

When the Bull, quaffing, praises our libation, as a sage paying holy rites in secret, Seven singers here from heaven hath he begotten, who e'en by day have wrought their works while singing.

4

When heaven's fair light by hymns was made apparent (they made great splendour shine at break of morning), He with his succour, best of Heroes, scattered the blinding darkness so that men saw clearly.

5

Indra, Impetuous One, hath waxed immensely: he with his vastness hath filled earth and heaven. E'en beyond this his majesty extendeth who hath exceeded all the worlds in greatness.

6

Sakra who knoweth well all human actions hath with his eager Friends let loose the waters. They with their songs cleft e'en the mountain open and willingly disclosed the stall of cattle.

7

He smote away the floods' obstracter, Vrtra; Earth, conscious, lent her aid to speed thy thunder. Thou sentest forth the waters of the ocean, as Lord through power and might, O daring Hero.

8

When, Much—invoked! the water's rock thou cleftest, Sarama showed herself and went before thee. Hymned by Angirases, bursting the cowstalls, much strength thou foundest for us as our leader.

9

Come, Maghavan, Friend of Man, to aid the singer imploring thee in battle for the sunlight. Speed him with help in his irypired [sic] invokings: down sink the sorcerer, the prayerless Dasyu.

10

Come to our home resolved to slay the Dasyu: Kutsa longed eagerly to win thy friendship. Alike in form ye both sate in his dwelling the faithful Lady was in doubt between you.

11

Thou comest, fain to succour him, with Kutsa,—a goad that masters both the Wind—God's horses, That, holding the brown steeds like spoil for capture, the sage may on the final day be present.

12

For Kutsa, with thy thousand, thou at day—break didst hurl down greedy Susna, foe of harvest. Quickly with Kutsa's friend destroy the Dasyus, and roll the chariot—wheel of Sarya near us.

13

Thou to the son of Vidathin, Rjisvan, gavest up mighty Mrgaya and Pipru. Thou smotest down the swarthy fifty thousand, and rentest forts as age consumes a garment.

14

What time thou settest near the Sun thy body, thy form, Immortal One, is seen expanding: Thou a wild elephant with might invested. like a dread lion as thou wieldest weapons.

15

Wishes for wealth have gone to Indra, longing for him in war for light and at libation, Eager for glory, labouring with praise songs: he is like home, like sweet and fair nutrition.

16

Call we for you that Indra, prompt to listen, him who hath done so much for men's advantage; Who, Lord of envied bounty, to a singer like me brings quickly booty worth the capture.

17

When the sharp—pointed arrow, O thou Hero, flieth mid any conflict of the people, When, Faithful One, the dread encounter cometh, then be thou the Protector of our body.

18

Further the holy thoughts of Vamadeva be thou a guileless Friend in fight for booty. We come to thee whose providence protects us: wide be thy sway for ever for thy singer.

19

O Indra, with these men who love thee truly, free givers, Maghavan, in every battle, May we rejoice through many autumns, quelling our foes, as days subdue the nights with splendour.

20

Now, as the Bhrgus wrought a car, for Indra the Strong, the Mighty, we our prayer have fashioned, That he may, ne'er withdraw from us his friendship, but be our bodies' guard and strong defender.

21

Now, Indra! lauded, glorified with praises, let power swell. high like rivers for the singer. For thee a new hymn, Lord of Bays, is fashioned. May we, car—borne, through song be victors ever.

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Book 04 Part 02

HYMN XVII. Indra.

1

GREAT art thou, Indra; yea, the earth, with gladness, and heaven confess to thee thine high dominion. Thou in thy vigour having slaughtered Vrtra didst free the floods arrested by the Dragon.

2

Heaven trembled at the birth of thine effulgence; Earth trembled at the fear of thy displeasure. The stedfast mountains shook in agitation . the waters flowed, and desert spots were flooded.

3

Hurling his bolt with might he cleft the mountain, while, putting forth his strength, he showed his vigour. He slaughtered Vrtra with his bolt, exulting, and, their lord slain, forth flowed the waters swiftly.

4

Thy Father Dyaus esteemed himself a hero: most noble was the work of Indra's Maker, His who begat the strong bolt's Lord who roareth, immovable like earth from her foundation.

5

He who alone o'erthrows the world of creatures, Indra the peoples' King, invoked of many— Verily all rejoice in him, extolling the boons which Maghavan the God hath sent them.

6

All Soma juices are his own for ever, most gladdening draughts are ever his, the Mighty, Thou ever wast the Treasure—Lord of treasures: Indra, thou lettest all folk share thy bounty.

7

Moreover, when thou first wast born, O Indra, thou struckest terror into all the people. Thou, Maghavan, rentest with thy bolt the Dragon who lay against the waterfloods of heaven.

8

The ever—slaying, bold and furious Indra, the bright bolt's Lord, infinite, strong and mighty, Who slayeth Vrtra and acquireth booty, giver of blessings, Maghavan the bounteous:

9

Alone renowned as Maghavan in battles, he frighteneth away assembled armies. He bringeth us the booty that he winneth may we, well—loved, continue in his friendship.

10

Renowned is he when conquering and when slaying: 'tis he who winneth cattle in the

combat. When Indra hardeneth his indignation all that is fixed and all that moveth fear him.

11

Indra hath won all kine, all gold, all horses,—Maghavan, he who breaketh forts in pieces; Most manly with these men of his who help him, dealing out wealth and gathering the treasure.

12

What is the care of Indra for his Mother, what cares he for the Father who begat him? His care is that which speeds his might in conflicts, like wind borne onward by the clouds that thunder.

13

Maghavan makes the settled man unsettled: he scatters dust that he hath swept together, Breaking in pieces like Heaven armed with lightning: Maghavan shall enrich the man who lauds h;m.

14

He urged the chariot—wheel of Surya forward: Etasa, speeding on his way, he rested. Him the black undulating cloud bedeweth, in this mid—air's depth, at the base of darkness,

15

As in the night the sacrificing priest.

16

Eager for booty, craving strength and horses, we—singers stir Indra, the strong, for friendship, Who gives the wives we seek, whose succour fails not, to hasten, like a pitcher to the fountain.

17

Be thou our guardian, show thyself our kinsman, watching and blessing those who pour the Soma; As Friend, as Sire, most fatherly of fathers giving the suppliant vital strength and freedom.

18

Be helping Friend of those who seek thy friendship . give life, when lauded, Indra, to the singer. For, Indra, we the priests have paid thee worship, exalting thee with these our sacrifices.

19

Alone, when Indra Maghavan is lauded, he slayeth many ne'er—resisted Vrtras. Him in whose keeping is the well—loved singer never do Gods or mortals stay or hinder.

20

E'en so let Maghavan, the loud—voiced Indra, give us true blessings, foeless, men's upholder. King of all creatures, give us glory amply, exalted glory due to him who lauds thee.

21

Now, Indra! lauded, glorified with praises, let power swell high like rivers for the singer. For thee a new hymn, Lord of Bays! is fashioned. May we, car-borne, through song be victors ever.

HYMN XVIII. Indra and Others.

1

THIS is the ancient and accepted pathway by which all Gods have come into existence. Hereby could one be born though waxen mighty. Let him not, otherwise, destroy his Mother.

2

Not this way go I forth: hard is the passage. Forth from the side obliquely will I issue. Much that is yet undone must I accomplish; one must I combat and the other question.

3

He bent his eye upon the dying Mother: My word I now withdraw. That way I follow. In Tvastar's dwelling India drank the Soma, a hundredworth of juice pressed from the mortar.

4

What strange act shall he do, he whom his Mother bore for a thousand months and many autumns? No peer hath he among those born already, nor among those who shall be born hereafter.

5

Deeming him a reproach, his mother hid him, Indra, endowed with all heroic valour. Then up he sprang himself, assumed his vesture, and filled, as soon as born, the earth and heaven.

6

With lively motion onward flow these waters, the Holy Ones, shouting, as 'twere, together. Ask them to. tell thee what the floods are saying, what girdling rock the waters burst asunder.

7

Are they addressing him with words of welcome? Will the floods take on them the shame of Indra? With his great thunderbolt my Son hath slaughtered Vrtra, and set these rivers free to wander.

8

I cast thee from me, mine,—thy youthful mother: thee, mine own offspring, Kusava hath swallowed. To him, mine infant, were the waters gracious. Indra, my Son, rose up in conquering vigour.

9

Thou art mine own, O Maghavan, whom Vyamsa struck to the ground and smote thy jaws in pieces. But, smitten through, the mastery thou wonnest, and with thy bolt the Dasa's

head thou crushedst.

10

The Heifer hath brought forth the Strong, the Mighty, the unconquerable Bull, the furious Indra. The Mother left her unlicked Calf to wander, seeking himself, the path that he would follow.

11

Then to her mighty Child the Mother turned her, saying, My son, these Deities forsake thee. Then Indra said, about to slaughter Vrtra, O my friend Vrtra, stride full boldly forward.

12

Who was he then who made thy Mother widow? Who sought to stay thee lying still or moving? What God, when by the foot thy Sire thou tookest and slewest, was at hand to give thee comfort?

13

In deep distress I cooked a dog's intestines. Among the Gods I found not one to comfort. My consort I beheld in degradation. The Falcon then brought me the pleasant Soma.

HYMN XIX. Indra.

1

THEE, verily, O Thunder-wielding Indra, all the Gods here, the Helpers swift to listen, And both the worlds elected, thee the Mighty, High, waxen strong, alone to slaughter Vrtra.

2

The Gods, as worn withheld, relaxed their efforts: thou, Indra, born of truth, wast Sovran Ruler. Thou slewest Ahi who besieged the waters, and duggest out their all-supporting channels.

3

The insatiate one, extended, hard to waken, who slumbered in perpetual sleep, O Indra,—The Dragon stretched against the seven prone rivers, where no joint was, thou rentest with thy thunder.

4

Indra with might shook earth and her foundation as the wind stirs the water with its fury. Striving, with strength he burst the firm asunder, and tore away the summits of the mountains.

5

They ran to thee as mothers to their offspring: the clouds, like chariots, hastened forth together. Thou didst refresh the streams and force the billows: thou, Indra, settest free obstructed rivers.

6

Thou for the sake of Vayya and Turviti didst stay the great stream, flowing, allsustaining:

Yea, at their prayer didst check the rushing river and make the floods easy to cross, O Indra.

7

He let the young Maids skilled in Law, unwedded, like fountains, bubbling, flow forth streaming onward. He inundated thirsty plains and deserts, and milked the dry Cows of the mighty master.

8

Through many a morn and many a lovely autumn, having slain Vrtra, lie set free the rivers. Indra hath set at liberty to wander on earth the streams encompassed pressed together.

9

Lord of Bay Steeds, thou broughtest from the ant-hill the unwedded damsel's son whom ants were eating. The blind saw clearly, as he grasped the serpent, rose, brake the jar: his joints again united.

10

To the wise man, O Sage and Sovran Ruler, the man who knoweth all thine ancient exploits. Hath told these deeds of might as thou hast wrought them, great acts, spontaneous, and to man's advantage.

11

Now, Indra! lauded, glorified with praises, let powers swell high, like rivers, for the singer. For thee a new hymn, Lord of Bays! is fashioned. May we, car-borne, through song be victors ever.

HYMN XX. Indra.

1

FROM near or far away may mighty Indra giver of succour, come for our protection Lord of men, armed with thunder, with the Strongest, slaying his foes in conflict, in the battles.

2

May Indra come to us with Tawny Coursers, inclined to us, to favour and enrich us. May Maghavan, loud-voiced and wielding thunder, stand by us at this sacrifice, in combat.

3

Thou, honouring this our sacrifice, O Indra, shalt give us strength and fill us full of courage. To win the booty, Thunder-armed! like hunters may we with thee subdue in fight our foemen.

4

Loving us well, benevolent, close beside us, drink, Godlike Indra, of the wellpressed Soma. Drink of the meath we offer, and delight thee with food that cometh from the mountain ridges.

5

Him who is sung aloud by recent sages, like a ripe-fruited tree, a scythe-armed victor,— I, like a bridegroom thinking of his consort, call hither Indra, him invoked of many;

6

Him who in native strength is like a mountain, the lofty Indra born or old for conquest, Terrific wielder of the ancient thunder. filled full with splendour as a jar with water.

7

Whom from of old there is not one to hinder, none to curtail the riches of his bounty. Pouring forth freely, O thou Strong and Mighty, vouchsafe us riches, God invoked of many!

8

Of wealth and homes of men thou art the ruler, and opener of the stable of the cattle. Helper of men, winner of spoil in combats, thou leadest to an ample heap of riches.

9

By what great might is he renowned as strongest, wherewith the Lofty One stirs up wild battles? Best soother of the worshipper's great sorrow, he gives possessions to the man who lauds him.

10

Slay us not; bring, bestow on us the ample gift which thou hast to give to him who offers. At this new gift, with this laud sung before thee, extolling thee, we, Indra, will declare it.

11

Now, Indra! lauded, glorified with praises, let power swell high, like rivers, for the singer. A new hymn, Lord of Bays! for thee is fashioned. May we, car-born, through song be victors ever.

HYMN XXI. Indra.

1

MAY Indra come to us for our protection; here be the Hero, praised, our feast-companion. May he whose powers are many, waxen mighty, cherish, like Dyaus, his own supreme dominion.

2

Here magnify his great heroic exploits, most glorious One, enriching men with bounties, Whose will is like a Sovran in assembly, who rules the people, Conqueror, all-surpassing.

3

Hither let Indra come from earth or heaven, hither with speech from firmament or ocean; With Maruts, from the realm of light to aid us, or from a distance, from the seat of Order.

4

That Indra will we laud in our assemblies, him who is Lord of great and lasting riches, Victor with Vayu where the herds are gathered, who leads with boldness on to higher fortune.

5

May the Priest, Lord of many blessings, striving,—who fixing reverence on reverence, giving Vent to his voice, inciteth men to worship with lauds bring Indra hither to our dwellings.

6

When sitting pondering in deep devotion in Ausija's abode they ply the press—stone, May he whose wrath is fierce, the mighty bearer, come as the house—lord's priest within our chambers.

7

Surely the power of Bharvara the mighty for ever helpeth to support the singer; That which in Ausija's abode lies hidden, to come forth for delight and for devotion.

8

When he unbars the spaces of the mountains, and quickens with his floods the water—torrents, He finds in lair the buffalo and wild—ox when the wise lead him on to vigorous exploit.

9

Auspicious are thy hands, thine arms wellfashioned which proffer bounty, Indra, to thy praiser. What sloth is this? Why dost thou not rejoice thee? Why dost thou not delight thyself with giving?

10

So Indra is the truthful Lord of treasure. Freedom he gave to man by slaying Vrtra. Much—lauded! help us with thy power to riches: may I be sharer of thy Godlike favour.

11

Now, Indra! lauded, glorified with praises, let power swell high, like rivers, for, the singer. For thee a new hymn, Lord of Bays! is fashioned. May we, care—borne, through song be victors ever.

HYMN XXII. Indra.

1

THAT gift of ours which Indra loves and welcomes, even that he makes for us, the Great and Strong One. He who comes wielding in his might the thunder, Maghavan, gives prayer, praise, and laud, and Soma.

2

Bull, hurler of the four—edged rain—producer with both his arms, strong, mighty, most heroic; Wearing as wool Parusni for adornment, whose joints for sake of friendship he hath covered.

3

God who of all the Gods was born divinest, endowed with ample strength and mighty powers, And bearing in his arms the yearning thunder, with violent rush caused heaven and earth to tremble.

4

Before the High God, at his birth, heaven trembled, earth, many floods and all the precipices. The Strong One bringeth nigh the Bull's two Parents: loud sing the winds, like men, in air's mid-region.

5

These are thy great deeds, Indra, thine, the Mighty, deeds to be told aloud at all libations, That thou, O Hero, bold and boldly daring, didst with thy bolt, by strength, destroy the Dragon.

6

True are all these thy deeds, O Most Heroic. The Milch-kine issued from the streaming udder. In fear of thee, O thou of manly spirit, the rivers swiftly set themselves in motion.

7

With joy, O Indra, Lord of Tawny Coursers, the Sisters then, these Goddesses, extolled thee, When thou didst give the prisoned ones their freedom to wander at their will in long succession.

8

Pressed is the gladdening stalk as 'twere a river: so let the rite, the toiler's power, attract thee To us-ward, of the Bright One, as the courser strains his. exceedingly strong leather bridle.

9

Ever by us perform thy most heroic, thine highest, best victorious deeds, O Victor. For us make Vrtras easy to be conquered: destroy the weapon of our mortal foeman.

10

Graciously listen to our prayer, O Indra, and strength of varied sort bestow thou on us. Send to us all intelligence and wisdom O Maghavan, be he who gives us cattle.

11

Now, Indra! lauded, glorified with praises, let wealth swell high [sic] like rivers to the singer. For thee a new hymn, Lord of Bays, is fashioned. May we, car-borne, through song be victors ever.

HYMN XXIII. Indra.

1

How, what priest's sacrifice hath he made mighty, rejoicing in the Soma and its fountain? Delighting in juice, eagerly drinking, the Lofty One hath waxed for splendid riches.

2

What hero hath been made his feast-companion? Who hath been partner in his loving-kindness? What know we of his wondrous acts? How often comes he to aid and speed the pious toiler?

3

How heareth Indra offered invocation? How, hearing, marketh he the invoker's wishes? What are his ancient acts of bounty? Wherefore call they him One who filleth full the singer?

4

How doth the priest who laboureth, ever longing, win for himself the wealth which he possesseth? May he, the God, mark well my truthful praises, having received the homage which he loveth.

5

How, and what bond of friendship with a mortal hath the God chosen as this morn is breaking? How, and what love hath he for those who love him, who have entwined in him their firm affection?

6

Is then thy friendship with thy friends most mighty? Thy brotherhood with us, –when may we tell it? The streams of milk move, as most wondrous sunlight, the beauty of the Lovely One for glory.

7

About to stay the Indra-less destructive spirit he sharpens his keen arms to strike her. Whereby the Strong, although our debts' exactor, drives in the distant mornings that we know not.

8

Eternal Law hath varied food that strengthens; thought of eternal Law, removes transgressions. The praise-hymn of eternal Law, arousing, glowing, hath oped the deaf ears of the living.

9

Firm-seated are eternal Law's foundations in its fair form are many splendid beauties. By holy Law long lasting food they bring us; by holy Law have cows come to our worship.

10

Fixing eternal Law he, too, upholds it swift moves the might of Law and wins the booty. To Law belong the vast deep Earth and Heaven: Milch-kine supreme, to Law their milk they render.

11

Now, Indra! lauded,– glorified with praises, let power swell high like rivers to the singer. For thee a new hymn, Lord of Bays, is fashioned. May we, car-borne, through song be victors ever.

HYMN XXIV. Indra.

1

WHAT worthy praise will bring before us Indra, the Son of Strength, that he may grant us

riches; For he the Hero, gives the singer treasures: he is the Lord who sends us gifts, ye people.

2

To be invoked and hymned in fight with Vrtra, that well-praised Indra gives us real bounties. That Maghavan brings comfort in the foray to the religious man who pours libations.

3

Him, verily, the men invoke in combat; risking their lives they make him their protector, When heroes, foe to foe, give up their bodies, fighting, each side, for children and their offspring.

4

Strong God! the folk at need put forth their vigour, striving together in the whirl of battle. When warrior bands encounter one another some in the grapple quit themselves like Indra.

5

Hence many a one worships the might of Indra: hence let the brew succeed the meal-oblation. Hence let the Soma banish those who pour not: even hence I joy to pay the Strong One worship.

6

Indra gives comfort to the man who truly presses, for him who longs for it, the Soma, Not disaffected, with devoted spirit this man he takes to be his friend in battles.

7

He who this day for Indra presses Soma, prepares the brew and fries the grains of barley— Loving the hymns of that devoted servant, to him may Indra give heroic vigour.

8

When the impetuous chief hath sought the conflict, and the lord looked upon the long-drawn battle, The matron calls to the Strong God whom pressers of Soma have encouraged into the dwelling.

9

He bid a small price for a thing of value: I was content, returning, still unpurchased. He heightened not his insufficient offer. Simple and clever, both milk out the udder.

10

Who for ten milch-kine purchaseth from me this Indra who is mine? When he hath slain the Vrtras let the buyer give him back to me.

11

Now, Indra! lauded, glorified with praises, let wealth swell high like rivers for the singer. For thee a new hymn, Lord of Bays, is fashioned. May we, car-borne, through song be victors ever.

HYMN XXV. Indra.

1

WHAT friend of man, God-loving, hath delighted, yearning therefor, this day in Indra's friendship? Who with enkindled flame and flowing Soma laudeth him for his great protecting favour?

2

Who hath with prayer bowed to the Soma-lover? What pious man endues the beams of morning? Who seeks bond, friendship, brotherhood with Indra? Who hath recourse unto the Sage for succour?

3

Who claims to-day the Deities' protection, asks Aditi for light, or the Adityas? Of whose pressed stalk of Soma drink the Asvins, Indra, and Agni, well-inclined in spirit?

4

To him shall Agni Bharata give shelter: long shall he look upon the Sun up-rising, Who sayeth, Let us press the juice for Indra, man's Friend, the Hero manliest of heroes.

5

Him neither few men overcome, nor many to him shall Aditi give spacious shelter. Dear is the pious, the devout, to Indra dear is the zealous, dear the Soma-bringer.

6

This Hero curbs the mighty for the zealous: the presser's brew Indra possesses solely: No brother, kin, or friend to him who pours not, destroyer of the dumb who would resist him.

7

Not with the wealthy churl who pours no Soma doth Indra, Soma-drinker, bind alliance. He draws away his wealth and slays him naked, own Friend to him who offers, for oblation.

8

Highest and lowest, men who stand between diem, going, returning, dwelling in contentment, Those who show forth their strength when urged to battle—these are the men who call for aid on Indra.

HYMN XXVI. Indra.

1

I WAS aforetime Manu, I was Surya: I am the sage Kaksivan, holy singer. Kutsa the son of Arjuni I master. I am the sapient Usana behold me.

2

I have bestowed the earth upon the Arya, and rain upon the man who brings oblation. I guided forth the loudly-roaring waters, and the Gods moved according to my pleasure.

3

In the wild joy of Soma I demolished Sambara's forts, ninety-and-nine, together; And, utterly, the hundredth habitation, when helping Divodasa Atithigva.

4

Before all birds be ranked this Bird, O Maruts; supreme of falcons be this fleet-winged Falcon, Because, strong-pinioned, with no car to bear him, he brought to Manu the Godloved oblation.

5

When the Bird brought it, hence in rapid motion sent on the wide path fleet as thought he hurried. Swift he returned with sweetness of the Soma, and hence the Falcon hath acquired his glory.

6

Bearing the stalk, the Falcon speeding onward, Bird bringing from afar the draught that gladdens, Friend of the Gods, brought, grasping fast, the Soma which he had taken from yon loftiest heaven.

7

The Falcon took and brought the Soma, bearing thousand libations with him, yea, ten thousand. The Bold One left Malignities behind him, wise, in wild joy of Soma, left the foolish.

HYMN XXVII. The Falcon.

1

I, As I lay within the womb, considered all generations of these Gods in order. A hundred iron fortresses confined me but forth I flew with rapid speed a Falcon.

2

Not at his own free pleasure did he bear me: he conquered with his strength and manly courage. Straightway the Bold One left the fiends behind him and passed the winds as he grew yet more mighty.

3

When with loud cry from heaven down sped the Falcon, thence hasting like the wind he bore the Bold One. Then, wildly raging in his mind, the archer Krsanu aimed and loosed the string to strike him.

4

The Falcon bore him from heaven's lofty summit as the swift car of Indra's Friend bore Bhujyu. Then downward hither fell a flying feather of the Bird hasting forward in his journey.

5

And now let Maghavan accept the beaker, white, filled with milk, filled with the shining liquid; The best of sweet meath which the priests have offered: that Indra to his joy may drink, the Hero, that he may take and drink it to his rapture.

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HYMN XXVIII. Indra–Soma.

1

ALLIED with thee, in this thy friendship, Soma, Indra for man made waters flow together,
Slew Ahi, and sent forth the Seven Rivers, and opened as it were obstructed fountains.

2

Indu, with thee for his confederate, Indra swiftly with might pressed down the wheel of
Surya. What rolled, all life's support, on heaven's high summit was separated from the great
oppressor.

3

Indra smote down, Agni consumed, O Indu, the Dasyus ere the noontide in the conflict. Of
those who gladly sought a hard–won dwelling he cast down many a thousand with his
arrow.

4

Lower than all besides hast thou, O Indra, cast down the Dasyus, abject tribes of Dasas. Ye
drave away, ye put to death the foemen, and took great vengeance with your murdering
weapons.

5

So, of a truth, Indra and Soma, Heroes, ye burst the stable of the kine and horses, The
stable which the bar or stone obstructed; and piercing through set free the habitations.

HYMN XXIX. Indra.

1

COME, lauded, unto us with powers and succours, O Indra, with thy Tawny Steeds;
exulting, Past even the foeman's manifold libations, glorified with our hymns, true
Wealth–bestower.

2

Man's Friend, to this our sacrifice he cometh marking how he is called by Soma–pressers.
Fearless, and conscious that his Steeds are noble, he joyeth with the Soma–pouring
heroes.

3

Make his cars hear, that he may show his vigour and may be joyful in the way he loveth.
May mighty Indra pouring forth in bounty bestow on us good roads and perfect safety;

4

He who with succour comes to his implorer, the singer here who with his song invites him;

He who himself sets to the pole swift Coursers, he who hath hundreds, thousands,
Thunder-wielder.

5

O Indra Maghavan, by thee protected may we be thine, princes and priests and singers,
Sharing the riches sent from lofty heaven which yields much food, and all desire its bounty.

HYMN XXX. Indra.

1

O INDRA, Vrtra-slayer, none is better, mightier than thou: Verily there is none like thee.

2

Like chariot-wheels these people all together follow after thee: Thou ever art renowned as
Great.

3

Not even all the gathered Gods conquered thee, Indra, in the war, When thou didst
lengthen days by night.

4

When for the sake of those oppressed, and Kutsa as he battled, Thou stolest away the
Sun's car-wheel.

5

When, fighting singly, Indra. thou o'ercamest all the furious Gods, thou slewest those who
strove with thee.

6

When also for a mortal man, Indra, thou speddest forth the Sun, And holpest Etasa with
might.

7

What? Vrtra-slayer, art not thou, Maghavan, fiercest in thy wrath? So hast thou quelled the
demon too.

8

And this heroic deed of might thou, Indra, also hast achieved, That thou didst smite to death
the Dame, Heaven's Daughter, meditating ill.

9

Thou, Indra, Mighty One, didst crush Usas, though Daughter of the Sky. When lifting up
herself in pride.

10

Then from her chariot Usas fled, affrighted, from her ruined car. When the strong God had
shattered it.

11

So there this car of Usas lay, broken to pieces, in Vipas, And she herself fled far away.

12

Thou, Indra, didst. with magic power resist the overflowing stream Who spread her waters o'er the land.

13

Valiantly didst thou seize and take the store which Susna had amassed, When thou didst crush his fortresses.

14

Thou, Indra, also smotest down Kulitara's son Sambara, The Dasa, from the lofty hill.

15

Of Dasa Varcin's thou didst slay the hundred thousand and the five, Crushed like the fellies, of a car.

16

So Indra, Lord of Heroes, Powers, caused the unwedded damsel's son, The castaway, to share the lauds.

17

So sapient Indra, Lord of Might, brought Turvaga and Yadu, those Who feared the flood, in safel [sic] o'er.

18

Arpa and Citraratha, both Aryas, thou, Indra, slewest swift, On yonder side of Sarayu,

19

Thou, Vrtra-slayer, didst conduct those two forlorn, the blind, the lame. None may attain this bliss of thine.

20

For Divodasa, him who brought oblation, Indra overthrew A hundred fortresses of stone.

21

The thirty thousand Disas he with magic power and weapons sent To slumber, for Dabhiti's sake.

22

As such, O Vrtra-slayer, thou art general Lord of kine for all, Thou Shaker of all things that be.

23

Indra, whatever deed of might thou hast this day to execute, None be there now to hinder it.

24

O Watchful One, may Aryaman the God give thee all goodly things. May Risan, Bhaga, and the God Karulati give all things fair.

HYMN XXXI. Indra.

1

WITH what help will he come to us, wonderful, ever-waxing Friend; With what most mighty company?

2

What genuine and most liberal draught will spirit thee with juice to burst Open e'en strongly-guarded wealth?

3

Do thou who art Protector of us thy friends who praise thee With hundred aids approach us.

4

Like as a courser's circling wheel, so turn thee hitherward to us, Attracted by the hymns of men.

5

Thou seekest as it were thine own stations with swift descent of powers: I share thee even with the Sun.

6

What time thy courage and his wheels together, Indra, run their course With thee and with the Sun alike,

7

So even, Lord of Power and Might, the people call thee Maghavan, Giver, who pauses not to think.

8

And verily to him who toils and presses Soma juice for thee Thou quickly givest ample wealth.

9

No, not a hundred hinderers can check thy gracious bounty's flow, Nor thy great deeds when thou wilt act.

10

May thine assistance keep us safe, thy hundred and thy thousand aids: May all thy favours strengthen us.

11

Do thou elect us this place for friendship and prosperity, And great celestial opulence.

12

Favour us, Indra, evermore with overflowing store of wealth: With all thy succours aid thou us.

13

With new protections, Indra, like an archer, open thou for us The stables that are filled with kine.

14

Our chariot, Indra, boldly moves endued with splendour, ne'er repulsed, Winning for us both kine and steeds.

15

O Surya, make our fame to be most excellent among the Gods, Most lofty as the heaven on high.

HYMN XXXII. Indra.

1

O THOU who slewest Vrtra, come, O Indra, hither to our side, Mighty One with thy mighty aids.

2

Swift and impetuous art thou, wondrous amid the well-dressed folk: Thou doest marvels for our help.

3

Even with the weak thou smitest down him who is stronger, with thy strength The mighty, with the Friends thou hast.

4

O Indra, we are close to thee; to thee we sing aloud our songs: Help and defend us, even us.

5

As such, O Caster of the Stone, come with thy succours wonderful, Blameless, and irresistible.

6

May we be friends of one like thee, O Indra, with the wealth of kine, Comrades for lively energy.

7

For thou, O Indra, art alone the Lord of strength that comes from kine So grant thou us abundant food.

8

They turn thee not another way, when, lauded, Lover of the Song, Thou wilt give wealth to

those who praise.

9

The Gotamas have sung their song of praise to thee that thou mayst give, Indra, for lively energy.

10

We will declare thy hero deeds, what Disa forts thou brakest down, Attacking them in rapturous joy.

11

The sages sing those manly deeds which, Indra, Lover of the Song, Thou wroughtest when the Soma flowed.

12

Indra, the Gotamas who bring thee praises have grown strong by thee. Give them renown with hero sons.

13

For, Indra, verily thou art the general treasure even of all . Thee, therefore, do we invoke.

14

Excellent Indra, turn to us: glad thee among us with the juice Of Somas, Soma–drinker thou.

15

May praise from us who think Qn [sic] thee, O Indra, bring thee near to us. Turn thy two Bay Steeds hitherward.

16

Eat of our sacrificial cake: rejoice thee in the songs we sing. Even as a lover in his bride.

17

To India for a thousand steeds well–trained and fleet of foot we pray, And hundred jars of Soma juice.

18

We make a hundred of thy kine, yea, and a thousand, hasten nigh: So let thy bounty come to us.

19

We have obtained, a gift from thee, ten water–ewers wrought of gold: Thou, Vrtra–slayer, givest much.

20

A bounteous Giver, give us much, bring much and not a trifling gift: Much, Indra, wilt thou fain bestow.

21

O Vrtra–slayer, thou art famed in many a place as bountiful Hero, thy bounty let us share.

22

I praise thy pair of Tawny Steeds, wise Son of him who giveth kine Terrify not the cows with these.

23

Like two slight images of girls, unrobed, upon a new–wrought post, So shine the Bay Steeds in their course.

24

For me the Bays are ready when I start, or start not, with the dawn, Innocuous in the ways they take.

HYMN XXXIII. Rbhus.

I. I SEND my voice as herald to the Rbhus; I crave the white cow for the overspreading. Wind–sped, the Skillful Ones in rapid motion have in an instant compassed round the heaven.

2

What time the Rbus had with care and marvels done proper service to assist their Parents, They won the friendship of the Gods; the Sages carried away the fruit of their devotion.

3

May they who made their Parents, who were lying like posts that moulder, young again for ever,— May Vaja, Vibhvan, Rbhu, joined with Indra , protect our sacrifice, the Soma–lovers.

4

As for a year the Rbhus kept the Milch–cow, throughout a year fashioned and formed her body, And through a year's space still sustained her brightness, through these their labours they were made immortal.

5

Two beakers let us make,— thus said the eldest. Let us make three,— this was the younger's sentence. Four beakers let us make,— thus spoke the youngest. Tvastar approved this rede [sic] of yours, O Rbhus.

6

The men spake truth and even so they acted: this Godlike way of theirs the Rbhus followed. And Tvastar, when he looked on the four beakers resplendent as the day, was moved with envy.

7

When for twelve days the Rbhus joyed reposing as guests of him who never may be hidden, They made fair fertile fields, they brought the rivers. Plants spread o'er deserts, waters filled the hollows.

8

May they who formed the swift car, bearing Heroes, and the Cow omniform and all-impelling, Even may they form wealth for us,—the Rbhus, dexterous-handed, deft in work and gracious.

9

So in their work the Gods had satisfaction, pondering it with thought and mental insight. The Gods' expert artificer was Vaja, Indra's Rbhukshan, Varuna's was Vibhvan.

10

They whol [sic] made glad with sacrifice and praises, wrought the two Bays, his docile Steeds, for Indra,— Rbhus, as those who wish a friend to prosper, bestow upon us gear and growth of riches.

11

This day have they set gladdening drink before you. Not without toil are Gods inclined to friendship. Therefore do ye who are so great, O Rbhus, vouchsafe us treasures at this third libation.

HYMN XXXIV. Rbhus.

1

To this our sacrifice come Rbhu, Vibhvan, Vaja, and Indra with the gift of riches, Because this day hath Dhisana the Goddess set drink for you: the gladdening draughts have reached you.

2

Knowing your birth and rich in gathered treasure, Rbhus, rejoice together with the Rtus. The gladdening draughts and wisdom have approached you: send ye us riches with good store of heroes.

3

For you was made this sacrifice, O Rbhus, which ye, like men, won for yourselves aforetime. To you come all who find in you their pleasure: ye all were—even the two elder—Vajas.

4

Now for the mortal worshipper, O Heroes, for him who served you, was the gift of riches. Drink, Vajas, Rbhus! unto you is offered, to gladden you, the third and great libation.

5

Come to us, Heroes, Vajas and Rbhukshans, glorified for the sake of mighty treasure. These draughts approach you as the day is closing, as cows, whose calves are newly-born, their stable.

6

Come to this sacrifice of ours, ye Children of Strength, invoked with humble adoration. Drink of this meath, Wealth-givers, joined with Indra with whom ye are in full accord, ye

Princes.

7

Close knit with Varuna drink the Soma, Indra; close-knit, Hymn-lover! with the Maruts drink it: Close-knit with drinkers first, who drink in season; close-knit with heavenly Dames who give us treasures.

8

Rejoice in full accord with the Adityas, in concord with the Parvatas, O Rbhus; In full accord with Savitar, Divine One; in full accord with floods that pour forth riches.

9

Rbhus, who helped their Parents and the Asvins, who formed the Milch-cow and the pair of horses, Made armour, set the heaven and earth asunder, -far- reaching Heroes, they have made good offspring.

10

Ye who have wealth in cattle and in booty, in heroes, in rich sustenance and treasure, Such, O ye Rbhus, first to drink, rejoicing, give unto us and those who laud our present.

11

Ye were not far: we have not left you thirsting, blameless in this our sacrifice, O Rbhus. Rejoice you with the Maruts and with Indra, with the Kings, Gods! that ye may give us riches.

HYMN XXXV. Rbhus.

1

Come hither, O ye Sons of Strength, ye Rbhus; stay not afar, ye Children of Sudhanvan. At this libation is your gift of treasure. Let gladdening draughts approach you after Indra's.

2

Hither is come the Rbhus' gift of riches; here was the drinking of the well-pressed Soma, Since by dexterity and skill as craftsmen ye made the single chalice to be fourfold

3

Ye made fourfold the chalice that wag single: ye spake these words and said, O Friend, assist us; Then, Vajas! gained the path of life eternal, deft-handed Rbhus, to the Gods' assembly.

4

Out of what substance was that chalice fashioned which ye made fourfold by your art and wisdom? Now for the gladdening draught press out the liquor, and drink, O Rbhus, of the meath of Soma.

5

Ye with your cunning made your Parents youthful; the cup, for Gods to drink, ye formed with cunning; With cunning, Rbhus, rich in treasure, fashioned the two swift Tawny Steeds

who carry Indra.

6

Whoso pours out for you, when days are closing, the sharp libation for your joy, O Vajas,
For him, O mighty Rbhus, ye, rejoicing, have fashioned wealth with plenteous store of
heroes.

7

Lord of Bay Steeds, at dawn the juice thou drankest: thine, only thine, is the noonday
libation. Now drink thou with the wealth–bestowing Rbhus, whom for their skill thou madest
friends, O Indra.

8

Ye, whom your artist skill hath raised to Godhead have set you down above in heaven like
falcons. So give us riches, Children of Sudhanvan, O Sons of Strength; ye have become
immortal.

9

The third libation, that bestoweth treasure, which ye have won by skill, ye
dexterous–handed,– This drink hath been effused for you, O Rbhus . drink it with high
delight, with joy like Indra's.

HYMN XXXVI. Rbhus.

1

Thia [sic] car that was not made for horses or for reins, three–wheeled, worthy of lauds,
rolls round the firmament. That is the great announcement of your Deity, that, O ye Rbhus,
ye sustain the earth and heaven.

2

Ye Sapient Ones who made the lightly–rolling car out of your mind, by thought, the car that
never errs, You, being such, to drink of this drink offering, you, O ye Vajas, and ye Rbhus,
we invoke.

3

O Vajas, Rbhus, reaching far, among the Gods this was your exaltation gloriously declared,
In that your aged Parents, worn with length of days, ye wrought again to youth so that they
moved at will.

4

The chalice that wag single ye have made fourfold, and by your wisdom brought the Cow
forth from the hide. So quickly, mid the Gods, ye gained immortal life. Vajas and Rbhus,
your great work must be extolled.

5

Wealth from the Rbhus is most glorious in renown, that which the Heroes, famed for vigour,
have produced. In synods must be sung the car which Vibhvan wrought: that which ye
favour, Gods! is famed among mankind.

6

Strong is the steed, the man a sage in eloquence, the Bowman is a hero hard to beat in fight, Great store of wealth and manly power hath he obtained whom Vaja, Vibhvan, Rbhus have looked kindly on.

7

To you hath been assigned the fairest ornament, the hymn of praise: Vajas and Rbhus, joy therein; For ye have lore and wisdom and poetic skill: as such, with this our prayer we call on you to come.

8

According to the wishes of our hearts may ye, who have full knowledge of all the delights of men, Fashion for us, O Rbhus, power and splendid wealth, rich in high courage, excellent, and vital strength.

9

Bestowing on us here riches and offspring, here fashion fame for us befitting heroes. Vouchsafe us wealth of splendid sort, O Rbhus, that we may make us more renowned than others.

HYMN XXXVII. Rbhus.

1

COME to our sacrifice, Vajas, Rbhukṣans, Gods, by the paths which Gods are wont to travel, As ye, gay Gods, accept in splendid weather the sacrifice among these folk of Manus.

2

May these rites please you in your heart and spirit; may the drops clothed in oil this day approach you. May the abundant juices bear you onward to power and strength, and, when imbibed, delight you.

3

Your threefold going near is God-appointed, so praise is given you, Vajas and Rbhukṣans. So, Manus-like, mid younger folk I offer, to you who are aloft in heaven, the Soma.

4

Strong, with fair chains of gold and jaws of iron, ye have a splendid car and well-fed horses. Ye Sons of Strength, ye progeny of Indra, to you the best is offered to delight you.

5

Rbhukṣans! him, for handy wealth, the mightiest comrade in the fight, Him, Indra's equal, we invoke, most bounteous ever, rich in steeds.

6

The mortal man whom, Rbhus, ye and Indra favour with your help, Must be successful, by his thoughts, at sacrifice and with the steed.

7

O Vajas and Rbhuksans, free for us the paths to sacrifice, Ye Princes, lauded, that we may
press forward to each point of heaven.

8

O Vajas and Rbhuksans, ye Nasatyas, Indra, bless this wealth, And, before other men's,
the steed, that ample riches may be won.

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HYMN XXXVIII. Dadhikris.

1

FROM you two came the gifts in days aforetime which Trasadasyu granted to the Purus. Ye gave the winner of our fields and plough-lands, and the strong smiter who subdued the Dasytis.

2

And ye gave mighty Dadhikras, the giver of many gifts, who visiteth all people, Impetuous hawk, swift and of varied colour, like a brave King whom each true man must honour.

3

Whom, as 'twere down a precipice, swift rushing, each Puru praises and his heart rejoices,—Springing forth like a hero fain for battle, whirling the car and flying like the tempest.

4

Who gaineth precious booty in the combats and moveth, winning spoil, among the cattle; Shown in bright colour, looking on the assemblies, beyond the churl, to worship of the living.

5

Loudly the folk cry after him in battles, as 'twere a thief who steals away a garment; Speeding to glory, or a herd of cattle, even as a hungry falcon swooping downward.

6

And, fain to come forth first amid these armies, this way and that with rows of cars he rushes, Gay like a bridesman, making him a garland, tossing the dust, champing the rein that holds him.

7

And that strong Steed, victorious and faithful, obedient with his body in the combat, Speeding straight on amid the swiftly ressing [sic], casts o'er his brows the dust he tosses upward.

8

And at his thunder, like the roar of heaven, those who attack tremble and are affrighted; For when he fights against embattled thousands, dread is he in his striving; none may stay him.

9

The people praise the overpowering swiftness of this fleet Steed who giveth men abundance. Of him they say when drawing back from battle. Dadhikras hath sped forward with his thousands.

10

Dadhikras hath o'erspread the Fivefold People with vigour, as the Sun lightens the waters. May the strong Steed who winneth hundreds, thousands, requite with sweetness these my words and praises.

HYMN XXXIX Dadhikras.

1

Now give we praise to Dadhikras the rapid, and mention in our laud the Earth and Heaven. May the Dawns flushing move me to exertion, and bear me safely over every trouble.

2

I praise the mighty Steed who fills my spirit, the Stallion Dadhikravan rich in bounties, Whom, swift of foot and shining bright as Agni, ye, Varuna and Mitra, gave to Purus.

3

Him who hath honoured, when the flame is kindled at break of dawn, the Courser Dadhikrivan, Him, of one mind with Varuna and Mitra may Aditi make free from all transgression.

4

When we remember mighty Dadhikravan our food and strength, then the blest name of Maruts, Varuna, Mitra, we invoke for welfare, and Agni, and the thunder-wielding Indra.

5

Both sides invoke him as they call on Indra when they stir forth and turn to sacrificing. To us have Varuna and Mitra granted the Courser Dadhikris, a guide for mortals.

6

So have I glorified with praise strong Dadhikravan, conquering Steed. Sweet may he make our mouths; may he prolong the days we have to live.

HYMN XL. Dadhikravan.

1

LET us recite the praise of Dadhikravan: may all the Mornings move me to exertion; Praise of the Lord of Waters, Dawn, and Agni, Brhaspati Son of Angiras, and Surya.

2

Brave, seeking war and booty, dwelling with the good and with the swift, may he hasten the food of Dawn. May he the true, the fleet, the lover of the course, the bird-like Dadhikravan, bring food, strength, and light.

3

His pinion, rapid runner, fans him in his way, as of a bird that hastens onward to its aim, And, as it were a falcon's gliding through the air, strikes Dadhikravan's side as he speeds on with might.

4

Bound by the neck and by the flanks and by the mouth, the vigorous Courser lends new swiftness to his speed. Drawing himself together, as his strength allows, Dadhikras springs along the windings of the paths.

5

The Hamsa homed in light, the Vasu in mid-air, the priest beside the altar, in the house the guest, Dweller in noblest place, mid men, in truth, in sky, born of flood, kine, truth, mountain, he is holy Law.

HYMN XLI. Indra–Varuna.

1

WHAT laud, O Indra–Varuna, with oblation, hath like the Immortal Priest obtained your favour? Hath our effectual laud, addressed with homage, touched you, O Indra–Varuna, in spirit?

2

He who with dainty food hath won you, Indra and Varuna, Gods, as his allies to friendship, Jayeth the Vrtras and his foes in battles, and through your mighty favours is made famous.

3

Indra and Varuna are most liberal givers of treasure to the men who toil to serve them, When they, as Friends inclined to friendship, honoured with dainty food, delight in flowing Soma.

4

Indra and Varuna, ye hurl, O Mighty, on him your strongest flashing bolt of thunder Who treats us ill, the robber and oppressor: measure on him your overwhelming vigour.

5

O Indra–Varuna, be ye the lovers of this my song, as steers who love the milch–Cow. Milk may it yield us as, gone forth to pasture, the great Cow pouring out her thousand rivers.

6

For fertile fields, for worthy sons and grandsons, for the Sun's beauty and for steer–like vigour, May Indra–Varuna with gracious favours work marvels for us in the stress of battle.

7

For you, as Princes, for your ancient kindness, good comrades of the man who seeks for booty, We choose to us for the dear bond of friendship, most liberal Heroes bringing bliss like parents.

8

Showing their strength, these hymns for grace, Free–givers I have gone to you, devoted, as to battle. For glory have they gone, as milk to Soma, to Indra–Varuna my thoughts and praises.

9

To Indra and to Varuna, desirous of gaining wealth have these my thoughts proceeded. They have come nigh to you as treasure lovers, like mares, fleet-footed, eager for the glory.

10

May we ourselves be lords of during riches, of ample sustenance for car and hones. So may the Twain who work with newest succours bring yoked teams hitherward to us and riches.

11

Come with your mighty succours, O ye Mighty; come, Indra–Varuna, to us in battle. What time the flashing arrows play in combat, may we through you be winners in the contest.

HYMN XLIL Indra–Varuna.

1

I AM the royal Ruler, mine is empire, as mine who sway all life are all Immortals. Varuna's will the Gods obey and follow. I am the King of men's most lofty cover.

2

I am King Varuna. To me were given these first existing high celestial powers. Varuna's will the Gods obey and follow. I am the King of men's most lofty cover.

3

I Varuna am Indra: in their greatness, these the two wide deep fairly-fashioned regions, These the two world-halves have I, even as Tvastar knowing all beings, joined and held together.

4

I made to flow the moisture-shedding waters, and set the heaven firm in the scat of Order. By Law the Son of Aditi, Law Observer, hath spread abroad the world in threefold measure.

5

Heroes with noble horses, fain for battle, selected warriors, call on me in combat. I Indra Maghavan, excite the conflict; I stir the dust, Lord of surpassing vigour.

6

All this I did. The Gods' own conquering power never impedeth me whom none opposeth. When lauds and Soma juice have made me joyful, both the unbounded regions are affrighted.

7

All beings know these deeds of thine thou tellest this unto Varuna, thou great Disposer! Thou art renowned as having slain the Vrtras. Thou madest flow the floods that were obstructed.

8

Our fathers then were these, the Seven his, what time the son of Durgaha was captive. For her they gained by sacrifice Trasadasyu, a demi-god, like Indra, conquering foemen.

9

The spouse of Purukutsa gave oblations to you, O Indra–Varuna, with homage. Then unto her ye gave King Trasadasyu, the demi-god, the slayer of the foeman.

10

May we, possessing much, delight in riches, Gods in oblations and the kine in pasture; And that Milch-cow who shrinks not from the milking, O Indra–Varuna, give to us daily.

HYMN XLIII. Asvins.

1

WHO will hear, who of those who merit worship, which of all Gods take pleasure in our homage? On whose heart shall we lay this laud celestial, rich with fair offerings, dearest to Immortals?

2

Who will be gracious? Who will come most quickly of all the Gods? Who will bring liss most largely? What car do they call swift with rapid coursers? That which the Daughter of the Sun elected.

3

So many days do ye come swiftly hither, as Indra to give help in stress of battle. Descended from the sky, divine, strong-pinioned, by which of all your powers are ye most mighty?

4

What is the prayer that we should bring you, Asvins, whereby ye come to us when invoked? Whether of you confronts e'en great betrayal? Lovers of sweetness, Dasras, help and save us.

5

In the wide space your chariot reacheth heaven, what time it turneth hither from the ocean. Sweets from your sweet shall drop, lovers of sweetness! These have they dressed for you as dainty viands.

6

Let Sindhu with his wave bedew your horses: in fiery glow have the red birds come hither. Observed of all was that your rapid going, whereby ye were the Lords of Siirya's Daughter.

7

Whene'er I gratified you here together, your grace was given us, O ye rich in booty. Protect, ye Twain, the singer of your praises: to you, Nasatyas, is my wish directed.

HYMN XLIV. Asvins.

1

WE will invoke this day your car, farspreading, O Asvins, even the gathering, of the sunlight,— Car praised in hymns, most ample, rich in treasure, fitted with seats, the car that beareth Surya.

2

Asvins, ye gained that glory by your Godhead, ye Sons of Heaven, by your own might and power. Food followeth close upon your bright appearing when stately horses in your chariot draw you.

3

Who bringeth you to—day for help with offered oblation, or with hymns to drink the juices? Who, for the sacrifice's ancient lover, turneth you hither, Asvins, offering homage?

4

Borne on your golden car, ye omnipresent! come to this sacrifice of ours, Nasatyas. Drink of the pleasant liquor of the Soma give riches to the people who adore you.

5

Come hitherward to us from earth, from heaven, borne on your golden chariot rolling lightly. Suffer not other worshippers to stay you here are ye bound by earlier bonds of friendship.

6

Now for us both, mete out, O WonderWorkers, riches exceeding great with store of heroes, Because the men have sent you praise, O Asvins, and Ajamil has come to the laudation.

7

Whene'er I gratified you here together, your grace was given us, O ye rich in booty. Protect, ye Twain, the singer of your praises: to you, Nasatyas, is my wish directed.

HYMN XLV. Asvins

1

YONDER goes up that light: your chariot is yoked that travels round upon the summit of this heaven. Within this car are stored three kindred shares of food, and a skin filled with meath is rustling as the fourth.

2

Forth come your viands rich with store of pleasant meath, and cars and horses at the flushing of the dawn, Stripping the covering from the surrounded gloom, and spreading through mid—air bright radiance like the Sun.

3

Drink of the meath with lips accustomed to the draught; harness for the meath's sake the chariot that ye love. Refresh the way ye go, refresh the paths with meath: hither, O Asvins, bring the skin that holds the meath.

4

The swans ye have are friendly, rich in store of meath, gold–pinioned, strong to draw,
awake at early morn, Swimming the flood, exultant, fain for draughts that cheer: ye come
like flies to our libations of–the meath.

5

Well knowing solemn rites and rich in meath, the fires sing to the morning Asvins at the
break of day, When with pure hands the prudent energetic priest hath with the stones
pressed out the Soma rich in meath.

6

The rays advancing nigh, chasing with day the gloom, spread through the firmament bright
radiance like the Sun; And the Sun harnessing his horses goeth forth: ye through your
Godlike nature let his paths be known.

7

Devout in thought I have declared, O Asvins, your chariot with good steeds, which lasts for
ever, Wherewith ye travel swiftly through the regions to the prompt worshipper who brings
oblation.

HYMN XLVI. Vayu. Indra–Vayu

1

DRINK the best draught of Soma–juice, O Vayu, at our holy rites: For thou art he who
drinketh first.

2

Come, team–drawn, with thy hundred helps, with Indra, seated in the car, Vaya, and drink
your fill of juice.

3

May steeds a thousand bring you both, Indra. and Vayu, hitherward To drink the Soma, to
the feagt [sic].

4

For ye, O Indra–Vayu, mount the goldenseated car that aids The sacrifice, that reaches
heaven.

5

On far–refulgent chariot come unto the man who offers gifts: Come, Indra–Vayu,
hitherward.

6

Here, Indra–Vayu, is the juice: drink it, accordant with the Gods, Within the giver's
dwelling–place.

7

Hither, O Indra–Vayu, be your journey here unyoke your steeds, Here for your draught of

Soma juice.

HYMN XLVIL Vayu. Indra–Vayu.

1

Vayu, the bright is offered thee, best of the meath at holy rites. Come thou to drink the Soma juice, God, longed–for, on thy team–drawn car.

2

O Vayu, thou and Indra are meet drinkers of these Soma–draughts, For unto you the drops proceed as waters gather to the vale.

3

O Indra–Vayu, mighty Twain, speeding together, Lords of Strength, Come to our succour with your team, that ye may drink the Soma juice.

4

The longed–for teams which ye possess, O Heroes, for the worshipper, Turn to us, Indra–Vayu, ye to whom the sacrifice is paid.

HYMN XLVIII. Vayu.

1

TASTE offerings never tasted yet, as bards enjoy the foeman's wealth. O Vayu, on refulgent car come to the drinking of the juice.

2

Removing curses, drawn by teams, with Indra, seated by thy side, O Vayu, on refulgent car come to the drinking of the juice.

3

The two dark treasuries of wealth that wear all beauties wait on thee. O Vayu, on refulgent car come to the drinking of the juice.

4

May nine–and–ninety harnessed steeds who yoke them at thy will bring thee. O Vayu, on refulgent car come to the drinking of the juice.

5

Harness, O Vayu, to thy car a hundred well–fed tawny steeds, Yea, or a thousand steeds, and let thy chariot come to us with might.

HYMN XLIX. Indra–Brhaspati.

1

DEAR is this offering in your mouth, O Indra and Brhaspati: Famed is the laud, the gladdening draught.

2

This lovely Soma is effused, O Indra and Brhaspati, For you, to drink it and rejoice.

3

As Soma-drinkers to our house come, Indra and Brhaspati—and Indra—to drink Soma juice.

4

Vouchsafe us riches hundredfold, O Indra, and Brhaspati, With store of horses, thousandfold.

5

O Indra. and Brhaspati, we call you when the meath is shed, With songs, to drink the Soma juice.

6

Drink, Indra and Brhaspati, the Soma in the giver's house: Delight yourselves abiding there.

HYMN L. Brhaspati.

1

Him who with might hath propped earth's ends, who sitteth in threefold seat, Brhaspati, with thunder, Him of the pleasant tongue have ancient sages, deep-thinking, holy singers, set before them.

2

Wild in their course, in well-marked wise rejoicing were they, Brhaspati, who pressed around us. Preserve Brhaspati, the stall uninjured, this company's raining, ever-moving birthplace.

3

Brhaspati, from thy remotest distance have they sat down who love the law eternal. For thee were dug wells springing from the mountain, which murmuring round about pour streams of sweetness.

4

Brhaspati, when first he had his being from mighty splendour in supremest heaven, Strong, with his sevenfold mouth, with noise of thunder, with his seven rays, blew and dispersed the darkness.

5

With the loud-shouting band who sang his praises, with thunder, he destroyed obstructive Vala. Brhaspati thundering drave forth the cattle, the lowing cows who make oblations ready.

6

Serve we with sacrifices, gifts, and homage even thus the Steer of all the Gods, the Father. Brhaspati, may we be lords of riches, with noble progeny and store of heroes.

7

Surely that King by power and might heroic hath made him lord of all his foes' posses–ions,
Who cherishes Brhaspati well–tended, adorns and worships him as foremost sharer.

8

In his own house he dwells in peace and comfort: to him for ever holy food flows richly. To
him the people with free will pay homage–the King with whom the Brahman hath
precedence.

9

He, unopposed, is master of the riches of his own subjects and of hostile people. The Gods
uphold that King with their protection who helps the Brahman when he seeks his favour.

10

Indra, Brhaspati, rainers of treasure, rejoicing at this sacrifice drink the Soma. Let the
abundant drops sink deep within you: vouchsafe us riches with full store of heroes.

11

Brhaspati and Indra, make us prosper may this be your benevolence to usward. Assist our
holy thoughts, wake up our spirit: weaken the hatred of our foe and rivals.

HYMN LI. Dawn.

1

FORTH from the darkness in the region eastward this most abundant splendid light hath
mounted. Now verily the far–refulgent Mornings, Daughters of Heaven, bring welfare to the
people.

2

The richly–coloured Dawns have mounted eastward, like pillars planted at our sacrifices,
And, flushing far, splendid and purifying, unbarred the portals of the fold of darkness.

3

Dispelling gloom this day the wealthy Mornings urge liberal givers to present their
treasures. In the unlightened depth of darkness round them let niggard traffickers sleep
unawakened.

4

O Goddesses, is this your car, I ask you, ancient this day, or is it new, ye Mornings,
Wherewith, rich Dawns, ye seek with wealth Navagva, Dasagva Angira, the seven–toned
singer?

5

With horses harnessed by eternal Order, Goddesses, swiftly round the worlds ye travel,
Arousing from their rest, O Dawns, the sleeping, and all that lives, man, bird, and beast, to
motion.

6

Which among these is eldest, and where is she through whom they fixed the Rbhus' regulations? What time the splendid Dawns go forth for splendour, they are not known aparto [sic] alike, unwasting.

7

Blest were these Dawns of old, shining with succour, true with the truth that springs from holy Order; With whom the toiling worshipper, by praises, hymning and lauding, soon attained to riches.

8

Hither from eastward all at once they travel, from one place spreading in the selfsame manner. Awaking, from the seat of holy Order the Godlike Dawns come nigh like troops of cattle.

9

Thus they go forth with undiminished colours, these Mornings similar, in self-same fashion, Concealing the gigantic might of darkness with radiant bodies bright and pure and shining.

10

O Goddesses, O Heaven's refulgent Daughters, bestow upon us wealth with store of children. As from our pleasant place of rest ye rouse us may we be masters of heroic vigour.

11

Well-skilled in lore of sacrifice, ye Daughters of Heaven, refulgent Dawns, I thus address you. May we be glorious among the people. May Heaven vouchsafe us this, and Earth the Goddess,

HYMN LIL Dawm.

1

THIS Lady, giver of delight, after her Sister shining forth, Daughter of Heaven, hath shown herself.—

2

Unfailing, Mother of the Kine, in colour like a bright red mare, The Dawn became the Asvins' Friend.

3

Yea, and thou art the Asvins' Friend, the Mother of the Kine art thou: O Dawn thou rulest over wealth.

4

Thinking of thee, O joyous One, as her who driveth hate away, We woke to meet thee with our lauds.

5

Our eyes behold thy blessed rays like troops of cattle loosed to feed. Dawn hath filled full the wide expanse.

6

When thou hast filled it, Fulgent One! thou layest bare the gloom with light. After thy nature aid us, Dawn.

7

Thou overspreadest heaven with rays, the dear wide region of mid–air. With thy bright shining lustre, Dawn.

HYMN LIII. Savitar.

1

OF Savitar the God, the sapient Asura, we crave this great gift which is worthy of our choice, Wherewith he freely grants his worshiper defence. This with his rays the Great God hath vouchsafed to us.

2

Sustainer of the heaven, Lord of the whole world's life, the Sage, he putteth on his golden–coloured mail. Clear–sighted, spreading far, filling the spacious realm, Savitar hath brought forth bliss that deserveth laud.

3

He hath filled full the regions of the heaven and earth: the God for his own strengthening waketh up the hymn. Savitar hath stretched out his arms to cherish life, producing with his rays and lulling all that moves.

4

Lighting all living creatures, neer [sic] to be deceived, Savitar, God, protects each holy ordinance. He hath stretched out his arms to all the folk of earth, and, with his laws observed, rules his own mighty course.

5

Savitar thrice surrounding with his mightiness mid–air, three regions, and the triple sphere of light, Sets the three heavens in motion and the threefold earth, and willingly protects us with his triple law.

6

Most gracious God, who brings to life and lulls to rest, he who controls the world, what moves not and what moves, May he vouchsafe us shelter, –Savitar the God,– for tranquil life, with triple bar against distress.

7

With the year's seasons hath Savitar, God, come nigh: may he prosper our home, give food and noble sons. May he invigorate us through the days and nights, and may he send us opulence with progeny.

HYMN LIV. Savitar.

1

Now must we praise and honour Savitar the God: at this time of the day the men must call to him, Him who distributes wealth to Manu's progeny, that he may grant us here riches most excellent.

2

For thou at first producest for the holy Gods the noblest of all portions, immor-tality: Thereafter as a gift to men, O Savitar, thou openest existence, life succeeding life.

3

If we, men as we are, have sinned against the Gods through want of thought, in weakness, or through insolence, Absolve us from the guilt and make us free from sin, O Savitar, alike among both Gods and men.

4

None may impede that power of Savitar the God whereby he will maintain the universal world. What the fair-fingered God brings forth on earth's expanse or in the height of heaven, that work of his stands sure.

5

To lofty hills thou sendest those whom Indra leads, and givest fixed abodes with houses unto these. However they may fly and draw themselves apart, still, Savitar, they stand obeying thy behest.

6

May the libations poured to thee thrice daily, day after day, O Savitar, bring us blessing. May Indra, Heaven, Earth, Sindhu with the Waters, Aditi with Adityas, give us shelter.

HYMN LV. Visvedevas.

1

WHO of you, Vasus, saveth? who protecteth? O Heaven and Earth and Aditi, preserve us, Varuna., Mitra, from the stronger mortal. Gods, which of you at sacrifice giveth comfort?

2

They who with laud extol the ancient statutes, when they shine forth infallible dividers, Have ordered as perpetual Ordainers, and beamed as holy-thoughted WonderWorkers.

3

The Housewife Goddess, Aditi, and Sindhu, the Goddess Svasti I implore for friendship: And may the unobstructed Night and Morning both, day and night, provide for our protection.

4

Aryaman, Varuna have disclosed the pathway, Agni as Lord of Strength the road to welfare. Lauded in manly mode may Indra-Visnu grant us their powerful defence and shelter.

5

I have besought the favour of the Maruts, of Parvata, of Bhaga God who rescues. From trouble caused by man the Lord preserve us; from woe sent by his friend let Mitra save us.

6

Agree, through these our watery oblations, Goddesses, Heaven and Earth, with Ahibudhnya. As if to win the sea, the Gharma–heaters have opened, as they come anear, the rivers.

7

May Goddess Aditi with Gods defend us, save us the saviour God with care unceasing. We dare not stint the sacred food of Mitra and Varuna upon the back of Agni.

8

Agni is Sovran Lord of wealth, Agni of great prosperity: May he bestow these gifts on us.

9

Hither to us, rich pleasant Dawn, bring many things to be desired, Thou who hast ample store of wealth.

10

So then may Bhaga, Savitar, Varuna, Mitra, Aryaman, Indra, with bounty come to us.

HYMN LVI. Heaven and Earth.

1

MAY mighty Heaven and Earth, most meet for honour, be present here with light and gleaming splendours; When, fixing them apart, vast, most extensive, the Steer roars loudly in far–reaching courses.

2

The Goddesses with Gods, holy with holy, the Two stand pouring out their rain, exhaustless: Faithful and guileless, having Gods for children, leaders of sacrifice with shining splendours.

3

Sure in the worlds he was a skilful Craftsman, he who produced these Twain the Earth and Heaven. Wise, with his power he brought both realms, together spacious and deep, wellfashioned, unsupported.

4

O Heaven and Earth, with one accord promoting, with high protection as of Queens, our welfare, Far–reaching, universal, holy, guard us. May we, car–borne, through song be victors ever.

5

To both of you, O Heaven and Earth, we bring our lofty song of praise, Pure Ones! to glorify you both.

6

Ye sanctify each other's form, by your own proper might ye rule, And from of old observe the Law.

7

Furthering and fulfilling, ye, O Mighty, perfect Mitra's Law. Ye sit around our sacrifice.

HYMN LVII. Ksetrapati, Etc.

1

WE through the Master of the Field, even as through a friend, obtain What nourisheth our kine and steeds. In such may he be good to us.

2

As the cow yieldeth milk, pour for us freely, Lord of the Field, the wave that beareth sweetness, Distilling meath, well-purified like butter, and let the. Lords of holy Law be gracious.

3

Sweet be the plants for us. the heavens, the waters, and full of sweets for us be air's mid-region. May the Field's Lord for us be full of sweetness, and may we follow after him uninjured.

4

Happily work our steers and men, may the plough furrow happily. Happily be the traces bound; happily may he ply the goad.

5

Suna and Sira, welcome ye this laud, and with the milk which ye have made in heaven Bedew ye both this earth of ours.

6

Auspicious Sita, come thou near: we venerate and worship thee That thou mayst bless and prosper us and bring us fruits abundantly.

7

May Indra press the furrow down, may Pusan guide its course aright. May she, as rich in milk, be drained for us through each succeeding year.

8

Happily let the shares turn up the ploughland, happily go the ploughers with the oxen. With meath and milk Parjanya make us happy. Grant us prosperity, Suna and Sira.

HYMN LVIII. Ghrta.

1

FORTH from the ocean sprang the wave of sweetness: together with the stalk it turned to Amrta, That which is holy oil's mysterious title: but the Gods' tongue is truly Amrta's centre.

2

Let us declare aloud the name of Ghṛta, and at this sacrifice hold it up with homage. So let the Brahman hear the praise we utter. This hath the four-horned Buffalo emitted.

3

Four are his horns, three are the feet that bear him; his heads are two, his hands are seven in number. Bound with a triple bond the Steer roars loudly: the mighty God hath entered in to mortals.

4

That oil in triple shape the Gods discovered laid down within the Cow, concealed by Panis. Indra produced one shape, Surya another: by their own power they formed the third from Vena.

5

From inmost reservoir in countless channels flow down these rivers which the foe beholds not. I look upon the streams of oil descending, and lo! the Golden Reed is there among them.

6

Like rivers our libations flow together, cleansing themselves in inmost heart and spirit. The streams of holy oil pour swiftly downward like the wild beasts that fly before the bowman.

7

As rushing down the rapids of a river, flow swifter than the wind the vigorous currents, The streams of oil in swelling fluctuation like a red courser bursting through the fences.

8

Like women at a gathering fair to look on and gently smiling, they incline to Agni. The streams of holy oil attain the fuel, and Jatavedas joyfully receives them.

9

As maidens dock themselves with gay adornment to join the bridal feast, I now behold them. Where Soma flows and sacrifice is ready, thither the streams of holy oil are running.

10

Send to our eulogy a herd of cattle bestow upon us excellent possessions. Bear to the Gods the sacrifice we offer the streams of oil flow pure and full of sweetness.

11

The universe depends upon thy power and might within the sea, within the heart, within all life. May we attain that sweetly-flavoured wave of thine, brought, at its gathering, o'er the surface of the floods.