



English translation of Holy Vedas – Rig Veda : Book 10

Table of Contents

Credits.....	1
Book 05 Part 01.....	2
Book 05 Part 02.....	16
Book 05 Part 03.....	29
Book 05 Part 04.....	43
Book 05 Part 05.....	58
Book 05 Part 06.....	67

Credits

English translation of
Holy Vedas – Rig Veda : Book 10

by
Ralph T.H. Griffith

Downloaded in HTML format from
<http://www.hinduwebsite.com/sacredscripts/>

Converted by
webmaster@ishwar.com

For more sacred texts, please visit:
www.ishwar.com>>

Book 05 Part 01

HYMN I. Agni

1

Agni is wakened by the people's fuel to meet the Dawn who cometh like a milch-cow. Like young trees shooting up on high their branches, his flames are rising to the vault of heaven.

2

For worship of the Gods the Priest was wakened: at morning gracious Agni hath arisen. Kindled, his radiant might is made apparent, and the great Deity set free from darkness.

3

When he hath stirred the line of his attendants, with the pure milk pure Agni is anointed. The strength-bestowing gift is then made ready, which spread in front, with tongues, erect, he drinketh.

4

The spirits of the pious turn together to Agni, as the eyes of all to Surya. He, when both Dawns of different hues have borne him, springs up at daybreak as a strong white charger.

5

The noble One was born at days' beginning, laid red in colour mid the well-laid fuel. Yielding in every house his seven rich treasures, Agni is seated, Priest most skilled in worship.

6

Agni hath sat him down, a Priest most skilful, on a sweet-smelling place, his Mother's bosom. Young, faithful, sage, preeminent o'er many, kindled among the folk whom he sustaineth.

7

This Singer excellent at sacrifices, Agni the Priest, they glorify with homage. Him who spread out both worlds by Law Eternal they balm with oil, strong Steed who never faileth.

8

He, worshipful House-Friend, in his home is worshipped, our own auspicious guest, lauded by sages. That strength the Bull with thousand horns possesses. In might, O Agni, thou excellest others.

9

Thou quickly passest by all others, Agni, for him to whom thou hast appeared most lovely, Wondrously fair, adorable, effulgent, the guest of men, the darling of the people.

10

To thee, Most Youthful God! to thee, O Agni from near and far the people bring their tribute. Mark well the prayer of him who best extols thee. Great, high, auspicious, Agni, is thy shelter.

11

Ascend to-day thy splendid car, O Agni, in splendour, with the Holy Ones around it. Knowing the paths by mid-air's spacious region bring hither Gods to feast on our oblation.

12

To him adorable, sage, strong and mighty we have sung forth our song of praise and homage. Gavisthira hath raised with prayer to Agni this laud far-reaching, like gold light to heaven.

HYMN II. Agni.

1

THE youthful Mother keeps the Boy in secret pressed to her close, nor yields him to the Father. But, when he lies upon the arm, the people see his unfading countenance before them.

2

What child is this thou carriest as handmaid, O Youthful One? The Consort-Queen hath borne him. The Babe unborn increased through many autumns. I saw him born what time his Mother bare him.

3

I saw him from afar gold-toothed, bright-coloured, hurling his weapons from his habitation, What time I gave him Amrta free from mixture. How can the Indraless, the hymnless harm me?

4

I saw him moving from the place he dwells in, even as with a herd, brilliantly shining. These seized him not: he had been born already. They who were grey with age again grow youthful.

5

Who separate my young bull from the cattle, they whose protector was in truth no stranger? Let those whose hands have seized upon them free them. May he, observant, drive the herd to us-ward.

6

Mid mortal men godless have secreted the King of all who live, home of the people. So may the prayers of Atri give him freedom. Reproached in turn be those who now reproach him.

7

Thou from the stake didst loose e'en Sunahsepa bound for a thousand; for he prayed with fervour. So, Agni, loose from us the bonds that bind us, when thou art seated here, O Priest

who knowest.

8

Thou hast sped from me, Agni, in thine anger: this the protector of Gods' Laws hath told me. Indra who knoweth bent his eye upon thee: by him instructed am I come, O Agni.

9

Agni shines far and wide with lofty splendour, and by his greatness makes all things apparent. He conquers godless and malign enchantments, and sharpens both his horns to gore the Raksas.

10

Loud in the heaven above be Agni's roarings with keen-edged weapons to destroy the demons. Forth burst his splendours in the Soma's rapture. The godless bands press round but cannot stay him.

11

As a skilled craftsman makes a car, a singer I, Mighty One! this hymn for thee have fashioned. If thou, O Agni, God, accept it gladly, may we obtain thereby the heavenly Waters.

12

May he, the strong-necked Steer, waxing in vigour, gather the foeman's wealth with none to check him. Thus to this Agni have the Immortals spoken. To man who spreads the grass may he grant shelter, grant shelter to the man who brings oblation.

HYMN III. Agni.

1

THOU at thy birth art Varuna, O Agni; when thou art kindled thou becomest Mitra. In thee, O Son of Strength, all Gods are centred. Indra art thou to man who brings oblation.

2

Aryaman art thou as regardeth maidens mysterious, is thy name, O Self-sustainer. As a kind friend with streams of milk they balm thee what time thou makest wife and lord one-minded.

3

The Maruts deck their beauty for thy glory, yea, Rudra! for thy birth fair, brightly-coloured. That which was fixed as Visnu's loftiest station—therewith the secret of the Cows thou guardest.

4

Gods through thy glory, God who art so lovely! granting abundant gifts gained life immortal. As their own Priest have men established Agni; and serve him fain for praise from him who liveth.

5

There is no priest more skilled than thou in worship; none Self-sustainer pass thee in wisdom. The man within whose house as guest thou dwellest, O God, by sacrifice shall conquer mortals.

6

Aided by thee, O Agni may we conquer through our oblation, fain for wealth, awakened: May we in battle, in the days' assemblies, O Son of Strength, by riches conquer mortals.

7

He shall bring evil on the evil-plotter whoever turns against us sin and outrage. Destroy this calumny of him, O Agni, whoever injures us with double-dealing.

8

At this dawn's flushing, God! our ancient fathers served thee with offerings, making thee their envoy, When, Agni, to the store of wealth thou goest, a God enkindled with good things by mortals.

9

Save, thou who knowest, draw thy father near thee, who counts as thine own son, O Child of Power. O sapient Agni, when wilt thou regard us? When, skilled in holy Law, wilt thou direct us?

10

Adoring thee he gives thee many a title, when thou, Good Lord! acceptest this as Father. And doth not Agni, glad in strength of Godhead, gain splendid bliss when he hath waxen mighty?

11

Most Youthful Agni, verily thou bearest thy praiser safely over all his troubles. Thieves have been seen by us and open foemen: unknown have been the plottings of the wicked.

12

To thee these eulogies have been directed: or to the Vasu hath this sin been spoken. But this our Agni, flaming high, shall never yield us to calumny, to him who wrongs us.

HYMN IV. Agni.

1

O AGNI, King and Lord of wealth and treasures, in thee is my delight at sacrifices. Through thee may we obtain the strength we long for, and overcome the fierce attacks of mortals.

2

Agni, Eternal Father, offering-bearer, fair to behold, far-reaching, far-refulgent, From well-kept household fire beam food to feed us, and measure out to us abundant glory.

3

The Sage of men, the Lord of human races, pure, purifying Agni, balmed with butter, Him

the Omniscient as your Priest ye stablish: he wins among the Gods things worth the choosing.

4

Agni, enjoy, of one accord with Ila, striving in rivalry with beams of Sarya, Enjoy, O Jatavedas, this our fuel, and bring the Gods to us to taste oblations.

5

As dear House–Friend, guest welcome in the dwelling, to this our sacrifice come thou who knowest. And, Agni, having scattered all assailants, bring to us the possessions of our foemen.

6

Drive thou away the Dasyu with thy weapon. As, gaining vital power for thine own body, O Son of Strength, the Gods thou satisfiest, so in fight save us, most heroic Agni.

7

May we, O Agni, with our lauds adore thee, and with our gifts, fair–beaming Purifier! Send to us wealth containing all things precious: bestow upon us every sort of riches.

8

Son of Strength, Agni, dweller in three regions, accept our sacrifice and our oblation. Among the Gods may we be counted pious: protect us with a triply–guarding shelter.

9

Over all woes and dangers, Jatavedas, bear us as in a boat across a river. Praised with our homage even as Atri praised thee, O Agni, be the guardian of our bodies.

10

As I, remembering thee with grateful spirit, a mortal, call with might on thee Immortal, Vouchsafe us high renown, O Jatavedas, and may I be immortal by my children.

11

The pious man, O Jatavedas Agni, to whom thou grantest ample room and pleasure, Gaineth abundant wealth with sons and horses, with heroes and with kine for his well–being.

HYMN V. Apris.

1

To Agni, Jatavedas, to the flame, the well–enkindled God, Offer thick sacrificial oil.

2

He, Narasamsa, ne'er beguiled, inspiriteth [sic] this sacrifice: For sage is he, with sweets in hand.

3

Adored, O Agni, hither bring Indra the Wonderful, the Friend, On lightly–rolling car to aid.

4

Spread thyself out, thou soft as wool The holy hymns have sung to thee. Bring gain to us, O beautiful!

5

Open yourselves, ye Doors Divine, easy of access for our aid: Fill, more and more, the sacrifice.

6

Fair strengtheners of vital power, young Mothers of eternal Law, Morning and Night we supplicate.

7

On the wind's flight come, glorified, ye two celestial Priests of man Come ye to this our sacrifice.

8

O! Sarasvati, Mahl [sic], three Goddesses who bring us weal, Be seated harmless on the grass.

9

Rich in all plenty, Tvastar, come auspicious of thine own accord Help us in every sacrifice.

10

Vanaspati, wherever thou knowest the Gods' mysterious names, Send our oblations thitherward.

11

To Agni and to Varuna, Indra, the Maruts, and the Gods, With Svaha be oblation brought.

HYMN VI. Agni.

1

I VALUE Agni that good Lord, the home to which the kine return: Whom fleet-foot coursers seek as home, and strong enduring steeds as home. Bring food to those who sing thy praise.

2

'Tis Agni whom we laud as good, to whom the milch-kine come in herds, To whom the chargers swift of foot, to whom our well-born princes come. Bring food to those who sing thy praise.

3

Agni the God of all mankind, gives, verily, a steed to man. Agni gives precious gear for wealth, treasure he gives when he is pleased. Bring food to those who sing thy praise.

4

God, Agni, we will kindle thee, rich in thy splendour, fading not, So that this glorious fuel

may send forth by day its light for thee. Bring food to those who sing thy praise.

5

To thee the splendid, Lord of flame, bright, wondrous, Prince of men, is brought. Oblation with the holy verse, O Agni, bearer of our gifts. Bring food to those who sing thy praise.

6

These Agnis in the seats of the fire nourish each thing most excellent. They give delight, they spread abroad, they move themselves continually. Bring food to those who sing thy praise.

7

Agni, these brilliant flames of thine wax like strong chargers mightily, Who with the treadings of their hoofs go swiftly to the stalls of kine. Bring food to those who sing thy praise.

8

To us who laud thee, Agni, bring fresh food and safe and happy homes. May we who have sung hymns to thee have thee for envoy in each house. Bring food to those who sing thy praise.

9

Thou, brilliant God, within thy mouth warmest both ladies of the oil. So fill us also, in our hymns, abundantly, O Lord of Strength, Bring food to those who sing thy praise.

10

Thus Agni have we duly served with sacrifices and with hymns. So may he give us what we crave, store of brave sons and fleet-foot steeds. Bring food to those who sing thy praise.

HYMN VII. Agni.

1

OFFER to Agni, O my friends, your seemly food, your seemly praise; To him supremest o'er the folk, the Son of Strength, the mighty Lord:

2

Him in whose presence, when they meet in full assembly, men rejoice; Even him whom worthy ones inflame, and living creatures bring to life.

3

When we present to him the food and sacrificial gifts of men, He by the might of splendour grasps the holy Ordinance's rein.

4

He gives a signal in the night even to him who is afar, When he, the Bright, unchanged by eld, consumes the sovrans of the wood.

5

He in whose service on the ways they offer up their drops of sweat, On him is their high kin have they mounted, as ridges on the earth.

6

Whom, sought of many, mortal man hath found to be the Stay of all; He who gives flavour to our food, the home of every man that lives.

7

Even as a herd that crops the grass he shears the field and wilderness, With flashing teeth and beard of gold, deft with his unabated might.

8

For him, to whom, bright as an axe he, as to Atri, hath flashed forth, Hath the well-bearing Mother borne, producing when her time is come.

9

Agni to whom the oil is shed by him thou lovest to support, Bestow upon these mortals fame and splendour and intelligence.

10

Such zeal hath he, resistless one: he gained the cattle given by thee. Agni, may Atri overcome the Dasyus who bestow no gifts, subdue the men who give no food.

HYMN VIII. Agni.

1

O AGNI urged to strength, the men of old who loved the Law enkindled thee, the Ancient, for their aid, Thee very bright, and holy, nourisher of all, most excellent, the Friend and Master of the home.

2

Thee, Agni, men have stablished as their guest of old, as Master of the household, thee, with hair of flame; High-bannered, multiform, distributor of wealth, kind helper, good protector, drier of the floods.

3

The tribes of men praise thee, Agni, who knowest well burnt offerings, the Discerner, lavishest of wealth, Dwelling in secret, Blest One! visible to all, loud-roaring, skilled in worship, glorified with oil.

4

Ever to thee, O Agni, as exceeding strong have we drawn nigh with songs and reverence singing hymns. So be thou pleased with us, Angiras! as a God enkindled by the noble with man's goodly light.

5

Thou, Agni! multiform, God who art lauded much! givest in every house subsistence as of

old. Thou rulest by thy might o'er food of many a sort: that light of thine when blazing may not be opposed.

6

The Gods, Most Youthful Agni, have made thee, inflamed, the bearer of oblations and the messenger. Thee, widely-reaching, homed in sacred oil, invoked, effulgent, have they made the Eye that stirs the thought.

7

Men seeking joy have lit thee worshipped from of old, O Agni, with good fuel and with sacred oil. So thou, bedewed and waxing mighty by the plants, spreadest thyself abroad over the realms of earth.

HYMN IX. Agni.

1

BEARING; oblations mortal men, O Agni, worship thee the God. I deem thee Jatavedas: bear our offerings, thou, unceasingly.

2

In the man's home who offers gifts, where grass is trimmed, Agni is Priest, To whom all sacrifices come and strengthenings that win renown.

3

Whom, as an infant newly-born, the kindling-sticks have brought to life, Sustainer of the tribes of men, skilled in well-ordered sacrifice.

4

Yea, very hard art thou to grasp, like offspring of the wriggling snakes, When thou consumest many woods like an ox, Agni, in the mead.

5

Whose flames, when thou art sending forth the smoke, completely reach the mark, When Trta in the height of heaven, like as a smelter fanneth thee, e'en as a smelter sharpeneth thee.

6

O Agni, by thy succour and by Mitra's friendly furtherance, May we, averting hate, subdue the wickedness of mortal men.

7

O Agni, to our heroes bring such riches, thou victorious God. May he protect and nourish us, and help in gaining strength: be thou near us in 6rht [sic] for our success.

HYMN X. Agni.

1

BRING us most mighty splendour thou, Agni, resistless on thy way. With overflowing store

of wealth mark out for us a path to strength.

2

Ours art thou, wondrous Agni, by wisdom and bounteousness of power. The might of Asuras rests on thee, like Mitra worshipful in act.

3

Agni, increase our means of life, increase the house and home of these, The men, the princes who have won great riches through our hymns of praise.

4

Bright Agni, they who deck their songs for thee have horses as their meed. The men are mighty in their might, they whose high laud, as that of heaven, awakes thee of its own accord.

5

O Agni, those resplendent flames of thine go valorously forth, Like lightnings flashing round us, like a rattling car that seeks the spoil.

6

Now, Agni, come to succour us; let priests draw nigh to offer gifts; And let the patrons of our rites subdue all regions of the earth.

7

Bring to us, Agni, Angiras, lauded of old and lauded now, Invoker! wealth to quell the strong, that singers may extol thee. Be near us in fight for our success.

HYMN XI. Agni.

1

THE watchful Guardian of the people hath been born, Agni, the very strong, for fresh prosperity. With oil upon his face, with high heaventouching flame, he shineth splendidly, pure, for the Bharatas.

2

Ensign of sacrifice, the earliest Household–Priest, the men have kindled Agni in his threefold seat, With Indra and the Gods together on the grass let the wise Priest sit to complete the sacrifice.

3

Pure , unadorned, from thy two Mothers art thou born: thou camest from Vivasvan as a charming Sage. With oil they strengthened thee, O Agni, worshipped God: thy banner was the smoke that mounted to the sky.

4

May Agni graciously come to our sacrifice. The men bear Agni here and there in every house. He hath become an envoy, bearer of our gifts: electing Agni, men choose one exceeding wise.

5

For thee, O Agni, is this sweetest prayer of mine: dear to thy spirit be this product of my thought. As great streams fill the river so our song of praise fill thee, and make thee yet more mighty in thy strength.

6

O Agni, the Angirases discovered thee what time thou layest hidden, fleeing back from wood to wood. Thou by attrition art produced as conquering might, and men, O Angiras, call thee the Son of Strength.

HYMN XII. Agni.

I. To Agni, lofty Asura, meet for worship, Steer of eternal Law, my prayer I offer; I bring my song directed to the Mighty like pure oil for his mouth at sacrifices.

2

Mark the Law, thou who knowest, yea, observe it: send forth the full streams of eternal Order. I use no sorcery with might or falsehood the sacred Law of the Red Steer I follow.

3

How hast thou, follower of the Law eternal, become the knower of a new song, Agni? The God, the Guardian of the seasons, knows me: the Lord of him who won this wealth I know not.

4

Who, Agni, in alliance with thy foeman, what splendid helpers won for them their riches? Agni, who guard the dwelling—place of falsehood? Who are protectors of the speech of liars?

5

Agni, those friends of thine have turned them from thee: gracious of old, they have become ungracious. They have deceived themselves by their own speeches, uttering wicked words against the righteous.

6

He who pays sacrifice to thee with homage, O Agni, keeps the Red Steer's Law eternal; Wide is his dwelling. May the noble offspring of Nahusa who wandered forth come hither.

HYMN XIII. Agni.

1

WITH songs of praise we call on thee, we kindle thee with songs of praise, Agni, —with songs of praise, for help.

2

Eager for wealth, we meditate Agni's effectual praise to—day, Praise of the God who touches heaven.

3

May Agni, Priest among mankind, take pleasure in our songs of praise, And worship the Celestial Folk.

4

Thou, Agni, art spread widely forth, Priest dear and excellent; through thee Men make the sacrifice complete.

5

Singers exalt thee, Agni, well lauded, best giver of our strength: So grant thou us heroic might.

6

Thou Agni, as the felly rings the spokes, encompassest the Gods.

1

yearn for bounty manifold.

HYMN XIV. Agni.

1

ENKINDLING the Immortal, wake Agni with song of praise: may he bear our oblations to the Gods.

2

At high solemnities mortal men glorify him the Immortal, best At sacrifice among mankind.

3

That he may bear their gifts to heaven, all glorify him Agni, God, With ladle that distilleth oil.

4

Agni shone bright when born, with light killing the Dasyus and the dark: He found the Kine, the Floods, the Sun.

5

Serve Agni, God adorable, the Sage whose back is balmed with oil: Let him approach, and hear my call.

6

They have exalted Agni, God of all mankind, with oil and hymns Of praise, devout and eloquent.

HYMN XV. Agni.

1

To him, the far-renowned, the wise Ordainer, ancient and glorious, a song I offer. Enthroned in oil, the Asura, bliss-giver, is Agni, firm support of noble, riches.

2

By holy Law they kept supporting Order, by help of sacrifice, in loftiest heaven,— They who attained with born men to the unborn, men seated on that stay, heaven's firm sustainer.

3

Averting woe, they labour hard to bring him, the ancient, plenteous food as power resistless. May he, born newly, conquer his assailants: round him they stand as round an angry lion.

4

When, like a mother, spreading forth to nourish, to cherish and regard each man that liveth,— Consuming all the strength that thou hast gotten, thou wanderest round, thyself, in varied fashion.

5

May strength preserve the compass of thy vigour, God! that broad stream of thine that beareth riches. Thou, like a thief who keeps his refuge secret, hast holpen Atri to great wealth, by teaching.

HYMN XVI. Agni.

1

GREAT power is in the beam of light, sing praise to, Agni, to the God Whom men have set in foremost place like Mitra with their eulogies.

2

He by the splendour of his arms is Priest of every able man. Agni conveys oblation straight, and deals, as Bhaga deals, his boons.

3

All rests upon the laud and love of him the rich, high-flaming God, On whom, loud-roaring, men have laid great strength as on a faithful friend.

4

So, Agni, be the Friend of these with liberal gift of hero strength. Yea, Heaven and Earth have not surpassed this Youthful One in glorious fame.

5

O Agni, quickly come to us, and, glorified, bring precious wealth. So we and these our princes will assemble for the good of all. Be near in fight to prosper us.

HYMN XVII. Agni.

1

GOD, may a mortal call the Strong hither, with solemn rites, to aid, A man call Agni to protect when sacrifice is well prepared.

2

Near him thou seemest mightier still in native glory, set to hold Apart yon flame–hued vault of heaven, lovely beyond the thought of man.

3

Yea, this is by the light of him whom powerful siong [sic] hath bound to act, Whose beams of splendour flash on high as though they sprang from heavenly seed.

4

Wealth loads the Wonder–Worker's car through his, the very wise One's power. Then, meet to be invoked among all tribes, is Agni glorified.

5

Now, too, the princes shall obtain excellent riches by our lips. Protect us for our welfare: lend thy succour, O thou Son of Strength. Be near in fight to prosper us.

— Book 05 Part 01 —

Book 05 Part 02

HYMN XVIII. Agni.

1

AT dawn let: Agni, much-beloved guest of the house, be glorified; Immortal who delights in all oblations brought by mortal men.

2

For Dvita who receives through wealth of native strength maimed offerings, Thy praiser even gains at once the Soma-drops, Immortal Gods!

3

Nobles, with song I call that car of yours that shines with lengthened life, For, God who givest steeds! that car hither and thither goes unharmed.

4

They who have varied ways of thought, who guard, the lauds within their lips, And strew the grass before the light, have decked themselves with high renown.

5

Immortal Agni, give the chiefs, heroes who institute the rite, Heroes' illustrious, lofty fame, who at the synod met for praise presented me with fifty steeds.

HYMN XIX. Agni.

1

ONE state begets another state: husk is made visible from husk: Within his Mother's side he speaks.

2

Discerning, have they offered gifts: they guard the strength that never wastes. To a strong fort have they pressed in.

3

Svaitreya's people, all his men, have gloriously increased in might. A gold chain Brhaduktha wears, as, through this Soma, seeking spoil.

4

I bring, as 'twere, the longed-for milk, the dear milk of the Sister-Pair. Like to a caldron filled with food is he, unconquered, conquering all.

5

Beam of light, come to us in sportive fashion, finding thyself close to the wind that fans thee. These flames of his are wasting flames, like arrows keen-pointed, sharpened, on his

breast.

HYMN XX. Agni.

1

AGNI, best winner of the spoil, cause us to praise before the Gods As our associate meet for lauds, wealth which thou verily deemest wealth.

2

Agni, the great who ward not off the anger of thy power and might Stir up the wrath and hatred due to one who holds an alien creed.

3

Thee, Agni, would we choose as Priest, the perfecter of strength and skill; We who bring sacred food invoke with song thee Chief at holy rites.

4

Here as is needful for thine aid we toil, O Conqueror, day by day, For wealth, for Law. May we rejoice, Most Wise One! at the feast, with kine, rejoice, with heroes, at the feast.

HYMN XXI. Agni.

1

WE stablish thee as Manus used, as Manus used we kindle thee. Like Manus, for the pious man , Angiras, Agni, worship Gods.

2

For well, O Agni, art thou pleased when thou art kindled mid mankind. Straight go the ladles unto thee, thou highborn God whose food is oil.

3

Thee have all Gods of one accord established as their messenger. Serving at sacrifices men adore thee as a God, O Sage.

4

Let mortal man adore your God, Agni, with worship due to Gods. Shine forth enkindled, Radiant One. Sit in the chamber of the Law, sit in the chamber of the food.

HYMN XXII. Agni.

1

LIKE Atri, Visvasaman! sing to him of purifying light, Who must be praised in holy rites, the Priest most welcome in the house.

2

Set Jatavedas in his place, Agni the God and Minister. Let sacrifice proceed to-day duly, comprising all the Gods.

3

All mortals come to thee for aid, the God of most observant mind. Of thine excelling favour we bethink us as we long for it.

4

Mark with attention this our speech, O Agni, thou victorious One. Thee, Strong-jawed! as the homestead's Lord, the Atris with their lauds exalt, the Atris beautify with songs.

HYMN XXIII. Agni.

1

By thy fair splendour's mighty power, O Agni, bring victorious wealth, Wealth that o'ercometh all mankind, and, near us, conquereth in fight.

2

Victorious Agni, bring to us the wealth that vanquisheth in war; For thou art wonderful and true, giver of strength in herds of kine.

3

For all the folk with one accord, whose sacred grass is trimmed and strewn, Invite thee to their worship-halls, as a dear Priest, for choicest wealth.

4

For he, the God of all men, hath gotten him might that quelleth foes. O Agni, in these homes shine forth, bright God! for our prosperity, shine, Purifier! splendidly.

HYMN XXIV. Agni.

1

O AGNI, be our nearest Friend, be thou a kind deliverer and a gracious Friend.

2

Excellent Agni, come thou nigh to us, and give us wealth most splendidly renowned.

3

So hear us, listen to this call of ours, and keep us far from every sinful man.

4

To thee then, O Most Bright, O Radiant God, we come with prayer for happiness for our friends.

HYMN XXV. Agni.

1

I WILL sing near, for grace, your God Agni, for he is good to us. Son of the Brands, may he give gifts, and, righteous, save us from the foe.

2

For he is true, whom men of old enkindled, and the Gods themselves, The Priest with the delicious tongue, rich with the light of glorious beams.

3

With wisdom that surpasseth all, with gracious will most excellent, O Agni, worthy of our choice, shine wealth on us through hymns of praise.

4

Agni is King, for he extends to mortals and to Gods alike. Agni is bearer of our gifts. Worship ye Agni with your thoughts.

5

Agni gives to the worshipper a son, the best, of mightiest fame, Of deep devotion, ne'er subdued, bringer of glory to his sire.

6

Agni bestows the hero-lord who conquers with the men in fight. Agni bestows the fleet-foot steed, the victor never overcome.

7

The mightiest song is Agni's: shine on high, thou who art rich in light. Like the Chief Consort of a King, riches and strength proceed –from thee.

8

Resplendent are thy rays of light: loud is thy voice like pressing-stones. Yea, of itself thy thunder goes forth like the roaring of the heaven.

9

Thus, seeking riches, have we paid homage to Agni Conqueror. May he, most wise, as with a ship, carry us over all our foes.

HYMN XXVI. Agni.

1

O AGNI, Holy and Divine, with splendour and thy pleasant tongue Bring hither and adore the Gods.

2

We pray thee, thou who droppest oil, bright-rayed! who lookest on the Sun, Bring the Gods hither to the feast.

3

We have enkindled thee, O Sage, bright caller of the Gods to feast. O Agni, great in Sacrifice.

4

O Agni, come with all the Gods, come to our sacrificial gift: We choose thee as Invoking

Priest.

5

Bring, Agni, to the worshipper who pours the juice, heroic strength: Sit with the Gods upon the grass.

6

Victor of thousands, Agni, thou, enkindled, cherishest the laws, Laud-worthy, envoy of the Gods.

7

Set Agni Jatavedas down, the bearer of our sacred gifts, Most Youthful, God and Minister.

8

Duly proceed our sacrifice, comprising all the Gods, to-day: Strew holy grass to be their seat.

9

So may the Maruts sit thereon, the Asvins, Mitra, Varuna: The Gods with all their company.

HYMN XXVII. Agni.

1

THE Godlike hero, famousest of nobles, hath granted me two oxen with a wagon. Trvrsan's son Tryaruna hath distinguished himself, Vaisvanara Agni! with ten thousands.

2

Protect Tryaruna, as thou art waxing strong and art highly praised, Vaisvanara Agni! Who granteth me a hundred kine and twenty, and two bay horses, good at draught, and harnessed.

3

So Trasadasyu served thee, God Most Youthful, craving thy favour for the ninth time, Agni; Tryaruya who with attentive spirit accepteth many a song from me the mighty.

4

He who declares his wish to me, to Asvamedha, to the Prince, Pays him who with his verse seeks gain, gives power to him who keeps the Law.

5

From whom a hundred oxen, all of speckled hue, delight my heart, The gifts of Asvamedha, like thrice-mingled draughts of Soma juice.

6

To Asvamedha who bestows a hundred gifts grant hero power, O Indra-Agni! lofty rule like the unwasting Sun in heaven.

HYMN XXVIII. Agni.

1

AGNI inflamed hath sent to heaven his lustre: he shines forth widely turning unto Morning. Eastward the ladle goes that brings all blessing, praising the Gods with homage and oblation.

2

Enkindled, thou art King of the immortal world: him who brings offerings thou attendest for his weal. He whom thou urgest on makes all possessions his: he sets before thee, Agni, gifts that guests may claim.

3

Show thyself strong for mighty bliss, O Agni, most excellent be thine effulgent splendours. Make easy to maintain our household lordship, and overcome the might of those who hate us.

4

Thy glory, Agni, I adore, kindled, exalted in thy strength. A Steer of brilliant splendour, thou art lighted well at sacred rites.

5

Agni, invoked and kindled, serve the Gods, thou skilled in sacrifice: For thou art bearer of our gifts.

6

Invoke and worship Agni while the sacrificial rite proceeds: For offering-bearer choose ye him.

HYMN XXIX. Agni.

1

MAN'S worship of the Gods hath three great lustres, and three celestial lights have they established The Maruts gifted with pure strength adore thee, for thou, O Indra, art their sapient Rsi.

2

What time the Maruts sang their song to Indra, joyous when he had drunk of Soma juices, He grasped his thunderbolt to slay the Dragon, and loosed, that they might flow, the youthful Waters.

3

And, O ye Brahmans, Maruts, so may Indra drink draughts of this my carefully pressed Soma; For this oblation found for man the cattle, and Indra, having quaffed it, slew the Dragon.

4

Then heaven and earth he sundered and supported: wrapped even in these he struck the Beast with terror. So Indra forced the Engulfer to disgorgement, and slew the Danava. panting against him.

5

Thus all the Gods, O Maghavan, delivered to thee of their free will the draught of Soma;
When thou for Etasa didst cause to tarry the flying mares of Surya racing forward.

6

When Maghavan with the thunderbolt demolished his nine–and–ninety castles all together,
The Maruts, where they met, glorified Indra: ye with the Trstup hymn obstructed heaven.

7

As friend to aid a friend, Agni dressed quickly three hundred buffaloes, even as he willed it.
And Indra, from man's gift, for Vrtra's slaughter, drank ofr [sic] at once three lakes of
pressed–out Soma.

8

When thou three hundred buffaloes' flesh hadst eaten, and drunk, as Maghavan, three
lakes of Soma, All the Gods raised as 'twere a shout of triumph to Indra praise because he
slew the Dragon.

9

What time ye came with strong steeds swiftly speeding, O Usana and Indra, to the dwelling,
Thou camest thither –conquering together with Kutsa and the Gods: thou slewest Susna.

10

One car–wheel of the Sun thou rolledst forward, and one thou settest free to move for
Kutsa. Thou slewest noseless Dasyus with thy weapon, and in their home o'erthrewest
hostile speakers.

11

The lauds of Gauriviti made thee mighty to Vidathin's son, as prey, thou gavest Pipru.
Rjisivan drew thee into friendship dressing the sacred food, and thou hast drunk his Soma.

12

Navagvas and Dasgvas with libations of Soma juice sing hymns of praise to Indra.
Labouring at their task the men laid open the stall of Kine though firmly closed and
fastened.

13

How shall I serve thee, Maghavan, though knowing full well what hero deeds thou hast
accomplished? And the fresh deeds which thou wilt do, Most Mighty! these, too, will we tell
forth in sacred synods.

14

Resistless from of old through hero courage, thou hast done all these many acts, O Indra.
What thou wilt do in bravery, Thunder–wielder! none is there who may hinder this thy
prowess.

15

Indra, accept the prayers which now are offered, accept the new prayers, Mightiest! which

we utter. Like fair and well-made robes, I, seeking riches, as a deft craftsman makes a car, have wrought them.

HYMN XXX. Indra.

1

WHERE is that Hero? Who hath looked on Indra borne on light-rolling car by Tawny Coursers, Who, Thunderer, seeks with wealth the Soma-presser, and to his house goes, much-invoked, to aid him?

2

I have beheld his strong and secret dwelling, longing have sought the Founder's habitation. I asked of others, and they said in answer, May we, awakened men, attain to Indra.

3

We will tell, Indra, when we pour libation, what mighty deeds thou hast performed to please us. Let him who knows not learn, who knows them listen: hither rides Maghavan with all his army.

4

Indra, when born, thou madest firm thy spirit: alone thou seekest war to fight with many. With might thou clavest e'en the rock asunder, and foundest out the stable of the Milch-kine.

5

When thou wast born supremest at a distance, bearing a name renowned in far-off regions, Since then e'en Gods have been afraid of Indra: he conquered all the floods which served the Dasa.

6

These blissful Maruts sing their psalm to praise thee, and pour to thee libation of the Soma. Indra with wondrous powers subdued the Dragon, the guileful lurker who beset the waters.

7

Thou, Maghavan, from the first didst scatter foemen, speeding, while joying in the milk, the Giver. There, seeking man's prosperity, thou torest away the head of Namuci the Dasa.

8

Pounding the head of Namuci the Dasa, me, too thou madest thine associate, Indra! Yea, and the rolling stone that is in heaven both worlds, as on a car, brought to the Maruts.

9

Women for weapons hath the Dasa taken, What injury can his feeble armies To me? Well he distinguished his two different voices, and Indra then advanced to fight the Dasyu.

10

Divided from their calves the Cows went lowing around, on every side, hither and thither. These Indra re-united with his helpers, what time the well-pressed Soma made him joyful.

11

What time the Somas mixed by Babhru cheered him, loud the Steer bellowed in his habitations. So Indra drank thereof, the Fort–destroyer, and gave him guerdon, in return, of milch–kine.

12

This good deed have the Rusamas done, Agni! that they have granted me four thousand cattle. We have received Rnancaya's wealth, of heroes the most heroic, which was freely offered.

13

The Rusamas, O Agni, sent me homeward with fair adornment and with kine in thousands. The strong libations have made Indra joyful, when night, whose course was ending, changed to morning.

14

Night, well–nigh ended, at Rnancaya's coming, King of the Rusamas, was changed to morning. Like a strong courser, fleet of foot, urged onward, Babhru hath gained four thousand as his guerdon.

15

We have received four thousand head of cattle presented by the Rusamas, O Agni. And we, the singers, have received the caldron of metal which was heated for Pravargya.

HYMN XXXI. Indra.

1

MAGHAVAN Indra turns his chariot downward, the strength–displaying car which he hath mounted. Even as a herdsman driveth forth his cattle, he goeth, first, uninjured, fain for treasure.

2

Haste to us, Lord of Bays; be not ungracious: visit us, lover of gold–hued oblation. There is naught else better than thou art, Indra: e'en to the wifeless hast thou given spouses.

3

When out of strength arose the strength that conquers, Indra displayed all powers that he possesses. Forth from the cave he drove the milky mothers, and with the light laid bare investing darkness.

4

Anus have wrought a chariot for thy Courser, and Tvastar, Much–invoked! thy bolt that glitters. The Brahmans with their songs exalting Indra increased his strength that he might slaughter Ahi.

5

When heroes sang their laud to thee the Hero, Indra! and stones and Aditi accordant, Without or steed or chariot were the fellies which, sped by Indra, rolled upon the Dasytis.

6

I will declare thine exploits wrought aforetime, and, Maghavan, thy deeds of late achievement, When, Lord of Might, thou sunderedst earth and heaven, winning for man the moistly-gleaming waters.

7

This is thy deed, e'en this, Wonderful! Singer! that, slaying Ahi, here thy strength thou showedst, Didst check and stay e'en gusna's wiles and magic, and, drawing nigh, didst chase away the Dasytis.

8

Thou, Indra, on the farther bank for Yadu and Turvaga didst stay the gushing waters. Ye both assailed the fierce: thou barest Kutsa: when Gods and Usana came to you together.

9

Let the steeds bring you both, Indra and Kutsa, borne on the chariot within hearing-distance. Ye blew him from the waters, from his dwelling, and chased the darkness from the noble's spirit.

10

Even this sage hath come looking for succour even to Vata's docile harnessed horses. Here are the Maruts, all, thy dear companions: prayers have increased thy power and might, O Indra.

11

When night was near its close he carried forward e'en the Sun's chariot backward in its running. Etaga brought his wheel and firmly stays it: setting it eastward he shall give us courage.

12

This Indra, O ye men, hath come to see you, seeking a friend who hath expressed the Soma. The creaking stone is laid upon the altar, and the Adhvaryus come to turn it quickly.

13

Let mortals who were happy still be happy; let them not come to sorrow, O Immortal. Love thou the pious, and to these thy people—with whom may we be numbered—give thou vigour.

HYMN XXXII. Indra.

1

THE well thou clavest, settest free the fountains, and gavest rest to floods that were obstructed. Thou, Indra, laying the great mountain open, slaying the Danava, didst loose the torrents.

2

The fountain—depths obstructed in their seasons, thou, Thunderer! madest flow, the mountain's udder. Strong Indra, thou by slaying e'en the Dragon that lay extended there hast shown thy vigour.

3

Indra with violence smote down the weapon, yea, even of that wild and mighty creature. Although he deemed himself alone unequalled, another had been born e'en yet more potent.

4

Him, whom the heavenly food of these delighted, child of the mist, strong waxing, couched in darkness, Him the bolt-hurling Thunderer with his lightning smote down and slew, the Danava's wrath-fire, Susna.

5

Though he might ne'er be wounded still his vitals felt that, the God's bolt, which his powers supported, When, after offered draughts, Strong Lord, thou laidest him, fain to battle, in the pit in darkness.

6

Him as he lay there huge in length extended, still waxing in the gloom which no sun lightened, Him, after loud-voiced threats, the Hero Indra, rejoicing in the poured libation, slaughtered.

7

When 'gainst the mighty Danava his weapon Indra uplifted, power which none could combat, When at the hurling of his bolt he smote him, he made him lower than all living creatures.

8

The fierce God seized that huge and restless coiler, insatiate, drinker of the sweets, recumbent, And with his mighty weapon in his dwelling smote down the footless evil-speaking ogre.

9

Who may arrest his strength or cheek his vigour? Alone, resistless, he bears off all riches. Even these Twain, these Goddesses, through terror of Indra's might, retire from his dominion.

10

E'en the Celestial Axe bows down before him, and the Earth, lover-like, gives way to Indra. As he imparts all vigour to these people, straightway the folk bend them to him the Godlike.

11

I hear that thou wast born sole Lord of heroes of the Five Races, famed among the people. As such my wishes have most lately grasped him, invoking Indra both at eve and morning.

12

So, too, I hear of thee as in due season urging to action and enriching singers. What have thy friends received from thee, the Brahmans who, faithful, rest their hopes on thee, O Indra?

HYMN XXXIII. Indra.

1

GREAT praise to Indra, great and strong mid heroes, I ponder thus, the feeble to the Mighty, Who with his band shows favour to this people, when lauded, in the fight where spoil is gathered.

2

So made attentive by our hymns, Steer! Indra! thou fastenedst the girth of thy Bay Coursers, Which, Maghavan, at thy will thou drivest hither. With these subdue for us the men who hate us.

3

They were not turned to us-ward, lofty Indra! while yet through lack of prayer they stood unharnessed. Ascend this chariot, thou whose hand wields thunder, and draw the rein, O Lord of noble horses.

4

Thou, because many lauds are thine, O Indra, wast active warring in the fields for cattle. For Surya in his own abode thou, Hero, formedst in fights even a Dasa's nature.

5

Thine are we, Indra; thine are all these people, conscious of might, whose cars are set in motion. Some hero come to us, O Strong as Ahi beauteous in war, to be invoked like Bhaga.

6

Strength much to be desired is in thee, Indra: the Immortal dances forth his hero exploits. Such, Lord of Treasure, give us splendid riches. I praise the Friend's gift, his whose wealth is mighty.

7

Thus favour us, O Indra, with ihy [sic] succour; Hero, protect the bards who sing thy praises. Be friendly in the fray to those who offer the skin of beautiful and well-pressed Soma.

8

And these ten steeds which Trasadasyu gives me, the goldrich [sic] chief, the son of Purukutsa, Resplendent in their brightness shall convey me. Gairiksita willed it and so came I hither.

9

And these, bestowed as sacrificial guerdon, the powerful tawny steeds of Marutasva; And thousands which kind Cyavatana gave me, abundantly bestowed for my adornment.

10

And these commended horses, bright and active, by Dhvanya son of Lakshmana presented, Came unto me, as cows into the Rsi Samvarana's stall, with magnitude of riches.

HYMN XXXIV. Indra.

1

BOUNDLESS and wasting not, the heavenly food of Gods goes to the foeless One, doer of wondrous deeds. Press out, make ready, offer gifts with special zeal to him whom many laud, accepter of the prayer.

2

He who filled full his belly with the Soma's juice, Maghavan, was delighted with the meath's sweet draught, When Usana, that he might slay the monstrous beast, gave him the mighty weapon with a thousand points.

3

Illustrious is the man whoever presseth out Soma for him in sunshine or in cloud and rain. The mighty Maghavan who is the sage's Friend advanceth more and more his beauteous progeny.

4

The Strong God doth not flee away from him whose sire, whose mother or whose brother he hath done to death. He, the Avenger, seeketh this man's offered gifts: this God, the source of riches, doth not flee from sin.

5

He seeks no enterprise with five or ten to aid, nor stays with him who pours no juice though prospering well. The Shaker conquers or slays in this way or that, and to the pious gives a stable full of kine.

6

Exceeding strong in war he stays the chariot wheel, and, hating him who pours not, prospers him who pours. Indra the terrible, tamer of every man, as Arya leads away the Dasa at his will.

7

He gathers up for plunder all the niggard's gear: excellent wealth he gives to him who offers gifts. Not even in wide stronghold may all the folk stand firm who have provoked to anger his surpassing might.

8

When Indra Maghavan hath marked two wealthy men fighting for beauteous cows with all their followers, He who stirs all things takes one as his close ally, and, Shaker, with his Heroes, sends the kine to him.

9

Agni! I laud the liberal Agnivesi, Satri the type and standard of the pious. May the collected waters yield him plenty, and his be powerful and bright dominion.

Book 05 Part 03

HYMN XXXV. Indra.

1

INDRA, for our assistance bring that most effectual power of thine, Which conquers men for us, and wins the spoil, invincible in fight.

2

Indra, whatever aids be thine, four be they, or, O Hero, three, Or those of the Five Tribes of men, bring quickly all that help to us.

3

The aid most excellent of thee the Mightiest hitherward we call, For thou wast born with hero might, conquering, Indra, with the Strong.

4

Mighty to prosper us wast thou born, and mighty is the strength thou hast. In native power thy soul is firm: thy valour, Indra, slays a host.

5

O Satakratu, Lord of Strength, O Indra, Caster of the Stone. With all thy chariot's force assail the man who shows himself thy foe.

6

For, Mightiest Vrtra–slayer, thee, fierce, foremost among many, folk Whose sacred grass is trimmed invite to battle where the spoil is won.

7

Indra, do thou protect our car that mingles foremost in the fights, That bears its part in every fray, invincible and seeking spoil.

8

Come to us, Indra, and protect our car with thine intelligence. May we, O Mightiest One, obtain excellent fame at break of day, and meditate our hymn at dawn.

HYMN XXXVI. Indra.

1

MAY Indra come to us, he who knows rightly to give forth treasures from his store of riches. Even as a thirsty steer who roams the deserts may he drink eagerly the milked–out Soma.

2

Lord of Bay Horses, Hero, may the Soma rise to thy cheeks and jaws like mountain–ridges. May we, O King, as he who driveth coursers, all joy in thee with hymns, invoked of many!

3

Invoked of many, Caster of the Stone my heart quakes like a rolling wheel for fear of penury. Shall not Puruvasu the singer give thee praise, O ever-prospering Maghavan, mounted on thy car?

4

Like the press-stone is this thy praiser, Indra. Loudly he lifts his voice with strong endeavour. With thy left hand, O Maghavan, give us riches: with thy right, Lord of Bays, be not reluctant.

5

May the strong Heaven make thee the Strong wax stronger: Strong, thou art borne by thy two strong Bay Horses. So, fair of cheek, with mighty chariot, mighty, uphold us, strong-willed, thunderarmed, in battle.

6

Maruts, let all the people in obeisance bow down before this youthful Srutaratha, Who, rich in steeds, gave me two dark red horses together with three hundred head of cattle.

HYMN XXXVII. Indra.

1

BEDEWED with holy oil and meetly worshipped, the Swift One vies with Surya's beam in splendour. For him may mornings dawn without cessation who saith, Let us press Soma out for Indra.

2

With kindled fire and strewn grass let him worship, and, Soma-presser, sing with stones adjusted: And let the priest whose press-stones ring forth loudly, go down with his oblation to the river.

3

This wife is coming near who loves her husband who carries to his home a vigorous consort. Here may his car seek fame, here loudly thunder, and his wheel make a thousand revolutions.

4

No troubles vex that King in whose home Indra drinks the sharp Soma juice with milk commingled. With heroes he drives near, he slays the foeman: Blest, cherishing that name, he guards his people.

5

May he support in peace and win in battle: he masters both the hosts that meet together. Dear shall he be to Surya, dear to Agni, who with pressed Soma offers gifts to India.

HYMN XXXVIII. Indra.

1

WIDE, Indra Satakratu, spreads the bounty of thine ample grace: So, Lord of fair dominion, Friend of all men, give us splendid wealth.

2

The food which, Mightiest Indra, thou possessest worthy of renown is bruited as most widely famed, invincible, O Golden-hued!

3

O Darter of the Stone, the powers which readily obey thy will,— Divinities, both thou and they, ye rule, to guard them, earth and heaven.

4

And from whatever power of thine, O Vrtra-slayer, it may be, Bring thou to us heroic strength: thou hast a man's regard for us.

5

In thy protection, with these aids of thine, O Lord of Hundred Powers, Indra, may we be guarded well, Hero, may we be guarded well.

HYMN XXXIX. Indra.

1

STONE-DARTING Indra. Wondrous One, what wealth is richly given from thee, That bounty, Treasure-Finder! bring filling both thy hands, to us.

2

Bring what thou deemest worth the wish, O Indra, that which is in heaven. So may we know thee as thou art, boundless in thy munificence.

3

Thy lofty spirit, far-renowned as fain to give and prompt to win,— With this thou rendest e'en the firm, Stone-Darter! so to gain thee strength.

4

Singers with many songs have made Indra propitious to their fame, Him who is King of human kind, most liberal of your wealthy ones.

5

To him, to Indra must be sung the poet's word, the hymn of praise. To him, acceptor of the prayer, the Atris raise their songs on high, the Atris beautify their songs.

HYMN XL. Indra. Surya. Atri.

1

COME thou to what the stones have pressed, drink Soma, O thou Soma's Lord, Indra best Vrtra-slayer Strong One, with the Strong.

2

Strong is the stone, the draught is strong, strong is this Soma that is pressed, Indra, best Vrtra–slayer, Strong One with the Strong.

3

As strong I call on thee the Strong, O Thunder–armed, with various aids, Indra, best Vrtra–slayer, Strong One with the Strong.

4

Impetuous, Thunderer, Strong, quelling the mighty, King, potent, Vrtra–slayer, Soma–drinker, May he come hither with his yoked Bay Horses; may Indra gladden him at the noon libation.

5

O Surya, when the Asura's descendant Svarbhanu, pierced thee through and through with darkness, All creatures looked like one who is bewildered, who knoweth not the place where he is standing.

6

What time thou smotest down Svarbhanu's magic that spread itself beneath the sky, O Indra, By his fourth sacred prayer Atri discovered Surya concealed in gloom that stayed his function.

7

Let not the oppressor with this dread, through anger swallow me up, for I am thine, O Atri. Mitra art thou, the sender of true blessings: thou and King Varuna be both my helpers.

8

The Brahman Atri, as he set the press–stones, serving the Gods with praise and adoration, Established in the heaven the eye of Surya, and caused Svarbhanu's magic arts to vanish.

9

The Atris found the Sun again, him whom Svarbhanu of the brood Of Asuras had pierced with gloom. This none besides had power to do.

HYMN XLI. Visvedevas

1

WHO, Mitra–Varuna, is your pious servant to give you gifts from earth or mighty heaven? Preserve us in the seat of holy Order, and give the offerer power that winneth cattle.

2

May Mitra, Varuna, Aryaman, and Ayu, Indra Rbhuksan, and the Maruts, love us, And they who of one mind with bounteous Rudra accept the hymn and laud with adorations.

3

You will I call to feed the car–horse, Asvins, with the wind's flight swiftest of those who travel: Or also to the Asura of heaven, Worshipful, bring a hymn as 'twere libation.

4

The heavenly Victor, he whose priest is Kanva, Trta with Dyaus accordant, Vata, Agni, All-feeding Pusan, Bhaga sought the oblation, as they whose steeds are fleetest seek the contest.

5

Bring ye your riches forward borne on horses: let thought be framed for help and gain of treasure. Blest he the priest of Ausija through courses, the courses which are yours the fleet, O Maruts.

6

Bring hither him who yokes the car, your Vayu, who praises with his songs, the God and Singer; And, praying and devout, noble and prudent, may the Gods' Spouses in their thoughts retain us.

7

I speed to you with powers that should be honoured, with songs distinguishing Heaven's mighty Daughters, Morning and Night, the Two, as 'twere all-knowing: these bring the sacrifice unto the mortal.

8

You I extol, the nourishers of heroes bringing you gifts, Vastospati and Tvastar- Rich Dhisana accords through our obeisance - and Trees and Plants, for the swift gain of riches.

9

Ours be the Parvatas, even they, for offspring, free-moving, who are Heroes like the Vasus. May holy Aptya, Friend of man, exalted, strengthen our word for ever and be near us.

10

Trta praised him, germ of the earthly hero, with pure songs him the Offspring of the Waters. Agn; with might neighs loudly like a charger: he of the flaming hair destroys the forests.

11

How shall we speak to the great might of Rudra? How speak to Bhaga who takes thought for riches? May Plants, the Waters, and the Sky preserve us, and Woods and Mountains with their trees for tresses.

12

May the swift Wanderer, Lord of refreshments listen to our songs, who speeds through cloudy heaven: And may the Waters, bright like castles, hear us, as they flow onward from the cloven mountain.

13

We know your ways, ye Mighty Ones receiving choice meed, ye Wonderful, we will proclaim it. Even strong birds descend not to the mortal who strives to reach them with swift blow and weapons.

14

Celestial and terrestrial generations, and Waters will I summon to the feasting. May days with bright dawns cause my songs to prosper, and may the conquered streams increase their waters.

15

Duly to each one hath my laud been offered. Strong be Varutri with her powers to succour. May the great Mother Rasa here befriend us, straight-handed, with the princes, striving forward.

16

How may we serve the Liberal Ones with worship, the Maruts swift of course in invocation, the Maruts far-renowned in invocation? Let not the Dragon of the Deep annoy us, and gladly may he welcome our addresses.

17

Thus thinking, O ye Gods, the mortal wins you to give him increase of his herds of cattle: the mortal wins him, O ye Gods, your favour. Here he wins wholesome food to feed this body: as for mine old age, Nirrti consume it

18

O Gods, may we obtain from you this favour, strengthening food through the Cow's praise, ye Vasus. May she who gives good gifts, the gracious Goddess, come speeding nigh to us for our well-being.

19

May Ila, Mother of the herds of cattle, and Urvasi with all the streams accept us; May Urvasi in lofty heaven accepting, as she partakes the oblation of the living,

20

Visit us while she shares Urjavya's food.

HYMN XLII. Visvedevas.

1

Now may our sweetest song with deep devotion reach Varuna, Mitra, Aditi, and Bhaga. May the Five Priests' Lord, dwelling in oblations, bliss-giving Asura, hear, whose paths are open.

2

May Aditi welcome, even as a mother her dear heart-gladdening son, my song that lauds her. The prayer they love, bliss-giving, God-appointed, I offer unto Varuna and Mitra.

3

In spirit him, the Sagest of the Sages; with sacrificial oil and meath bedew him So then let him, God Savitar, provide us excellent, ready, and resplendent treasures.

4

With willing mind, Indra, vouchsafe us cattle, prosperity, Lord of Bays! and pious patrons;
And, with the sacred prayer by Gods appointed, give us the holy Deities' loving kindness.

5

God Bhaga, Savitar who deals forth riches, Indra, and they who conquer Vrtra's treasures,
And Vaja and Rbhuksan and Purandhi, the Mighty and Immortal Ones, protect us!

6

Let us declare his deeds, the undecaying unrivalled Victor whom the Maruts follow. None of
old times, O Maghavan, nor later, none of these days hath reached thy hero prowess.

7

Praise him the Chief who gives the boon of riches, Brhaspati distributor of treasures, Who,
blessing most the man who sings and praises, comes with abundant wealth to his invoker.

8

Tended, Brhaspati, with thy protections, the princes are unharmed and girt by heroes.
Wealth that brings bliss is found among the givers of horses and of cattle and of raiment.

9

Make their wealth flee who, through our hymns enjoying their riches, yield us not an ample
guerdon. Far from the sun keep those who hate devotion, the godless, prospering in their
vocation.

10

With wheelless chariots drive down him, O Maruts, who at the feasts of Gods regards the
demons. May he, though bathed in sweat, form empty wishes, who blames his sacred rite
who toils to serve you.

11

Praise him whose bow is strong and sure his arrow, him who is Lord of every balm that
healeth. Worship thou Rudra for his great good favour: adore the Asura, God, with
salutations.

12

May the House—friends, the cunning—handed Artists, may the Steer's Wives, the streams
carved out by Vibhvan, And may the fair Ones honour and befriend us, Sarasvati,
Brhaddiva, and Raka.

13

My newest song, thought that now springs within me, I offer to the Great, the Sure
Protector, Who made for us this All, in fond love laying each varied form within his
Daughter's bosom.

14

Now, even now, may thy fair praise, O Singer, attain Idaspati who roars and thunders, Who,
rich in clouds and waters with his lightning speeds forth bedewing both the earth and

heaven.

15

May this my laud attain the troop of Maruts, those who are youths in act, the Sons of Rudra. The wish calls me to riches and well-being: praise the unwearied Ones whose steeds are dappled.

16

May this my laud reach earth and air's mid-region, and forest trees and plants to win me riches. May every Deity be swift to listen, and Mother Earth with no ill thought regard me.

17

Gods, may we dwell in free untroubled bliss.

18

May we obtain the Asvins' newest favour, and gain their health-bestowing happy guidance. Bring riches hither unto us, and heroes, and all felicity and joy, Immortals!

HYMN XLIII. Visvedevas.

1

MAY the Milch-cows who hasten to their object come harmless unto us with liquid sweetness. The Singer, lauding, calls, for ample riches, the Seven Mighty Ones who bring enjoyment.

2

With reverence and fair praise will I bring hither, for sake of strength, exhaustless Earth and Heaven. Father and Mother, sweet of speech, fairhanded, may they, far-famed, in every fight protect us.

3

Adhvaryus, make the sweet libations ready, and bring the beautiful bright juice to Vayu. God, as our Priest, be thou the first to drink it: we give thee of the mead to make thee joyful.

4

Two arms—the Soma's dexterous immolators—and the ten fingers set and fix the press-stone. The stalk hath poured, fair with its spreading branches, the mead's bright glittering juice that dwells on mountains.

5

The Soma hath been pressed for thee, its lover, to give thee power and might and high enjoyment. Invoked, turn hither in thy car, O Indra, at need, thy two well-trained and dear Bay Horses.

6

Bring by God-traversed paths, accordant, Agni, the great Aramati, Celestial Lady, Exalted, worshipped with our gifts and homage, who knoweth holy Law, to drink sweet Soma.

7

As on his father's lap the son, the darling, so on the fire is set the sacred caldron, Which holy singers deck, as if extending and heating that which holds the fatty membrane.

8

Hither, as herald to invite the Asvins, come the great lofty song, most sweet and pleasant! Come in one car, joy-givers! to the banquet, like the bolt binding pole and nave, come hither.

9

I have declared this speech of adoration to mightiest Pusan and victorious Vayu, Who by their bounty are the hymns' inspirers, and of themselves give power as a possession.

10

Invoked by us bring hither, jatavedas the Maruts all under their names and figures. Come to the sacrifice with aid all Maruts, all to the songs and praises of the singer!

11

From high heaven may Sarasvati the Holy visit our sacrifice, and from the mountain. Eager, propitious, may the balmy Goddess hear our effectual speech, our invocation.

12

Set in his seat the God whose back is dusky, Brhaspati the lofty, the Disposer. Him let us worship, set within the dwelling, the red, the golden-hued, the all resplendent.

13

May the Sustainer, high in heaven, come hither, the Bounteous One, invoked, with all his favours, Dweller with Dames divine, with plants, unwearied, the Steer with triple horn, the life-bestower.

14

The tuneful eloquent priests of him who liveth have sought the Mother's bright and loftiest station. As living men, with offered gifts and homage they deck the most auspicious Child to clothe him.

15

Agni, great vital power is thine, the mighty: pairs waxing old in their devotion seek thee. May every Deity be swift to listen, and Mother Earth with no ill thought regard me.

16

Gods, may we dwell in free untroubled bliss.

17

May we obtain the Asvins' newest favour, and gain their health-bestowing happy guidance. Bring riches hither unto us, and heroes, and all felicity and joy, Immortals!

HYMN XLIV. Visvedevas.

1

As in the first old times, as all were wont, as now, he draweth forth the power turned hitherward with song, The Princedom throned on holy grass, who findeth light, swift, conquering in the' plants wherein he waxeth strong.

2

Shining to him who leaves heaven's regions undisturbed, which to his sheen who is beneath show fair in light, Good guardian art thou, not to be deceived, Most Wise! Far from deceits thy name dwelleth in holy Law.

3

Truth waits upon oblation present and to come: naught checks him in his way, this victory-bringing Priest: The Mighty Child who glides along the sacred grass, the undecaying Youth set in the midst of plants.

4

These come, well-yoked, to you for furtherance in the rite: down come the twinborn strengtheners of Law for him, With reins easily guided and commanding all. In the deep fall the hide stealeth away their names.

5

Thou, moving beauteously in visibly pregnant ones, snatching with trees the branching plant that grasps the juice, Shonest, true Singer! mid the upholders of the voice. Increase thy Consorts thou, lively at sacrifice.

6

Like as he is beheld such is he said to be. They with effectual splendour in the floods have made Earth yield us room enough and amply wide extent, great might invincible, with store of hero sons.

7

Surya the Sage, as if unwedded, with a Spouse, in battle-loving spirit moveth o'er the foes. May he, self-excellent, grant us a sheltering home, a house that wards the fierce heat off on every side.

8

Thy name, sung forth by Rsis in these hymns of ours, goes to the loftier One with this swift mover's light. By skill he wins the boon whereon his heart is set: he who bestirs himself shall bring the thing to pass.

9

The chief and best of these abideth in the sea, nor doth libation fail wherein it is prolonged. The heart of him who praiseth trembleth not in fear there where the hymn is found connected with the pure.

10

For it is he: with thought to of Ksatra, Manasa, of Yajata, and Sadhri, and Evavada, With Avatsara's sweet songs will we strive to win the mightiest strength which even he who

knows should gain.

11

The Hawk is their full source, girth–stretching rapturous drink of Visvavara, of Mayin, and Yajata. They ever seek a fresh draught so that they may come, know when thy time to halt and drink thy fill is near.

12

Sadaprna the holy, Tarya, Srutavit, and Bahuvrkta, joined with you, have slain the foes. He gains his wish in both the worlds and brightly shines–when he adores the host with well–advancing steeds.

13

The worshipper's defender is Sutambhara, producer and uplifter of all holy thoughts. The milch–cow brought, sweet–flavoured milk was dealt around. Who speaks the bidding text knows this, not he who sleeps.

11

The sacred hymns love him who wakes and watches: to him who watches come the Sama verses. This Soma saith unto the man who watches, I rest and have my dwelling in thy friendship.

15

Agni is watchful, and the gcas [sic] love him; Agni is watchful, Sama verses seek him. Agni is watchful, to him saith this Soma, I rest and have my dwelling in thy friendship.

HYMN XLV. Visvedevas.

1

BARDS of approaching Dawn who know the heavens are come with hymns to throw the mountain open. The Sun hath risen and oped the stable portals: the doors of men, too, hath the God thrown open.

2

Surya hath spread his light as splendour: hither came the Cows' Mother, conscious, from the stable, To streams that flow with biting waves to deserts; and heaven is stablished like a firm–set pillar.

3

This laud hath won the burden of the mountain. To aid the ancient birth of mighty waters The mountain parted, Heaven performed his office. The worshippers were worn with constant serving.

4

With hymns and God–loved words will I invoke you, Indra and Agni, to obtain your favour, For verily sages, skilled in sacrificing, worship the Maruts and with lauds invite them.

5

This day approach us: may our thoughts be holy, far from us let us cast away misfortune. Let us keep those who hate us at a distance, and haste to meet the man who sacrifices.

6

Come, let us carry out, O friends, the purpose wherewith the Mother threw the Cow's stall open, That wherewith Manu conquered Visisipra, wherewith the wandering merchant gained heaven's water.

7

Here, urged by hands, loudly hath rung the press–stone wherewith Navagvas through ten months sang praises. Sarama went aright and found the cattle. Angiras gave effect to all their labours.

8

When at the dawning of this mighty Goddess, Angirases all sang forth with the cattle,— Their spring is in the loftiest place of meeting,—Sarama found the kine by Order's pathway.

9

Borne by his Coursers Seven may Surya visit the field that spreadeth wide for his long journey. Down on the Soma swooped the rapid Falcon. Bright was the young Sage moving mid his cattle.

10

Surya hath mounted to the shining ocean when he hath yoked his fair–backed Tawny Horses. The wise have drawn him like a ship through water: the floods obedient have descended hither.

11

I lay upon the Floods your hymn, lightwinning, wherewith Navagvas their ten months completed. Through this our hymn may we have Gods to guard us: through this our hymn pass safe beyond affliction.

HYMN XLVI. Visvedevas.

1

WELL knowing I have bound me, horselike, to the pole: I carry that which bears as on and gives us help. I seek for no release, no turning back therefrom. May he who knows the way, the Leader, guide me straight.

2

O Agni, Indra, Varuna, and Mitra, give, O ye Gods, and Marut host, and Visnu. May both Nasatyas, Rudra, heavenly Matrons, Pusan, Sarasvati, Bhaga, accept us.

3

Indra and Agni, Mitra, Varuna, Aditi, the Waters, Mountains, Maruts, Sky, and Earth and Heaven, Visnu I call, Pusan, and Brahmanaspati, and Bhaga, Samsa, Savitar that they may help.

4

May Visnu also and Vata who injures none, and Soma granter of possessions give us joy;
And may the Rbhus and the Asvins, Tvastar and Vibhvan remember us so that we may
have wealth.

5

So may the band of Maruts dwelling in the sky, the holy, come to us to sit on sacred grass;
Brhaspati and Pusan grant us sure defence, Varuna, Mitra, Aryaman guard and shelter us.

6

And may the Mountains famed in noble eulogies, and the fair-gleaming Rivers keep us
safe from harm. May Bhaga the Dispenser come with power and grace, and far-pervading
Aditi listen to my call.

7

May the Gods' Spouses aid us of their own freewill, aid us to offspring and the winning of
the spoil. Grant us protection, O ye gracious Goddesses, ye who are on the earth or in the
waters' realm.

8

May the Dames, wives of Gods, enjoy our presents, Rat, Asvini, Agnayi, and Indrani. May
Rodasi and Varunani hear us, and Goddesses come at the Matrons' season.

HYMN XLVII. Visvedevas.

1

URGING to toil and making proclamation, seeking Heaven's Daughter comes the Mighty
Mother: She comes, the youthful Hymn, unto the Fathers, inviting to her home and loudly
calling.

2

Swift in their motion, hasting to their duty, reaching the central point of life immortal, On
every side about the earth and heaven go forth the spacious paths without a limit.

3

Steer, Sea, Red Bird with strong wings, he hath entered the dwelling-place of the Primeval
Father. A gay-hued Stone set in the midst of heaven, he hath gone forth and guards
mid-air's two limits.

4

Four bear him up and give him rest and quiet, and ten invigorate the Babe for travel. His
kine most excellent, of threefold nature, pass swiftly round the boundaries of heaven.

5

Wondrous, O people, is the mystic knowledge that while the waters stand the streams are
flowing: That, separate from his Mother, Two support him, closely-united, twins, here made
apparent.

6

For him they lengthen prayers and acts of worship: the Mothers weave garments for him their offspring. Rejoicing, for the Steer's impregning contact, his Spouses move on paths or heaven to meet him.

7

Be this our praise, O Varuna and Mitra may this be health and force to us, O Agni. May we obtain firm ground and room for resting: Glory to Heaven, the lofty habitation!

-- Book 05 Part 03 --

Book 05 Part 04

HYMN XLVIII. Visvedevas.

1

WHAT may we meditate for the beloved Power, mighty in native strength and glorious in itself, Which as a magic energy seeking waters spreads even to the immeasurable middle region's cloud?

2

O'er all the region with their uniform advance these have spread out the lore that giveth heroes strength. Back, with their course reversed, the others pass away: the pious lengthens life with those that are before.

3

With pressing–stones and with the bright beams of the day he hurls his broadest bolt against the Guileful One. Even he whose hundred wander in his own abode, driving the days afar and bringing them again.

4

I, to enjoy the beauty of his form, behold that rapid rush of his as 'twere an axe's edge, What time he gives the man who calls on him in fight wealth like a dwelling–house filled full with store of food.

5

Four–faced and nobly clad, Varuna, urging on the pious to his task, stirs himself with the tongue. Naught by our human nature do we know of him, him from whom Bhaga Savitar bestows the boon.

HYMN XLIX. Visvedevas.

1

THIS day I bring God Savitar to meet you, and Bhaga who allots the wealth of mortals. You, Asvins, Heroes rich in treasures, daily seeking your friendship fain would I turn hither.

2

Knowing full well the Asura's time of coming, worship God Savitar with hymns and praises. Let him who rightly knoweth speak with homage to him who dealeth out man's noblest treasure.

3

Not for reward doth Pusan send his blessings, Bhaga, or Aditi: his garb is splendour. May Indra, Visnu, Varuna, Mitra, Agni produce auspicious days, the Wonder–Workers.

4

Sending the shelter which we ask, the foeless Savitar and the Rivers shall approach us. When I, the sacrifice's priest, invite them, may we be lords of wealth and rich possessions.

5

They who devote such worship to the Vasus, singing their hymns to Varuna and Mitra, Vouchsafe them ample room, far off be danger. Through grace of Heaven and Earth may we be happy.

HYMN L. Visvedevas.

1

LET every mortal man elect the friendship of the guiding God. Each one solicits him for wealth and seeks renown to prosper him.

2

These, leading God, are thine, and these here ready to speak after us. As such may we attain to wealth and wait with services on thee.

3

So further honour as our guests the Hero Gods and then the Dames. May he remove and keep afar our foes and all who block our path.

4

Where fire is set, and swiftly runs the victim dwelling in the trough, He wins, with heroes in his home, friendly to man, like constant streams.

5

May these thy riches, Leader God! that rule the car, be blest to us, Yea, blest to us for wealth and weal. This will we ponder praising strength, this ponder as we praise the God.

HYMN LI. Visvedevas.

1

WITH all assistants, Agni, come hither to drink the Soma-juice; With Gods unto our sacred gifts.

2

Come to the sacrifice, O ye whose ways are right, whose laws are true, And drink the draught with Agni's tongue.

3

O Singer, with the singers, O Gracious, with those who move at dawn, Come to the Soma-draught with Gods.

4

To Indra and to Vayu dear, this Soma, by the mortar pressed, Is now poured forth to fill the jar.

5

Vayu, come hither to the feast, wellpleased unto our sacred gifts: Drink of the Soma juice effused come to the food.

6

Ye, Indra, Vayu, well deserve to drink the juices pressed by us. Gladly accept them, spotless Pair come to the food.

7

For Indra and for Vayu pressed are Soma juices blent with curd, As rivers to the lowland flow: come to the food.

8

Associate with all the Gods, come, with the Asvins and with Dawn, Agni, as erst with Atri, so enjoy the juice.

9

Associate with Varuna, with Mitra, Soma, Visnu, come, Agni, as erstwith Atri, so enjoy the juice.

10

Associate with Vasus, with Adityas, Indra, Viyu, come, Agni as erst with Atri, so enjoy the juice.

11

May Bhaga and the Asvins grant us health and wealth, and Goddess Adid and he whom none resist. The Asura Pusan grant us all prosperity, and Heaven and Earth most wise vouchsafe us happiness.

12

Let us solicit Vayu for prosperity, and Soma who is Lord of all the world for weal; For weal Brhaspati with all his company. May the Adityas bring us health and happiness.

13

May all the Gods, may Agni the beneficent, God of all men, this day be with us for our weal. Help us the Rbhus, the Divine Ones, for our good. May Rudra bless and keep us from calamity.

14

Prosper us, Mitra, Varuna. O wealthy Pathya, prosper us. Indra and Agni, prosper us; prosper us thou, O Aditi.

15

Like Sun and Moon may we pursue in full prosperity our path, And meet with one who gives again, –who knows us well and slays us not.

HYMN LII Maruts.

1

SING boldly forth, Syavasva, with the Maruts who are loud in song, Who, holy, as their wont is, joy in glory that is free from guile.

2

For in their boldness they are friends of firm and sure heroic strength. They in their course, bold-spirited, guard all men of their own accord.

3

Like steers in rapid motion they advance and overtake the nights; And thus the Maruts' power in heaven and on the earth we celebrate.

4

With boldness to your Maruts let us offer laud and sacrifice: Who all, through ages of mankind, guard mortal man from injury.

5

Praiseworthy, givers of good gifts, Heroes with full and perfect strength – To Maruts, Holy Ones of heaven, will I extol the sacrifice.

6

The lofty Heroes cast their spears and weapons bright with gleaming gold. After these Maruts followed close, like laughing lightning from the sky, a splendour of its own accord.

7

They who waxed mighty, of the earth, they who are in the wide mid-air, Or in the rivers' compass, or in the abode of ample heaven.

8

Praise thou the Maruts' company, the valorous and truly strong, The Heroes, hasting, by themselves have yoked their deer for victory.

9

Fair-gleaming, on Parusni they have clothed themselves in robes of wool, And with their chariot tires they cleave the rock asunder in their might.

10

Whether as wanderers from the way or speeders on or to the path, Under these names the spreading band tend well the sacrifice for me.

11

To this the Heroes well attend, well do their teams attend to this. Visible are their varied forms. Behold, they are Paravatas.

12

Hymn-singing, seeking water, they, praising, have danced about the spring. What are they unto me? No thieves, but helpers, splendid to behold.

13

Sublime, with lightnings for their spears, Sages and Orderers are they. Rsi, adore that Marut host, and make them happy with thy song.

14

Rsi, invite the Marut band with offerings, as a maid her friend. From heaven, too, Bold Ones, in your might haste hither glorified with songs.

15

Thinking of these now let him come, as with the escort of the Gods, And with the splendid Princes, famed for rapid courses, to the gifts.

16

Princes, who, when I asked their kin, named Prsni as their Mother–cow, And the impetuous Rudra they, the Mighty Ones, declared their Sire.

17

The mighty ones, the seven times seven, have singly given me hundred gifts. I have obtained on Yamuna famed wealth in kine and wealth in steeds.

HYMN LIII. Maruts.

1

Who knows the birth of these, or who lived in the Maruts' favour in the days of old What time their spotted deer were yoked?

2

Who, when they stood upon their cars, hath heard them tell the way they went? Who was the bounteous man to whom their kindred rains flowed down with food of sacrifice?

3

To me they told it, and they came with winged steeds radiant to the draught, Youths, Heroes free from spot or stain: Behold us here and praise thou us;

4

Who shine self–luminous with ornaments and swords, with breastplates, armlets, and with wreaths, Arrayed on chariots and with bows.

5

O swift to pour your bounties down, ye Maruts, with delight I look upon your cars, Like splendours coming through the rain.

6

Munificent Heroes, they have cast heaven's treasury down for the worshipper's behoof: They set the storm–cloud free to stream through both the worlds, and rainfloods flow o'er desert spots.

7

The bursting streams in billowy flood have spread abroad, like milch-kine, o'er the firmament. Like swift steeds hasting to their journey's resting-place, to every side run glittering brooks.

8

Hither, O Maruts, come from heaven, from mid-air, or from near at hand Tarry not far away from us.

9

So let not Rasa, Krumu, or Anitabha, Kubha, or Sindhu hold you back. Let not the watery Sarayti obstruct your way. With us be all the bliss ye give.

10

That brilliant gathering of your cars, the company of Maruts, of the Youthful Ones, The rain-showers, speeding on, attend.

11

With eulogies and hymns may we follow your army, troop by troop, and band by band, And company by company.

12

To what oblation-giver, sprung of noble ancestry, have sped The Maruts on this course to-day?

13

Vouchsafe to us the bounty, that which we implore, through which, for child and progeny, Ye give the seed of corn that wasteth not away, and bliss that reacheth to all life.

14

May we in safety pass by those who slander us, leaving behind disgrace and hate. Maruts, may we be there when ye, at dawn, in rest and toil, rain waters down and balm.

15

Favoured by Gods shall he the man, O Heroes, Marutr! and possessed of noble sons, Whom ye protect. Such may we be.

16

Praise the Free-givers. At this liberal patron's rite they joy like cattle in the mead. So call thou unto them who come as ancient Friends: hymn those who love thee with a song.

HYMN LIV. Maruts.

1

THIS hymn will I make for the Marut host who bright in native splendour cast the mountains down. Sing the great strength of those illustrious in renown, who stay the heat, who sacrifice on heights of heaven.

2

O Maruts, rich in water, strengtheners of life are your strong bands with harnessed steeds, that wander far. Trita roars out at him who aims the lightning–flash. The waters sweeping round are thundering on their way.

3

They gleam with lightning, Heroes, Casters of the Stone, wind–rapid Maruts, overthrowers of the bills, Oft through desire to rain coming with storm of hail, roaring in onset, violent and exceeding strong.

4

When, mighty Rudras, through the nights and through the days, when through the sky and realms of air, shakers of all, When over the broad fields ye drive along like ships, e'en to strongholds ye come, Maruts, but are not harmed.

5

Maruts, this hero strength and majesty of yours hath, like the Sun, extended o'er a lengthened way, When in your course like deer with splendour unsubdued ye bowed the hill that gives imperishable rain.

6

Bright shone your host, ye Sages, Maruts, when ye smote the waving tree as when the worm consumeth it. Accordant, as the eye guides him who walks, have ye led our devotion onward by an easy path.

7

Never is he, O Maruts, slain or overcome, never doth he decay ne'er is distressed or harmed; His treasures, his resources, never waste away, whom. whether he be prince or Rsi, ye direct.

8

With harnessed team like heroes overcoming troops, the friendly Maruts, laden with their water–casks, Let the spring flow, and when impetuous' they roar they inundate the earth with floods of pleasant meath.

9

Free for the Maruts is the earth with sloping ways, free for the rushing Ones is heaven with steep descents. The paths of air's mid–region are precipitous, precipitous the mountains with their running streams.

10

When, as the Sun hath risen up, ye take delight, O bounteous radiant Maruts, Heroes of the sky, Your coursers weary not when speeding on their way, and rapidly ye reach the end of this your path.

11

Lances are on your shoulders, anklets on your feet, gold chains are on your breasts, gems, Maruts, on your car. Lightnings aglow with flame are flashing in your hands, and visors

wrought of gold are laid upon your heads.

12

Maruts, in eager stir ye shake the vault of heaven, splendid beyond conception, for its shining fruit. They gathered when they let their deeds of might flash forth. The Pious Ones send forth a far-resounding shout.

13

Sage Maruts, may we be the drivers of the car of riches full of life that have been given by you. O Maruts, let that wealth in thousands dwell with us which never vanishes like Tisya from the sky.

14

Maruts, ye further wealth with longed for heroes, further the Rsi skilled in chanted verses. Ye give the Bharata as his strength, a charger, and ye bestow a king who quickly listens.

15

Of you, most swift to succour! I solicit wealth wherewith we may spread forth mid men like as the Sun. Accept, O Maruts, graciously this hymn of mine that we may live a hundred winters through its power.

HYMN LV. Maruts.

1

WITH gleaming lances, with their breasts adorned with gold, the Maruts, rushing onward, hold high power of life. They hasten with swift steeds easy to be controlled. Their cars moved onward as they went to victory.

2

Ye, as ye wist, have gained of your own selves your power: high, O ye Mighty Ones, and wide ye shine abroad. They with their strength have even measured out the sky. Their cars moved onward as they went to victory.

3

Strong, born together, they together have waxed great: the Heroes more and more have grown to majesty Resplendent as the Sun's beams in their light are they. Their cars moved onward as they went to victory.

4

Maruts, your mightiness deserves to be adored, sight to be longed for like the shining of the Sun. So lead us with your aid to immortality. Their cars moved onward as they went to victory.

5

O Maruts, from the Ocean ye uplift the rain, and fraught with vaporous moisture pour the torrents down. Never, ye Wonder-Workers, are your Milch-kine dry. Their cars moved onward as they went to victory.

6

When to your car—poles ye have yoked your spotted deer to be your steeds, and put your golden mantles on, O Maruts, ye disperse all enemies abroad. Their cars moved onward as they went to victory.

7

Neither the mountains nor the rivers keep you back: whither ye have resolved thither ye, Maruts, go. Ye compass round about even the heaven and earth. Their cars moved onward as they went to victory. Whate'er is ancient, Maruts, what of recent time, whate'er is spoken, Vasus, what is chanted forth, They who take cognizance of all of this are ye. Their cars moved onward as they went to victory.

9

Be gracious unto us, ye Maruts, slay us not extend ye unto us shelter of many a sort. Pay due regard unto our friendship and our praise. Their cars moved onward as they went to victory.

10

O Maruts, lead us on to higher fortune deliver us, when lauded, from afflictions. Accept, ye Holy Ones, the gifts we bring you. May we be masters of abundant riches.

HYMN LVI. Maruts.

1

AGNI, that valorous company adorned with ornaments of gold, The people of the Maruts, I call down to—day even from the luminous realm of heaven.

2

Even as thou thinkest in thy heart, thither my wishes also tend. Those who have come most near to thine invoking calls, strengthen them fearful to behold.

3

Earth, like a bounteous lady, liberal of her gifts, struck down and shaken, yet exultant, comes to us. Impetuous as a bear, O Maruts, is your rush terrible as a dreadful bull..

4

They who with mighty strength o'erthrow like oxen difficult to yoke, Cause e'en the heavenly stone to shake ' yea, shake the rocky mountain as they race along.

5

Rise up! even now with lauds I call the very numerous company, Unequalled, of these Maruts, like a herd of kine, grown up together in their strength.

6

Bind to your car the bright red mares, yoke the red coursers to your car. Bind to the pole, to draw, the fleet—foot tawny steeds, the best at drawing, to the pole.

7

Yea, and this loudly–neighing bright red vigorous horse who hath been sutioned [sic], fair to see, Let him not cause delay, O Maruts,, in your course, urge ye him onward in your cars.

8

The Maruts' chariot, ever fain to gather glory, we invoke, Which Rodasi hath mounted, bringing pleasant gifts, with Maruts in her company.

9

I call that brilliant band of yours, adorable, rapid on the car Whereon the bounteous Dame, auspicious, nobly born, shows glorious with the Marut host.

HYMN LVII. Maruts.

1

OF one accord, with Indra, O ye Rudras, come borne on your golden car for our prosperity. An offering from us, this hymn is brought to you, as, unto one who thirsts for water, heavenly springs.

2

Armed with your daggers, full of wisdom, armed with spears, armed with your quivers, armed with arrows, with good bows, Good horses and good cars have ye, O Prsni's Sons: ye, Maruts, with good weapons go to victory.

3

From hills and heaven ye shake wealth for the worshipper: in terror at your coming low the woods bow down. Ye make the earth to tremble, Sons of Prsni, when for victory ye have yoked, fierce Ones! your spotted deer.

4

Bright with the blasts of wind, wrapped in their robes of rain, like twins of noble aspect and of lovely form, The Maruts, spotless, with steeds tawnyhued and red, strong in their mightiness and spreading wide like heaven.

5

Rich in adornment, rich in drops, munificent, bright in their aspect, yielding bounties that endure, Noble by birth, adorned with gold upon their breasts, the Singers of the sky have won immortal fame.

6

Borne on both shoulders, O ye Maruts, are your spears: within your arms is laid your energy and strength. Bold thoughts are in your heads, your weapons in your cars, all glorious majesty is moulded on your forms.

7

Vouchsafe to us, O Maruts, splendid bounty in cattle and in steeds, in cars and heroes. Children of Rudra, give us high distinction: may I enjoy your Godlike help and favour.

8

Ho! Maruts, Heroes, skilled in Law, immortal, be gracious unto us, ye rich in treasures, Ye hearers of the truth, ye sage and youthful, grown mighty, dwelling on the lofty mountains.

HYMN LVIII. Maruts.

1

Now do I glorify their mighty cohort, the company of these the youthful Maruts, Who ride impetuous on with rapid horses, and radiant in themselves, are Lords of Amrta.

2

The mighty glittering band, arm-bound with bracelets, givers of bliss, unmeasured in their greatness, With magical powers, bountiful, ever-roaring,—these, liberal Heroes, venerate thou singer.

3

This day may all your water-bringers, Maruts, they who impel the falling rain, approach us. This fire, O Maruts, hath been duly kindled; let it find favour with you, youthful Sages.

4

Ye raise up for the folk an active ruler whom, Holy Ones! a Master's hand hath fashioned. Ye send the fighter hand to hand, armmighty, and the brave hero, Maruts with good horses.

5

They spring forth more and more, strong in their glories, like days, like spokes where none are last in order. Highest and mightiest are the Sons of Prsni. Firm to their own intention cling the Maruts.

6

When ye have hastened on with spotted coursers, O Maruts, on your cars with strong-wrought fellies, The waters are disturbed, the woods are shattered. Let Dyaus the Red Steer send his thunder downward.

7

Even Earth hath spread herself wide at their coming, and they as husbands have with power impregnated her. They to the pole have yoked the winds for coursers: their sweat have they made rain, these Sons of Rudra.

8

Ho! Maruts, Heroes, skilled in Law, immortal, be gracious unto us, ye rich in treasures, Ye hearers of the truth, ye sage and youthful, grown mighty, dwelling on the lofty mountains.

HYMN LIX. Maruts.

1

YOUR spy hath called to you to give prosperity. I sing to Heaven and Earth and offer sacrifice. They bathe their steeds and hasten through the firmament: they spread abroad their radiance through the sea of cloud.

2

Earth shakes and reels in terror at their onward rush, like a full ship which, quivering, lets the water in. Marked on their ways are they, visible from afar: the Heroes press between in mighty armament.

3

As the exalted horn of bulls for splendid might, as the Sun's eye set in the firmament's expanse, Like vigorous horses ye are beauteous to behold, and for your glory show like bridegrooms, O ye Men.

4

Who, O ye Maruts, may attain the mighty lore of you the mighty, who may reach your manly deeds? Ye, verily, make earth tremble like a ray of light what time ye bring your boons to give prosperity,

5

Like steeds of ruddy colour, scions of one race, as foremost champions they have battled in the van. The Heroes have waxed strong like we.1grown manly youths; with floods of rain they make the Sun's eye fade away,

6

Having no eldest and no youngest in their band, no middlemost, preeminent they have waxed in might, These Sons of Prsni, sprung of noble ancestry: come hitherward to us, ye bridegrooms of the sky.

7

Like birds of air they flew with might in lengthened lines from heaven's high ridges to the borders of the sky. The steeds who carry them, as Gods and mortals know, have caused the waters of the mountains to descend.

8

May Dyaus, the Infinite, roar for our banquet: may Dawns toil for us, glittering with moisture. Lauded by thee, these Maruts, Sons o Rudra, O Rsi, have sent down the heavenly treasure.

HYMN LX. Maruts.

1

I LAUD with reverence the gracious Agni: here may he sit and part our meed among us. As with spoil-seeking cars I bring oblation: turned rightward I will swell the Marut's, praise-song.

2

The Maruts, yea, the Rudras, who have mounted their famous spotted deer and cars swift-moving,— Before you, fierce Ones! woods bow down in terror: Earth, even the mountain, trembles at your coming.

3

Though vast and tall, the mountain is affrighted, the height of heaven is shaken at your roaring When, armed with lances, ye are sporting, Maruts, and rush along together like the waters.

4

They, like young suitors, sons of wealthy houses, have with their golden natures decked their bodies. Strong on their cars, the lordly Ones, for glory, have set their splendours on their forms for ever.

5

None being eldest, none among them youngest, as brothers they have grown to happy fortune. May their Sire Rudra, young and deft, and Prsni pouring much milk, bring fair days to the Maruts.

6

Whether, O blessed Maruts, ye be dwelling in highest, midmost, or in lowest heaven, Thence, O ye Rudras, and thou also, Agni, notice the sacrificial food we offer.

7

O Maruts, Lords of all, when Agni and when ye drive downward from sublimest heaven along the heights, Shakers of all, rejoicing, slayers of the foe, give riches to the Soma—pressing worshipper.

8

O Agni, with the Maruts as they gleam and sing, gathered in troop, rejoicing drink the Soma juice; With these the living ones who cleanse and further all, joined with thy banner, O Vaisvanara, from of old.

HYMN LXI. Maruts.

1

O HEROES lordliest of all, who are ye that have singly come Forth from a region most remote?

2

Where are your horses, where the reins? How came ye? how had ye the power? Rein was on nose and seat on back.

3

The whip is laid upon the flank. The heroes stretch their thighs apart, Like women when the babe is born.

4

Go ye, O Heroes, far away, ye bridegrooms with a lovely Spouse That ye may warm you at the fire.

5

May she gain cattle for her meed, hundreds of sheep and steeds and kine, Who threw embracing arms around the hero whom Gyavaiva praised.

6

Yea, many a woman is more firm and better than the man who turns Away from Gods, and offers not.

7

She who discerns the weak and worn, the man who thirsts and is in want She sets her mind upon the Gods.

8

And yet full many a one, unpraised, mean niggard, is entitled man: Only in weregild is he such.

9

And she, the young, the joyous-spirited, divulged the path to Syava, yea, to me. Two red steeds carried me to Purumilha's side, that sage of far-extended fame,

10

Him who, like Vaidadasvi, like Taranta, hath bestowed on me A hundred cows in liberal gift.

11

They who are borne by rapid steeds, drinking the meath that gives delight, They have attained high glories here.

12

They by whose splendour both the worlds are over-spread they shine on cars As the gold gleams above in heaven.

13

That Marut band is ever young, borne on bright cars, unblamable, Moving to victory, checked by none.

14

Who knoweth, verily, of these where the All-shakers take delight, Born, spotless, after sacred Law?

15

Guides are ye, lovers of the song to mortal man through holy hymn, And hearers when he cries for help.

16

Do ye, destroyers of the foe, worshipful and exceeding bright, Send down the treasures that we crave.

17

Ourmya [sic], bear thou far away to Darbhya this my hymn of praise, Songs, Goddess, as if chariot-borne.

18

From me to Rathaviti say, when he hath pressed the Soma juice, The wish I had departeth not.

19

This wealthy Rathaviti dwells among the people rich in kine, Among the mountains, far withdrawn.

-- Book 05 Part 04 --

Book 05 Part 05

HYMN LXII. Mitra–Varuna

1

BY your high Law firm order is established there where they loose for travel Surya's horses. Ten hundred stood together: there I looked on this the most marvellous Deities' one chief glory.

2

This, Mitra–Varuna, is your special greatness: floods that stood there they with the days attracted. Ye cause to flow all voices of the cowpen [sic]: your single chariotfelly hath rolled hither.

3

O Mitra–Varuna, ye by your greatness, both Kings, have firmly stablished earth and heaven, Ye caused the cows to stream, the plants to flourish, and, scattering swift drops, sent down the rain–flood.

4

Let your well–harnessed horses bear you hither: hitherward let them come with reins drawn tightly. A covering cloud of sacred oil attends you, and your streams flow to us from days aforetime.

5

To make the lustre wider and more famous, guarding the sacred grass with veneration, Ye, Mitra–Varuna, firm, strong, awe–inspiring, are seated on a throne amid oblations.

6

With hands that shed no blood, guarding the pious, whom, Varuna, ye save amid oblations. Ye Twain, together, Kings of willing spirit, uphold dominion based on thousand pillars.

7

Adorned with gold, its columns are of iron. in heaven it glitters like a whip for horses; Or stablished on a field deep–spoiled and fruitful. So may we share the meath that loads your car–seat.

8

Ye mount your car gold–hued at break of morning, and iron–pillared when the Sun is setting, And from that place, O Varuna and Mitra, behold infinity and limitation.

9

Bountiful guardians of the world! the shelter that is impenetrable, strongest, flawless, Aid us with that, O Varuna and Mitra, and when we long to win may we be victors.

HYMN LXIII. Mitra–Varuna.

1

GUARDIANS of Order, ye whose Laws are ever true, in the sublimest heaven your chariot ye ascend. O Mitra–Varuna whomsoe'er ye: favour, here, to him the rain with sweetness streameth down from heaven.

2

This world's imperial Kings, O Mitra–Varuna, ye rule in holy synod, looking on the light. We pray for rain, your boon, and immortality. Through heaven and over earth the thunderers take their way.

3

Imperial Kings, strong, Heroes, Lords of earth and heaven, Mitra and Varuna, ye ever active Ones, Ye wait on thunder with the many–tinted clouds, and by the Asura's magic power cause Heaven to rain.

4

Your magic, Mitra–Varuna, resteth in the heaven. The Sun, the wondrous weapon, cometh forth as light. Ye hide him in the sky with cloud and flood of rain, and water–drops, Parjanya! full of sweetness flow.

5

The Maruts yoke their easy car for victory, O Mitra–Varuna, as a hero in the wars. The thunderers roam through regions varied in their hues. Imperial Kings, bedew us with the milk of heaven.

6

Refreshing is your voice, O Mitra–Varuna: Parjanya sendeth out a wondrous mighty voice. With magic power the Maruts clothe them with the clouds. Ye Two cause Heaven to rain, the red, the spotless One.

7

Wise, with your Law and through the Asura's magic power ye guard the ordinances, Mitra–Varuna. Ye by eternal Order govern all the world. Ye set the Sun in heaven as a refulgent car.

HYMN LXIV. Mitra–Varuna

1

You, foeman–slaying Varuna and Mitra, we invoke with song, Who, as with penfold of your arms, encompass round the realm of light.

2

Stretch out your arms with favouring love unto this man who singeth hymns, For in all places is sung forth your evergracious friendliness.

3

That I may gain a refuge now, may my steps be on Mitra's path. Men go protected in the charge of this dear Friend who harms us not.

4

Mitra and Varuna, from you may I, by song, win noblest meed. That shall stir envy in the homes of wealthy chiefs and those who praise.

5

With your fair splendours, Varuna and Mitra, to our gathering come, That in their homes the wealthy chiefs and they who are your friends may thrive.

6

With those, moreover, among whom ye hold your high supremacy, Vouchsafe us room that we may win strength for prosperity and wealth.

7

When morning flushes, Holy Ones! in the Gods' realm where white Cows shine, Supporting Arcananas, speed, ye Heroes, with your active feet hither to my pressed Soma juice.

HYMN LXV Mitra–Varuna.

1

FULL wise is he who hath discerned: let him speak to us of the Gods,— The man whose praise—songs Varuna the beautiful, or Mitra, loves.

2

For they are Kings of noblest might, of glorious fame most widely spread; Lords of the brave, who strengthen Law, the Holy Ones with every race.

3

Approaching you with prayer for aid, together I address you first We who have good steeds call on you, Most Sage, to give us strength besides.

4

E'en out of misery Mitra gives a way to dwelling at our case, For he who worships hath the grace of Mitra, fighter in the van. '

5

In Mitra's shelter that extends to utmost distance may we dwell, Unmenaced, guarded by the care, ever as sons of Varuna.

6

Ye, Mitra, urge this people on, and to one end direct their ways. Neglect not ye the wealthy chiefs, neglect not us the Rsis: be our guardians when ye quaff the milk.

HYMN LXVI. Mitra–Varuna.

1

O SAPIENT man, call the Two Gods, the very wise, who slay the foe. For Varuna, whose form is Law, place offerings for his great delight.

2

For they have won unbroken sway in full perfection, power divine. And, like high laws, the world of man hath been made beautiful as light.

3

Therefore we praise you that your cars may travel far in front of ours— You who accept the eulogy of Ratahavya with his hymns.

4

And ye show whom, Wondrous Gods with fulness of intelligence. By men's discernment are Ye marked, O ye whose might is purified.

5

This is the Law sublime, O Earth: to aid the Rsis' toil for fame The Two, wide—spreading, are prepared. They come with ample overflow.

6

Mitra, ye Gods with wandering eyes, would that the worshippers and we Might strive to reach the realm ye rule, most spacious and protected well,

HYMN LXVII. Mitra—Varuna.

1

YE Gods, Adityas, Varuna, Aryaman, Mitra, verily Have here obtained supremest sway, high, holy, set apart for you.

2

When, Varuna and Mitra, ye sit in your golden dwelling—place, Ye Twain, supporters of mankind, foeslayers, give felicity.

3

All these, possessors of all wealth, Varuna, Mitra, Aryaman, Follow their ways, as if with feet, and guard from injury mortal man.

4

For they are true, they cleave to Law, held holy among every race, Good leaders, bounteous in their gifts, deliverers even from distress.

5

Which of your persons, Varuna or Mitra, merits not our praise? Therefore our thought is turned to you, the Atris' thought is turned to you.

HYMN LXVIII. Mitra—Varuna.

1

SING forth unto your Varuna and Mitra with a song inspired. They, Mighty Lords, are lofty Law

2

Full springs of fatness, Sovran Kings, Mitra. and Varuna, the Twain, Gods glorified among the Gods.

3

So help ye us to riches, great terrestrial and celestial wealth: Vast is your sway among the Gods.

4

Carefully tending Law with Law they have attained their vigorous might. The two Gods wax devoid of guile.

5

With rainy skies and streaming floods, Lords of the strength that bringeth gifts, A lofty seat have they attained.

HYMN LXIX. Mitra–Varuna.

1

THREE spheres of light, O Varuna, three heavens, three firmaments ye comprehend, O Mitra: Waxed strong, ye keep the splendour of dominion, guarding the Ordinance that lasts for ever.

2

Ye, Varuna, have kine who yield refreshment; Mitra, your floods pour water full of sweetness. There stand the Three Steers, splendid in their brightness, who fill the three world–bowls with genial moisture.

3

I call at dawn on Aditi the Goddess, I call at noon and when the Sun is setting. I pray, O Mitra–Varuna, for safety, for wealth and progeny, in rest and trouble.

4

Ye who uphold the region, sphere of brightness, ye who support earth's realm Divine Adityas, The Immortal Gods, O Varuna and Mitra, never impair your everlasting statutes.

HYMN LXX. Mitra–Varuna.

1

EVEN far and wide, O Varuna and Mitra, doth your grace extend. May I obtain your kind good–will.

2

From you, benignant Gods, may we gain fully food for sustenance. Such, O ye Rudras, my

we be.

3

Guard us, O Rudras. with your guard

4

save us, ye skilled to save, my we Subdue the Dasyus, we ourselves,

4

Or ne'er may we, O Wondrous Strong, enjoy another's solemn feast, Ourselves, our sons,
or progeny.

HYMN LXXI. Mitra–Varuna.

1

O Varuna and Mitra, ye who slay the foemen, come with might To this our goodly sacrifice.

2

For, Varuna and Mitra, ye Sages are Rulers over all. Fill full our songs, for this ye can.

3

Come to the juice that we have pressed. Varuna, Mitra, come to drink This Soma of the
worshipper.

HYMN LXXII. Mitra–Varuna.

1

To Varuna and Mitra we offer with songs, as Atri did. Sit on the sacred grass to drink the
Soma juice.

2

By Ordinance and Law ye dwell in peace secure, bestirring men. Sit on the sacred grass to
drink the Soma juice.

3

May Varuna and Mitra, for our help, accept the sacrifice. Sit on the sacred grass to drink the
Soma juice.

HYMN LXXIII. Asvins.

1

WHETHER, O Asvins, ye this day be far remote or near at hand, In many spots or in
mid–air, come hither, Lords of ample wealth.

2

These here, who show o'er widest space, bringing full many a wondrous act, Resistless,
lovingly I seek, I call the Mightiest to enjoy.

3

Another beauteous wheel have ye fixed there to decorate your car. With others through the realms ye roam in might unto the neighbouring tribes.

4

That deed of yours that is extolled, Visvas! hath all been done with this. Born otherwise, and spotless, ye have entered kinship's bonds with us.

5

When Surya mounted on your car that rolls for ever rapidly, Birds of red hue were round about and burning splendours compassed you.

6

Atri bethinks himself of you, O Heroes, with a friendly mind, What time, Nasatyas, with his mouth he stirs the spotless flame for you.

7

Strong is your swiftly moving steed, famed his exertion in the course When by your great deeds, Atyins, Chiefs, Atri is brought to us again.

8

Lovers of sweetness, Rudras, she who streams with sweetness waits on you. When ye have travelled through the seas men bring you gifts of well-dressed food.

9

Asvins, with truth they call you Twain bestowers of felicity; At sacrifice most prompt to hear, most gracious ye at sacrifice.

10

Most pleasing to the Asvins be these prayers which magnify their might, Which we have fashioned, even as cars high reverence have we spoken forth.

HYMN LXXIV. Asvins.

1

WHERE in the heavens are ye to-day, Gods, Asvins, rich in constancy? Hear this, ye excellent as Steers: Atri inviteth you to come.

2

Where are they now? Where are the Twain, the famed Nasatyas, Gods in heaven? Who is the man ye strive to reach? Who of your suppliants is with you?

3

Whom do ye visit, whom approach? to whom direct your harnessed car? With whose devotions are ye pleased? We long for you to further us.

4

Ye, Strengtheners, for Paura stir the filler swimming in the flood, Advancing to be captured

like a lion to the ambushade.

5

Ye from cyavana worn with age removed his skin as 'twere a robe. So, when ye made him young again, he stirred the longing of a dame.

6

Here is the man who lauds you both: to see your glory are we here. Now bear me, come with saving help, ye who are rich in store of wealth.

7

Who among many mortal men this day hath won you to himself? What bard, accepters of the bard? Who, rich in wealth! with sacrifice?

8

O Asvins, may your car approach, most excellent of cars for speed. Through many regions may our praise pass onward among mortal men.

9

May our laudation of you Twain, lovers of meath! be sweet to you. Fly hitherward, ye wise of heart, like falcons with your winged steeds.

10

O Asvins, when at any time ye listen to this call of mine, For you is dainty food prepared: they mix refreshing food for you.

HYMN LXXV. Asvins.

1

To meet your treasure-bringing car, the mighty car most dear to us, Asvins, the Rsi is prepared, your raiser, with his song of praise. Lovers of sweetness, hear my call.

2

Pass, O ye Asvins, pass away beyond all tribes of selfish men, Wonderful, with your golden paths, most gracious, bringers of the flood. Lovers of sweetness, hear my call.

3

Come to us, O ye Asvin Pair, bringing your precious treasures, come Ye Rudras, on your paths of gold, rejoicing, rich in store of wealth. Lovers of sweetness, hear my call.

4

O strong and Good, the voice of him who lauds you well cleaves to your car. And that great beast, your chariot-steed, fair, wonderful, makes dainty food. Lovers of sweetness, hear my call.

5

Watchful in spirit, born on cars, impetuous, listing to his cry, Asvins, with winged steeds ye speed down to cyavana void of guile. Lovers of sweetness, hear my call.

6

Hither, O Heroes, let your steeds, of dappled hue, yoked at the thought, Your flying steeds,
O Asvins, bring you hitherward, with bliss, to drink. Lovers of sweetness, hear my call.

7

O Asvins, hither come to us; Nasatyas, be not disinclined. Through longing for the pious
turn out of the way to reach our home. Lovers of sweetness, bear my call.

8

Ye Lords of Splendour, free from guile, come, stand at this our sacrifice. Beside the singer,
Asvins, who longs for your grace and lauds you both. Lovers of sweetness, hear my call.

9

Dawn with her white herd hath appeared, and in due time hath fire been placed. Harnessed
is your immortal car, O WonderWorkers, strong and kind. Lovers of sweetness, bear my
call.

-- Book 05 Part 05 --

Book 05 Part 06

HYMN LXXVI. Asvins

1

AGNI, the bright face of the Dawns, is shining; the singers' pious voices have ascended. Borne on your chariot, Asvins, turn you hither and come unto our full and rich libation.

2

Most frequent guests, they scorn not what is ready: even now the lauded Asvins are beside us. With promptest aid they come at morn and evening, the worshipper's most blessed guards from trouble.

3

Yea, come at milking-time, at early morning, at noon of day and when the Sun is setting, By day, by night, with favour most auspicious. Not only now the draught hath drawn the Asvins.

4

For this place, Asvins, was of old your dwelling, these were your houses, this your habitation. Come to us from high heaven and from the mountain. Come from the waters bringing food and vigour.

5

May we obtain the Asvins' newest favour, and gain their health—bestowing happy guidance. Bring riches hither unto us, and heroes, and all felicity and joy, Immortals!

HYMN LXXVII. Asvins.

1

FIRST worship those who come at early morning: let the Twain drink before the giftless niggard. The Asvins claim the sacrifice at daybreak: the sages yielding the first share extol them.

2

Worship at dawn and instigate the Asvins: nor is the worshipper at eve rejected. Besides ourselves another craves and worships: each first in worship is most highly favoured.

3

Covered with gold, meath-tinted, dropping fatness, your chariot with its freight of food comes hither, Swift as thought, Asvins, rapid as the tempest, wherewith ye travel over all obstructions.

4

He who hath served most often the Nasatyas, and gives the sweetest food at distribution,

Furthers with his own holy works his offspring, and ever passes those whose flames ascend not.

5

May we obtain the Asvins' newest favour, and gain their health—bestowing happy ildance [sic]. Bring riches hither unto us, and heroes, and all felicity and joy, Immortals!

HYMN LXXVIII. Asvins.

1

YE Asvins, hither come to us: Nasatyas, be not disinclined. Fly hither like two swans unto the juice we shed.

2

O Asvins, like a pair of deer, like two wild cattle to the mead: Fly hither like two swans unto the juice we shed.

3

O Asvins rich in gifts, accept our sacrifice to prosper it: Fly hither like two swans unto the juice we shed.

4

As Atri when descending to the cavem [sic] called on you loudly like a wailing woman. Ye came to him, O Asvins, with the freshest and most auspicious fleetness of a falcon.

5

Tree, part asunder like the side of her who bringeth forth a child. Ye Asvins, listen to my call: loose Saptavadhri from his bonds.

6

For Saptavadhri, for the seer affrighted when he wept and wafled, Ye, Asvins, with your magic powers rent up the tree and shattered it.

7

Like as the wind on every side ruffles a pool of lotuses, So stir in thee the babe unborn, so may the ten—month babe descend.

8

Like as the wind, like as the wood, like as the sea is set astir, So also, ten—month babe, descend together with the after—birth.

9

The child who hath for ten months' time been lying in his mother's side,— May he come forth alive, unharmed, yea, living from the living dame.

HYMN LXXIX. Dawn.

1

O HEAVENLY Dawn, awaken us to ample opulence to-day Even as thou hast wakened us with Satyasravas, Vayya's son, high-born! delightful with thy steeds!

2

Daughter of Heaven, thou dawnedst on Sunitha Sucadratha's son, So dawn thou on one mightier still, on Satyasravas, Vayya's son, high-born! delightful with thy steeds!

3

So, bringing treasure, dawn to-day on us thou Daughter of the Sky, As thou, O mightier yet. didst shine for Satyatravas, Vayya's son, high-born! delightful with thy steeds!

4

Here round about thee are the priests who laud thee, Bright One, with their hymns, And men with gifts, O Bounteous Dame, splendid with wealth and offering much, high-born! delightful with thy steeds!

5

Whatever these thy bands perform to please thee or to win them wealth, E'en fain they gird us round and give rich gifts which ne'er are reft away, high-born! delightful with thy steeds!

6

Give to these wealthy patrons fame, O affluent Dawn, with hero sons, To these our princes who have brought rich gifts ne'er to be reft away, highborn! delightful with thy steeds!

7

Bring lofty and resplendent fame, O thou munificent Dawn, to these Our wealthy patrons who bestow rich gifts on us of steeds and kine, high-born! delightful with thy steeds!

8

Bring us, O Daughter of the Sky, subsistence in our herds of kine, Together with the sunbeams, with the shine of pure refulgent flames, highborn! delightful with thy steeds!

9

O Daughter of the Sky, shine forth; delay not to perform thy task. Let not the Sun with fervent heat consume thee like a robber foe, high-born! delightful with the steeds!

10

So much, and more exceedingly, O Dawn, it suits thee to bestow, Thou Radiant One who ceasest not to shine for those who sing thy praise, highborn! delightful with thy steeds!

HYMN LXXX. Dawn.

1

THE singers welcome with their hymns and praises the Goddess Dawn who bringeth in the sunlight, Sublime, by Law true to eternal Order, bright on her path, red-tinted, far-refulgent.

2

She comes in front, fair, rousing up the people, making the pathways easy to be travelled. High, on her lofty chariot, all-impelling, Dawn gives her splendour at the days' beginning.

3

She, harnessing her car with purple oxen. injuring none, hath brought perpetual riches. Opening paths to happiness, the Goddess shines, praised by all, giver of every blessing.

4

With changing tints she gleams in double splendour while from the eastward she displays her body. She travels perfectly the path of Order, nor fails to reach, as one who knows, the quarters.

5

As conscious that her limbs are bright with bathing, she stands, as 'twere, erect that we may see her. Driving away malignity and darkness, Dawn, Child of Heaven, hath come to us with lustre.

6

The Daughter of the Sky, like some chaste woman, bends, opposite to men, her forehead downward. The Maid, disclosing boons to him who worships, hath brought again the daylight as aforetime.

HYMN LXXXI. Savitar.

1

THE priests of him the lofty Priest well-skilled in hymns harness their spirit, yea, harness their holy thoughts. He only knowing works assigns their priestly tasks. Yea, lofty is the praise of Savitar the God.

2

The Sapient One arrays himself in every form: for quadruped and biped he hath brought forth good. Excellent Savitar hath looked on heaven's high vault, and shineth after the outgoing of the Dawn.

3

Even he, the God whose going-forth and majesty the other Deities have followed with their might, He who hath measured the terrestrial regions out by his great power, he is the Courser Savitar.

4

To the three spheres of light thou goest, Savitar, and with the rays of Sidrya thou combinest thee. Around, on both sides thou encompassest the night: yea, thou, O God, art Mitra through thy righteous laws.

5

Over all generation thou art Lord alone: Pusan art thou, O God, in all thy goings-forth. Yea, thou hast domination over all this world. Syavasva hath brought praise to thee, O Savitar,

HYMN LXXXII. Savitar.

1

WE crave of Savitar the God this treasure much to be enjoyed. The best, all–yielding, conquering gift of Bhaga we would gladly win.

2

Savitar's own supremacy, most glorious and beloved of all, No one diminisheth in aught.

3

For Savitar who is Bhaga shall send riches to his worshipper. That wondrous portion we implore.

4

Send us this day, God Savitar, prosperity with progeny. Drive thou the evil dream away.

5

Savitar, God, send far away all sorrows and calamities, And send us only what is good.

6

Sinless in sight of Aditi through the God Savitar's influence, May we obtain all lovely things.

7

We with our hymns this day elect the general God, Lord of the good, Savitar whose decrees are true.

8

He who for ever vigilant precedes these Twain, the Day and Night, Is Savitar the thoughtful God.

9

He who gives glory unto all these living creatures with the song, And brings them forth, is Savitar.

HYMN LXXXIII. Parjanya.

1

SING with these songs thy welcome to the Mighty, with adoration praise and call Parjanya. The Bull, loud roaring, swift to send his bounty, lays in the plants the seed. for germination.

2

He smites the trees apart, he slays the demons: all life fears him who wields the mighty weapon. From him exceeding strong fices e'en the guiltless, when thundering Parjanya smites the wicked.

3

Like a car–driver whipping on his horses, he makes the messengers of rain spring forward. Far off resounds the roaring of the lion, what time Parjanya fills the sky with rain–cloud.

4

Forth burst the winds, down come the lightning–flashes: the plants shoot up, the realm of light is streaming. Food springs abundant for all living creatures, what time Parjanya quickens earth with moisture.

5

Thou at whose bidding earth bows low before thee, at whose command hooved cattle fly in terror, At whose behest the plants assume all colours, even thou Parjanya, yield us great protection.

6

Send down for us the rain of heaven, ye Maruts, and let the Stallion's flood descend in torrents. Come hither with this thunder while thou pourest the waters down, our heavenly Lord and Father.

7

Thunder and roar: the germ of life deposit. Fly round us on thy chariot waterladen. Thine opened water–skin draw with thee downward, and let the hollows and the heights be level.

8

Lift up the mighty vessel, pour down water, and let the liberated streams rush forward. Saturate both the earth and heaven with fatness, and for the cows let there be drink abundant.

9

When thou, with thunder and with roar, Parjanya, smitest sinners down, This universe exults thereat, yea, all that is upon the earth.

10

Thou hast poured down the rain–flood now withhold it. Thou hast made desert places fit for travel. Thou hast made herbs to grow for our enjoyment: yea, thou hast won thee praise from living creatures.

HYMN LXXXIV. Prthivi.

1

THOU, of a truth, O Prthivi, bearest the tool that rends the hills: Thou rich in torrents, who with might quickenest earth, O Mighty One.

2

To thee, O wanderer at will, ring out the lauds with beams of day, Who drivest, like a neighing steed, the swelling cloud, O bright of hue.

3

Who graspest with thy might on earth. e'en the strong sovrans of the wood, When from the lightning of thy cloud the rain–floods of the heaven descend.

HYMN LXXXV. Varuna.

1

SING forth a hymn sublime and solemn, grateful to glorious. Varuna, imperial Ruler, Who hath struck out, like one who slays the victim, earth as a skin to spread in front of Surya.

2

In the tree-tops the air he hath extended, put milk in kine and vigorous speed in horses, Set intellect in hearts, fire in the waters, Siurya in heaven and Soma on the mountain.

3

Varuna lets the big cask, opening downward, flow through the heaven and earth and air's mid-region. Therewith the universe's Sovran waters earth as the shower of rain bedews the barley.

4

When Varuna is fain for milk he moistens the sky, the land, and earth to her foundation. Then straight the mountains clothe them in the rain-cloud: the Heroes, putting forth their vigour, loose them.

5

I will declare this mighty deed of magic, of glorious Varuna the Lord Immortal, Who standing in the firmament hath meted the earth out with the Sun as with a measure.

6

None, verily, hath ever let or hindered this the most wise God's mighty deed of magic, Whereby with all their flood, the lucid rivers fill not one sea wherein they pour their waters.

7

If we have sinned against the man who loves us, have ever wronged a brother, friend, or comrade, The neighbour ever with us, or a stranger, O Varuna, remove from us the trespass.

8

If we, as gamesters cheat at play, have cheated, done wrong unwittingly or sinned of purpose, Cast all these sins away like loosened fetters, and, Varuna let us be thine own beloved.

HYMN LXXXVI. Indra-Agni.

1

THE mortal man whom ye, the Twain, Indra and Agni, help in fight, Breaks through e'en strongly-guarded wealth as Trta burst his way through reeds.

2

The Twain invincible in war, worthy to be renowned in frays, Lords of the Fivefold. People, these, Indra and Agni, we invoke.

3

Impetuous is their strength, and keen the lightning of the mighty Pair, Which from their arms

speeds with the car to Vrtra's slayer for the kine.

4

Indra and Agni, we invoke you both, as such, to send your cars: Lords of quick-coming bounty, ye who know, chief lovers of the song.

5

These who give increase day by day, Gods without guile for mortal man, Worthy themselves, I honour most, Two Gods as partners, for my horse.

6

The strength-bestowing offering thus to Indra-Agni hath been paid, as butter, purified by stones. Deal to our princes high renown, deal wealth to those who sing your praise, deal food to those who sing your praise.

HYMN LXXXVII. Maruts.

1

To Visnu, to the Mighty whom the Maruts follow let your hymns born in song go forth, Evayamarut; To the impetuous, strong band, adorned with bracelets, that rushes on in joy and ever roars for vigour.

2

They who with might were manifest, and who willingly by their own knowledge told it forth, Evayamarut. Maruts, this strength of yours no wisdom comprehendeth: through their gifts' greatness they are moveless as the mountains.

3

Who by the psalm they sing are heard, from lofty heaven, the strong, the brightly shining Ones, Evayamarut; In whose abode there is no mightier one to move them, whose lightnings are as fires, who urge the roaring rivers.

4

He of the Mighty Stride forth strode, Evayamarut, out of the spacious dwelling-place, their home in common. When he, himself, hath yoked his emulous strong horses on heights, he cometh forth, joy-giving, with the Heroes.

5

Like your tremendous roar, the rainer with light flashing, strong, speeding, hath made all tremble, Evayamarut, Wherewith victorious ye, self-luminous, press onward, with strong reins, decked with gold, impetuous and well-weaponed.

6

Unbounded is your greatness, ye of mighty power: may your bright vigour be our aid, Evayamarut; For ye are visible helpers in the time of trouble: like fires, aglow with light, save us from shame and insult.

7

So may the Rudras, mighty warriors, Evayamarut, with splendid brilliancy, like fires, be our protectors; They whose terrestrial dwelling-place is wide-extended, whom none suspect of sin, whose bands have lofty courage.

8

Come in a friendly spirit, come to us, O Maruts, and hear his call who praises you, Evayamarut. Like car-borne men, one-minded with the mighty Visnu, keep enmity far from us with your deeds of wonder.

9

Come to our sacrifice, ye Holy Ones, to bless it, and, free from demons, hear our call, Evayamarut. Most excellent, like mountains in the air's raid-region, be irresistible, ye, Wise, to this man'a hater.

-- Book 05 Part 06 --