



English translation of Holy Vedas – Rig Veda : Book 10

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Credits

English translation of
Holy Vedas – Rig Veda : Book 10

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Book 06 Part 01

HYMN I. Agni.

1

THOU, first inventor of this prayer, O Agni, Worker of Marvels, hast become our Herald. Thou, Bull, hast made us strength which none may conquer, strength that shall overcome all other prowess.

2

As Priest thou satest at the seat of worship, furthering us, best Offerer, meet for honour. So first to thee have pious men resorted, turning thy mind to thoughts of ample riches.

3

In thee, still watching, they have followed riches, who goest with much wealth as with an army, The radiant Agni, lofty, fair to look on, worshipped with marrow, evermore resplendent.

4

They who approached the God's abode with homage, eager for glory, won them perfect glory: Yea, they gained even sacrificial titles, and found delight in thine auspicious aspect.

5

On earth the people magnify thee greatly, thee their celestial and terrestrial riches. Thou, Helper, must be known as our Preserver, Father and Mother of mankind for ever.

6

Dear priest among mankind, adorable Agni hath seated him, joy-giver, skilled in worship. Let us approach thee shining in thy dwelling, kneeling upon our knees, with adoration.

7

Longing for bliss, pure-minded, God-devoted, Agni, we seek thee, such, meet to be lauded. Thou, Agni, leddest forth our men to battle, refulgent with the heaven's exalted splendour.

8

Sage of mankind, all peoples' Lord and Master, the Bull of men, the sender down of blessings, Still pressing on, promoting, purifying, Agni the Holy One, the Lord of riches.

9

Agni, the mortal who hath toiled and worshipped, brought thee oblations with his kindled fuel, And well knows sacrifice with adoration, gains every joy with thee to guard and help him.

10

Mightily let us worship thee the Mighty, with reverence, Agni! fuel and oblations, With songs, O Son of Strength, with hymns, with altar: so may we strive for thine auspicious favour.

11

Thou who hast covered heaven and earth with splendour and with thy glories, glorious and triumphant. Continue thou to shine on us, O Agni, with strength abundant, rich, and long enduring.

12

Vouchsafe us ever, as man needs, O Vasu, abundant wealth of kine for son and offspring. Food noble, plenteous, far from sin and evil, he with us, and fair fame to make us happy.

13

May I obtain much wealth in many places by love of thee and through thy grace, King Agni; For in thee Bounteous One, in thee the Sovran, Agni, are many boons for him who serves thee.

HYMN II. Agni.

1

THOU, Agni, even as Mitra, hast a princely glory of thine own. Thou, active Vasu, makest fame increase like full prosperity.

2

For, verily, men pray to thee with sacrifices and with songs. To thee the Friendly Courser, seen of all, comes speeding through the air.

3

Of one accord men kindle thee Heaven's signal of the sacrifice, When, craving bliss, this race of man invites thee to the solemn rite.

4

Let the man thrive who travails sore, in prayer, far thee the Bountiful. He with the help of lofty Dyaus comes safe through straits of enmity.

5

The mortal who with fuel lights thy flame and offers unto thee, Supports a house with many a branch, Agni, to live a hundred years.

6

Thy bright smoke lifts itself aloft, and far-extended shines in heaven. For, Purifier! like the Sun thou beamest with thy radiant glow.

7

For in men's houses thou must be glorified as a well-loved guest, Gay like an elder in a fort, claiming protection like a son.

8

Thou, Agni, like an able steed, art urged by wisdom in the wood. Thou art like wind; food, home art thou, like a young horse that runs astray.

9

E'en things imperishable, thou, O Agni, like a gazing ox, Eatest, when hosts, Eternal One! of thee the Mighty rend the woods.

10

Agni, thou enterest as Priest the home of men who sacrifice. Lord of the people, prosper them. Accept the offering, Angiras!

11

O Agni, God with Mitra's might, call hither the favour of the Gods from earth and heaven. Bring weal from heaven, that men may dwell securely. May we o'ercome the foe's malign oppressions, may we o'ercome them, through thy help o'ercome them.

HYMN III. Agni.

1

TRUE, guardian of the Law, thy faithful servant wins ample light and dwells in peace, O Agni, Whom thou, as Varuna in accord with Mitra, guardest, O God, by banishing his trouble.

2

He hath paid sacrifices, toiled in worship, and offered gifts to wealth-increasing Agni. Him the displeasure of the famous moves not, outrage and scorn affect not such a mortal.

3

Bright God, whose look is free from stain like Surya's, thou, swift, what time thou earnestly desirest, Hast gear to give us. Come with joy at evening, where, Child of Wood, thou mayest also tarry.

4

Fierce is his gait and vast his wondrous body: he champeth like a horse with bit and bridle, And, darting forth his tongue, as 'twere a hatchet, burning the woods, smelteth them like a smelter.

5

Archer-like, fain to shoot, he sets his arrow, and whets his splendour like the edge of iron: The messenger of night with brilliant pathway, like a tree-roosting bird of rapid pinion.

6

In beams of morn he clothes him like the singer, and bright as Mitra with his splendour crackles. Red in the night, by day the men's possession: red, he belongs to men by day, Immortal.

7

Like Heaven's when scattering beams his voice was uttered: among the plants the radiant Hero shouted, Who with his glow in rapid course came hither to fill both worlds, well-wedded Dames, with treasure.

8

Who, with supporting streams and rays that suit him, hath flashed like lightning with his native vigour. Like the deft Maker of the band of Maruts, the bright impetuous One hath shone refulgent.

HYMN IV Agni.

1

As at man's service of the Gods, Invoker, thou, Son of Strength, dost sacrifice and worship, So bring for us to-day all Gods together, bring willingly the willing Gods, O Agni.

2

May Agni, radiant Herald of the morning, meet to be known, accept our praise with favour. Dear to all life, mid mortal men Immortal, our guest, awake at dawn, is Jatavedas.

3

Whose might the very heavens regard with wonder: bright as the Sun he clothes himself with lustre. He who sends forth,, Eternal Purifier, hath shattered e'en the ancient works of Asna.

4

Thou art a Singer, Son! our feast-companion: Agni at birth prepared his food and pathway. Therefore vouchsafe us strength, O Strength-bestower. Win like a King: foes trouble not thy dwelling.

5

Even he who cats his firm hard food with swiftness, and overtakes the nights as Vayu kingdoms. May we o'ercome those who resist thine orders, like a steed casting down the flying foemen.

6

Like Surya with his fulgent rays, O Agni, thou overspreadest both the worlds with splendour. Decked with bright colour he dispels the darkness, like Ausija, with clear flame swiftly flying.

7

We have elected thee as most delightful for thy beams' glow: hear our great laud, O Agni. The best men praise thee as the peer of Indra in strength, mid Gods, like Viyu in thy bounty.

8

Now, Agni, on the tranquil paths of riches come to us for our weal: save us from sorrow. Grant chiefs and bard this boon. May we live happy, with hero children, through a hundred winters.

HYMN V. Agni.

1

I INVOCATE your Son of Strength, the Youthful, with hymns, the Youngest God, whose speech is guileless; Sage who sends wealth comprising every treasure, bringer of many boons, devoid of malice.

2

At eve and morn thy pious servants bring thee their precious gifts, O Priest of many aspects, On whom, the Purifier, all things living as on firm. ground their happiness have stablished.

3

Thou from of old hast dwelt among these people, by mental power the charioteer of blessings. Hence sendest thou, O sapient Jatavedas, to him who serves thee treasures in succession.

4

Agni, whoever secretly attacks us, the neighbour, thou with Mitra's might! who harms us, Burn him with thine own Steers for ever youthful, burning with burning heat, thou fiercest burner.

5

He who serves thee with sacrifice and fuel, with hymn, O Son of Strength, and chanted praises, Shines out, Immortal! in the midst of mortals, a sage, with wealth, with splendour and with glory.

6

Do this, O Agni, when we urge thee, quickly, triumphant in thy might subdue our foemen. When thou art praised with words and decked with brightness, accept this chanted hymn, the singer's worship.

7

Help us, that we may gain this wish, O Agni, gain riches, Wealthy One! with store of heroes. Desiring strength from thee may we be strengthened, and win, Eternal! thine eternal glory.

HYMN VI. Agni.

1

HE who seeks furtherance and grace to help him goes to the Son of Strength with newest worship, Calling the heavenly Priest to share the banquet, who rends the wood, bright, with his blackened pathway.

2

White-hued and thundering he dwells in splendour, Most Youthful, with the loudvoiced and eternal– Agni, most variform, the Purifier, who follows crunching many ample forests.

3

Incited by the wind thy flames, O Agni, move onward, Pure One! pure, in all directions. Thy most destructive heavenly Navagvas break the woods down and devastate them boldly.

4

Thy pure white horses from their bonds are loosened: O Radiant One, they shear the ground beneath them, And far and wide shines out thy flame, and flickers rapidly moving over earth's high ridges.

5

Forth darts the Bull's tongue like the sharp stone weapon discharged by him who fights to win the cattle. Agni's fierce flame is like a hero's onset: dread and resistless he destroys the forests.

6

Thou with the sunlight of the great Impeller hast boldly over-spread the earth's expanses. So drive away with conquering might all perils. fighting out foemen burn up those who harm us.

7

Wondrous! of wondrous power! give to the singer wealth wondrous, marked, most wonderful, life-giving. Wealth bright, O Bright One, vast, with many heroes, give with thy bright flames to the man who lauds thee.

HYMN VII. Agni.

1

Him, messenger of earth and head of heaven, Agni Vaisvanara, born in holy Order, The Sage, the King, the guest of men, a vessel fit for their mouths, the Gods have generated.

2

Him have they praised, mid-point of sacrifices, great cistern of libations, seat of riches. Vaisvanara, conveyer of oblations, ensign of worship, have the Gods engendered.

3

From thee, O Agni, springs the mighty singer, from thee come heroes who subdue the foeman. O King, Vaisvanara, bestow thou on us excellent treasures worthy to belonged for.

4

To thee, Immortal! when to life thou springest, all the Gods sing for joy as to their infant. They by thy mental powers were made immortal, Vaisvanara, when thou shonest from thy Parents.

5

Agni Vaisvanara, no one hath ever resisted these thy mighty ordinances, When thou, arising from thy Parents' bosom, foundest the light for days' appointed courses.

6

The summits of the heaven are traversed through and through by the Immortal's light, Vaisvanara's brilliancy. All creatures in existence rest upon his head. The Seven swift-flowing Streams have grown like branches forth,

7

Vaisvanara, who measured out the realms of air, Sage very wise who made the lucid spheres of heaven, The Undeceivable who spread out all the worlds, keeper is he and guard of immortality.

HYMN VIII. Agni.

1

AT Jatavedas' holy gathering I will tell aloud the conquering might of the swift red-hued Steer. A pure and fresher hymn flows to Vaisvanara, even as for Agni lovely Soma is made pure.

2

That Agni, when in loftiest heaven he sprang to life, Guardian of Holy Laws, kept and observed them well. Exceeding wise, he measured out the firmament. Vaisvanara attained to heaven by mightiness.

3

Wonderful Mitra propped the heaven and earth apart, and covered and concealed the darkness with his light. He made the two bowls part asunder like two skins. Vaisvanara put forth all his creative power.

4

The Mighty seized him in the bosom of the floods: the people waited on the King who should be praised. As envoy of Vivasvan MatariSvan brought Agni Vaisvanara hither from far away.

5

In every age bestow upon the singers wealth, worthy of holy synods, glorious, ever new. King, undecaying, as it were with sharpened bolt, smite down the sinner like a tree with lightning-flash.

6

Do thou bestow, O Agni, on our wealthy chiefs, rule, with good heroes, undecaying, bending not. So may we win for us strength. O Vaisvanara, hundredfold, thousandfold, O Agni, by thy help.

7

O thou who dwellest in three places, Helper, keep with effective guards our princely patrons. Keep our band, Agni, who have brought thee presents. Lengthen their lives, Vaisvanara, when lauded.

HYMN IX. Agni.

1

ONE half of day is dark, and bright the other: both atmospheres move on by sage devices.
Agni Vaisvanara, when born as Sovran, hath with his lustre overcome the darkness.

2

I know not either warp or woof, I know not the web they weave when moving to the contest.
Whose son shall here speak words that must be spoken without assistance from the Father
near him?

3

For both the warp and woof he understandeth, and in due time shall speak what should be
spoken, Who knoweth as the immortal world's Protector, descending, seeing with no aid
from other.

4

He is the Priest, the first of all: behold him. Mid mortal men he is the light immortal. Here
was he born, firm-seated in his station Immortal, ever waxing in his body.

5

A firm light hath been set for men to look on: among all things that fly the mind is swiftest.
All Gods of one accord, with one intention, move unobstructed to a single purpose.

6

Mine ears uncloseto hear, mine eye to see him; the light that harbours in my spirit
broadens. Far roams my mind whose thoughts are in the distance. What shall I speak, what
shall I now imagine?

7

All the Gods bowed them down in fear before thee, Agni, when thou wast dwelling in the
darkness. Vaisvanara be gracious to assist us, may the Immortal favour us and help us.

HYMN X. Agni.

1

INSTALL at sacrifice, while the rite advances, your pleasant, heavenly Agni, meet for
praises. With hymns—for he illumines us—install him. He, Jatavedas, makes our rites
successful.

2

Hear this laud, Radiant Priest of many aspects, O Agni with the fires of man enkindled,
Laud which bards send forth pure as sacred butter, strength to this man, as 'twere for
self-advantage.

3

Mid mortal men that singer thrives in glory who offers gifts with hymns of praise to Agni,
And the God, wondrous bright, with wondrous succours helps him to win a stable filled with
cattle.

4

He, at his birth, whose path is black behind him, filled heaven and earth with far—apparent splendour: And he himself hath been, through night's thick darkness, made manifest by light, the Purifier.

5

With thy most mighty aid, confer, O Agni, wonderful wealth on us and on our princes, Who stand preeminent, surpassing others in liberal gifts, in fame, and hero virtues.

6

Agni, accept this sacrifice with gladness, which, seated here, the worshipper presenteth. Fair hymns hadst thou among the Bharadvajas, and holpest them to gain abundant vigour.

7

Scatter our foes, increase our store. May we be glad a hundred winters with brave sons.

HYMN XI. Agni.

1

EAGERLY Sacrifice thou, most skilful, Agni! Priest, pressing on as if the Maruts sent thee. To our oblation bring the two Nasatyas, Mitra and Varuna and Earth and Heaven.

2

Thou art our guileless, most delightful Herald, the God, among mankind, of holy synods. A Priest with purifying tongue, O Agni, sacrifice with thy mouth to thine own body.

3

For even the blessed longing that is in thee would bring the Gods down to the singer's worship, When the Angirases' sagest Sage, the Poet, sings the sweet measure at the solemn service.

4

Bright hath he beamed, the wise, the far—refulgent. Worship the two widespreading Worlds, O Agni, Whom as the Living One rich in oblations the Five Tribes, bringing gifts, adorn with homage.

5

When I with reverence clip the grass for Agni, when the trimmed ladle, full of oil, is lifted, Firm on the seat of earth is based the altar: eye—like, the sacrifice is directed Sun—ward.

6

Enrich us, O thou Priest of many aspects, with the Gods, Agni, with thy fires, enkindled. O Son of Strength, clad in the robe of riches, may we escape from woe as from a prison.

HYMN XII. Agni.

1

KING of trimmed grass, Herald within the dwelling, may Agni worship the Impeller's

World–halves. He, Son of Strength, the Holy, from a distance hath spread himself abroad with light like Surya.

2

In thee, most wise, shall Dyaus, for full perfection, King! Holy One! pronounce the call to worship. Found in three places, like the Speeder's footstep, come to present men's riches as oblations!

3

Whose blaze most splendid, sovran in the forest, shines waxing on his way like the – Impeller. He knows himself, like as a guileless smelter, not to be stayed among the plants, Immortal.

4

Our friends extol him like a steed for vigour even Agni in the dwelling, jataveas [sic]. Trce–fed [sic], he fights with power as doth a champion, like Dawn's Sire to be praised with sacrifices.

5

Men wonder at his shining glows when, paring the woods with case, o'er the broad earth he goeth, And, like a rushing flood, loosed quickly, burneth, swift as a guilty thief, o'er desert places.

6

So mighty thou protectest us from slander, O Champion, Agni! with all fires enkindled. Bring opulence and drive away affliction. May brave sons gladden us through a hundred winters.

HYMN XIII. Agni.

1

FROM thee, as branches from a tree, O Agni, from thee, Auspicious God! spring all our blessings– Wealth swiftly, strength in battle with our foemen, the rain besought of heaven, the flow of waters.

2

Thou art our Bhaga to send wealth thou dwellest, like circumambient air, with wondrous splendour. Friend art thou of the lofty Law, like Mitra, Controller, Agni! God! of many a blessing.

3

Agni! the hero slays with might his foeman; the singer bears away the Pani's booty– Even he whom thou, Sage, born in Law, incitest by wealth, accordant with the Child of Waters.

4

The man who, Son of Strength

1

with sacrifices, hymns, lauds, attracts thy fervour to the altar, Enjoys each precious thing, O

God, O Agni, gains wealth of corn and is the lord of treasures.

5

Grant, Son of Strength, to men for their subsistence such things as bring high fame and hero children. For thou with might givest much food in cattle even to the wicked wolf when he is hungry.

6

Eloquent, Son of Strength, Most Mighty, Agni, vouchsafe us seed and offspring, full of vigour. May I by all my songs obtain abundance. May brave sons gladden us through a hundred winters.

HYMN XIV. Agni.

1

WHOSO to Agni hath endeared his thought and service by his hymns, That mortal cats before the rest, and finds sufficiency of food.

2

Agni, in truth, is passing wise, most skilled in ordering, a Seer. At sacrifices Manus' sons glorify Agni as their Priest.

3

The foeman's wealth in many a place, Agni, is emulous to help. Men fight the fiend, and seek by rites to overcome the riteless foe.

4

Agni bestows the hero chief, winner of waters, firm in fray. Soon as they look upon his might his enemies tremble in alarm.

5

For with his wisdom Agni, God, protects the mortal from reproach, Whose conquering wealth is never checked, is never checked in deeds of might.

6

O Agni, God with Mitra's might call hither the favour of the Gods from earth and heaven. Bring weal from heaven that men may dwell securely. May we o'ercome the foe's malign oppressions, may we o'ercome them, through thy help o'ercome them.

HYMN XV. Agni.

1

WITH this my song I strive to reach this guest of yours, who wakes at early morn, the Lord of all the tribes. Each time he comes from heaven, the Pure One from of old: from ancient days the Child cats everlasting food.

2

Whom, well-dissed [sic], the Bhrgus stablished as a friend, whom men must glorify,

high-flaming in the wood. As such, most friendly, thou art every day extolled in lauds by Vitahavya, O thou wondrous God.

3

Be thou the foeless helper of the skilful man, subduer of the enemy near or far away. Bestow a wealthy home on men, O Son of Strength. Give Vitahavya riches spreading far and wide, give Bharadvaja wide-spread wealth.

4

Him, your refulgent guest, Agni who comes from heaven, the Herald of mankind, well-skilled in sacred rites, Who, like a holy singer, utters heavenly words, oblation-bearer, envoy, God, I seek with hymns.

5

Who with his purifying, eye-attracting form hath shone upon the earth as with the light of Dawn; Who speeding on, as in the fight of Etaia, cometh, untouched by age, as one athirst in heat.

6

Worship ye Agni, Agni, with your log of wood; praise your beloved, your beloved guest with songs. Invite ye the Immortal hither with your hymns. A God among the Gods, he loveth what is choice, loveth our service, God mid Gods.

7

Agni inflamed with fuel in my song I sing, pure, Cleanser, steadfast, set in front at sacrifice. Wise Jatavedas we implore with prayers for bliss the Priest, the holy Singer, bounteous, void of guile.

8

Men, Agni, in each age have made thee, Deathless One, their envoy, offering-bearer, guard adorable. With reverence Gods and mortals have established thee, the ever-watchful, omnipresent Household Lord.

9

Thou, Agni, ordering the works and ways of both, as envoy of the Gods traverses both the worlds. When we lay claim to thy regard and gracious fare, be thou to us a thriceprotecting friendly guard.

10

Him fair of face, rapid, and fair to look on, him very wise may we who know not follow. Let him who knows all rules invite for worship, Agni announce our offering to the Immortals.

11

Him, Agni, thou deliverest and savest who brings him prayer to thee the Wise, O Hero, The end of sacrifice or its inception; yea, thou endowest him with power and riches.

12

Guard us from him who would assail us, Agni; preserve us, O thou Victor, from dishonour.

Here let the place of darkening come upon thee: may wealth be ours, desirable in thousands.

13

Agni, the Priest, is King, Lord of the homestead, he, Jatayedas, knows all generations. Most skilful worshipper mid Gods and mortals, may he begin the sacrifice, the Holy.

14

Whate'er to-day thou, bright-flamed Priest, enjoyest from the man's rite—for thou art sacrificer—Worship, for duly dost thou spread in greatness: bear off thine offerings of to-day, Most Youthful.

15

Look thou upon the viands duly laid for thee. Fain would he set thee here to worship Heaven and Earth. Help us, O liberal Agni, in the strife for spoil, so that we may o'ercome all things that trouble us, o'ercome, o'ercome them with thy help.

16

Together with all Gods, O fair-faced Agni, be seated first upon the woollined altar, Nest-like, bedewed with oil. Bear this our worship to Savitar who sacrifices rightly.

17

Here the arranging priests, as did Atharvan, rub this Agni forth, Whom, not bewildered, as he moved in winding ways, they brought from gloom.

18

For the Gods' banquet be thou born, for full perfection and for weal. Bring the Immortal Gods who strengthen holy Law: so let our sacrifice reach the Gods.

19

O Agni, Lord and Master of men's homesteads, with kindled fuel we have made thee mighty. Let not our household gear be found defective. Sharpen us with thy penetrating splendour.

— Book 06 Part 01 —

Book 06 Part 02

HYMN XVI. Agni.

1

PRIEST of all sacrifices hast thou been appointed by the Gods, Agni, amid the race of man.

2

So with thy joyous tongues for us sacrifice nobly in this rite. Bring thou the Gods and worship them.

3

For well, O God, Disposer, thou knowest, straight on, the paths and ways, Agni, most wise in sacrifice.

4

Thee, too, hath Bharata of old, with mighty men, implored for bliss. And worshipped thee the worshipful.

5

Thou givest these abundant boons to Divodasa pouring forth, To Bharadvaja offering gifts.

6

Do thou, Immortal Messenger, bring hither the Celestial Folk; Hearing the singer's eulogy.

7

Mortals with pious thought implore thee, Agni, God, at holy rites, To come unto the feast of Gods.

8

I glorify thine aspect and the might of thee the Bountiful. All those who love shall joy in thee,

9

Invoker placed by Manus, thou, Agni, art near, the wisest Priest: Pay worship to the Tribes of Heaven.

10

Come, Agni, lauded, to the feast; come to the offering of the gifts. As Priest be seated on the grass.

11

So, Angiras, we make thee strong with fuel and with holy oil. Blaze high, thou youngest of the Gods.

12

For us thou winnest, Agni, God, heroic strength exceeding great, Far–spreading and of high renown.

13

Agni, Atharvan brought thee forth, by rubbing, from the lotus–flower, The head of Visva, of the Priest.

14

Thee. Vrtra's slayer, breaker down of castles, hath Atharvan's son, Dadhyac the Rsi, lighted up.

15

The hero Pathya kindled thee the Dasyus'. most destructive foe, Winner of spoil in every fight.

16

Come, here, O Agni, will I sing verily other songs to thee, And with these drops shalt thou grow strong.

17

Where'er thy mind applies itself, vigour preeminent hast thou: There wilt thou gain a dwelling–place.

18

Not for a moment only lasts thy bounty, good to many a one! Our service therefore shalt thou gain.

19

Agni, the Bharata, hath been sought, the Vrtra–slayer, marked of all, Yea, Divodasa's Hero Lord.

20

For he gave riches that surpass in greatness all the things of earth, Fighting untroubled, unsubdued.

21

Thou, Agni, as in days of old, with recent glory, gathered light, Hast overspread the lofty heaven.

22

Bring to your Agni, O my friends, boldly your laud and sacrifice: Give the Disposer praise and song.

23

For as sagacious Herald he hath sat through every age of man, Oblation–bearing messenger.

24

Bring those Two Kings whose ways are pure, Adityas, and the Marut host, Excellent God!
and Heaven and Earth.

25

For strong and active mortal man, excellent, Agni, is the look Of thee Immortal, Son of
Strength

26

Rich through his wisdom, noblest be the giver serving thee to-day: The man hath brought
his hymn of praise.

27

These, Agni, these are helped by thee, who strong and active all their lives, O'ercome the
malice of the foe, fight down the malice of the foe.

28

May Agni with his pointed blaze cast down each fierce devouring fiend May Agni win us
wealth by war.

29

O active Jatavedas, bring riches with store of hero sons: Slay thou the demons, O Most
Wise.

30

Keep us, O Jatavedas, from the troubling of the man of sin: Guard us thou Sage who
knowest prayer.

31

Whatever sinner, Agni, brings oblations to procure our death, Save us from woe that he
would work.

32

Drive from us with thy tongue, O God, the man who doeth evil deeds, The mortal who
would strike us dead.

33

Give shelter reaching far and wide to Bharadvaja, conquering Lord! Agni, send wealth most
excellent.

34

May Agni slay the Vrtras,—fain for riches, through the lord of song, Served with oblation,
kindled, bright.

35

His Father's Father, shining in his Mother's everlasting side, Set on the seat of holy Law.

36

O active Jatavedas, bring devotion that wins progeny, Agni, that it may shine to heaven.

37

O Child of Strength, to thee whose look is lovely we with dainty food, O Agni, have poured forth our songs.

38

To thee for shelter are we come, as to the shade from fervent heat Agni, who glitterest like gold.

39

Mighty as one who slays with shafts, or like a bull with sharpened horn, Agni, thou breakest down the forts.

40

Whom, like an infant newly born, devourer, in their arms they bear, Men's Agni, skilled in holy rites.

41

Bear to the banquet of the Gods the God best finder-out of wealth, Let him be seated in his place.

42

In Jatavedas kindle ye the dear guest who hath now appeared In a soft place, the homestead's Lord.

43

Harness, O Agni, O thou God, thy steeds which are most excellent: They bear thee as thy spirit wills.

44

Come hither, bring the Gods to us to taste the sacrificial feast, To drink the draught of Soma juice.

45

O Agni of the Bharatas, blaze high with everlasting might, Shine forth and gleam, Eternal One.

46

The mortal man who serves the God with banquet, and, bringing gifts at sacrifice, lauds Agni, May well attract, with prayer and hands uplifted, the Priest of Heaven and Earth, true Sacrificer.

47

Agni, we bring thee, with our hymn, oblation fashioned in the heart. Let these be oxen unto thee, let these be bulls and kine to thee.

48

The Gods enkindle Agni, best slayer of Vrtra, first in rank, The Mighty, One who brings us wealth and crushes down the Raksasas.

HYMN XVII. Indra.

1

DRINK Soma, Mighty One, for which, when lauded, thou breakest through the cattle–stall, O Indra; Thou who, O Bold One, armed with thunder smotest Vrtra with might, and every hostile being.

2

Drink it thou God who art impetuous victor, Lord of our hymns, with beauteous jaws, the Hero, Render of kine–stalls, car–borne, thunder–wielding, so pierce thy way to wondrous strength, O Indra.

3

Drink as of old, and let the draught delight thee. hear thou our prayer and let our songs exalt thee. Make the Sun visible, make food abundant, slaughter the foes, pierce through and free the cattle.

4

These gladdening drops, O Indra, Self–sustainer, quaffed shall augment thee in thy mighty splendour. Yea, let the cheering drops delight thee greatly, great, perfect, strong, powerful, all–subduing.

5

Gladdened whereby, bursting the firm enclosures, thou gavest splendour to the Sun and Morning. The mighty rock that compassed in the cattle, ne'er moved, thou shookest from its seat, O Indra.

6

Thou with thy wisdom, power, and works of wonder, hast stored the ripe milk in the raw cows' udders Unbarred the firm doors for the kine of Morning, and, with the Angirases, set free the cattle.

7

Thou hast spread out wide earth, a mighty marvel, and, high thyself, propped lofty heaven, O Indra. Both worlds, whose Sons are Gods, thou hast supported, young, Mothers from old time of holy Order.

8

Yea, Indra, all the Deities installed thee their one strong Champion in the van for battle. What time the godless was the Gods' assailant, Indra they chose to win the light of heaven.

9

Yea, e'en that heaven itself of old bent backward before thy bolt, in terror of its anger, When Indra, life of every living creature, smote down within his lair the assailing Dragon.

10

Yea, Strong One! Tvastar turned for thee, the Mighty, the bolt with thousand spikes and hundred edges, Eager and prompt at will, wherewith thou crushedst the boasting Dragon, O impetuous Hero.

11

He dressed a hundred buffaloes, O Indra, for thee whom all accordant Maruts strengthen. He, Pusan Visnu, poured forth three great vessels to him, the juice that cheers, that slaughters Vrtra.

12

Thou settest free the rushing wave of waters, the floods' great swell encompassed and obstructed. Along steep slopes their course thou turnedst, Indra, directed downward, speeding to the ocean.

13

So may our new prayer bring thee to protect us, thee well-armed Hero with thy bolt of thunder, Indra, who made these worlds, the Strong, the ty, who never groweth old, the victory-giver.

14

So, Indra, form us brilliant holy singers for strength, for glory, and for food and riches. Give Bharadvaja hero patrons, Indra Indra, be ours upon the day of trial.

15

With this may we obtain strength God-appointed, and brave sons gladden us through a hundred winters.

HYMN XVIII. Indra.

1

GLORIFY him whose might is all-surpassing, Indra the much-invoked who fights uninjured. Magnify with these songs the never-vanquished, the Strong, the Bull of men, the Mighty Victor.

2

He, Champion, Hero, Warrior, Lord of battles, impetuous, loudly roaring, great destroyer, Who whirls the dust on high, alone, oerthrower, hath made all races of mankind his subjects.

3

Thou, thou alone, hast tamed the Dasyus; singly thou hast subdued the people for the Arya. In this, or is it not, thine hero exploit, Indra? Declare it at the proper season.

4

For true, I deem, thy strength is, thine the Mighty, thine, O Most Potent, thine the Conquering Victor; Strong, of the strong, Most Mighty, of the mighty, thine, driver of the churl to acts of bounty.

5

Be this our ancient bond of friendship with you and with Angirases here who speak of Vala. Thou, Wondrous, Shaker of things firm, didst smite him in his fresh strength, and force his doors and castles.

6

With holy thoughts must he be called, the Mighty, showing his power in the great fight with Vrtra. He must be called to give us seed and offspring, the Thunderer must he moved and sped to battle.

7

He in his might, with name that lives for ever, hath far surpassed all human generations. He, most heroic, hath his home with splendour, with glory and with riches and with valour.

8

Stranger to guile, who ne'er was false or faithless, bearing a name that may be well remembered, Indra crushed Cumuri, Dhuni, Sambara, Pipru, and Susna, that their castles fell in ruin.

9

With saving might that must be praised and lauded, Indra, ascend thy car to smite down Vrtra. In thy right hand hold fast thy bolt of thunder, and weaken, Bounteous Lord, his art and magic.

10

As Agni, as the dart burns the dry forest, like the dread shaft burn down the fiends, O Indra; Thou who with high deep-reaching spear hast broken, hast covered over mischief and destroyed it.

11

With wealth, by thousand paths come hither, Agni, paths that bring ample strength, O thou Most Splendid. Come, Son of Strength, o'er whom, Invoked of many! the godless hath no power to keep thee distant.

12

From heaven, from earth is bruited forth the greatness of him the firm, the fiery, the resplendent. No foe hath he, no counterpart, no refuge is there from him the Conqueror full of wisdom

13

This day the deed that thou hast done is famous, when thou, for him, with many thousand others Laidest low Kutsa, Ayu, Atithigva, and boldly didst deliver Turvayana.

14

In thee, O God, the wisest of the Sages, all Gods were joyful when thou slewest Ahi. When lauded for thyself, thou gavest freedom to sore-afflicted Heaven and to the people.

15

This power of thine both heaven and earth acknowledge, the deathless Gods acknowledge it, O Indra. Do what thou ne'er hast done, O Mighty Worker: beget a new hymn at thy sacrifices.

HYMN XIX. Indra.

1

GREAT, hero-like controlling men is Indra, unwasting in his powers, doubled in vastness. He, turned to us, hath grown to hero vigour: broad, wide, he hath been decked by those who serve him.

2

The bowl made Indra swift to gather booty, the High, the Lofty, Youthful, Undecaying, Him who hath waxed by strength which none may conquer, and even at once grown to complete perfection.

3

Stretch out those hands of thine, extend to us—ward thy wide capacious arms, and grant us glory. Like as the household herdsman guards the cattle, so move thou round about us in the combat.

4

Now, fain for strength, let us invite your Indra hither, who lieth hidden with his Heroes,—Free from all blame, without reproach, uninjured, e'en as were those who sang, of old, his praises.

5

With steadfast laws, wealth-giver, strong through Soma, he hath much fair and precious food to feed us. In him unite all paths that lead to riches, like rivers that commingle with the ocean.

6

Bring unto us the mightiest might, O Hero, strong and most potent force, thou great Subduer! All splendid vigorous powers of men vouchsafe us, Lord of Bay Steeds, that they may make us joyful.

7

Bring us, grown mighty in its strength, O Indra, thy friendly rapturous joy that wins the battle, Wherewith by thee assisted and triumphant, we may laud thee in gaining seed and offspring.

8

Indra, bestow on us the power heroic skilled and exceeding strong, that wins the booty, Wherewith, by thine assistance, we may conquer our foes in battle, be they kin or stranger.

9

Let thine heroic strength come from behind us, before us, from above us or below us. From

every side may it approach us, Indra. Give us the glory of the realm of splendour.

10

With most heroic aid from thee, like heroes Indra, may we win wealth by deeds glory. Thou, King, art Lord of earthly, heavenly treasure: vouchsafe us riches vast, sublime, and lasting.

11

The Bull, whose strength hath waxed, whom Maruts follow, free-giving Indra, the Celestial Ruler, Mighty, all-conquering, the victory-giver, him let us call to grant us new protection.

12

Give up the people who are high and haughty to these men and to me, O Thunder-wielder! Therefore upon the earth do we invoke thee, where heroes win, for sons and kine and waters.

13

Through these thy friendships, God invoked of many! may we be victors over every foeman. Slaying both kinds of foe, may we, O Hero, be happy, helped by thee, with ample riches.

HYMN XX. Indra.

1

GIVE us wealth, Indra, that with might, as heaven o'ertops the earth, o'ercomes our foes in battle Wealth that brings thousands and that wins the corn-lands, wealth, Son of Strength! that vanquishes the foeman.

2

Even as the power of Dyaus, to thee, O Indra, all Asura sway was by the Gods entrusted, When thou, Impetuous! leagued with Visnu, slewest Vrtra the Dragon who enclosed the waters.

3

Indra, Strong, Victor, Mightier than the mighty, addressed with prayer and perfect in his splendour, Lord of the bolt that breaketh forts in pieces, became the King of the sweet juice of Soma..

4

There, Indra, while the light was won, the Panis fled, 'neath a hundred blows, for wise Dasoni, And greedy Susna's magical devices nor left he any of their food remaining.

5

What time the thunder fell and Susna perished, all life's support from the great Druh was taken. Indra made room for his car-driver Kutsa who sate beside him, when he gained the sunlight.

6

As the Hawk rent for him the stalk that gladdens, he wrenched the head from Namuci the Dasa. He guarded Nam, Sayya's son, in slumber, and sated him with food, success, and

riches.

7

Thou, thunder-armed, with thy great might hast shattered Pipru's strong forts who knew the wiles of serpents. Thou gavest to thy worshipper Rjisvan imperishable Wealth, O Bounteous Giver.

8

The crafty Vetasu, the swift Dasni, and Tugra speedily with all his servants, Hath Indra, gladdening with strong assistance, forced near as 'twere to glorify the Mother.

9

Resistless, with the hosts he battles, bearing in both his arms the Vrtra-slaying thunder. He mounts his Bays, as the car-seat an archer: yoked at a word they bear the lofty Indra.

10

May we, O Indra, gain by thy new favour: so Parus laud thee, with their sacrifices, That thou hast wrecked seven autumn forts, their shelter, slain Dasa tribes and aided Purukutsa.

11

Favouring Usana the son of Kavi, thou wast his ancient strengthener, O Indra. Thou gavest Navavastva. as a present, to the great father gavest back his grandson.

12

Thou, roaring Indra, drovest on the waters that made a roaring sound like rushing rivers, What time, O Hero, o'er the sea thou broughtest, in safety broughtest Turvasa and Yadu.

13

This Indra, was thy work in war: thou sentest Dhuni and Cumuri to sleep and slumber. Dabhiti lit the flame for thee, and worshipped with fuel, hymns, poured Soma, dressed oblations.

HYMN XXI. Indra. Visvedevas.

1

THESE the most constant singer's invocations call thee who art to be invoked, O Hero; Hymns call anew the chariot-borne, Eternal: by eloquence men gain abundant riches.

2

I praise that Indra, known to all men, honoured with songs, extolled with hymns at sacrifices, Whose majesty, rich in wondrous arts, surpasseth the magnitude of earth, and heaven in greatness.

3

He hath made pathways, with the Sun to aid him, throughout the darkness that extended pathless. Mortals who yearn to worship ne'er dishonour, O Mighty God, thy Law who art Immortal.

4

And he who did these things, where is that Indra? among what tribes? what people doth he visit? What sacrifice contents thy mind , and wishes? What priest among them all? what hymn, O Indra?

5

Yea, here were they who, born of old, have served thee, thy friends of ancient time, thou active Worker. Bethink thee now of these, Invoked of many! the midmost and the recent, and the youngest.

6

Inquiring after him, thy later servants, Indra, have gained thy former old traditions. Hero, to whom the prayer is brought, we praise thee as great for that wherein we know thee mighty.

7

The demon's strength is gathered fast against thee: great as that strength hath grown, go forth to meet it. With thine own ancient friend and companion, the thunderbolt, brave Champion! drive it backward.

8

Hear, too, the prayer of this thy present beadsman, O Indra, Hero, cherishing the singer. For thou wast aye our fathers' Friend aforetime, still swift to listen to their supplication.

9

Bring to our help this day, for our protection, Varuna, Mitra , Indra, and the Maruts, Pusan and Visnu, Agni and Purandhi, Savitar also, and the Plants and Mountains.

10

The singers here exalt with hymns and praises thee who art very Mighty and Most Holy. Hear, when invoked, the invoker's invocation. Beside thee there is nonelike thee, Immortal!

11

Now to my words come quickly thou who knowest, O Son of Strength, with all who claim our worship, Who visit sacred rites, whose tongue is Agni, Gods who made Manu stronger than the Dasyu.

12

On good and evil ways be thou our Leader, thou who art known to all as Path-preparer. Bring power to us, O Indra, with thy Horses, Steeds that are best to draw, broad-backed, unwearied.

HYMN XXII. Indra.

1

WITH these my hymns I glorify that Indra who is alone to be invoked by mortals, The Lord, the Mighty One, of manly vigour, victorious, Hero, true, and full of wisdom.

2

Our sires of old,. Navagvas, sages seven, while urging him to show his might, extolled him,
Dwelling on heights, swift, smiting down opponents, guileless in word, and in his thoughts
most mighty.

3

We seek that Indra to obtain his riches that bring much food, and men, and store of heroes.
Bring us, Lord of Bay Steeds, to make us joyful, celestial wealth, abundant, undecaying.

4

Tell thou us this, if at thy hand aforesaid the earlier singers have obtained good fortune,
What is thy share and portion, Strong Subduer, Asura–slayer, rich, invoked of many?

5

He who for car–borne Indra, armed with thunder, hath a hymn, craving, deeply–piercing,
fluent, Who sends a song effectual, firmly–grasping, and strength–bestowing, he comes
near the mighty.

6

Strong of thyself, thou by this art hast shattered, with thought–swift Parvata, him who
waxed against thee, And, Mightiest! roaring! boldly rent in pieces things that were firmly
fixed and never shaken.

7

Him will we fit for you with new devotion, the strongest Ancient One, in ancient manner. So
may that Indra, boundless, faithful Leader, conduct us o'er all places hard to traverse.

8

Thou for the people who oppress hast kindled the earthly firmament and that of heaven.
With heat, O Bull, on every side consume them: heat earth and flood for him who hates
devotion.

9

Of all the Heavenly Folk, of earthly creatures thou art the King, O God of splendid aspect. In
thy right hand, O Indra, grasp the thunder: Eternal! thou destroyest all enchantments.

10

Give us confirmed prosperity, O Indra, vast and exhaustless for the foe's subduing.
Strengthen therewith the Arya's hate and Dasa's, and let the arms of Nahusas be mighty.

11

Come with thy team which brings all blessings hither, Disposer, much–invoked, exceeding
holy. Thou whom no fiend, no God can stay or hinder, come swiftly with these Steeds in my
direction.

HYMN XXIII. Indra.

1

THOU art attached to pressed–out Soma, Indra, at laud, at prayer, and when the hymn is chanted; Or when with yoked Bays, Maghavan, thou comest, O Indra, bearing in thine arms the thunder.

2

Or when on that decisive day thou holpest the presser of the juice at Vrtra's slaughter; Or when thou, while the strong one feared, undaunted, gavest to death, Indra, the daring Dasyus.

3

Let Indra drink the pressed–out Soma, Helper and mighty Guide of him who sings his praises. He gives the hero room who pours oblations, and treasure even to the lowly singer.

4

E'en humble rites with his Bay steeds he visits: he wields the bolt, drinks Soma, gives us cattle. He makes the valiant rich in store of heroes, accepts our praise and hears the singer's calling.

5

What he hath longed for we have brought to Indra, who from the days of old hath done us service. While Soma flows we will sing hymn, and laud him, so that our prayer may strengthen Indra's vigour.

6

Thou hast made prayer the means of thine exalting, therefore we wait on thee with hymns, O Indra. May we, by the pressed Soma, Somadrinker! bring thee, with sacrifice, blissful sweet refreshment.

7

Mark well our sacrificial cake, delighted Indra, drink Soma and the milk commingled. Here on the sacrificer's grass be seated: give ample room to thy devoted servant.

8

O Mighty One, be joyful as thou willest. Let these our sacrifices reach and find thee; And may this hymn and these our invocations turn thee, whom many men invoke, to help us.

9

Friends, when the juices flow, replenish duly your own, your bounteous Indra with the Soma. Will it not aid him to support us? Indra. spares him who sheds the juice to win his favour.

10

While Soma flowed, thus Indra hath been lauded, Ruler of nobles, mid the Bharadvajas, That Indra may become the singer's patron and give him wealth in every kind of treasure.

HYMN XXIV. Indra.

1

STRONG rapturous joy, praise, glory are with Indra: impetuous God, he quaffs the juice of Soma: That Maghavan whom men must laud with singing, Heaven-dweller, King of songs, whose help is lasting.

2

He, Friend of man, most wise, victorious Hero, hears, with far-reaching aid, the singer call him. Excellent, Praise of Men, the bard's Supporter, Strong, he gives strength, extolled in holy synod.

3

The lofty axle of thy wheels, O Hero, is not surpassed by heaven and earth in greatness. Like branches of a tree, Invoked of many manifold aids spring forth from thee, O Indra.

4

Strong Lord, thine energies, endowed with vigour, are like the paths of kine converging homeward. Like bonds of cord, Indra, that bind the younglings, no bonds are they, O thou of boundless bounty.

5

One act to-day, another act tomorrow oft Indra makes what is not yet existent. Here have we Mitra, Varuna, and Pusan to overcome the foeman's domination.

6

By song and sacrifice men brought the waters from thee, as from a mountain's ridge, O Indra. Urging thy might, with these fair lauds they seek thee, O theme of song, as horses rush to battle.

7

That Indra whom nor months nor autumn seasons wither with age, nor fleeting days enfeeble,— Still may his body Wax, e'en now so mighty, glorified by the lauds and hymns that praise him.

8

Extolled, he bends not to the strong, the steadfast, nor to the bold incited by the Dasyu. High mountains are as level plains to Indra: even in the deep he finds firm ground to rest on.

9

Impetuous Speeder through all depth and distance, give strengthening food, thou drinker of the juices. Stand up erect to help us, unreluctant, what time the gloom of night brightens to morning.

10

Hasting to help, come hither and protect him, keep him from harm when he is here, O Indra. At home, abroad, from injury preserve him. May brave sons gladden us through a hundred winters.

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HYMN XXV. Indra.

1

WITH thine assistance, O thou Mighty Indra, be it the least, the midmost, or the highest,—
Great with those aids and by these powers support us, Strong God! in battle that subdues
our foemen.

2

With these discomfit hosts that fight against us, and check the opponent's wrath, thyself
uninjured. With these chase all our foes to every quarter: subdue the tribes of Dasas to the
Arya.

3

Those who array themselves as foes to smite us, O Indra, be they kin or be they
strangers,— Strike thou their manly strength that it be feeble, and drive in headlong flight our
foemen backward.

4

With strength of limb the hero slays the hero, when bright in arms they range them for the
combat. When two opposing hosts contend in battle for seed and offspring, waters, kine, or
corn—lands.

5

Yet no strong man hath conquered thee, no hero, no brave, no warrior trusting in his valour.
Not one of these is match for thee, O Indra. Thou far surpasses all these living creatures.

6

He is the Lord of both these armies' valour when the commanders call them to the conflict:
When with their ranks expanded they are fighting with a great foe or for a home with
heroes.

7

And when the people stir themselves for battle, be thou their saviour, Indra, and protector,
And theirs, thy manliest of our friends, the pious, the chiefs who have installed us priests, O
Indra.

8

To thee for high dominion hath been for evermore, for slaughtering the Vrtras, All lordly
power and might, O Holy Indra, given by Gods for victory in battle.

9

So urge our hosts together in the combats: yield up the godless bands that fight against us.
Singing, at morn may we find thee with favour, yea, Indra, and e'en now, we Bharadvajas.

HYMN XXVI. Indra.

1

O INDRA, hear us. Raining down the Soma, we call on thee to win us mighty valour. Give us strong succour on the day of trial, when the tribes gather on the field of battle.

2

The warrior, son of warrior sire, invokes thee, to gain great strength that may be won as booty: To thee, the brave man's Lord, the fiends' subduer, he looks when fighting hand to hand for cattle.

3

Thou didst impel the sage to win the daylight, didst ruin Susna for the pious Kutsa. The invulnerable demon's head thou clavest when thou wouldst win the praise of Atithigva.

4

The lofty battle-car thou broughtest forward; thou holpest Dasadyu the strong when fighting. Along with Vetasu thou slewest Tugra, and madest Tuji strong, who praised thee, Indra.

5

Thou madest good the laud, what time thou rentest a hundred thousand fighting foes, O Hero, Slewest the Dasa Sambara of the mountain, and with strange aids didst succour Divodasa.

6

Made glad with Soma-draughts and faith, thou sentest Cumuri to his sleep, to please Dabhati. Thou, kindly giving Raji to Pithinas, slewest with might, at once, the sixty thousand.

7

May I too, with the liberal chiefs, O Indra, acquire thy blin supreme and domination, When, Mightiest! Hero-girt! Nahusa heroes boast them in thee, the triply-strong Defender.

8

So may we be thy friends, thy best beloved, O Indra, at this holy invocation. Best be Pratardani, illustrious ruler, in slaying foemen and in gaining riches.

HYMN XXVII. Indra.

1

WHAT deed hath Indra done in the wild transport, in quaffing or in friendship with, the Soma? What joys have men of ancient times or recent obtained within the chamber of libation?

2

In its wild joy Indra hath proved him faithful, faithful in quaffing, faithful in its friendship. His truth is the delight that in this chamber the men of old and recent times have tasted.

3

All thy vast power, O Maghavan, we know not, know not the riches of thy full abundance. No one hath seen that might of thine, productive of bounty every day renewed, O Indra.

4

This one great power of thine our eyes have witnessed, wherewith thou slewest Varasikha's children, When by the force of thy descending thunder, at the mere sound, their boldest was demolished.

5

In aid of Abhyavartin Cayamana, Indra destroyed the seed of Varasikha. At Hariyupiya he smote the vanguard of the Vrcivans, and the rear fled frightened.

6

Three thousand, mailed, in quest of fame, together, on the Yavyavati, O much-sought Indra, Vrcivan's sons, falling before the arrow, like bursting vessels went to their destruction.

7

He, whose two red Steers, seeking goodly pasture, plying their tongues move on 'twixt earth and heaven, Gave Turvasa to Srnjaya, and, to aid him, gave the Vrcivans up to Daivavata.

8

Two wagon-teams, with damsels, twenty oxen, O Agni, Abhydvartin Cayamdna, The liberal Sovran, giveth me. This guerdon of Prthu's seed is hard to win from others.

HYMN XXVIII. Cows.

I. THE Kine have come and brought good fortune: let them rest in the cow-pen and be happy near us. Here let them stay prolific, many-coloured, and yield through many morns their milk for Indra.

2

Indra aids him who offers sacrifice and gifts: he takes not what is his, and gives him more thereto. Increasing ever more and ever more his wealth, he makes the pious dwell within unbroken bounds.

3

These are ne'er lost, no robber ever injures them: no evil-minded foe attempts to harass them. The master of the Kine lives many a year with these, the Cows whereby he pours his gifts and serves the Gods.

4

The charger with his dusty brow o'ertakes them not, and never to the shambles do they take their way. These Cows, the cattle of the pious worshipper, roam over widespread pasture where no danger is.

5

To me the Cows seem Bhaga, they seem Indra, they seem a portion of the first-poured Soma. These present Cows, they, O ye Indra. I long for Indra with my heart and spirit.

6

O Cows, ye fatten e'en the worn and wasted, and make the unlovely beautiful to look on. Prosper my house, ye with auspicious voices. Your power is glorified in our assemblies.

7

Crop goodly pasturage and be prolific drink pure sweet water at good drinking places. Never be thief or sinful man your matter, and may the dart of Rudra still avoid you.

8

Now let this close admixture be close intermingled with these Cows, Mixt with the Steer's prolific flow, and, Indra, with thy hero might.

HYMN XXIX Indra.

1

YOUR men have followed Indra for his friendship, and for his loving-kindness glorified him. For he bestows great wealth, the Thunder-wielder: worship him, Great and Kind, to win his favour.

2

Him to whose hand, men closely cling, and drivers stand on his golden chariot firmly stationed. With his firm arms he holds the reins; his Horses, the Stallions, are yoked ready for the journey.

3

Thy devotees embrace thy feet for glory. Bold, thunder-armed, rich, through thy strength, in guerdon, Robed in a garment fair as heaven to look on, thou hast displayed thee like an active dancer.

4

That Soma when effused hath best consistence, for which the food is dressed and grain is mingled; By which the men who pray, extolling Indra chief favourites of Gods, recite their praises.

5

No limit of thy might hath been appointed, which by its greatness sundered earth and heaven. These the Prince filleth full with strong endeavour, driving, as 'twere, with help his flocks to waters.

6

So be the lofty Indra prompt to listen, Helper unaided, golden-visored Hero. Yea, so may he, shown forth in might unequalled, smite down the many Vrtras and the Dasyus.

HYMN XXX. Indra.

1

INDRA hath waxed yet more for hero prowess, alone, Eternal, he bestoweth treasures. Indra transcendeth both the worlds in greatness: one half of him equalleth earth and heaven.

2

Yea, mighty I esteem his Godlike nature: none hindereth what he hath once determined. Near and afar he spread and set the regions, and every day the Sun became apparent.

3

E'en now endures thine exploit of the Rivers, when, Indra, for their floods thou clavest passage. Like men who sit at meat the mountains settled: by thee, Most Wise! the regions were made steadfast.

4

This is the truth, none else is like thee, Indra, no God superior to thee, no mortal. Thou slewest Ahi who besieged the waters, and lettest loose the streams to hurry seaward.

5

Indra, thou breakest up the floods and portals on all sides, and the firmness of the mountain. Thou art the King of men, of all that liveth, engendering at once Sun, Heaven, and Morning.

HYMN XXXI Indra.

1

SOLE Lord of wealth art thou, O Lord of riches: thou in thine hands hast held the people, Indra! Men have invoked thee with contending voices for seed and waters, progeny and sunlight.

2

Through fear of thee, O Indra, all the regions of earth, though naught may move them, shake and tremble. All that is firm is frightened at thy coming, –the earth, the heaven, the mountain, and the forest.

3

With Kutsa, Indra! thou didst conquer Susna, voracious, bane of crops, in fight for cattle. In the close fray thou rentest him: thou stolest the Sun's wheel and didst drive away misfortunes.

4

Thou smotest to the ground the hundred castles, impregnable, of Sambara the Dasyu, When, Strong, with might thou holpest Divodasa who poured libations out, O Soma–buyer, and madest Bharadvaja rich who praised thee.

5

As such, true Hero, for great joy of battle mount thy terrific car, O Brave and Manly. Come with thine help to me, thou distant Roamer, and, glorious God, spread among men my

glory.

HYMN XXXII Indra.

1

I WITH my lips have fashioned for this Hero words never matched, most plentiful and auspicious, For him the Ancient, Great, Strong, Energetic, the very mighty Wielder of the Thunder.

2

Amid the sages, with the Sun he brightened the Parents: glorified, he burst the mountain; And, roaring with the holy-thoughted singers, he loosed the bond that held the beams of Morning.

3

Famed for great deeds, with priests who kneel and laud him, he still hath conquered in the frays for cattle, And broken down the forts, the Fort-destroyer, a Friend with friends, a Sage among the sages.

4

Come with thy girthed mares, with abundant vigour and plenteous strength to him who sings thy praises. Come hither, borne by mares with many heroes, Lover of song! Steer! for the people's welfare.

5

Indra with rush and might, sped by his Coursers, hath swiftly won the waters from the southward. Thus set at liberty the rivers daily flow to their goal, incessant and exhaustless.

HYMN XXXIII. Indra.

1

GIVE us the rapture that is mightiest, Indra, prompt to bestow and swift to aid, O Hero, That wins with brave steeds where brave steeds encounter, and quells the Vrtras and the foes in battle.

2

For with loud voice the tribes invoke thee, Indra, to aid them in the battlefield of heroes. Thou, with the singers, hast pierced through the Panis: the charger whom thou aidest wins the booty.

3

Both races, Indra, of opposing foemen, O Hero, both the Arya and the Dasa, Hast thou struck down like woods with well-shot lightnings: thou rentest them in fight, most manly Chieftain!

4

Indra, befriend us with no scanty succour, prosper and aid us, Loved of all that liveth, When, fighting for the sunlight, we invoke thee, O Hero, in the fray, in war's division.

5

Be ours, O Indra, now and for the future, be graciously inclined and near to help us. Thus may we, singing, sheltered by the Mighty, win many cattle on the day of trial.

HYMN XXXIV. Indra.

1

FULL Many songs have met in thee, O Indra, and many a noble thought from thee proceedeth. Now and of old the eulogies of sages, their holy hymns and lauds, have yearned for Indra.

2

He, praised of many, bold, invoked of many, alone is glorified at sacrifices. Like a car harnessed for some great achievement, Indra must be the cause of our rejoicing.

3

They make their way to Indra and exalt him, him whom no prayers and no laudations trouble; For when a hundred or a thousand singers. laud him who loves the song their praise delights him.

4

As brightness mingles with the Moon in heaven, the offered Soma yearns to mix with Indra. Like water brought to men in desert places, our gifts at sacrifice have still refreshed him.

5

To him this mighty eulogy, to Indra hath this our laud been uttered by the poets, That in the great encounter with the foemen, Loved of all life, Indra may guard and help us.

HYMN XXXV. Indra.

1

WHEN shall our prayers rest in thy car beside thee? When dost thou give the singer food for thousands? When wilt thou clothe this poet's laud with plenty, and when wilt thou enrich our hymns with booty?

2

When wilt thou gather men with men, O Indra, heroes with heroes, and prevail in combat? Thou shalt win triply kine in frays for cattle, so, Indra, give thou us celestial glory.

3

Yea, when wilt thou, O Indra, thou Most Mighty, make the prayer all-sustaining for the singer? When wilt thou yoke, as we yoke songs, thy Horses, and come to offerings that bring wealth in cattle?

4

Grant to the Singer food with store of cattle, splendid with horses and the fame of riches. Send food to swell the milch-cow good at milking: bright be its shine among the Bharadvajas.

5

Lead otherwise this present foeman, Sakra! Hence art thou praised as Hero, foe destroyer
Him who gives pure gifts may I praise unceasing. Sage, quicken the Angirases by devotion.

HYMN XXXVI. Indra.

1

THY raptures ever were for all men's profit: so evermore have been thine earthly riches.
Thou still hast been the dealer—forth of vigour, since among Gods thou hast had power and
Godhead.

2

Men have obtained his strength by sacrificing, and ever urged him, on to hero valour. For
the rein—seizing, the impetuous Charger they furnished power even for Vrtra's slaughter.

3

Associate with him, as teams of horses, help, manly might, and vigour follow Indra. As
rivers reach the sea, so, strong with praises, our holy songs reach him the Comprehensive.

4

Lauded by us, let flow the spring, O Indra, of excellent and brightly—shining riches. For thou
art Lord of men, without an equal: of all the world thou art the only Sovran.

5

Hear what thou mayst hear, thou who, fain for worship, as heaven girds earth, guardest thy
servant's treasure; That thou mayst be our own, joying in power, famed through thy might in
every generation.

HYMN XXXVII Indra.

1

LET thy Bay Horses, yoked, O mighty Indra, bring thy car hither fraught with every blessing.
For thee, the Heavenly, e'en the poor invoketh: may we this day, thy feast—companions,
prosper.

2

Forth to the vat the brown drops flow for service, and purified proceed directly forward. May
Indra drink of this, our guest aforetime, Celestial King of the strong draught of Soma.

3

Bringing us hitherward all—potent Indra on well—wheeled chariot, may the Steeds who bear
him Convey him on the road direct to glory, and ne'er may Vayu's Amrta cease and fail him.

4

Supreme, he stirs this man to give the guerdon,—Indra, most efficacious of the princes,—
Wherewith, O Thunderer, thou removest sorrow, and, Bold One! partest wealth among the
nobles.

5

Indra is he who gives enduring vigour: may our songs magnify the God Most Mighty. Best Vrtra–slayer be the Hero Indra these things he gives as Prince, with strong endeavour.

HYMN XXXVIII. Indra.

1

HE hath drunk hence, Most Marvellous, and carried away our great and splendid call on Indra. The Bounteous, when we serve the Gods, accepteth song yet more famous and the gifts we bring him.

2

The speaker filleth with a cry to Indra his ears who cometh nigh e'en from a distance. May this my call bring Indra to my presence, this call to Gods composed in sacred verses.

3

Him have I sung with my best song and praises, Indra of ancient birth and Everlasting. For prayer and songs in him are concentrated: let laud wax mighty when addressed to Indra:

4

Indra, whom sacrifice shall strengthen, Soma, and song and hymn, and praises and devotion, Whom Dawns shall strengthen when the night departeth, Indra whom days shall strengthen, months, and autumns.

5

Him, born for conquering might in full perfection, and waxen strong for bounty and for glory, Great, Powerful, will we to–day, O singer, invite to aid. us and to quell our foemen.

HYMN XXXIX Indra.

1

OF this our charming, our celestial Soma, eloquent, wise, Priest, with inspired devotion, Of this thy close attendant, hast thou drunken. God, send the singer food with milk to grace it.

2

Craving the kine, rushing against the mountain led on by Law, with holy minded comrades, He broke the never–broken ridge of Vala. With words of might Indra subdued the Panis.

3

This Indu lighted darksome nights, O Indra, throughout the years, at morning and at evening. Him have they stablished as the days' bright ensign. He made the Mornings to be born in splendour.

4

He shone and caused to shine the worlds that shone not. By Law he lighted up the host of Mornings. He moves with Steeds yoked by eternal Order, contenting men with nave that finds the sunlight.

5

Now, praised, O Ancient King! fill thou the singer with plenteous food that he may deal forth treasures. Give waters, herbs that have no poison, forests, and kine, and steeds, and men, to him who lauds thee.

HYMN XL. Indra

1

DRINK, Indra; juice is shed to make thee joyful: loose thy Bay Steeds and give thy friends their freedom. Begin the song, seated in our assembly. Give strength for sacrifice to him who singeth.

2

Drink thou of this whereof at birth, O Indra, thou drankest, Mighty One for power and rapture. The men, the pressing–stones, the cows, the waters have made this Soma ready for thy drinking.

3

The fire is kindled, Soma pressed, O Indra: let thy Bays, best to draw, convey thee hither. With mind devoted, Indra, I invoke thee. Come, for our great prosperity approach us.

4

Indra, come hither: evermore thou camest through our great strong desire to drink the Soma. Listen and hear the prayers which now we offer, and let this sacrifice increase thy vigour.

5

Mayst thou, O Indra, on the day of trial, present or absent, wheresoe'er thou dwellest, Thence, with thy team, accordant with the Maruts, Song–lover! guard our sacrifice, to help us.

HYMN XLL Indra.

1

COME gracious to our sacrifice, O Indra: pressed Soma–drops are purified to please thee. As cattle seek their home, so Thunderwielder, come, Indra, first of those who claim our worship.

2

With that well–formed most wide–extending palate, wherewith thou ever drinkest streams of sweetness, Drink thou; the Adhvaryu standeth up before thee: let thy spoil–winning thunderbolt attend thee.

3

This drop, steer–strong and omniform, the Soma, hath been made ready for the Bull, for India. Drink this, Lord of the Bays, thou Strong Supporter, this that is thine of old, thy food for ever.

4

Soma when pressed excels the unpressed Soma, better, for one who knows, to give him pleasure. Come to this sacrifice of ours, O Victor replenish all thy powers with this libation.

5

We call on thee, O Indra: come thou hither: sufficient be the Soma for thy body. Rejoice thee, Satakratu! in the juices guard us in wars, guard us among our people.

HYMN XLII– Indra.

1

BRING sacrificial gifts to him, Omniscient, for he longs to drink, The Wanderer who comes with speed, the Hero ever in the van.

2

With Soma go ye nigh to him chief drinker of the Soma's juice: With beakers to the Impetuous God, to Indra with the drops effused.

3

What time, with Soma, with the juice effused, ye come before the God, Full wise he knows the hope of each, and, Bold One, strikes this foe and that.

4

To him, Adhvaryu! yea, to him give offerings of the juice expressed. Will he not keep us safely from the spiteful curse of each presumptuous high-born foe?

HYMN XLIII. Indra

1

IN whose wild joy thou madest once Sambara Divodasa's prey, This Soma is pressed out for thee, O Indra: drink!

2

Whose gladdening draught, shed from the points, thou guardest in the midst and end, This Soma is pressed out for thee, O Indra drink!

3

In whose wild joy thou settest free the kine held fast within the rock, This Soma is pressed out for thee, O Indra: drink!

4

This, in whose juice delighting thou gainest the might of Maghavan, This Soma is pressed out for thee, O Indra drink!

HYMN XLIV. Indra.

1

THAT which is wealthiest, Wealthy God in splendoursmost illustrious, Soma is pressed: thy

gladdening draught, Indra! libation's Lord! is this.

2

Effectual, Most Effectual One! thine, as bestowing wealth of hymns, Soma is pressed: thy gladdening draught, Indra! libation's Lord! is this.

3

Wherewith thou art increased in strength, and conquerest with thy proper aids, Soma is pressed: thy gladdening draught, Indra! libation's Lord! is this.

4

Him for your sake I glorify as Lord of Strength who wrongeth none, The Hero Indra, conquering all, Most Bounteous, God of all the tribes.

5

Those Goddesses, both Heaven and Earth, revere the power and might of him, Him whom our songs increase in strength, the Lord of bounty swift to come.

6

To seat your Indra, I will spread abroad with power this song of praise. The saving succours that abide in him, like songs, extend and grow.

7

A recent Friend, he found the skilful priest: he drank, and showed forth treasure from the Gods. He conquered, borne by strong all-shaking mares, and was with far-spread power his friends' Protector.

8

In course of Law the sapient juice was quaffed: the Deities to glory turned their mind. Winning through hymns a lofty title, he, the Lovely, made his beauteous form apparent.

9

Bestow on us the most illustrious strength ward off men's manifold malignities. Give with thy might abundant vital force, and aid us graciously in gaining riches.

10

We turn to thee as Giver, liberal Indra. Lord of the Bay Steeds, be not thou ungracious. No friend among mankind have we to lookto: why have men called thee him who spurs the niggard?

11

Give us not up, Strong Hero! to the hungry: unharmed be we whom thou, so rich, befriendest. Full many a boon hast thou for men demolish those who present no gifts nor pour oblations.

12

As Indra thundering impels the rain-clouds, so doth he send us store of kine and horses. Thou art of old the Cherisher of singers let not the rich who bring no gifts deceive thee.

13

Adbyaryu, hero, bring to mighty Indra for he is King thereof—the pressed—out juices; To him exalted by the hymns and praises, ancient and modern, of the singing Rsis.

14

In the wild joy of this hath Indra, knowing full many a form, struck down resistless Vrtras. Proclaim aloud to him the savoury Soma so that the Hero, strong of jaw, may drink it.

15

May Indra drink this Soma poured to please him, and cheered therewith slay Vrtra with his thunder. Come to our sacrifice even from a distance, good lover of our songs, the bard's Supporter.

16

The cup whence Indra drinks the draught is present: the Amrta dear to Indra hath been drunken, That it may cheer the God to gracious favour, and keep far from us hatred and affliction.

17

Therewith enraptured, Hero, slay our foemen, the unfriendly, Maghavan be they kin or strangers, Those who still aim their hostile darts to smite us, turn them to flight, O Indra, crush and kill them.

18

O Indra Maghavan, in these our battles win easy paths for us and ample freedom. That we may gain waters and seed and offspring, set thou our princes on thy side, O Indra.

19

Let thy Bay Stallions, harnessed, bring thee hither, Steeds with strong chariot and strong reins to hold them, Strong Horses, speeding hither, bearing thunder, well—harnessed, for the strong exciting potion.

20

Beside the vat, Strong God! stand thy strong Horses, shining with holy oil, like waves exulting. Indra, they bring to thee, the Strong and Mighty, Soma of juices shed by mighty press—stones.

21

Thou art the Bull of earth, the Bull of heaven, Bull of the rivers, Bull of standing waters. For thee, the Strong, O Bull, hath Indu swollen. juice pleasant, sweet to drink, for thine election.

22

This God, with might, when first he had his being, with Indra for ally, held fast the Pani. This Indu stole away the warlike weapons, and foiled the arts of his malignant father.

23

The Dawns he wedded to a glorious Consort, and set within the Sun the light that lights him. He found in heaven, in the third lucid regions, the threefold Amrta in its close

concealment.

24

He stayed and held the heaven and earth asunder: the chariot with the sevenfold reins he harnessed. This Soma Set with power within the milch-kine a spring whose ripe contents ten fingers empty.

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Book 06 Part 04

HYMN XLV. Indra.

1

THAT Indra is our youthful Friend, who with his trusty guidance led Turvasa, Yadu from afar.

2

Even to the dull and uninspired Indra, gives vital power, and wins Even with slow steed the offered prize.

3

Great are his ways of guiding us, and manifold are His eulogies: His kind protections never fail.

4

Friends, sing your psalm and offer praise to him to whom the prayer is brought: For our great Providence is he.

5

Thou, Slaughterer of Vrtra, art Guardian and Friend of one and two, Yea, of a man like one of us.

6

Beyond men's hate thou leadest us, and givest cause to sing thy praise: Good hero art thou called by men.

7

I call with hymns, as 'twere a cow to milk, the Friend who merits praise, The Brahman who accepts the prayer.

8

Him in whose hands they say are stored all treasures from the days of old, The Hero, conquering in the fight.

9

Lord of Strength, Caster of the Stone, destroy the firm forts built by men, And foil their arts, unbending God!

10

Thee, thee as such, O Lord of Power, O Indra, Soma-drinker, true, We, fain for glory, have invoked.

11

Such as thou wast of old, and art now to be called on when the prize lies ready, listen to our call.

12

With hymns and coursers we will gain, Indra, through thee, both steeds and spoil Most glorious, and the proffered prize.

13

Thou, Indra, Lover of the Song, whom men must stir to help, hast been Great in the contest for the prize.

14

Slayer of foes, whatever aid of thine imparts the swiftest course, With that impel our car to speed.

15

As skilfullest of those who drive the chariot, with our art and aim, O Conqueror, win the proffered prize.

16

Praise him who, Matchless and Alone, was born the Lord of living men, Most active, with heroic soul.

17

Thou who hast been the singers' Friend, a Friend auspicious with thine aid, As such, O Indra, favour us.

18

Grasp in thine arms the thunderbolt, O Thunder-armed, to slay the fiends: Mayst thou subdue the foemen's host.

19

I call the ancient Friend, allied with wealth, who speeds the lowly man, Him to whom chiefly prayer is brought.

20

For he alone is Lord of all the treasures of the earth: he speeds Hither, chief Lover of the Song.

21

So with thy yoked teams satisfy our wish with power and wealth in steeds And cattle, boldly, Lord of kine!

22

Sing this, what time the ' juice is pressed, to him your Hero, Much-invoked, To please him as a mighty Steer.

23

He, Excellent, withholdeth not his gift of power and wealth in kine, When he hath listened to our songs.

24

May he with might uncloset for us the cow's stall, whosoever it be, To which the Dasyu-slayer goes.

25

O Indra Satakratu, these our songs have called aloud to thee, Like mother cows to meet their calves.

26

Hard is thy love to win: thou art a Steer to him who longs for steers: Be to one craving steeds a Steed.

27

Delight thee with the juice we pour for thine own great munificence: Yield not thy singer to reproach.

28

These songs with every draught we pour come, Lover of the Song, to thee, As milch-kine hasten to their young

29

To thee most oft invoked, amid the many singers' rivalry Who beg with all their might for wealth.

30

Nearest and most attractive may our laud, O Indra come to thee. Urge thou us on to ample wealth.

31

Brbu hath set himself above the Panis, o'er their highest head, Like the wide bush on Ganga's bank.

32

He whose good bounty, thousandfold, swift as the rushing of the wind, Suddenly offers as a gift.

33

So all our singers ever praise the pious Brbu's noble deed, Chief, best to give his thousands, best to give a thousand liberal gifts.

HYMN XLVI. Indra.

1

THAT we may win us wealth and power we poets, verily, call on thee: In war men call on

thee, Indra, the hero's Lord, in the steed's race—course call on thee.

2

As such, O Wonderful, whose hand holds thunder, praised as mighty, Caster of the Stone!
Pour on us boldly, Indra, kine and chariotsteeds, ever to be the conqueror's strength.

3

We call upon that Indra, who, most active, ever slays the foe: Lord of the brave, Most
Manly, with a thousand powers, help thou and prosper us in fight.

4

Rcisama, thou forcest men as with a bull, with anger, in the furious fray. Be thou our Helper
in the mighty battle fought for sunlight, water, and for life.

5

O Indra, bring us name and fame, enriching, mightiest, excellent, Wherewith, O Wondrous
God, fair—visored, thunder—armed, thou hast filled full this earth and heaven.

6

We call on thee, O King, Mighty amid the Gods, Ruler of men, to succour us. All that is
weak in us, Excellent God, make firm: make our foes easy to subdue.

7

All strength and valour that is found, Indra, in tribes of Nahusas, and all the splendid fame
that the Five Tribes enjoy Bring, yea, all manly powers at once.

8

Or, Maghavan, what vigorous strength in Trksi lay, in Druhyus or in Paru's folk, Fully
bestow on us, that, in the conquering fray, we may subdue our foes in fight.

9

O Indra, grant a happy home, a triple refuge triply strong. Bestow a dwelling—place on the
rich lords and me, and keep thy dart afar from these.

10

They who with minds intent on spoil subdue the foe, boldly attack and smite him down,—
From these, O Indra Maghavan who lovest song, be closest guardian of our lives.

11

And now, O Indra, strengthen us: come near and aid us in the fight, What time the
feathered shafts are flying in the air, the arrows with their sharpened points.

12

Give us, where heroes strain their bodies in the fight, the shelter that our fathers loved. To
us and to our sons give refuge: keep afar all unobserved hostility.

13

When, Indra, in the mighty fray thou urgest chargers to their speed, On the uneven road

and on a toilsome path, like falcons, eager for renown,

14

Speeding like rivers rushing down a steep descent, responsive to the urging call, That come like birds attracted to the bait, held in by reins in both the driver's hands.

HYMN XLVII. Indra, Etc.

1

YEA, this is good to taste and full of. sweetness, verily it is strong and rich in flavour. No one may conquer Indra in the battle when he hath drunken of the draught we offer.

2

This sweet juice here had mightiest power to gladden: it boldened Indra when he slaughtered Vrtra, When he defeated Sambara's many onslaughts, and battered down his nine and ninety ramparts.

3

This stirreth up my voice when I have drunk it: this hath aroused from sleep my yearning spirit. This Sage hath measured out the six expanses from which no single creature is excluded.

4

This, even this, is he who hath created the breadth of earth, the lofty height of heaven. He formed the nectar in three headlong rivers. Soma supports the wide mid-air above us.

5

He found the wavy sea of brilliant colours in forefront of the Dawns who dwell in brightness. This Mighty One, the Steer begirt by Maruts, hath propped the heavens up with a mighty pillar.

6

Drink Soma boldly from the beaker, Indra, in war for treasures, Hero, Vrtra-slayer! Fill thyself full at the mid-day libation, and give us wealth, thou Treasury of riches.

7

Look out for us, O Indra, as our Leader, and guide us on to gain yet goodlier treasure. Excellent Guardian, bear us well through peril, and lead us on to wealth with careful guidance.

8

Lead us to ample room, O thou who knowest, to happiness, security, and sunlight. High, Indra, are the arms of thee the Mighty: may we betake. us to their lofty shelter.

9

Set us on widest chariot-seat, O Indra, with two steeds best to draw, O Lord of Hundreds! Bring us the best among all sorts of viands: let not the foe's wealth, Maghavan, subdue us.

10

Be gracious, Indra, let my days be lengthened: sharpen my thought as 'twere a blade of iron Approve whatever words I speak, dependent on thee, and grant me thy divine protection.

11

Indra the Rescuer, Indra the Helper, Hero who listens at each invocation, Sakra I call, Indra invoked of many. May Indra Maghavan prosper and bless us.

12

May helpful Indra as our good Protector, Lord of all treasures, favour us with succour, Baffle our foes, and give us rest and safety, and may we be the lords of hero vigour.

13

May we enjoy the grace of him the Holy, yea, may we dwell in his auspicious favour. May helpful Indra as our good Preserver drive from us, even from afar, our foemen.

14

Like rivers rushing down a slope, O Indra, to thee haste songs and prayers and linked verses. Thou gatherest, Thunderer! like widespread bounty, kine, water, drops, and manifold libations.

15

Who lauds him, satisfies him, pays him worship? E'en the rich noble still hath found him mighty. With power, as when one moves his feet alternate, he makes the last precede, the foremost follow.

16

Famed is the Hero as each strong man's tamer, ever advancing one and then another. King of both worlds, hating the high and haughty, Indra protects the men who are his people.

17

He loves no more the men he loved aforetime: he turns and moves away allied with others. Rejecting those who disregard his worship, Indra victorious lives through many autumns.

18

In every figure he hath been the mode: this is his only form for us to look on. Indra moves multiform by his illusions; for his Bay Steeds are yoked, ten times a hundred.

19

Here Tvastar, yoking to the car the Bay Steeds, hath extended sway. Who will for ever stand upon the foeman's side, even when our princes sit at ease?

20

Gods, we have reached a country void of pasture the land, though spacious, was too small to hold us. Brhaspati, provide in war for cattle; find a path, Indra, for this faithful singer.

21

Day after day far from their seat he drove them, alike, from place to place, those darksome creatures. The Hero slew the meanly–huckstering Dasas, Varcin and Sambara, where the waters gather.

22

Out of thy bounty, Indra, hath Prastoka bestowed ten coffers and ten mettled horses. We have received in turn from Divodasa Sambara's wealth, the gift of Atithigva.

23

Ten horses and ten treasure–chests, ten garments as an added gift, These and ten lumps of gold have I received from Divodasa's hand.

24

Ten cars with extra steed to each, for the Atharvans hundred cows, Hath Asvatha to Payu given.

25

Thus Srnjaya's son honoured the Bharadvajas, recipients of all noble gifts and bounty.

26

Lord of the wood, be firm and strong in body: be, bearing us, a brave victorious hero Show forth thy strength, compact with straps of leather, and let thy rider win all spoils of battle.

27

Its mighty strength was borrowed from the heaven and earth: its conquering force was brought from sovrans of the wood. Honour with holy gifts the Car like Indra's bolt, the Car bound round with straps, the vigour of the floods.

28

Thou Bolt of Indra, Vanguard of the Maruts, close knit to Varuna and Child of Mitra,— As such, accepting gifts which here we offer, receive, O Godlike Chariot, these oblations.

29

Send forth thy voice aloud through earth and heaven, and let the world in all its breadth regard thee; O Drum, accordant with the Gods and Indra, drive thou afar, yea, very far, our foemen.

30

Thunder out strength and fill us full of vigour: yea, thunder forth and drive away all dangers. Drive hence, O War–drum, drive away misfortune: thou art the Fist of Indra: show thy firmness.

31

Drive hither those, and these again bring hither: the War–drum speaks aloud as battle's signal. Our heroes, winged with horses, come together. Let our car–warriors, Indra, be triumphant.

HYMN XLVIII. Agni and Others.

1

SING to your Agni with each song, at every sacrifice, for strength. Come, let us praise the Wise and Everlasting God, even as a well-beloved Friend,

2

The Son of Strength; for is he not our gracious Lord? Let us serve him who bears our gifts. In battle may he be our help and strengthener, yea, be the saviour of our lives.

3

Agni, thou beamest forth with light, great Hero, never changed by time. Shining, pure Agni! with a light that never fades, beam with thy fair beams brilliantly.

4

Thou worshippest great Gods: bring them without delay by wisdom and thy wondrous power. O Agni, make them turn hither to succour us. Give strength, and win it for thyself.

5

He whom floods, stones, and trees support, the offspring of eternal Law; He who when rubbed with force is brought to life by men upon the lofty height of earth;

6

He who hath filled both worlds full with his brilliant shine, who hastens with his smoke to heaven; He made himself apparent through the gloom by night, the Red Bull in the darksome nights, the Red Bull in the darksome nights.

7

O Agni, with thy lofty beams, with thy pure brilliancy, O God, Kindled, Most Youthful One! by Bharadvaja's hand, shine on us, O pure God, with wealth, shine, Purifier! splendidly.

8

Thou art the Lord of house and home of all the tribes, O Agni, of all tribes of men. Guard with a hundred forts thy kindler from distress, through hundred winters, Youngest God! and those who make thy singers rich.

9

Wonderful, with thy favouring help, send us thy bounties, gracious Lord. Thou art the Charioteer, Agni, of earthly wealth: find rest and safety for our seed.

10

With guards unfailing never negligent speed thou our children and our progeny. Keep far from us, O Agni, all celestial wrath and wickedness of godless men.

11

Hither, O friends, with newest song drive her who freely pours her milk; Loose her who never turns away;

12

Who, for the host of Maruts bright with native sheen, hath shed immortal fame like milk;
Whom the impetuous Maruts look upon with love, who moves in splendour on their ways.

13

For Bharadvaja she poured down in days of old The milch-cow yielding milk for all, and
food that gives all nourishment.

14

Your friend like Indra passing wise, with magic power like Varuna. Like Aryaman joy-giving,
bringing plenteous food like Visnu for my wish, I praise,

15

Bright as the host of Maruts mighty in their roar. May they bring Pusan free from foes; May
they bring hither hundreds, thousands for our men: may they bring hidden stores to light,
and make wealth easy to be found.

16

Haste to me, Pusan, in thine car, bright Deity: I fain would speak: Most sinful is our
foeman's hate.

17

Tear not up by the roots the Kakambira tree: destroy thou all malignity. Let them not snare
by day the neck of that Celestial Bird the Sun.

18

Uninjured let thy friendship be, like the smooth surface of a skin, A flawless skin, containing
curds, full to the mouth, containing curds.

19

For thou art high above mankind, in glory equal to the Gods. Therefore, O Pusan, look upon
us in the fight: now help us as in days of old.

20

May the kind excellence of him the Kind, loud Roarers! be our guide, Be it the God's, O
Maruts, or a mortal man's who worships, ye impetuous Ones!

21

They whose high glory in a moment like the God, the Sun, goes round the space of heaven,
The Maruts have obtained bright strength, a sacred name, strength that destroys the Vrtras,
strength Vrtra-destroying excellent.

22

Once, only once, the heaven was made, once only once, the earth was formed- Once, only
Prsni's milk was shed: no second, after this, is born.

HYMN XLIX. Visvedevas.

1

I LAUD with newest songs the Righteous People, Mitra and Varuna who make us happy.
Let them approach, here let them listen, Agni, Varuna, Mitra, Lords of fair dominion.

2

Him, to be praised at each tribe's sacrifices, the Two young Matrons' sober-minded Herald,
The Son of Strength, the Child of Heaven, the signal of sacrifice, red Agni will I worship.

3

Unlike in form are the Red God's two Daughters: one is the Sun's, and stars bedeck the
other. Apart, the Sanctifiers, in succession, come to the famed hymn, praised in holy
verses.

4

I with a lofty song call hither Vayu, all-bounteous, filler of his car, most wealthy. Thou,
Sage, with bright path, Lord of harnessed horses, impetuous, promptly honourest the
prudent.

5

That chariot of the Asvins, fair to look on, pleaseth me well, yoked with a thought, refulgent,
Wherewith, Nasatyas, Chiefs, ye seek our dwelling, to give new strength to us and to our
children.

6

Bulls of the Earth, O Vata and Parjanya, stir up for us the regions of the water. Hearers of
truth, ye, Sages, World-Supporters, increase his living wealth whose songs delight you.

7

So may Sarasvati, the Hero's Consort, brisk with rare life, the lightning's Child, inspire us,
And, with the Dames accordant, give the singer a refuge unassailable and flawless.

8

I praise with eloquence him who guards all pathways. He, when his love impelled him, went
to Arka. May he vouchsafe us gear with gold to grace it: may Pusan make each prayer of
ours effective.

9

May Herald Agni, fulgent, bring for worship Tvastar adored, in homes and swift to listen,
Glorious, first to share, the life-bestower, the ever active God, fair-armed, fair-handed.

10

Rudra by day, Rudra at night we honour with these our songs, the Universe's Father. Him
great and lofty, blissful, undecaying let us call specially as the Sage impels us.

11

Ye who are youthful, wise, and meet for worship, come, Martits, to the longing of the singer.
Coming, as erst to Angiras, O Heroes, ye animate and quicken e'en the desert.

12

Even as the herdsman driveth home his cattle, I urge my songs to him the strong swift Hero
May he, the glorious, lay upon his body the singer's hymns, as stars bedeck the heaven.

13

He who for man's behoof in his affliction thrice measured out the earthly regions, Visnu—
When one so great as thou affordeth shelter, may we with wealth and with ourselves be
happy.

14

Sweet be this song of mine to Ahibudhnya, Parvata, Savitar, with Floods and Lightnings;
Sweet, with the Plants, to Gods who seek oblations. May liberal Bhaga speed us on to
riches.

15

Give riches borne on cars, with many heroes, contenting men, the guard of mighty Order.
Give us a lasting home that we may battle with godless bands of men who fight against us,
and meet with tribes to whom the Gods are gracious.

HYMN L. Visvedevas.

1

I CALL with prayers on Aditi your Goddess, on Agni, Mitra, Varuna for favour, On Aryaman
who gives unasked, the gracious, on Gods who save, on Savitar and Bhaga.

2

Visit, to prove us free from sin, O Surya Lord of great might, the bright Gods sprung from
Daksa, Twice-born and true, observing sacred duties, Holy and full of light, whose tongue
is Agni.

3

And, O ye Heaven and Earth, a wide dominion, O ye most blissful Worlds, our lofty shelter,
Give ample room and freedom for our dwelling, a home, ye Hemispheres, which none may
rival.

4

This day invited may the Sons of Rudra, resistless, excellent, stoop down to meet us; For,
when beset with slight or sore affliction, we ever call upon the Gods, the Maruts;

5

To whom the Goddess Rodasi clings closely, whom Pusan follows bringing ample bounty.
What time ye hear our call and come, O Maruts, upon your separate path all creatures
tremble.

6

With a new hymn extol, O thou who singest, the Lover of the Song, the Hero Indra. May he,
exalted, hear our invocation, and grant us mighty wealth and strength when lauded.

7

Give full protection, Friends of man, ye Waters, in peace and trouble, to our sons and grandsons. For ye are our most motherly physicians, parents of all that standeth, all that moveth.

8

May Savitar come hither and approach us, the God who rescues, Holy, goldenhanded, The God who, bounteous as the face of Morning, discloses precious gifts for him who worships.

9

And thou, O Son of Strength, do thou turn hither the Gods to-day to this our holy service. May I for evermore enjoy thy bounty and, Agni, by thy grace be rich in heroes.

10

Come also to my call, O ye Nasatyas, yea, verily, through my prayers, ye Holy Sages. As from great darkness ye delivered Atri, protect us, Chiefs, from danger in the conflict.

11

O Gods, bestow upon us riches, splendid with strength and heroes, bringing food in plenty. Be gracious, helpful Gods of earth, of heaven, born of the Cow, and dwellers in the waters.

12

May Rudra and Sarasvati, accordant, Visnu and Vayu, pour down gifts and bless us; Rbhuksan, Vaja, and divine Vidhatar, Parjanya, Vata make our food abundant.

13

May this God Savitar, the Lord, the Offspring of Waters, pouring down his dew be gracious, And, with the Gods and Dames accordant, Tvastar; Dyaus with the Gods and Prthivi with oceans.

14

May Aja-Ekapad and Ahibudhnya, and Earth and Ocean hear our invocation; All Gods who strengthen Law, invoked and lauded, and holy texts uttered by sages, help us.

15

So with my thoughts and hymns of praise the children of Bharadvaja sing aloud to please you. The Dames invoked, and the resistless Vasus, and all ye Holy Ones have been exalted.

HYMN LI. Visvedevas.

1

THAT mighty eye of Varuna and Mitra, infallible and dear, is moving upward. The pure and lovely face of holy Order hath shone like gold of heaven in its arising.

2

The Sage who knows these Gods' three ranks and orders, and all their generations near and distant, Beholding good and evil acts of mortals, Sura marks well the doing of the

pious.

3

I praise you Guards of mighty Law eternal, Aditi, Mitra, Varuna, the noble, Aryaman, Bhaga, all whose thoughts are faithful: hither I call the Bright who share in common.

4

Lords of the brave, infallible, foe–destroyers, great Kings, bestowers of fair homes to dwell in, Young, Heroes, ruling heaven with strong dominion, Adityas, Aditi I seek with worship.

5

O Heaven our Father, Earth our guileless Mother, O Brother Agni, and ye Vasus, bless us. Grant us, O Aditi and ye Adityas, all of one mind, your manifold protection.

6

Give us not up to any evil creature, as spoil to wolf or she–wolf, O ye Holy. For ye are they who guide aright our bodies, ye are the rulers of our speech and vigour.

7

Let us not suffer for the sin of others, nor do the deed which ye, O Vasus, punish. Ye, Universal Gods! are all–controllers: may he do harm unto himself who hates Me.

8

Mighty is homage: I adopt and use it. Homage hath held in place the earth and heaven. Homage to Gods! Homage commands and rules them. I banish even committed sin by homage

9

You Furtherers of Law, pure in your spirit, infallible, dwellers in the home of Order, To you all Heroes mighty and far–seeing I bow me down, O Holy Ones, with homage.

10

For these are they who shine with noblest splendour; through all our troubles these conduct us safely– Varuna, Mitra, Agni, mighty Rulers, trueminded, faithful to the hymn's controllers.

11

May they, Earth, Aditi, Indra, Bhaga, Pusan increase our laud, increase the Fivefold people. Giving good help, good refuge, goodly guidance, be they our good deliverers, good protectors.

12

Come now, O Gods, to your celestial station: the Bharadvajas' priest entreats your favour. He, sacrificing, fain for wealth, hath honoured the Gods vath [sic] those who sit and share oblations.

13

Agni, drive thou the wicked foe, the evil–hearted thief away, Far, far, Lord of the brave I and give us easy paths.

14

Soma, these pressing–stones have called aloud to win thee for our Friend. Destroy the greedy Pani, for a wolf is he.

15

Ye, O most bountiful, are they who, led by Indra, seek the sky. Give us good paths for travel: guard us well at home.

16

Now have we entered on the road that leads to bliss, without a foe, The road whereon a man escapes all enemies and gathers wealth.

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HYMN LIL Visvedevas.

1

THIS I allow not in the earth or heaven, at sacrifice or in these holy duties. May the huge mountains crush him down: degraded be Atiyaja's sacrificing patron.

2

Or he who holds us in contempt, O Maruts, or seeks to blame the prayer that we are making, May agonies of burning be his portion. May the sky scorch the man who hates devotion.

3

Why then, O Soma, do they call thee keeper of prayer? Why then our guardian from reproaches? Why then beholdest thou how men revile us? Cast thy hot dart at him who hates devotion.

4

May Mornings as they spring to life, protect me, and may the Rivers as they swell preserve me. My guardians be the firmly-seated mountains: the Fathers, when I call on Gods, defend me!

5

Through all our days may we be healthy. minded, and look upon the Sun when he arises. Grant this the Treasure—Lord of treasures, coming, observant, oftenest of Gods, with succour!

6

Most near, most oft comes Indra with protection, and she Sarasvati, who swells with rivers – Parjanya, bringing health with herbs, and Agni, well lauded swift to listen, like a father.

7

Hear this mine invocation; come hither, O Universal Gods, Be seated on this holy grass.

8

To him who comes to meet you, Gods, with offerings bathed in holy oil— Approach ye, one and all, to him.

9

All Sons of Immortality shall listen to the songs we sing, And be exceeding good to us.

10

May all the Gods who strengthen Law, with Rtus, listening to our call, Be pleased with their appropriate draught.

11

May Indra, with the Marut host, with Tvastar, Mitra, Aryaman, Accept the laud and these our gifts.

12

O Agni, Priest, as rules ordain, offer this sacrifice of ours, Remembering the Heavenly Folk.

13

Listen, All-Gods, to this mine invocation, Ye who inhabit heaven, and air's midregions, All ye, O Holy Ones, whose tongue is Agni, seated upon this sacred grass, be joyful.

14

May the All-Gods who claim our worship hear my thought; may the two World-halves hear it, and the Waters' Child. Let me not utter words that ye may disregard. Closely allied with you may we rejoice in bliss.

15

And those who, Mighty, with the wiles of serpents, were born on earth, in heaven, where waters gather- May they vouchsafe us life of full duration. May the Gods kindly give us nights and mornings.

16

At this my call, O Agni and Parjanya, help, swift to hear, my thought and our laudation. One generates holy food, the other offspring, so grant us food enough with store of children.

17

When holy grass is strewn and fire enkindled, with hymn and lowly homage I invite you. All-Gods, to day in this our great assembly rejoice, ye Holy, in the gifts we offer.

HYMN LIII. Pusan.

1

LORD of the path, O Pusan, we have yoked and bound thee to our hymn, Even as a car, to win the prize.

2

Bring us the wealth that men require, a manly master of a house, Free-handed with the liberal meed.

3

Even him who would not give, do thou, O glowing Pusan, urge to give, And make the niggard's soul grow soft.

4

Clear paths that we may win the prize; scatter our enemies afar. Strong God, be all our thoughts fulfilled.

5

Penetrate with an awl, O Sage, the hearts of avaricious churls, And make them subject to our will.

6

Thrust with thine awl, O Pusan: seek that which the niggard's heart holds dear, And make him subject to our will.

7

Tear up and read in pieces, Sage, the hearts of avaricious churls, And make them subject to our will.

8

Thou, glowing Pusan, carriest an awl that urges men to prayer; Therewith do thou tear up and rend to shreds the heart of every one.

9

Thou bearest, glowing Lord! a goad with horny point that guides the cows Thence do we seek thy gift of bliss.

10

And make this hymn of ours produce kine, horses, and a store of wealth For our delight and use as men.

HYMN LIV. Pusan.

1

O PUSAN, bring us to the man who knows, who shall direct us straight, And say unto us, It is here.

2

May we go forth with Pusan who shall point the houses out to us, And say to us, These same are they.

3

Unharm'd is Pusan's chariot wheel; the box ne'er falleth to the ground, Nor doth the loosened felly shake.

4

Pusan forgetteth not the man who serveth him with offered gift: That man is first to gather wealth.

5

May Pusan follow near our kine; may Pusan keep our horses safe: May Pusan gather gear for us.

6

Follow the kine of him who pours libations out and worships thee; And ours who sing thee

songs of praise.

7

Let none be lost, none injured, none sink in a pit and break a limb. Return with these all safe and sound.

8

Pusan who listens to our prayers, the Strong whose wealth is never lost, The Lord of riches, we implore.

9

Secure in thy protecting care, O Pusan, never may we fail. We here are they who sing thy praise.

10

From out the distance, far and wide, may Pusan stretch his right hand forth, And drive our lost again to us.

HYMN LV. Pusan.

1

SON of Deliverance, come, bright God! Let us twain go together: be our charioteer of sacrifice.

2

We pray for wealth to thee most skilled of charioteers, with braided hair, Lord of great riches, and our Friend.

3

Bright God whose steeds are goats, thou art a stream of wealth, a treasure–heap, The Friend of every pious man.

4

Pusan, who driveth goats for steeds, the strong and Mighty, who is called His Sister's lover, will we laud.

5

His Mother's suitor I address. May he who loves his Sister hear, Brother of Indra, and my Friend.

6

May the sure–footed goats come nigh, conveying Pusan on his car, The God who visiteth mankind.

HYMN LVI, Pusan.

1

WHOSO remembers Pusan as cater of mingled curd and meal Need think no more upon

the God.

2

And he is best of charioteers. Indra, the hero's Lord, allied With him as Friend, destroys the foes.

3

And there the best of charioteers hath guided through the speckled cloud The golden wheel of Sura's car.

4

Whate'er we speak this day to thee, Wise, Wondrous God whom many praise, Give thou fulfilment of our thought.

5

Lead on this company of ours, that longs for kine, to win the spoil: Thou, Pusan, art renowned afar.

6

Prosperity we crave from thee, afar from sin and near to wealth, Tending to perfect happiness both for to-morrow and to-day.

HYMN LVII. Indra and Pusan.

1

INDRA and Pusan will we call for friend ship and prosperity And for the winning of the spoil.

2

One by the Soma sits to drink juice which the mortar hath expressed: The other longs for curd and meal.

3

Goats are the team that draws the one: the other hath Bay Steeds at hand; With both of these he slays the fiends.

4

When Indra, wondrous strong, brought down the streams, the mighty waterfloods, Pusan was standing by his side.

5

To this, to Pusan's favouring love, and Indra's, may we closely cling, As to a tree's extended bough.

6

As one who drives a car draws in his reins, may we draw Pusan near, And Indra, for our great success.

HYMN LVIII. Pusan.

1

LIKE heaven art thou: one form is bright, one holy, like Day and Night dissimilar in colour. All magic powers thou aidest, self-dependent! Auspicious be thy bounty here, O Pusan.

2

Goat-borne, the guard of cattle, he whose home is strength, inspirer of the hymn, set over all the world; Brandishing here and there his lightly. moving goad, beholding every creature, Pusan, God, goes forth.

3

O Pusan, with thy golden ships that travel across the ocean, in the air's mid-region, Thou goest on an embassy to Surya, subdued by love, desirous of the glory.

4

Near kinsman of the heaven and earth is Pusan, liberal, Lord of food, of wondrous lustre, Whom strong and vigorous and swiftlymoving, subdued by love, the Deities gave to Surya.

HYMN LIX. Indra-Agni.

1

I WILL declare, while juices flow, the manly deeds that ye have done: Your Fathers, enemies of Gods, were smitten down, and, Indra-Agni, ye survive.

2

Thus, Indra-Agni verily your greatness merits loftiest praise, Sprung from one common Father, brothers, twins are ye; your Mother is in every place.

3

These who delight in flowing juice, like fellow horses at their food, Indra and Agni, Gods armed with the thunderbolt, we call this day to come with help.

4

Indra and Agni, Friends of Law, served with rich gifts, your speech is kind To him who praises you while these libations flow: that man, O Gods, ye ne'er consume.

5

What mortal understands, O Gods, Indra and Agni, this your way? One of you, yoking Steeds that move to every side, advances in your common car.

6

First, Indra-Agni, hath this Maid come footless unto those with feet. Stretching her head and speaking loudly with her tongue, she hath gone downward thirty steps.

7

E'en now, O Indra-Agni, men hold in their arms and stretch their bows. Desert us not in this great fray, in battles for the sake of kine.

8

The foeman's sinful enmities, Indra and Agni, vex me sore. Drive those who hate me far away, and keep them distant from the Sun.

9

Indra and Agni, yours are all the treasures of the heavens and earth. Here give ye us the opulence that prospers every living man.

10

O Indra–Agni, who accept the laud, and hear us for our praise, Come near us, drawn by all our songs, to drink of this our Soma juice.

HYMN LX. Indra–Agni.

1

HE slays the foe and wins the spoil who worships Indra and Agni, strong and mighty Heroes, Who rule as Sovrans over ample riches, victorious, showing forth their power in conquest.

2

So battle now, O Indra and thou, Agni, for cows and waters, sunlight, stolen Mornings. Team–borne, thou makest kine thine own, O Agni: thou, Indra, light, Dawns, regions, wondrous waters.

3

With Vrtra–slaying might, Indra and Agni, come, drawn by homage, O ye Vrtra–slayers. Indra and Agni, show yourselves among us with your supreme and unrestricted bounties.

4

I call the Twain whose deeds of old have all been famed in ancient days O Indra–Agni, harm us not.

5

The Strong, the scatterers of the foe, Indra and Agni, we invoke; May they be kind to one like me.

6

They slay our Arya foes, these Lords of heroes, slay our Dasyu foes And drive our enemies away.

7

Indra and Agni, these our songs of praise have sounded forth to you: Ye who bring blessings! drink the juice.

8

Come, Indra–Agni, with those teams, desired of many, which ye have, O Heroes, for the worshipper.

9

With those to this libation poured, ye Heroes, Indra–Agni, come: Come ye to drink the Soma juice.

10

Glorify him who compasses all forests with his glowing flame, And leaves them blackened with his tongue.

11

He who gains Indra's bliss with fire enkindled finds an easy way Over the floods to happiness.

12

Give us fleet coursers to convey Indra and Agni, and bestow Abundant strengthening food on us.

13

Indra and Agni, I will call you hither and make you joyful with the gifts I offer. Ye Twain are givers both of food and riches: to win me strength and vigour I invoke you.

14

Come unto us with riches, come with wealth in horses and in kine. Indra and Agni, we invoke you both, the Gods, as Friends for friendship, bringing bliss.

15

Indra and Agni, hear his call who worships. with libations poured. Come and enjoy the offerings, drink the sweetly–flavoured Soma juice.

HYMN LXI. Sarasvati.

1

To Vadhryasva when. be worshipped her with gifts she gave fierce Divodasa, canceller of debts. Consumer of the churlish niggard, one and all, thine, O Sarasvati, are these effectual boons.

2

She with her might, like one who digs for lotus–stems, hath burst with her strong waves the ridges of the hills. Let us invite with songs and holy hymns for help Sarasvati who slayeth the Paravatas.

3

Thou castest down, Sarasvati, those who scorned the Gods, the brood of every Brsaya skilled in magic arts. Thou hast discovered rivers for the tribes of men, and, rich in wealth! made poison flow away from them.

4

May the divine Sarasvati, rich in her wealth, protect us well, Furthering all our thoughts with might

5

Whoso, divine Sarasvati, invokes thee where the prize is set, Like Indra when he smites the foe.

6

Aid us, divine Sarasvad, thou who art strong in wealth and power Like Pusan, give us opulence.

7

Yea, this divine Sarasvati, terrible with her golden path, Foe–slayer, claims our eulogy.

8

Whose limitless unbroken flood, swift–moving with a rapid rush, Comes onward with tempestuous roar.

9

She hath spread us beyond all foes, beyond her Sisters, Holy One, As Surya spreadeth out the days.

10

Yea, she most dear amid dear stream, Seven–sistered, graciously inclined, Sarasvati hath earned our praise.

11

Guard us from hate Sarasvati, she who hath filled the realms of earth, And that wide tract, the firmament!

12

Seven–sistered, sprung from threefold source, the Five Tribes' prosperer, she must be Invoked in every deed of might.

13

Marked out by majesty among the Mighty Ones, in glory swifter than the other rapid Streams, Created vast for victory like a chariot, Sarasvati must be extolled by every sage.

14

Guide us, Sarasvati, to glorious treasure: refuse us not thy milk, nor spurn us from thee. Gladly accept our friendship and obedience: let us not go from thee to distant countries.

HYMN LXII. Asvins.

1

I LAUD the Heroes Twain, this heaven's Controllers: singing with songs of praise I call the Asvins, Fain in a moment, when the morns are breaking, to part the earth's ends and the spacious regions.

2

Moving to sacrifice through realms of lustre they light the radiance of the car that bears

them. Traversing many wide unmeasured spaces, over the wastes ye pass, and fields, and waters.

3

Ye to that bounteous path of yours, ye mighty, have ever borne away our thoughts with horses, Mind–swift and full of vigour, that the trouble of man who offers gifts might cease and slumber.

4

So ye, when ye have yoked your chariothorses, come to the hymn of the most recent singer. Our true and ancient Herald Priest shall bring you, the Youthful, bearing splendour, food, and vigour.

5

With newest hymn I call those Wonder–Workers, ancient and brilliant, and exceeding mighty, Bringers of bliss to him who lauds and praises, bestowing varied bounties on the singer.

6

So ye, with birds, out of the sea and waters bore Bhujyu, son of Tugra, through the regions. Speeding with winged steeds through dustless spaces, out of the bosom of the flood they bore him.

7

Victors, car–borne, ye rent the rock asunder: Bulls, heard the calling of the eunuch's consort. Bounteous, ye filled the cow with milk for Sayu: thus, swift and zealous Ones, ye showed your favour.

8

Whate'er from olden time, Heaven, Earth! existeth great object of the wrath of Gods and mortals, Make that, Adityas, Vasus, sons of Rudra, an evil brand to one allied with demons.

9

May he who knows, as Varuna and Mitra, air's realm, appointing both the Kings in season, Against the secret fiend cast forth his weapon, against the lying words that strangers utter.

10

Come to our home with friendly wheels, for offspring; come on your radiant chariot rich in heroes. Strike off, ye Twain, the heads of our assailants who with man's treacherous attack approach us.

11

Come hitherward to us with teams of horses, the highest and the midmost and the lowest. Bountiful Lords, throw open to the singer doors e'en of the firm–closed stall of cattle.

HYMN LXIII. Asvins.

1

WHERE hath the hymn with reverence, like an envoy, found both fair Gods to-day, invoked of many— Hymn that hath brought the two Nasatyas hither? To this man's thought be ye, both Gods, most friendly.

2

Come readily to this mine invocation, lauded with songs, that ye may drink the juices. Compass this house to keep it from the foeman, that none may force it, either near or distant.

3

Juice in wide room hath been prepared to feast you: for you the grass is strewn, most soft to tread on. With lifted hands your servant hath adored you. Yearning for you the press—stones shed the liquid.

4

Agni uplifts him at your sacrifices: forth goes the oblation dropping oil and glowing. Up stands the grateful—minded priest, elected, appointed to invoke the two Nasatyas.

5

Lords of great wealth! for glory, Surya's Daughter mounted your car that brings a hundred succours. Famed for your magic arts were ye, magicians! amid the race of Gods, ye dancing Heroes!

6

Ye Twain, with these your glories fair to look on, brought, to win victory, rich gifts for Surya. After you flew your birds, marvels of beauty: dear to our hearts! the song, well lauded, reached you.

7

May your winged coursers, best to draw. Nasatyas! convey you to the object of your wishes. Swift as the thought, your car hath been sent onward to food of many a sort and dainty viands.

8

Lords of great wealth, manifold is your bounty: ye filled our cow with food that never faileth. Lovers of sweetness! yours are praise and singers, and poured libations which have sought your favour.

9

Mine were two mares of Puraya, brown, swift-footed; a hundred with Sumidha, food with Peruk Sanda gave ten gold—decked and well—trained horses, tame and obedient and of lofty stature.

10

Nasatyas! Purupanthas offered hundreds, thousands of steeds to him who sang your praises, Gave, Heroes! to the singer Bharadvaja. Ye—Wonder—Workers, let the fiends be slaughtered.

11

May I with princes share your bliss in freedom.

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HYMN LXIV. Dawn.

1

THE radiant Dawns have risen up for glory, in their white splendour like the waves of waters. She maketh paths all easy, fair to travel, and, rich, hath shown herself benign and friendly.

2

We see that thou art good: far shines thy lustre; thy beams, thy splendours have flown up to heaven. Decking thyself, thou makest bare thy bosom, shining in majesty, thou Goddess Morning.

3

Red are the kine and luminous that bear her the Blessed One who spreadeth through the distance. The foes she chaseth like a valiant archer, like a swift warrior she repelleth darkness.

4

Thy ways are easy on the hills: thou passest Invincible! Self-luminous! through waters. So lofty Goddess with thine ample pathway, Daughter of Heaven, bring wealth to give us comfort.

5

Dawn, bring me wealth: untroubled, with thine oxen thou bearest riches at thy will and pleasure; Thou who, a Goddess, Child of Heaven, hast shown thee lovely through bounty when we called thee early.

6

As the birds fly forth from their resting places, so men with store of food rise at thy dawning. Yea, to the liberal mortal who remaineth at home, O Goddess Dawn, much good thou bringest.

HYMN LXV. Dawn.

1

SHEDDING her light on human habitations this Child of Heaven hath called us from our slumber; She who at night-time with her argent lustre hath shown herself e'en through the shades of darkness.

2

All this with red-rayed steeds have they divided: the Dawns on bright cars shine in wondrous fashion. They, bringing near the stately rite's commencement, drive far away the night's surrounding shadows.

3

Dawns, bringing hither, to the man who worships, glory and power and might and food and vigour, Opulent, with imperial sway like heroes, favour your servant and this day enrich him.

4

Now is there treasure for the man who serves you, now for the hero, Dawns! who brings oblation; Now for the singer when he sings the praise-song. Even to one like me ye brought aforetime.

5

O Dawn who standest on the mountain ridges, Angirases now praise thy stalls of cattle. With prayer and holy hymn they burst them open: the heroes' calling on the Gods was fruitful.

6

Shine on us as of old, thou Child of Heaven, on him, rich Maid! who serves like Bharadvaja. Give to the singer wealth with noble heroes, and upon us bestow wide-spreading glory.

HYMN LXVI. Maruts.

1

E'EN to the wise let that be still a wonder to which the general name of Cow is given. The one hath swelled among mankind for milking: Prsni hath drained but once her fair bright udder.

2

They who like kindled flames of fire are glowing,. the Maruts, twice and thrice have waxen mighty. Golden and dustless were their cars, invested with their great strength and their heroic vigour.

3

They who are Sons of the rain-pouring Rudra, whom the long-lasting One had power to foster: The Mighty Ones whose germ great Mother Prsni is known to have received for man's advantage.

4

They shrink not from the birth; in this same manner still resting there they purge away reproaches. When they have streamed forth, brilliant, at their pleasure, with their own splendour they bedew their bodies.

5

Even those who bear the brave bold name of Maruts, whom not the active quickly wins for milking. Even the liberal wards not off those fierce ones, those who are light and agile in their greatness.

6

When, strong in strength and armed with potent weapons, they had united wellformed earth and heaven, Rodas! stood among these furious Heroes like splendour shining with her

native brightness.

7

No team of goats shall draw your car, O Maruts, no horse no charioteer be he who drives it. Halting not, reinless, through the air it travels, speeding alone its paths through earth and heaven.

8

None may obstruct, none overtake, O Maruts, him whom ye succour in the strife of battle For sons and progeny, for kine and waters: he bursts the cow-stall on the day of trial.

9

Bring a bright hymn to praise the band of Maruts, the Singers, rapid, strong in native vigour, Who conquer mighty strength with strength more mighty: earth shakes in terror at their wars, O Agni.

10

Bright like the flashing flames of sacrifices, like tongues of fire impetuous in their onset, Chanting their psalm, singing aloud, like heroes, splendid from birth, invincible, the Maruts.

11

That swelling band I call with invocation, the brood of Rudra, armed with glittering lances. Pure hymns are meet for that celestial army: like floods and mountains have the Strong Ones battled.

HYMN LXVIL Mitra–Varuna.

1

NOW Mitra–Varuna shall be exalted high by your songs, noblest of all existing; They who, as 'twere with reins are best Controllers, unequalled with their arms to check the people.

2

To you Two Gods is this my thought extended, turned to the sacred grass with loving homage. Give us, O Mitra–Varuna, a dwelling safe from attack, which ye shall guard, Boon–Givers!

3

Come hither, Mitra–Varuna, invited with eulogies and loving adoration, Ye who with your might, as Work–Controllers, urge even men who quickly hear to labour.

4

Whom, of pure origin, like two strong horses, Aditi bore as babes in proper season, Whom, Mighty at your birth, the Mighty Goddess brought forth as terrors to the mortal foeman.

5

As all the Gods in their great joy and gladness gave you with one accord your high dominion, As ye surround both worlds, though wide and spacious your spies are ever true and never bewildered.

6

So, through the days maintaining princely power. ye prop the height as 'twere from loftiest heaven. The Star of all the Gods, established, filleth the heaven and earth with food of man who liveth.

7

Take the strong drink, to quaff till ye are sated, when he and his attendants fill the chamber. The young Maids brook not that none seeks to win them, when, Quickeners of all! they scatter moisture.

8

So with your tongue come ever, when your envoy, faithful and very wise, attends our worship. Nourished by holy oil! he this yGur [sic] glory: annihilate the sacrificer's trouble.

9

When, Mitra–Varuna, they strive against you and break the friendly laws ye have established, They, neither Gods nor men in estimation, like Api's sons have godless sacrifices.

10

When singers in their song uplift their voices, some chant the Nivid texts with steady purpose. Then may we sing you lauds that shall be fruitful: do ye not rival all the Gods in greatness?

11

O Mitra–Varuna, may your large bounty come to us hither, near to this our dwelling, When the kine haste to us, and when they harness the fleet–foot mettled stallion for the battle.

HYMN LXVIII. Indra–Varuna.

1

HIS honouring rite whose grass is trimmed is offered swiftly to you, in Manu's wise, accordant, The rite which Indra–Varuna shall carry this day to high success and glorious issue.

2

For at Gods' worship they are best through vigour; they have become the strongest of the Heroes; With mighty strength, most liberal of the Princes, Chiefs of the host, by Law made Vrtra's slayers.

3

Praise those Twain Gods for powers that merit worship, Indra and Varuna, for bliss, the joyous. One with his might and thunderbolt slays Vrtra; the other as a Sage stands near in troubles.

4

Though dames and men have waxen strong and mighty, and all the Gods selfpraised among the Heroes, Ye, Indra–Varuna, have in might surpassed them, and thus were ye

spread wide, O Earth and Heaven.

5

Righteous is he, and liberal and helpful who, Indra–Varuna, brings you gifts with gladness. That bounteous man through food shall conquer foemen, and win him opulence and wealthy people.

6

May wealth which ye bestow in food and treasure on him who brings you gifts and sacrifices, Wealth, Gods! which breaks the curse of those who vex us, be, Indra–Varuna, e'en our own possession.

7

So also, Indra–Varuna, may our princes have riches swift to save, with Gods to guard them– They whose great might gives victory in battles, and their triumphant glory spreads with swiftness.

8

Indra. and Varuna, Gods whom we are lauding, mingle ye wealth with our heroic glory. May we, who praise the strength of what is mighty, pass dangers, as with boats we cross the waters.

9

Now will I sing a dear and far–extending hymn to Varuna the God, sublime, imperial Lord, Who, mighty Governor, Eternal, as with flame, illumines both wide worlds with majesty and power.

10

True to Law, Indra–Varuna, drinkers of the juice, drink this pressed Soma which shall give you rapturous joy. Your chariot cometh to the banquet of the Gods, to sacrifice, as it were home, that ye may drink.

11

Indra and Varuna, drink your fill, ye Heroes, of this invigorating sweetest Soma. This juice is shed by us that ye may quaff it: on this trimmed grass be seated, and rejoice you

HYMN LXIX. Indra–Visnu

1

INDRA and Visnu, at my task's completion I urge you on with food and sacred service. Accept the sacrifice and grant us riches, leading us on by unobstructed pathways.

2

Ye who inspire all hymns, Indra and Visnu, ye vessels who contain the Soma juices, May hymns of praise that now are sung address you, the lauds that are recited by the singers.

3

Lords of joy–giving draughts, Indra and Visnu, come, giving gifts of treasure, to the Soma.

With brilliant rays of hymns let chanted praises, repeated with the lauds, adorn and deck you.

4

May your foe—conquering horses bring you hither, Indra and Visnu, sharers of the banquet. Of all our hymns accept the invocations list to my prayers and hear the songs I sing you.

5

This your deed, Indra—Visnu, must be lauded: widely ye strode in the wild joy of Soma. Ye made the firmament of larger compass, and made the regions broad for our existence.

6

Strengthened with sacred offerings, Indra Visnu, first eaters, served with worship and oblation, Fed with the holy oil, vouchsafe us riches ye are the lake, the vat that holds the Soma.

7

Drink of this meath, O Indra, thou, and Visnu; drink ye your fill of Soma, Wonder—Workers. The sweet exhilarating juice hath reached you. Hear ye my prayers, give ear unto my calling.

8

Ye Twain have conquered, ne'er have ye been conquered: never hath either of the Twain been vanquished. Ye, Indra—Visnu, when ye fought the battle, produced this infinite with three divisions.

HYMN LXX. Heaven and Earth.

1

FILLED full of fatness, compassing all things that be, wide, spacious, dropping meath, beautiful in their form, The Heaven and the Earth by Varuna's decree, unwasting, rich in germs, stand parted each from each.

2

The Everlasting Pair, with full streams, rich in milk, in their pure rule pour fatness for the pious man. Ye who are Regents of this world, O Earth and Heaven, pour into us the genial flow that prospers meit [sic].

3

Whoso, for righteous life, pours offerings to you, O Heaven and Earth, ye Hemispheres, that man succeeds. He in his seed is born again and spreads by Law: from you flow things diverse in form, but ruled alike.

4

Enclosed in fatness, Heaven and Earth are bright therewith: they mingle with the fatness which they still increase. Wide, broad, set foremost at election of the priest, to them the singers pray for bliss to further them.

5

May Heaven and Earth pour down the balmy rain for us, balm–dropping, yielding balm, with balm upon your path, Bestowing by your Godhead sacrifice and wealth, great fame and strength for us and good heroic might.

6

May Heaven and Earth make food swell plenteously for us, all–knowing Father, mother, wondrous in their works. Pouring out bounties, may, in union, both the Worlds, all beneficial, send us gain, and power, and wealth.

HYMN LXXI. Savitar.

1

FULL of effectual wisdom Savitar the God hath stretched out golden arms that he may bring forth life. Young and most skilful, while he holds the region up, the Warrior sprinkles fatness over both his hands.

2

May we enjoy the noblest vivifying force of Savitar the God, that he may give us wealth: For thou art mighty to produce and lull to rest the world of life that moves on two feet and on four.

3

Protect our habitation, Savitar, this day, with guardian aids around, auspicious, firm and true. God of the golden tongue, keep us for newest bliss: let not the evil–wisher have us in his power.

4

This Savitar the God, the golden–handed, Friend of the home, hath risen to meet the twilight. With cheeks of brass, with pleasant tongue, the Holy, he sends the worshipper rich gifts in plenty.

5

Like a Director, Savitar hath extended his golden arms, exceeding fair to look on. He hath gone up the heights of earth and heaven, and made each monster fall and cease from troubling.

6

Fair wealth, O Savitar, to–day, to–morrow, fair wealth produce for us each day that passes. May we through this our song be happy gainers, God, of a fair and spacious habitation.

HYMN LXXII. Indra–Soma.

1

GREAT is this might of yours, Indra and Soma: the first high exploits were your own achievements. Ye found the Sun ye found the light of heaven: ye killed all darkness and the Gods' blasphemers.

2

Ye, Indra–Soma, gave her light to Morning, and led the Sun on high with all his splendour. Ye stayed the heaven with a supporting pillar, and spread abroad apart, the Earth, the Mother.

3

Ye slew the flood –obstructing serpent Vrtra, Indra and Soma: Heaven approved your exploit. Ye urged to speed the currents of the rivers, and many seas have ye filled full with waters.

4

Ye in the unripe udders of the milch–kine have set the ripe milk, Indra, thou, and Soma. Ye have held fast the unimpeded whiteness within these many–coloured moving creatures.

5

Verily ye bestow, Indra and Soma, wealth, famed, victorious, passing to our children. Ye have invested men, ye Mighty Beings, with manly strength that conquers in the battle.

HYMN LXXIII. Brhaspati.

1

SERVED with oblations, first–born, mountain–render, Angiras' son, Brhaspati, the Holy, With twice–firm path, dwelling in light, our Father, roars loudly, as a bull, to Earth and Heaven.

2

Brhaspati, who made for such a people wide room and verge when Gods were invocated, Slaying his enemies, breaks down their castles, quelling his foes and conquering those who hate him.

3

Brhaspati in war hath won rich treasures, hath won, this God, the great stalls filled with cattle. Striving to win waters and light, resistless, Brhaspati with lightning smites the foeman.

HYMN LXXIV. Soma–Rudra.

1

HOLD fast your Godlike sway, O Soma–Rudra: let these our sacrifices quickly reach you. Placing in every house your seven great treasures, bring blessing to our quadrupeds and bipeds.

2

Soma and Rudra, chase to every quarter the sickness that hath visited our dwelling. Drive Nirrti away into the distance, and give us excellent and happy glories.

3

Provide, O Soma–Rudra, for our bodies all needful medicines to heal and cure us. Set free

and draw away the sin committed which we have still inherent in our persons.

4

Armed with keen shafts and weapons, kind and loving, be gracious unto us, Soma and Rudra. Release us from the noose of Varuna; keep us from sorrow, in your tender loving-kindness.

HYMN LXXV. Weapons of War.

1

THE warrior's look is like a thunderous rain-cloud's, when, armed with mail, he seeks the lap of battle. Be thou victorious with unwounded body: so let the thickness of thy mail protect thee.

2

With Bow let us win kine, with Bow the battle, with Bow be victors in our hot encounters. The Bow brings grief and sorrow to the foeman: armed with the Bow may we subdue all regions.

3

Close to his car, as fain to speak, She presses, holding her well-loved Friend in her embraces. Strained on the Bow, She whispers like a woman—this Bowstring that preserves us in the combat.

4

These, meeting like a woman and her lover, bear, mother-like, their child upon their bosom. May the two Bow-ends, starting swift asunder, scatter, in unison, the foes who hate us.

5

With many a son, father of many daughters, He clangs and clashes as he goes to battle. Slung on the back, pouring his brood, the Quiver vanquishes all opposing bands and armies.

6

Upstanding in the Car the skilful Charioteer guides his strong Horses on whitherso'er he will. See and admire the strength of those controlling Reins which from behind declare the will of him who drives.

7

Horses whose hoofs rain dust are neighing loudly, yoked to the Chariots, showing forth their vigour, With their forefeet descending on the foemen, they, never flinching, trample and destroy them.

8

Car-bearer is the name of his oblation, whereon are laid his Weapons and his Armour. So let us here, each day that passes, honour the helpful Car with hearts exceeding joyful.

9

In sweet association lived the fathers who gave us life, profound and strong in trouble, Unweared, armed with shafts and wondrous weapons, free, real heroes, conquerors of armies.

10

The Brahmans, and the Fathers meet for Soma—draughts, and, graciously inclined, unequalled Heaven and Earth. Guard us from evil, Pusan, guard us strengtheners of Law: let not the evil—wisher master us.

11

Her tooth a deer, dressed in an eagle's feathers, bound with cow—hide, launched forth, She flieth onward. There where the heroes speed hither and thither, there may the Arrows shelter and protect us.

12

Avoid us thou whose flight is straight, and let our bodies be as stone. May Soma kindly speak to us, and Aditi protect us well.

13

He lays his blows upon their backs, he deals his blows upon their thighs. Thou, Whip, who urgest horses, drive sagacious horses in the fray.

14

It compasses the arm with serpent windings, fending away the friction of the bowstring: So may the Brace, well—skilled in all its duties, guard manfully the man from every quarter.

15

Now to the Shaft with venom smeared, tipped with deer—horn, with iron mouth, Celestial, of Parjanya's seed, be this great adoration paid.

16

Loosed from the Bowstring fly away, thou Arrow, sharpened by our prayer. Go to the foemen, strike them home, and let not one be left alive.

17

There where the flights of Arrows fall like boys whose locks are yet unshorn. Even there may Brahmanaspati, and Aditi protect us well, protect us well through all our days.

18

Thy vital parts I cover with thine Armour: with immortality King Soma clothe thee. Varuna give thee what is more than ample, and in thy triumph may the Gods be joyful.

19

Whoso would kill us, whether he be a strange foe or one of us, May all the Gods discomfit him. My nearest, closest Mail is prayer.