



English translation of Holy Vedas – Rig Veda : Book 10

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Credits

English translation of
Holy Vedas – Rig Veda : Book 10

by
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Book 07 Part 01

HYMN I. Agni.

1

THE men from fire–sticks, with their hands' swift movement, have, in deep thought, engendered glorious Agni, Far–seen, with pointed flame, Lord of the homestead.

2

The Vasus set that Agni in the dwelling, fair to behold, for help from every quarter: Who, in the home for ever, must be honoured.

3

Shine thou before us, Agni, well–enkindled, with flame, Most Youthful God, that never fadeth. To thee come all our sacrificial viands.

4

Among all fires these fires have shone most brightly, splendid with light, begirt by noble heroes, Where men of lofty birth sit down together.

5

Victorious Agni, grant us wealth with wisdom, wealth with brave sons, famous and independent, Which not a foe who deals in magic conquers.

6

To whom, the Strong, at morn and eve comes, maid–like, the ladle dropping oil, with its oblation. Wealth–seeking comes to him his own devotion.

7

Burn up all malice with those flames, O Agni, wherewith of old thou burnttest up Jarutha, And drive away in silence pain and sickness.

8

With him who lighteth up thy splendour, Agni, excellent, pure, refulgent, Purifier, Be present, and with us through these our praises.

9

Agni, the patriarchal men, the mortals who have in many places spread thy lustre,– Be gracious to us here for their sake also.

10

Let these men, heroes in the fight with foemen, prevail against all godless arts of 4magic,– These who approve the noble song I sing thee.

11

Let us not sit in want of men, O Agni, without descendants, heroleu [sic], about thee: But, O House–Friend, in houses full of children.

12

By sacrifice which the Steeds' Lord ever visits, there make our dwelling rich in seed and offspring, Increasing still with lineal successors.

13

Guard us, O Agni, from the hated demon, guard us from malice of the churlish sinner: Allied with thee may I subdue assailants.

14

May this same fire of mine surpass all others, this fire where offspring, vigorous and firm–handed, Wins, on a thousand paths, what ne'er shall perish.

15

This is that Agni, saviour from the foeman, who guards the kindler of the flame from sorrow: Heroes of noble lineage serve and tend him.

16

This is that Agni, served in many places, whom the rich lord who brings oblation kindles, And round him goes the priest at sacrifices.

17

Agni, may we with riches in possession bring thee continual offerings in abundance, Using both means to draw thee to our worship.

18

Agni, bear thou, Eternal, these most welcome oblations to the Deities' assembly: Let them enjoy our very fragrant presents.

19

Give us not up, Agni, to want of heroes, to wretched clothes, to need, to destitution. Yield us not, Holy One, to fiend or hunger; injure us not at home or in the forest.

20

Give strength and power to these my prayers, O Agni; O God, pour blessings on our chiefs and nobles. Grant that both we and they may share thy bounty. Ye Gods, protect us evermore with blessings.

21

Thou Agni, swift to hear, art fair of aspect: beam forth, O Son of Strength, in full effulgence. Let me not want, with thee, a son for ever: let not a manly hero ever fail us.

22

Condemn us not to indigence, O Agni, beside these flaming fires which Gods have kindled; Nor, even after fault, let thy displeasure, thine as a God, O Son of Strength, o'ertake us.

23

O Agni, fair of face, the wealthy mortal who to the Immortal offers his oblation. Hath him who wins him treasure by his Godhead, to whom the prince, in need, goes supplicating.

24

Knowing our chief felicity, O Agni, bring hither ample riches to our nobles, Wherewith we may enjoy ourselves, O Victor, with undiminished life and hero children.

25

Give strength and power to these my prayers, O Agni; O God, pour blessings on our chiefs and nobles. Grant that both we and they may share thy bounty. Ye Gods, protect us evermore with blessings.

HYMN II. Apris.

1

GLADLY accept, this day, our fuel, Agni: send up thy sacred smoke and shine sublimely. Touch the celestial summits with thy columns, and overspread thee with the rays of Surya.

2

With sacrifice to these we men will honour the majesty of holy Narasamsa– To these the pure, most wise, the thought. inspirers, Gods who enjoy both sorts of our oblations.

3

We will extol at sacrifice for ever, as men may do, Agni whom Manu kindled, Your very skilful Asura, meet for worship, envoy between both worlds, the truthful speaker.

4

Bearing the sacred grass, the men who serve him strew it with reverence, on their knees, by Agni. Calling him to the spotted grass, oil–sprinkled, adorn him, ye Adhvaryus, with oblation.

5

With holy thoughts the pious have thrown open Doors fain for chariots in the Gods' assembly. Like two full mother cows who lick their youngling, like maidens for the gathering, they adorn them.

6

And let the two exalted Heavenly Ladies, Morning and Night, like a cow good at milking, Come, much–invoked, and on our grass be seated ' wealthy, deserving worship, for our welfare.

7

You, Bards and Singers at men's sacrifices, both filled with wisdom, I incline to worship. Send up our offerings when we call upon you, and so among the Gods obtain us treasures.

8

May Bharati with all her Sisters, Ila accordant with the Gods, with mortals Agni, Sarasvati

with all her kindred Rivers, come to this grass, Three Goddesses, and seat them.

9

Well pleased with us do thou, O God, O Tvastar, give ready issue to our procreant vigour,
Whence springs the hero, powerful, skilled in action, lover of Gods, adjuster of the
press–stones.

10

Send to the Gods the oblation, Lord of Forests, and let the Immolator, Agni, dress it. He as
the truer Priest shall offer worship, for the God's generations well he knoweth.

11

Come thou to us, O Agni, duly kindled, together with the potent Gods and Indra. On this our
grass sit Aditi, happy Mother, and let our Hail! delight the Gods Immortal.

HYMN III. Agni.

1

ASSOCIATE with fires, make your God Agni envoy at sacrifice, best skilled in worship,
Established firm among mankind, the Holy, flame–crowned and fed with oil, the Purifier.

2

Like a steed neighing eager for the pasture, when he hath stepped forth from the great
enclosure: Then the wind following blows upon his splendour, and, straight, the path is
black which thou hast travelled.

3

From thee a Bull but newly born, O Agni, the kindled everlasting flames rise upward. Aloft to
heaven thy ruddy smoke ascendeth: Agni, thou speedest to the Gods as envoy.

4

Thou whose fresh lustre o'er the earth advanceth when greedily with thy jaws thy food thou
eatest. Like a host hurried onward comes thy lasso: fierce, with thy tongue thou piercest, as
'twere barley.

5

The men have decked him both at eve and morning, Most Youthful Agni, as they tend a
courser. They kindle him, a guest within his dwelling: bright shines the splendour of the
worshipped Hero.

6

O fair of face, beautiful is thine aspect when, very near at hand, like gold thou gleamest,
Like Heaven's thundering roar thy might approaches, and like the wondrous Sun thy light
thou showest.

7

That we may worship, with your Hail to Agni! with sacrificial cakes and fat oblations, Guard
us, O Agni, with those boundless glories as with a hundred fortresses of iron.

8

Thine are resistless songs for him who offers, and hero-giving hymns wherewith thou savest; With these, O Son of Strength, O Jatavedas, guard us, preserve these princes and the singers.

9

When forth he cometh, like an axe new-sharpened, pure in his form, resplendent in his body, Sprung, sought with eager longing, from his Parents, for the Gods' worship, Sage and Purifier:

10

Shine this felicity on us, O Agni: may we attain to perfect understanding. All happiness be theirs who sing and praise thee. Ye Gods, preserve us evermore with blessings.

HYMN IV. Agni.

1

BRING forth your gifts to his refulgent splendour, your hymn as purest offering to Agni, To him who goes as messenger with knowledge between all songs of men and Gods in heaven.

2

Wise must this Agni be, though young and tender, since he was born, Most Youthful, of his Mother; He who with bright teeth seizeth fast the forests, and eats his food, though plenteous, in a moment.

3

Before his presence must we all assemble, this God's whom men have seized in his white splendour. This Agni who hath brooked that men should seize him hath shone for man with glow insufferable.

4

Far-seeing hath this Agni been established, deathless mid mortals, wise among the foolish. Here, O victorious God, forbear to harm us: may we forever share thy gracious favour.

5

He who hath occupied his God-made dwelling, Agni, in wisdom hath surpassed Immortals. A Babe unborn, the plants and trees support him, and the earth beareth him the All-sustainer.

6

Agni is Lord of Amrta. in abundance, Lord of the gift of wealth and hero valour, Victorious God, let us not sit about thee like men devoid of strength, beauty, and worship.

7

The foeman's treasure may be won with labour: may we be masters of our own possessions. Agni, no son is he who springs from others: lengthen not out the pathways of the foolish.

8

Unwelcome for adoption is the stranger, one to be thought of as another's offspring,
Though grown familiar by continual presence. May our strong hero come, freshly
triumphant.

9

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.

10

Shine this felicity on us, O Agni: may we attain to perfect understanding. All happiness be
theirs who sing and praise thee. Ye Gods, preserve us evermore with blessings.

HYMN V. Agni.

1

BRING forth your song of praise to mighty Agni, the speedy messenger of earth and
heaven, Vaisvanara, who, with those who wake, hath waxen great in the lap of all the Gods
Immortal.

2

Sought in the heavens, on earth is Agni stablished, leader of rivers, Bull of standing waters.
Vaisvanara when he hath grown in glory, shines on the tribes of men with light and
treasure.

3

For fear of thee forth fled the dark-hued races, scattered abroad, deserting their
possessions, When, glowing, O Vaisvanara, for Puru, thou Agni didst light up and rend their
castles.

4

Agni Vaisvanara, both Earth and Heaven submit them to thy threefold jurisdiction. Refulgent
in thine undecaying lustre thou hast invested both the worlds with splendour.

5

Agni, the tawny horses, loudly neighing our resonant hymns that drop with oil, attend thee;
Lord of the tribes, our Charioteer of riches, Ensign of days, Vaisvanara of mornings.

6

In thee, O bright as Mitra, Vasus seated the might of Aduras, for they loved thy spirit. Thou
dravest Dasyus from their home, O Agni, and broughtest forth broad light to light the Arya.

7

Born in the loftiest heaven thou in a moment reachest, like wind, the place where Gods
inhabit. Thou, favouring thine offspring, roaredst loudly when giving life to creatures,
Jatavedas.

8

Send us that strength, Vaisvanara, send it, Agni, that strength, O Jatavedas, full of splendour, Wherewith, all-bounteous God, thou pourest riches, as fame wide-spreading, on the man who offers.

9

Agni, bestow upon our chiefs and nobles that famous power, that wealth which feedeth many. Accordant with the Vasus and the Rudras, Agni, Vaisvanara, give us sure protection.

HYMN VI. Agni.

1

PRAISE of the Asura, high imperial Ruler, the Manly One in whom the folk shall triumph– I laud his deeds who is as strong as Indra, and lauding celebrate the Fort-destroyer.

2

Sage, Sing, Food, Light,–they bring him from the mountain, the blessed Sovran of the earth and heaven. I decorate with songs the mighty actions which Agni, Fort-destroyer, did aforetime.

3

The foolish, faithless, rudely-speaking niggards, without belief or sacrifice or worship,– Far far sway hath Agni chased those Dasytis, and, in the cast, hath turned the godless westward.

4

Him who brought eastward, manliest with his prowess, the Maids rejoicing in the western darkness, That Agni I extol, the Lord of riches, unyielding tamer of assailing foemen.

5

Him who brake down the walls with deadly weapons, and gave the Mornings to a noble Husband, Young Agni, who with conquering strength subduing the tribes of Nahus made them bring their tribute.

6

In whose protection all men rest by nature, desiring to enjoy his gracious favour– Agni Vaisvanara in his Parents, bosom hath found the choicest seat in earth and heaven.

7

Vaisvanara the God, at the sun's setting, hath taken to himself deep-hidden treasures: Agni hath taken them from earth and heaven, from the sea under and the sea above us.

HYMN VII. Agni.

1

I SEND forth even your God, victorious Agni, like a strong courser, with mine adoration. Herald of sacrifice be he who knoweth he hath reached Gods, himself, with measured motion.

2

By paths that are thine own come hither, Agni, joyous, delighting in the Gods' alliance,
Making the heights of earth roar with thy fury, burning with eager teeth the woods and
forests.

3

The grass is strewn; the sacrifice advances adored as Priest, Agni is made propitious,
Invoking both All-boon-bestowing Mothers of whom, Most Youthful! thou wast born to help
us.

4

Forthwith the men, the best of these for wisdom, have made him leader in the solemn
worship. As Lord in homes of men is Agni stablished, the Holy One, the joyous, sweetly
speaking.

5

He hath come, chosen bearer, and is seated in man's home, Brahman, Agni, the Supporter,
He whom both Heaven and Earth exalt and strengthen whom, Giver of all boons, the Hotar
worships.

6

These have passed all in glory, who, the manly, have wrought with skill the hymn of
adoration; Who, listening, have advanced the people's welfare, and set their thoughts on
this my holy statute.

7

We, the Vasisthas, now implore thee, Agni, O Son of Strength, the Lord of wealth and
treasure. Thou hast brought food to singers and to nobles. Ye Gods, preserve us evermore
with blessings.

HYMN VIII. Agni

1

THE King whose face is decked with oil is kindled with homage offered by his faithful
servant. The men, the priests adore him with oblations. Agni hath shone forth when the
dawn is breaking.

2

Yea, he hath been acknowledged as most mighty, the joyous Priest of men, the youthful
Agni. He, spreading o'er the earth, made light around him, and grew among the plants with
blackened fellies..

3

How dost thou decorate our hymn, O Agni? What power dost thou exert when thou art
lauded? When, Bounteous God, may we be lords of riches, winners of precious wealth
which none may conquer?

4

Far famed is this the Bharata's own Agni he shineth like the Sun with lofty splendour. He who hath vanquished Puru in the battle, the heavenly guest hath glowed in full refulgence.

5

Full many oblations are in thee collected: with all thine aspects thou hast waxen gracious. Thou art already famed as praised and lauded, yet still, O nobly born, increase thy body.

6

Be this my song, that winneth countless treasure, engendered with redoubled force for Agni, That, splendid, chasing sickness, slaying demons, it may delight our friend and bless the singers.

7

We, the Vasisthas, now implore thee, Agni, O Son of Strength, the Lord of wealth and riches. Thou hast brought food to singers and to nobles. Ye Gods, preserve us evermore with blessings.

HYMN IX. Agni.

1

ROUSED from their bosom is the Dawns' beloved, the joyous Priest, most sapient, Purifier. He gives a signal both to Gods and mortals, to Gods oblations, riches to the pious.

2

Most wise is he who, forcing doors of Panis, brought the bright Sun to us who feedeth many. The cheerful Priest, men's Friend and home-companion, through still night's darkness he is made apparent.

3

Wise, never deceived, uncircumscribed, refulgent, our gracious guest, a Friend with good attendants, Shines forth with wondrous light before the Mornings; the young plants hath he entered, Child of Waters.

4

Seeking our gatherings, he, your Jatavedas, hath shone adorable through human ages, Who gleams refulgent with his lovely lustre: the kine have waked to meet him when enkindled.

5

Go on thy message to the Gods, and fail not, O Agni, with their band who pray and worship. Bring all the Gods that they may give us riches, Sarasvati, the Maruts, Asvins, Waters.

6

Vasistha, when enkindling thee, O Agni, hath slain jarutha. Give us wealth in plenty. Sing praise in choral song, O Jatavedas. Ye Gods, preserve us evermore with blessings.

HYMN X. Agni.

1

HE hath sent forth, bright, radiant, and refulgent, like the Dawn's Lover, his far-spreading lustre. Pure in his splendour shines the golden Hero: our longing thoughts hath he aroused and wakened.

2

He, like the Sun, hath shone while Morn is breaking, and priests who weave the sacrifice sing praises, Agni, the God, who knows their generations and visits Gods, most bounteous, rapid envoy.

3

Our songs and holy hymns go forth to Agni, seeking the God and asking him for riches, Him fair to see, of goodly aspect, mighty, men's messenger who carries their oblations.

4

joined with the Vasus, Agni, bring thou Indra bring hither mighty Rudra with the Rudras, Aditi good to all men with Adityas, Brhaspati All-bounteous, with the Singers.

5

Men eagerly implore at sacrifices Agni, Most Youthful God, the joyous Herald. For he is Lord and Ruler over riches, and for Gods' worship an unwearied envoy.

HYMN XI. Agni.

1

GREAT art thou, Agni, sacrifice's Herald: not without thee are deathless Gods made joyful. Come hither with all Deities about thee here take thy seat, the first, as Priest, O Agni.

2

Men with oblations evermore entreat thee, the swift, to undertake an envoy's duty. He on whose sacred grass with Gods thou sittest, to him, O Agni, are the days propitious.

3

Three times a day in thee are shown the treasures sent for the mortal who presents oblation. Bring the Gods hither like a man, O Agni: be thou our envoy, guarding us from curses.

4

Lord of the lofty sacrifice is Agni, Agni is Lord of every gift presented. The Vasus were contented with his wisdom, so the Gods made him their oblationbearer.

5

O Agni, bring the Gods to taste our presents: with Indra leading, here let them be joyful. Convey this sacrifice to Gods in heaven. Ye Gods, preserve us evermore with blessings.

HYMN XII. Agni.

1

WE with great reverence have approached The Youngest who hath shone forth well-kindled in his dwelling, With wondrous light between wide earth and heaven, well-worshipped, looking forth in all directions.

2

Through his great might o'ercoming all misfortunes, praised in the house is Agni Jatavedas. May he protect us from disgrace and trouble, both us who laud him and our noble patrons.

3

O Agni, thou art Varuna and Mitra: Vasisthas with their holy hymns exalt thee. With thee be most abundant gain of treasure. Ye Gods, preserve us evermore with blessings.

HYMN XIII. Agni.

1

BRING song and hymn to Agni, Asura-slayer, enlightener of all and thought-bestower. Like an oblation on the grass, to please him, I bring this to Vaisvanara, hymn-inspirer.

2

Thou with thy flame, O Agni, brightly glowing, hast at thy birth filled full the earth and heaven. Thou with thy might, Vaisvanara Jatavedas, settest the Gods free from the curse that bound them.

3

Agni, when, born thou lookedst on all creatures, like a brisk herdsman moving round his cattle. The path to prayer, Vaisvanara, thou foundest. Ye Gods, preserve us evermore with blessings.

HYMN XIV Agni.

1

WITH reverence and with offered gifts serve we the God whose flame is bright: Let us bring Jatavedas fuel, and adore Agni when we invoke the Gods.

2

Agni, may we perform thy rites with fuel, and honour thee, O Holy one, with praises: Honour thee, Priest of sacrifice! with butter, thee, God of blessed light! with our oblation.

3

Come, Agni, with the Gods to our invoking, come, pleased, to offerings sanctified with Vasat. May we be his who pays thee, God, due honour. Ye Gods, preserve us evermore with blessings.

HYMN XV. Agni.

1

OFFER oblations in his mouth, the bounteous God's whom we must serve. His who is

nearest kin to us:

2

Who for the Fivefold People's sake hath seated him in every home Wise, Youthful, Master of the house.

3

On all sides may that Agni guard our household folk and property; May he deliver us from woe.

4

I have begotten this new hymn for Agni, Falcon of the sky: Will he not give us of his wealth?

5

Whose glories when he glows in front of sacrilegious [sic] are fair to see, Like wealth of one with hero sons.

6

May he enjoy this hallowed gift, Agni accept our songs, who bears Oblations, best of worshippers.

7

Lord of the house, whom men must seek, we set thee down, O Worshipped One! Bright, rich in heroes, Agni! God

8

Shine forth at night and morn: through thee with fires are we provided well. Thou, rich in heroes, art our Friend.

9

The men come near thee for their gain, the singers with their songs of praise: Speech, thousandfold, comes near to thee.

10

Bright, Purifier, meet for praise, Immortal with refulgent glow, Agni drives Raksasas away.

11

As such, bring us abundant wealth, young Child of Strength, for this thou canst May Bhaga give us what is choice.

12

Thou, Agni, givest hero fame: Bhaga and Savitar the God, And Did give us what is good.

13

Agni, preserve us from distress: consume our enemies, O God, Eternal, with the hottest flames.

14

And, irresistible, be thou a mighty iron fort to us, With hundred walls for man's defence.

15

Do thou preserve us, eve and morn, from sorrow, from the wicked men, Infallible! by day and night.

-- Book 07 Part 01 --

Book 07 Part 02

HYMN XVI. Agni.

1

WITH this my reverent hymn I call Agni for you, the Son of Strength, Dear, wisest envoy, served with noble sacrifice, immortal messenger of all.

2

His two red horses, all-supporting, let him yoke: let him, well-worshipped, urge them fast. Then hath the sacrifice good prayers and happy end, and heavenly gift of wealth to men.

3

The flame of him the Bountiful, the Much-invoked, hath mounted up, And his red-coloured smoke-clouds reach and touch the sky: the men are kindling Agni well.

4

Thee, thee Most Glorious One we make our messenger. Bring the Gods hither to the feast. Give us, O Son of Strength, all food that feedeth man: give that for which we pray to thee.

5

Thou, Agni, art the homestead's Lord, our Herald at the sacrifice. Lord of all boons, thou art the Cleanser and a Sage. Pay worship, and enjoy the good.

6

Give riches to the sacrificer, O Most Wise, for thou art he who granteth wealth. Inspire with zeal each priest at this our solemn rite; all who are skilled in singing praise.

7

O Agni who art worshipped well, dear let our princes be to thee, Our wealthy patrons who are governors of men, who part, as gifts, their stalls of kine.

8

They in whose home, her hand bearing the sacred oil, Ila sits down well-satisfied— Guard them, Victorious God, from slander and from harm. give us a refuge famed afar.

9

Do thou, a Priest with pleasant tongue, most wise, and very near to us, Agni, bring riches hither to our liberal chiefs, and speed the offering of our gifts.

10

They who bestow as bounty plenteous wealth of steeds, moved by desire of great renown— Do thou with saving help preserve them from distress, Most Youthful! with a hundred forts.

11

The God who gives your wealth demands a full libation poured to him. Pour ye it forth, then fill the vessel full again: then doth the God pay heed to you.

12

Him have the Gods appointed Priest of sacrifice, oblation–bearer, passing wise. Agni gives wealth and valour to the worshipper, to folk who offer up their gifts.

HYMN XVII. Agni.

1

AGNI, be kindled well with proper fuel, and let the grass be scattered wide about thee.

2

Let the impatient Portals be thrown open bring thou the Gods impatient to come hither.

3

Taste, Agni: serve the Gods with our oblation. Offer good sacrifices, Jatavedas!

4

Let Jatavedas pay fair sacrifices, worship and gratify the Gods Immortal.

5

Wise God, win for us things that are all–goodly, and let the prayers, we pray today be fruitful.

6

Thee, even thee, the Son of Strength, O Agni, those Gods have made the bearer of oblations.

7

To thee the God may we perform our worship: do thou, besought, grant us abundant riches.

HYMN XVIII. Indra.

1

ALL is with thee, O Indra, all the treasures which erst our fathers won who sang thy praises. With thee are milch–kine good to milk, and horses: best winner thou of riches for the pious.

2

For like a King among his wives thou dwellest: with glories, as a Sage, surround and help us. Make us, thy servants, strong for wealth, and honour our songs with [sic] kine and steeds and decoration.

3

Here these our holy hymns with joy and gladness in pious emulation have approached thee. Hitherward come thy path that leads to riches: may we find shelter in thy favour, Indra.

4

Vasistha hath poured forth his prayers, desiring to milk thee like a cow in goodly pasture. All these my people call thee Lord of cattle: may Indra. come unto the prayer we offer.

5

What though the floods spread widely, Indra made them shallow and easy for Sudas to traverse. He, worthy of our praises, caused the Simyu, foe of our hymn, to curse the rivers' fury.

6

Eager for spoil was Turvasa Purodas, fain to win wealth, like fishes urged by hunger. The Bhrgus and the Druhyus quickly listened: friend rescued friend mid the two distant peoples.

7

Together came the Pakthas, the Bhalanas, the Alinas, the Sivas, the Visanins. Yet to the Trtsus came the Arya's Comrade, through love of spoil and heroes' war, to lead them.

8

Fools, in their folly fain to waste her waters, they parted inexhaustible Parusni. Lord of the Earth, he with his might repressed them: still lay the herd and the affrighted herdsman.

9

As to their goal they sped to their destruction: they sought Parusni; e'en the swift returned not. Indra abandoned, to Sudas the manly, the swiftly flying foes, unmanly babblers.

10

They went like kine unherded from the pasture, each clinging to a friend as chance directed. They who drive spotted steeds, sent down by Prsni, gave ear, the Warriors and the harnessed horses.

11

The King who scattered one-and-twenty people of both Vaikarna tribes through lust of glory— As the skilled priest clips grass within the chamber, so hath the Hero Indra, wrought their downfall.

12

Thou, thunder-armed, o'erwhelmedst in the waters famed ancient Kavasa and then the Druhyu. Others here claiming friendship to their friendship, devoted unto thee, in thee were joyful.

13

Indra at once with conquering might demolished all their strong places and their seven castles. The goods of Anu's son he gave to Trtsu. May we in sacrifice conquer scorned Puru.

14

The Anavas and Druhyus, seeking booty, have slept, the sixty hundred, yea, six thousand, And six-and-sixty heroes. For the pious were all these mighty exploits done by Indra.

15

These Trtsus under Indra's careful guidance came speeding like loosed waters rushing downward. The foemen, measuring exceeding closely, abandoned to Sudas all their provisions.

16

The hero's side who drank the dressed oblation, Indra's denier, far o'er earth he scattered. Indra brought down the fierce destroyer's fury. He gave them various roads, the path's Controller.

17

E'en with the weak he wrought this matchless exploit: e'en with a goat he did to death a lion. He pared the pillar's angles with a needle. Thus to Sudas Indra gave all provisions.

18

To thee have all thine enemies submitted: e'en the fierce Bheda hast thou made thy subject. Cast down thy sharpened thunderbolt, O Indra, on him who harms the men who sing thy praises.

19

Yamuna and the Trtsus aided Indra. There he stripped Bheda bare of all his treasures. The Ajas and the Sigrus and the Yaksus brought in to him as tribute heads of horses.

20

Not to be scorned, but like Dawns past and recent, O Indra, are thy favours and thy riches. Devaka, Manyamana's son, thou slewest, and smotest Sambara from the lofty mountain.

21

They who, from home, have gladdened thee, thy servants Parasara, Vasistha, Satayatu, Will not forget thy friendship, liberal Giver. So shall the days dawn prosperous for the princes.

22

Priest-like, with praise, I move around the altar, earning Paijavana's reward, O Agni, Two hundred cows from Devavan's descendant, two chariots from Sudas with mares to draw them.

23

Gift of Paijavana, four horses bear me in foremost place, trained steeds with pearl to deck them. Sudas's brown steeds, firmly-stepping, carry me and my son for progeny and glory.

24

Him whose fame spreads between wide earth and heaven, who, as dispenser, gives each chief his portion, Seven flowing Rivers glorify like Indra. He slew Yudhyamadhi in close encounter.

25

Attend on him O ye heroic Maruts as on Sudas's father Divodasa. Further Paijavana's

desire with favour. Guard faithfully his lasting firm dominion.

HYMN XIX. Indra.

1

HE like a bull with sharpened horns, terrific, singly excites and agitates all the people: Thou givest him who largely pours libations his goods who pours not, for his own possession.

2

Thou, verily, Indra, gavest help to Kutsa, willingly giving car to him in battle, When, aiding Arjuneja, thou subduedst to him both Kuyava and the Dasa Susna.

3

O Bold One, thou with all thine aids hast boldly holpen Sudas whose offerings were accepted, Puru in winning land and slaying foemen, and Trasadasyu son of Purukutsa.

4

At the Gods' banquet, hero-souled! with Heroes, Lord of Bay Steeds, thou slewest many foemen. Thou sentest in swift death to sleep the Dasyu, both Cumuri and Dhuni, for Dabhiti.

5

These were thy mighty powers that, Thunder-wielder, thou swiftly crushedst nine-and-ninety castles: Thou capturedst the hundredth in thine onslaught; thou slewest Namuci, thou slewest Vrtra.

6

Old are the blessings, Indra, which thou gavest Sudas the worshipper who brought oblations. For thee, the Strong, I yoke thy strong Bay Horses: may our prayers reach thee and win strength, Most Mighty!

7

Give us not up, Lord of Bay Horses, Victor, in this thine own assembly, to the wicked. Deliver us with true and faithful succours: dear may we be to thee among the princes.

8

May we men, Maghavan, the friends thou lovest, near thee be joyful under thy protection. Fain to fulfil the wish of Atithigva humble. the pride of Turvasa and Yadva.

9

Swiftly, in truth, O Maghavan, about thee men skilled in hymning sing their songs and praises. ' Elect us also into their assembly who by their calls on thee despoiled the niggards.

10

Thine are these lauds, O manliest of heroes, lauds which revert to us and give us riches. Favour these, Indra, when they fight with foemen, as Friend and Hero and the heroes' Helper.

11

Now, lauded for thine aid, Heroic Indra, sped by our prayer, wax mighty in thy body.
Apportion to us strength and habitations. Ye Gods, protect us evermore with blessings.

HYMN XX. Indra.

1

STRONG, Godly-natured, born for hero exploit, man's Friend, he doth whatever deed he willeth. Saving us e'en from great transgression, Indra, the Youthful, visiteth man's home with favour.

2

Waxing greatness Indra slayeth Vrtra: the Hero with his aid hath helped the singer. He gave Sudas wide room and space, and often hath granted wealth to him who brought oblations.

3

Soldier unchecked, war-rousing, battling Hero, unconquered from of old, victorious ever, Indra the very strong hath scattered armies; yea, he hath slain each foe who fought against him.

4

Thou with thy greatness hast filled full, O Indra, even both the worlds with might, O thou Most Mighty. Lord of Bays, Indra, brandishing his thunder, is gratified with Soma at the banquet.

5

A Bull begat the Bull for joy of battle, and a strong Mother brought forth him the manly. He who is Chief of men, their armies' Leader, is strong Hero, bold, and fain for booty.

6

The people falter not, nor suffer sorrow, who win themselves this God's terrific spirit. He who with sacrifices worships Indra is lord of wealth, law-born and law's protector.

7

Whene'er the elder fain would help the younger the greater cometh to the lesser's present. Shall the Immortal sit aloof inactive? O Wondrous Indra, bring us wondrous riches.

8

Thy dear folk, Indra, who present oblations, are, in chief place, thy friends, O Thunder-wielder. May we be best content in this thy favour, sheltered by One who slays not, but preserves us.

9

To thee the mighty hymn hath clamoured loudly, and, Maghavan, the eloquent hath besought thee. Desire of wealth hath come upon thy singer: help us then, gakra, to our share of riches.

10

Place us by food which thou hast given, O Indra, us and the wealthy patrons who command us. Let thy great power bring good to him who lauds thee. Ye Gods, preserve us evermore with blessings.

HYMN XXI. Indra.

1

PRESSED is the juice divine with milk commingled: thereto hath Indra ever been accustomed. We wake thee, Lord of Bays, with sacrifices: mark this our laud in the wild joy of Soma.

2

On to the rite they move, the grass they scatter, these Soma-drinkers eloquent in synod. Hither, for men to grasp, are brought the press-stones, far-thundering, famous, strong, that wait on heroes.

3

Indra, thou settest free the many waters that were encompassed, Hero, by the Dragon. Down rolled, as if on chariots borne, the rivers: through fear of thee all things created tremble.

4

Skilled in all manly deeds the God terrific hath with his weapons mastered these opponents. Indra in rapturous joy shook down their castles he slew them in his might, the Thunder-wielder.

5

No evil spirits have impelled us, Indra, nor fiends, O Mightiest God, with their devices. Let our true God subdue the hostile rabble: let not the lewd approach our holy worship.

6

Thou in thy strength surpasses Earth and Heaven: the regions comprehend not all thy greatness. With thine own power and might thou slewest Vrtra: no foe hath found the end of thee in battle.

7

Even the earlier Deities submitted their powers to thy supreme divine dominion. Indra wins wealth and deals it out to other's: men in the strife for booty call on Indra.

8

The humble hath invoked thee for protection, thee, Lord of great felicity, O Indra. Thou with a hundred aids hast been our Helper: one who brings gifts like thee hath his defender.

9

May we, O Indra, be thy friends for ever, eagerly, Conqueror, yielding greater homage. May, through thy grace, the strength of us who battle quell in the shock the onset of the foeman.

10

Place us by food which thou hast given, O Indra, us and the wealthy patrons who command us. Let thy great power bring good to him who lauds thee. Ye Gods, preserve us evermore with blessings.

HYMN XXII Indra.

1

DRINK Soma, Lord of Bays, and let it cheer thee: Indra, the stone, like a well guided courser, Directed by the presser's arms hath pressed it.

2

So let the draught of joy, thy dear companion, by which, O Lord of Bays, thou slayest foemen, Delight thee, Indra, Lord of princely treasures.

3

Mark closely, Maghavan, the words I utter, this eulogy recited by Vasistha: Accept the prayers I offer at thy banquet.

4

Hear thou the call of the juice-drinking press-stone: hear thou the Brahman's hymn who sings and lauds thee. Take to thine inmost self these adorations.

5

I know and ne'er forget the hymns and praises of thee, the Conqueror, and thy strength immortal. Thy name I ever utter. Self-Refulgent

6

Among mankind many are thy libations, and many a time the pious sage invokes thee. O Maghavan, be not long distant from us.

7

All these libations are for thee, O Hero: to thee I offer these my prayers. that strengthen. Ever, in every place, must men invoke thee.

8

Never do men attain, O Wonder-Worker, thy greatness, Mighty One, who must be lauded, Nor, Indra, thine heroic power and bounty.

9

Among all Rsis, Indra, old and recent, who have engendered hymns as sacred singers, Even with us be thine auspicious friendships. Ye Gods, preserve us evermore with blessings.

HYMN XXIII. Indra.

1

PRAYERS have been offered up through love of glory: Vasistha, honour Indra in the battle.

He who with might extends through all existence hears words which I, his faithful servant, utter.

2

A cry was raised which reached the Gods, O Indra, a cry to them to send us strength in combat. None among men knows his own life's duration: bear us in safety over these our troubles.

3

The Bays, the booty-seeking car I harness: my prayers have reached him who accepts them gladly. Indra, when he had slain resistless foemen, forced with his might the two world-halves asunder.

4

Like barren cows, moreover, swelled the waters: the singen sought thy holy rite, O Indra. Come unto us as with his team comes Vayu: thou, through our solemn hymns bestowest booty.

5

So may these gladdening draughts rejoice thee, Indra, the Mighty, very bounteous to the singer. Alone among the Gods thou pitiest mortals: O Hero, make thee glad at this libation.

6

Thus the Vasisthas glorify with praises Indra, the Powerful whose arm wields thunder. Praised, may he guard our wealth in kine and heroes. Ye Gods, preserve us evermore with blessings.

HYMN XXIV. Indra.

1

A HOME is made for thee to dwell in, Indra: O Much-invoked, go thither with the heroes. That thou, to prosper us, mayst be our Helper, vouchsafe us wealth, rejoice with draughts of Soma.

2

Indra, thy wish, twice-strong, is comprehended: pressed is the Soma, poured are pleasant juices. This hymn of praise, from loosened tongue, made perfect, draws Indra to itself with loud invoking.

3

Come, thou Impetuous; God, from earth or heaven; come to our holy grass to drink the Soma. Hither to me let thy Bay Horses bring thee to listen to our hymns and make thee joyful.

4

Come unto us with all thine aids, accordant, Lord of Bay Steeds, accepting our devotions, Fair-helmeted, o'ercoming with the mighty, and lending us the strength of bulls, O Indra.

5

As to the chariot pole a vigorous courser, this laud is brought to the great strong Upholder. This hymn solicits wealth of thee: in heaven, as 'twere above the sky, set thou our glory.

6

With precious things. O Indra, thus content us: may we attain to thine exalted favour. Send our chiefs plenteous food with hero children. Preserve us evermore, ye Gods, with blessings.

HYMN XXV. Indra.

WHEN with thy mighty help, O potent Indra, the armies rush together in their fury. When from the strong man's arm the lightning flieth, let not the mind go forth to side with others.

2

O Indra, where the ground is hard to traverse, smite down our foes, the mortals who assail us, Keep far from us the curse of the reviler: bring us accumulated store of treasures.

3

God of the fair helm, give Sudas a hundred succours, a thousand blessings, and thy bounty. Strike down the weapon of our mortal foeman: bestow upon us splendid fame and riches.

4

I wait the power of one like thee, O Indra, gifts of a Helper such as thou art, Hero. Strong, Mighty God, dwell with me now and ever: Lord of Bay Horses, do not thou desert us.

5

Here are the Kutsas supplicating Indra for might, the Lord of Bays for God-sent conquest. Make our foes ever easy to be vanquished: may we, victorious, win the spoil, O Hero.

6

With precious things, O Indra, thus content us: may we attain to thine exalted favour. Send our chiefs plenteous food with hero children. Preserve us evermore, ye Gods, with blessings.

HYMN XXVI. Indra.

1

SOMA unpressed ne'er gladdened liberal Indra, no juices pressed without a prayer have pleased him. I generate a laud that shall delight him, new and heroic, so that he may hear us.

2

At every laud the Soma gladdens Indra: pressed juices please him as each psalm is chanted, What time the priests with one united effort call him to aid, as sons invoke their father.

3

These deeds he did; let him achieve new exploits, such as the priests declare at their libations. Indra hath taken and possessed all castles, like as one common husband doth his spouses.

4

Even thus have they declared him. Famed is Indra as Conqueror, sole distributor of treasures; Whose many succours come in close succession. May dear delightful benefits attend us.

5

Thus, to bring help to men, Vasistha laudeth Indra, the peoples' Hero, at libation. Bestow upon us strength and wealth in thousands. Preserve us evermore, ye Gods, with blessings.

HYMN XXVII. Indra.

1

MEN call on Indra in the armed encounter that he may make the hymns they sing decisive. Hero, rejoicing in thy might, in combat give us a portion of the stall of cattle,

2

Grant, Indra Maghavan, invoked of many, to these my friends the strength which thou possessest. Thou, Maghavan, hast rent strong places open: unclose for us, Wise God, thy hidden bounty.

3

King of the living world, of men, is Indra, of all in varied form that earth containeth. Thence to the worshipper he giveth riches: may he enrich us also when we laud him.

4

Maghavan Indra, when we all invoke him, bountiful ever sendeth strength to aid us: Whose perfect guerdon, never failing, bringeth wealth to the men, to friends the thing they covet.

5

Quick, Indra, give us room and way to riches, and let us bring thy mind to grant us treasures, That we may win us cars and Steeds and cattle. Preserve us evermore, ye Gods, with blessings.

HYMN XXVIII. Indra.

1

COME to our prayers, O Indra, thou who knowest: let thy Bay Steeds be yoked and guided hither. Though mortal men on every side invoke thee, still give thine ear to us, O All-impeller.

2

Thy greatness reacheth to our invocation, the sages' prayer which, Potent God, thou guardest. What time thy hand, O Mighty, holds the thunder, awful in strength thou hast

become resistless.

3

What time thou drewest both world–halves together, like heroes led by thee who call each other– For thou wast born for strength and high dominion–then e'en the active overthrew the sluggish.

4

Honour us in these present days, O Indra, for hostile men are making expiation. Our sin that sinless Varuna discovered, the Wondrous–Wise hath long ago forgiven.

5

We will address this liberal Lord, this Indra, that he may grant us gifts of ample riches, Best favourer of the singer's prayer and praises. Preserve us evermore, ye Gods, with blessings.

HYMN XXIX Indra.

1

THIS Soma hath been pressed for thee, O Indra: come hither, Lord of Bays, for this thou lovest. Drink of this fair, this well–effused libation: Maghavan, give us wealth when we implore thee.

2

Come to us quickly with thy Bay Steeds, Hero, come to our prayer, accepting our devotion. Enjoy thyself aright at this libation, and listen thou unto the prayers we offer.

3

What satisfaction do our hymns afford thee? When, Maghavan? Now let us do thee service. Hymns, only hymns, with love for thee, I weave thee: then hear, O Indra, these mine invocations.

4

They, verily, were also human beings whom thou wast wont to hear, those earlier sages. Hence I, O Indra Maghavan, invoke thee: thou art our Providence, even as a Father.

5

We will address this liberal Lord, this Indra, that he may grant us gifts of ample riches, Best favourer of the singer's prayer and praises. Preserve us evermore, ye Gods, with blessings.

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Book 07 Part 03

HYMN XXX. Indra.

1

WITH power and strength, O Mighty God, approach us: be the augments, Indra, of these riches; Strong Thunderer, Lord of men, for potent valour, for manly exploit and for high dominion.

2

Thee, worth invoking, in the din of battle, heroes invoke in fray for life and sunlight. Among all people thou art foremost fighter: give up our enemies to easy slaughter.

3

When fair bright days shall dawn on us, O Indra, and thou shalt bring thy banner near in battle, Agni the Asura shall sit as Herald, calling Gods hither for our great good fortune.

4

Thine are we, Indra, thine, both these who praise thee, and those who give rich gifts, O God and Hero. Grant to our princes excellent protection, may they wax old and still be strong and happy.

5

We will address this liberal Lord, this Indra that he may grant us gifts of ample riches: Best favourer of the singer's prayer and praises. Preserve us evermore, ye Gods, with blessings.

HYMN XXXI. Indra.

1

SING ye a song, to make him glad, to Indra, Lord of Tawny Steeds, The Soma-drinker, O my friends.

2

To him the Bounteous say the laud, and let us glorify, as men May do, the Giver of true gifts.

3

O Indra, Lord of boundless might, for us thou winnest strength and kine, Thou winnest gold for us, Good Lord.

4

Faithful to thee we loudly sing, heroic Indra, songs to thee: Mark, O Good Lord, this act of ours.

5

Give us not up to man's reproach, to foeman's hateful calumny: In thee alone is all my strength.

6

Thou art mine ample coat of mail, my Champion, Vrtra–Slayer, thou: With thee for Friend I brave the foe.

7

Yea, great art thou whose conquering might two independent Powers confess. The Heaven, O India, and the Earth.

8

So let the voice surround thee, which attends the Maruts on their way, Reaching thee with the rays of light.

9

Let the ascending drops attain to thee, the Wondrous God, in heaven: Let all the folk bow down to thee.

10

Bring to the Wise, the Great, who waxeth mighty, your offerings, and make ready your devotion; To many clans he goeth, man's controller.

11

For Indra, the sublime, the far–pervading, have singers generated prayer and praises: The sages never violate his statutes.

12

The choirs have stablished Indra King for ever, for victory, him whose anger is resistless: And, for the Bays' Lord, strengthened those he loveth.

HYMN XXXII. Indra.

1

LET none, no, not thy worshippers, delay thee far away from us. Even from far away come thou unto our feast, or listen if already here.

2

For here, like flies on honey, these who pray to thee sit by the juice that they have poured. Wealth–craving singers have on Indra set their hope, as men set foot upon a car.

3

Longing for wealth I call on him, the Thunderer with the strong right hand, As a son calleth on his sire.

4

These Soma juices, mixed with curd, have been expressed for Indra here. Come with thy

Bay Steeds, Thunder-wielder, to our home, to drink them till they make thee glad.

5

May he whose ear is open hear us. He is asked for wealth: will he despise our prayer? Him who bestows at once a hundred thousand gifts none shall restrain when he would give.

6

The hero never checked by men hath gained his strength through Indra, he Who presses out and pours his deep libations forth, O Vrtra-slayer, unto thee.

7

When thou dost drive the fighting men together be, thou Mighty One, the mighty's shield. May we divide the wealth of him whom thou hast slain: bring us, Unreachable, his goods.

8

For Indra, Soma-drinker, armed with thunder, press the Soma juice. Make ready your dressed meats: cause him to favour us. The Giver blesses him who gives.

9

Grudge not, ye Soma pourers; stir you, pay the rites, for wealth, to the great Conqueror. Only the active conquers dwells in peace, and thrives: not for the niggard are the Gods.

10

No one hath overturned or stayed the car of him who freely gives. The man whom Indra and the Marut host defend comes to a stable full of kine.

11

Indra, that man when fighting shall obtain the spoil, whose strong defender thou wilt be. Be thou the gracious helper, Hero I of our cars, be thou the helper of our men.

12

His portion is exceeding great like a victorious soldier's spoil. Him who is Indra, Lord of Bays, no foes subdue. He gives the Soma-pourer strength.

13

Make for the Holy Gods a hymn that is not mean, but well-arranged and fair of form. Even many snares and bonds subdue not him who dwells with Indra through his sacrifice.

14

Indra, what mortal will attack the man who hath his wealth in thee? The strong will win the spoil on the decisive day through faith in thee, O Maghavan.

15

In battles with the foe urge on our mighty ones who give the treasures dear to thee, And may we with our princes, Lord of Tawny Steeds! pass through all peril, led by thee.

16

Thine, Indra, is the lowest wealth, thou cherishest the mid-most wealth, Thou ever rulest all

the highest: in the fray for cattle none resisteth thee.

17

Thou art renowned as giving wealth to every one in all the battles that are fought. Craving protection, all these people of the earth, O Much–invoked, implore thy name.

18

If I, O Indra, were the Lord of riches ample as thine own, I should support the singer, God, who givest wealth! and not abandon him to woe.

19

Each day would I enrich the man who sang my praise, in whatsoever place he were. No kinship is there better, Maghavan, than thine: a father even is no more.

20

With Plenty for his true ally the active man will gain the spoil. Your Indra, Much–invoked, I bend with song, as bends a wright his wheel of solid wood.

21

A moral wins no riches by unworthy praise: wealth comes not to the niggard churl. Light is the task to give, O Maghavan, to one like me on the decisive day.

22

Like kine un milked we call aloud, Hero, to thee, and sing thy praise, Looker on heavenly light, Lord of this moving world, Lord, Indra, of what moveth not.

23

None other like to thee, of earth or of the heavens, hath been or ever will be born. Desiring horses, Indra Maghavan! and kine, as men of might we call on thee.

24

Bring, Indra, the Victorious Ones; bring, elder thou, the younger host. For, Maghavan, thou art rich in treasures from of old, and must be called in every fight.

25

Drive thou away our enemies, O Maghavan: make riches easy to be won. Be thou our good Protector in the strife for spoil: Cherisher of our friends be thou.

26

O Indra, give us wisdom as a sire gives wisdom to his sons. Guide us, O Much–invoked, in this our way may we still live and look upon the light.

27

Grant that no mighty foes, unknown, malevolent, unhallowed, tread us to the ground. With thine assistance, Hero, may we ass through all the waters that are ruling down.

HYMN XXXIII Vasistha.

1

THESE who wear hair-knots on the right, the movers of holy thought, white-robed, have won me over. I warned the men, when from the grass I raised me, Not from afar can my Vasisthas help you.

2

With soma they brought Indra from a distance, Over Vaisanta, from the strong libation. Indra preferred Vasisthas to the Soma pressed by the son of Vayata, Pasadyumna.

3

So, verily, with these he crossed the river, in company with these he slaughtered Bheda. So in the fight with the Ten Kings, Vasisthas! did Indra help Sudas through your devotions.

4

I gladly, men I with prayer prayed by our fathers have fixed your axle: ye shall not be injured: Since, when ye sang aloud the Sakvari verses, Vasisthas! ye invigorated Indra.

5

Like thirsty men they looked to heaven, in battle with the Ten Kings, surrounded and imploring. Then Indra heard Vasistha as he praised him, and gave the Trtsus ample room and freedom.

6

Like sticks and staves wherewith they drive the cattle, Stripped bare, the Bharatas were found defenceless: Vasistha then became their chief and leader: then widely. were the Trtsus' clans extended.

7

Three fertilize the worlds with genial moisture: three noble Creatures cast a light before them. Three that give warmth to all attend the morning. All these have they discovered, these Vasisthas.

8

Like the Sun's growing glory is their splendour, and like the sea's is their unfathomed greatness. Their course is like the wind's. Your laud, Vasisthas, can never be attained by any other.

9

They with perceptions of the heart in secret resort to that which spreads a thousand branches. The Apsaras brought hither the Vasisthas wearing the vesture spun for them by Yama.

10

A form of lustre springing from the lightning wast thou, when Varuna and Mitra saw thee. Thy one and only birth was then, Vasistha, when from thy stock Agastya brought thee hither.

11

Born of their love for Urvasi, Vasistha thou, priest, art son of Varuna and Mitra; And as a fallen drop, in heavenly fervour, all the Gods laid thee on a lotus–blossom.

12

He thinker, knower both of earth and heaven, endowed with many a gift, bestowing thousands, Destined to wear the vesture spun by Yama, sprang from the Apsaras to life, Vasistha.

13

Born at the sacrifice, urged by adorations, both with a common flow bedewed the pitcher. Then from the midst thereof there rose up Mana, and thence they say was born the sage Vasistha.

14

He brings the bearer of the laud and Saman: first shall he speak bringing the stone for pressing. With grateful hearts in reverence approach him: to you, O Pratradas, Vasistha cometh.

HYMN XXXIV Visvedevas.

1

MAY our divine and brilliant hymn go forth, like a swift chariot wrought and fashioned well.

2

The waters listen as they flow along: they know the origin of heaven and earth.

3

Yea, the broad waters swell their flood for [sic] him: of him strong heroes think amid their foes.

4

Set ye for him the coursers to the pole: like Indra Thunderer is the Golden–armed.

5

Arouse you, like the days, to sacrifice speed gladly like a traveller on the way.

6

Go swift to battles, to the sacrifice: set up a flag, a hero for the folk.

7

Up from his strength hath risen as 'twere a light: it bears the load as earth bears living things.

8

Agni, no demon I invoke the Gods: by law completing it, I form a hymn.

9

Closely about you lay your heavenly song, and send your voice to where the Gods abide.

10

Varuna, Mighty, with a thousand eyes, beholds the paths wherein these rivers run.

11

He, King of kings, the glory of the floods, o'er all that liveth hath resistless sway.

12

May he assist us among all the tribes, and make the envier's praise devoid of light.

13

May the foes' threatening arrow pass us by: may he put far from us our bodies' sin.

14

Agni, oblation–cater, through our prayers aid us: to him our dearest laud is brought.

15

Accordant with the Gods choose for our Friend the Waters' Child: may he be good to us.

16

With lauds I sing the Dragon born of floods: he sits beneath the streams in middle air.

17

Ne'er may the Dragon of the Deep harm us: ne'er fail this faithful servant's sacrifice.

18

To these our heroes may they grant renown: may pious men march boldly on to wealth.

19

Leading great hosts, with fierce attacks of these, they burn their foes as the Sun burns the earth.

20

What time our wives draw near to us, may he, left-handed Tvastar, give us hero sons.

21

May Tvastar find our hymn acceptable, and may Aramati, seeking wealth, be ours.

22

May they who lavish gifts bestow those treasures: may Rodasi and Varunani listen. May he, with the Varutris, be our refuge, may bountiful Tvastar give us store of riches.

23

So may rich Mountains and the liberal Waters, so may all Herbs that grow on ground, and Heaven, And Earth accordant with the Forest–Sovrans, and both the World–halves round about protect us.

24

To this may both the wide Worlds lend approval, and Varuna in heaven, whose Friend is Indra. May all the Maruts give consent, the Victors, that we may hold great wealth in firm possession.

25

May Indra, Varuna, Mitra, and Agni, Waters, Herbs, Trees accept the praise we offer. May we find refuge in the Marut's bosom. Protect us evermore, ye Gods, with blessings.

HYMN XXXV. Visvedevas.

1

BEFRIEND us with their aids Indra and Agni, Indra and Varuna who receive oblations! Indra and Soma give health, strength and comfort, Indra and Pusan be our help in battle.

2

Auspicious Friends to us be Bhaga, Sathsa, auspicious be Purandhi aid all Riches; The blessing of the true and well-conducted, and Aryaman in many forms apparent.

3

Kind unto us he Maker and Sustainer, and the far-reaching Pair with God-like natures. Auspicious unto us be Earth and Heaven, the Mountain, and the Gods' fair invocations.

4

Favour us Agni with his face of splendour, and Varuva and Mitra and the Asvins. Favour us noble actions of the pious, impetuous vita blow on us with favour.

5

Early invoked, may Heaven and Earth be friendly, and Air's mid-region good for us to look on. To us may Herbs and Forest-Trees be gracious, gracious the Lord Victorious of the region.

6

Be the God Indra with the Vasus friendly, and, with Adityas, Varuna who blesseth. Kind, with the Rudras, be the Healer Rudra, and, with the Dames, may Tvastar kindly listen.

7

Blest unto us be Soma, and devotions, blest be the Sacrifice, the Stones for pressing. Blest be the fixing of the sacred Pillars, blest be the tender Grass and blest the Altar.

8

May the far-seeing Sun rise up to bless us: be the four Quarters of the sky auspicious. Auspicious be the firmly-seated Mountains, auspicious be the Rivers and the Waters.

9

May Adid through holy works be gracious, and may the Maruts, loud in song, be friendly. May Visnu give felicity, and Pusan, the Air that cherisheth our life, and Vayu.

10

Prosper us Savitar, the God who rescues, and let the radiant Mornings be propitious. Auspicious to all creatures be Parjanya, auspicious be the field's benign Protector.

11

May all the fellowship of Gods befriend us, Sarasvati, with Holy Thoughts, be gracious. Friendly be they, the Liberal Ones who seek us, yea, those who dwell in heaven, on earth, in waters.

12

May the great Lords of Truth protect and aid us: blest to us be our horses and our cattle. Kind be the pious skilful-handed Rbhus, kind be the Fathers at our invocations.

13

May Aja-Ekapad, the God, be gracious, gracious the Dragon of the Deep, and Ocean. Gracious be he the swelling Child of Waters, gracious be Prsni who hath Gods to guard her.

14

So may the Rudras, Vasus, and Adityas accept the new hymn which we now are making. May all the Holy Ones of earth and heaven, and the Cow's offspring hear our invocation.

15

They who of Holy Gods are very holy, Immortal, knowing Law, whom man must worship,— May these to-day give us broad paths to travel. Preserve us evermore, ye Gods, with blessings.

HYMN XXXVI. Visvedevas

1

LET the prayer issue from the seat of Order, for Surya with his beams hath loosed the cattle. With lofty ridges earth is far extended, and Agni's flame hath lit the spacious surface.

2

O Asuras, O Varuna and Mitra, this hymn to you, like food, anew I offer. One of you is a strong unerring Leader, and Mitra, speaking, stirreth men to labour.

3

The movements of the gliding wind come hither: like cows, the springs are filled to overflowing. Born in the station e'en of lofty heaven the Bull hath loudly bellowed in this region.

4

May I bring hither with my song, O Indra, wise Aryaman who yokes thy dear Bay Horses, Voracious, with thy noble car, O Hero, him who defeats the wrath of the malicious.

5

In their own place of sacrifice adorers worship to gain long life and win his friendship. He

hath poured food on men when they have praised him; be this, the dearest reverence, paid to Rudra.

6

Coming together, glorious, loudly roaring – Sarasvati, Mother of Floods, the seventh– With copious milk, with fair streams, strongly flowing, full swelling with the volume of their water;

7

And may the mighty Maruts, too, rejoicing, aid our devotion and protect our offspring. Let not swift–moving Aksara neglect us: they have increased our own appropriate riches,

8

Bring ye the great Aramati before you, and Pusan as the Hero of the synod, Bhaga who looks upon this hymn with favour, and, as our strength, the bountiful Purandbi.

9

May this our song of praise reach you, O Maruts, and Visnu guardian of the future infant. May they vouchsafe the singer strength for offspring. Preserve us evermore, ye Gods, with blessings.

HYMN XXXVII. Visvedevas.

1

LET your best–bearing car that must be lauded, ne'er injured, bring you Vajas and Rbhuksans. Fill you, fair–helmeted! with mighty Soma, thrice–mixed, at our libations to delight you.

2

Ye who behold the light of heaven, Rbhuksans, give our rich patrons unmolested riches. Drink, heavenly–natured. at our sacrifices, and give us bounties for the hymns we sing you.

3

For thou, O Bounteous One, art used to giving, at parting treasure whether small or ample. Filled full are both thine arms with great possessions: thy goodness keeps thee not from granting riches.

4

Indra, high–famed, as Vaja and Rbhuksans, thou goest working, singing to the dwelling. Lord of Bay Steeds, this day may we Vasisthas offer our prayers to thee and bring oblations.

5

Thou winnest swift advancement for thy servant, through hymns, Lord of Bay Steeds, which thou hast favoured. For thee with friendly succour have we battled, and when, O Indra, wilt thou grant us riches?

6

To us thy priests a home, as 'twere, thou givest: when, Indra wilt thou recognize our

praises? May thy strong Steed, through our ancestral worship, bring food and wealth with heroes to our dwelling.

7

Though Nirrti the Goddess reigneth round him, Autumns with food in plenty come to Indra. With three close Friends to length of days he cometh, he whom men let not rest at home in quiet.

8

Promise us gifts, O Savitar: may riches come unto us in Parvata's full bounty. May the Celestial Guardian still attend us. Preserve us evermore, ye Gods, with blessings.

HYMN XXXVIII. Savitar.

1

ON high hath Savitar, this God, extended the golden lustre which he spreads around him. Now, now must Bhaga be invoked by mortals, Lord of great riches who distributes treasures.

2

Rise up, O Savitar whose hands are golden, and hear this man while sacrifice is offered, Spreading afar thy broad and wide effulgence, and bringing mortal men the food that feeds them.

3

Let Savitar the God he hymned with praises, to whom the Vasus, even, all sing glory. Sweet be our lauds to him whose due is worship: may he with all protection guard our princes.

4

Even he whom Aditi the Goddess praises, rejoicing in God Savitar's incitement: Even he who praise the high imperial Rulers, Varuna, Mitra, Aryaman, sing in concert.

5

They who come emulous to our oblation, dispensing bounty, from the earth and heaven. May they and Ahibudhnya hear our calling: guard us Varutri with the Ekadhenus.

6

This may the Lord of Life, entreated, grant us,—the wealth which Savitar the God possesses. The mighty calls on Bhaga for protection, on Bhaga calls the weak to give him riches.

7

Bless us the Vajins when we call, while slowly they move, strong Singers, to the Gods' assembly. Crushing the wolf, the serpent, and the demons, may they completely banish all affliction.

8

Deep-skilled in Law eternal, deathless, Singers, O Vajins, help us in each fray for booty.
Drink of this meath, he satisfied, be joyful: then go on paths which Gods are wont to travel.

HYMN XXXIX Visvedevas.

1

AGNI, erect, hath shown enriching favour: the flame goes forward to the Gods' assembly.
Like car-borne men the stones their path have chosen: let the priest, quickened, celebrate
our worship.

2

Soft to the tread, their sacred grass is scattered: these go like Kings amid the band around
them, At the folks early call on Night and Morning,—Vayu, and Pusan with his team, to bless
us.

3

Here on their path the noble Gods proceeded: in the wide firmament the Beauteous decked
them. Bend your way hither, ye who travel widely: hear this our envoy who hath gone to
meet you.

4

For they are holy aids at sacrifices: all Gods approach the place of congregation. Bring
these, desirous, to our worship, Agni, swift the Nisatyas, Bhaga, and Purandhi.

5

Agni, to these men's hymns, from earth, from heaven, bring Mitra, Varuna, Indra, and Agni,
And Aryaman, and Aditi, and Visnu. Sarasvati be joyful, and the Maruts.

6

Even as the holy wish, the gift is offered: may he, unsated, come when men desire him.
Give never-failing ever-conquering riches: with Gods for our allies may we be victors.

7

Now have both worlds been praised by the Vasisthas; and holy Mitra, Varuna, and Agni.
May they, bright Deities, make our song supremest. Preserve us evermore, ye Gods, with
blessings.

HYMN XL. Visvedevas.

1

BE gathered all the audience of the synod: let us begin their praise whose course is rapid.
Whate'er God Savitar this day produces, may we be where the Wealthy One distributes.

2

This, dealt from heaven ' may both the Worlds vouchsafe us, and Varuna, Indra, Aryaman,
and Mitra. May Goddess Aditi assign us riches, Vayu and Bhaga make them ours for ever.

3

Strong be the man and full of power, O Maruts, whom ye, borne on by spotted coursers, favour. Him, too, Sarasvati and Agni further, and there is none to rob him of his riches.

4

This Varuna is guide of Law, he, Mitra, and Aryaman, the Kings, our work have finished. Divine and foeless Aditi quickly listens. May these deliver us unharmed from trouble.

5

With offerings I propitiate the branches of this swift-moving God, the bounteous Visnu. Hence Rudra gained his Rudra-strength: O Asvins, ye sought the house that hath celestial viands.

6

Be not thou angry here, O glowing Pusan, for what Varutri and the Bounteous gave us. May the swift-moving Gods protect and bless us, and Vata send us rain, who wanders round us.

7

Now have both worlds been praised by the Vasisthas, and holy Mitra, Varuna, and Agni. May they, bright Deities, make our song supremest. Preserve us evermore, ye Gods, with blessings.

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Book 07 Part 04

HYMN XLI. Bhaga.

1

AGNI at dawn, and Indra we invoke at dawn, and Varuna and Mitra, and the Asvins twain.
Bhaga at dawn, Pusan, and Brahmanaspati, Soma at dawn, Rudra we will invoke at dawn.

2

We will invoke strong, early–conquering Bhaga, the Son of Aditi, the great supporter:
Thinking of whom, the poor, yea, even the mighty, even the King himself says, Give me
Bhaga.

3

Bhaga our guide, Bhaga whose gifts are faithful, favour this song, and give us wealth, O
Bhaga. Bhaga, augment our store of kine and horses, Bhaga, may we be rich in men and
heroes.

4

So may felicity be ours at present, and when the day approaches, and at noontide; And
may we still, O Bounteous One, at sunset be happy in the Deities' loving–kindness.

5

May Bhaga verily be bliss–bestower, and through him, Gods! may happiness attend us. As
such, O Bhaga, all with might invoke thee: as such be thou our Champion here, O Bhaga.

6

To this our worship may all Dawns incline them, and come to the pure place like
Dadhikravan. As strong steeds draw a chariot may they bring us hitherward Bhaga who
discovers treasure.

7

May blessed Mornings dawn on us for ever, with wealth of kine, of horses, and of heroes,
Streaming with all abundance, pouring fatness. Preserve us evermore, ye Gods, with
blessings.

HYMN XLII Visvedevas.

1

LET Brahmans and Angirases come forward, and let the roar of cloudy heaven surround
us. Loud low the Milch–kine swimming in the waters: set be the stones that grace our holy
service.

2

Fair, Agni, is thy long–known path to travel: yoke for the juice tñi [sic] bay, thy ruddy

horses, Or red steeds, Hero-bearing, for the chamber. Seated, I call the Deities' generations.

3

They glorify your sacrifice with worship, yet the glad Priest near them is left unequalled. Bring the Gods hither, thou of many aspects: turn hitherward Aramati the Holy.

4

What time the Guest hath made himself apparent, at ease reclining in the rich man's dwelling, Agni, well-pleased, well-placed within the chamber gives to a house like this wealth worth the choosing.

5

Accept this sacrifice of ours, O Agni; glorify it with Indra and the Maruts. Here on our grass let Night and Dawn be seated: bring longing Varuna and Mitra hither.

6

Thus hath Vasistha praised victorious Agni, yearning for wealth that giveth all subsistence. May he bestow on us food, strength, and riches. Preserve us evermore, ye Gods, with blessings.

HYMN XLIII Visvedevas.

1

SING out the pious at your sacrifices to move with adorations Earth and Heaven– The Holy Singers, whose unmatched devotions, like a tree's branches, part in all directions.

2

Let sacrifice proceed like some fleet courser: with one accord lift ye on high the ladles. Strew sacred grass meet for the solemn service: bright flames that love the Gods have mounted upward.

3

Like babes in arms reposing on their mother, let the Gods sit upon the grass's summit. Let general fire make bright the flame of worship: scorn us not, Agni, in the Gods' assembly.

4

Gladly the Gods have let themselves be honoured, milking the copious streams of holy Order. The highest might to-day is yours, the Vasits': come ye, as many as ye are, one-minded.

5

So, Agni, send us wealth among the people: may we be closely knit to thee, O Victor, Unharm'd, and rich, and taking joy together. Preserve us evermore, ye ods [sic], with blessings.

HYMN XLIV. Dadhikras.

1

I CALL on Dadhikras, the first, to give you aid, the Asvins, Bhaga, Dawn, and Agni kindled well, Indra, and Visnu, Pusan, Brahmanaspati, Adityas, Heaven and Earth, the Waters, and the Light.

2

When, rising, to the sacrifice we hasten, awaking Dadhikras with adorations. Seating on sacred grass the Goddess Ila. let us invoke the sage swift-hearing Asvins.

3

While I am thus arousing Dadhikravan I speak to Agni, Earth, and Dawn, and Surya, The red, the brown of Varuna ever mindful: may they ward off from us all grief and trouble.

4

Foremost is Dadhikravan, vigorous courser; in forefront of the cars, his way he knoweth, Closely allied with Surya and with Morning, Adityas, and Angirases, and Vasus.

5

May Dadhikras prepare the way we travel that we may pass along the path of Order. May Agni bear us, and the Heavenly Army: hear us all Mighty Ones whom none deceiveth.

HYMN XLV. Savitar.

1

MAY the God Savitar, rich in goodly treasures, filling the region, borne by steeds, come hither, In his hand holding much that makes men happy, lulling to slumber and arousing creatures.

2

Golden, sublime, and easy in their motion, his arms extend unto the bounds of heaven. Now shall that mightiness of his be lauded: even Surya yields to him in active vigour.

3

May this God Savitar, the Strong and Mighty, the Lord of precious wealth, vouchsafe us treasures. May he, advancing his far-spreading lustre, bestow on us the food that feedeth mortals.

4

These songs praise Savitar whose tongue is pleasant, praise him whose arms are full, whose hands are lovely. High vital strength, and manifold, may he grant us. Preserve us evermore, ye Gods, with blessings.

HYMN XLVI. Rudra.

1

To Rudra bring these songs, whose bow is firm and strong, the self-dependent God with swiftly-flying shafts, The Wise, the Conqueror whom none may overcome, armed with sharp-pointed weapons: may he hear our call.

2

He through his lordship thinks on beings of the earth, on heavenly beings through his high imperial sway. Come willingly to our doors that gladly welcome thee, and heal all sickness, Rudra., in our families.

3

May thy bright arrow which, shot down by thee from heaven, flieth upon the earth, pass us uninjured by. Thou, very gracious God, hast thousand medicines: inflict no evil on our sons or progeny.

4

Slay us not, nor abandon us, O Rudra let not thy noose, when thou art angry, seize us. Give us trimmed grass and fame among the living. Preserve us evermore, ye Gods, with blessings.

HYMN XLVII. Waters.

1

MAY we obtain this day from you, O Waters, that wave of pure refreshment, which the pious Made erst the special beverage of Indra, bright, stainless, rich in sweets and dropping fatness.

2

May the Floods' Offspring, he whose course is rapid, protect that wave most rich in sweets, O Waters, That shall make Indra and the Vasus joyful. This may we gain from you to-day, we pious.

3

All-purifying, joying in their nature, to paths of Gods the Goddesses move onward. They never violate the laws of Indra. Present the oil-rich offering to the Rivers.

4

Whom Surya with his bright beams hath attracted, and Indra dug the path for them to travel, May these Streams give us ample room and freedom. Preserve us evermore, ye Gods, with blessings.

HYMN XLVIII. Rbhus.

1

YE liberal Heroes, Vajas and Rbhuksans, come and delight you with our flowing Soma. May your strength, Vibhus, as ye come to meet us, turn hitherward your car that brings men profit.

2

May we as Rbhu with your Rbhus conquer strength with our strength, as Vibhus with the Vibhus. May Vaja aid us in the fight for booty, and helped by Indra may we quell the foeman.

3

For they rule many tribes with high dominion, and conquer all their foes in close encounter. May Indra, Vibhvan, Vaja, and Rbhuksan destroy by turns the wicked foeman's valour.

4

Now, Deities, give us ample room and freedom: be all of you, one-minded, our protection. So let the Vasus grant us strength and vigour. Preserve us evermore, ye Gods, with blessings.

HYMN XLIX. Waters.

1

FORTH from the middle of the flood the Waters—their chief the Sea—flow cleansing, never sleeping. Indra, the Bull, the Thunderer, dug their channels: here let those Waters, Goddesses, protect me.

2

Waters which come from heaven, or those that wander dug from the earth, or flowing free by nature, Bright, purifying, speeding to the Ocean, here let those Waters. Goddesses, protect me.

3

Those amid whom goes Varuna the Sovran, he who discriminates men's truth and falsehood— Distilling meath, the bright, the purifying, here let those Waters, Goddesses, protect me.

4

They from whom Varuna the King, and Soma, and all the Deities drink strength and vigour, They into whom Vaisvanara Agni entered, here let those Waters, Goddesses, protect Me.

HYMN L. Various Deities.

1

O MITRA—VARUNA, guard and protect me here: let not that come to me which nests within and swells. I drive afar the scorpion hateful to the sight: let not the winding worm touch me and wound my foot.

2

Eruption that appears upon the twofold joints, and that which overspreads the ankles and the knees, May the refulgent Agni banish far away let not the winding worm touch me and wound my foot.

3

The poison that is formed upon the Salmali, that which is found in streams, that which the plants produce, All this may all the Gods banish and drive away: let not the winding worm touch me and wound my foot.

4

The steep declivities, the valleys, and the heights, the channels full of water, and the waterless— May those who swell with water, gracious Goddesses, never afflict us with the Sipada disease, may all the rivers keep us free from Simida.

HYMN LI. Adityas.

1

THROUGH the Adityas' most auspicious shelter, through their most recent succour may we conquer. May they, the Mighty, giving ear, establish this sacrifice, to make us free and sinless.

2

Let Aditi rejoice and the Adityas, Varuna, Mitra, Aryaman, most righteous. May they, the Guardians of the world, protect us, and, to show favour, drink this day our Soma.

3

All Universal Deities, the Maruts, all the Adityas, yea, and all the Rbhus, Indra, and Agni, and the Asvins, lauded. Preserve us evermore, ye Gods, with blessings.

HYMN LII. Adityas.

1

MAY we be free from every bond, Adityas! a castle among Gods and men, ye Vasus. Winning, may we win Varuna and Mitra, and, being, may we be, O Earth and Heaven.

2

May Varuna and Mitra grant this blessing, our Guardians, shelter to our seed and offspring. Let us not suffer for another's trespass. nor do the thing that ye, O Vasus, punish.

3

The ever-prompt Angirases, imploring riches from Savitar the God, obtained them. So may our Father who is great and holy, and all the Gods, accordant, grant this favour.

HYMN LIII. Heaven and Earth.

1

AS priest with solemn rites and adorations I worship Heaven and Earth, the High and Holy. To them, great Parents of the Gods, have sages of ancient time, singing, assigned precedence.

2

With newest hymns set in the seat of Order, those the Two Parents, born before all others, Come, Heaven and Earth, with the Celestial People, hither to us, for strong is your protection.

3

Yea, Heaven and Earth, ye hold in your possession full many a treasure for the liberal giver.

Grant us that wealth which comes in free abundance. Preserve us evermore, ye Gods, with blessings.

HYMN LIV. Vastospati.

1

ACKNOWLEDGE us, O Guardian of the Homestead: bring no disease, and give us happy entrance. Whate'er we ask of thee, be pleased to grant it, and prosper thou quadrupeds and bipeds.

2

Protector of the Home, be our promoter: increase our wealth in kine and steeds, O Indu. May we be ever-youthful in thy friendship: be pleased in us as in his sons a father.

3

Through thy dear fellowship that bringeth welfare, may we be victors, Guardian of the Dwelling! Protect our happiness in rest and labour. Preserve us evermore, ye Gods, with blessings.

HYMN LV. Vastospati.

1

VASTOSPATI, who killest all disease and wearest every form, Be an auspicious Friend to us.

2

When, O bright Son of Sarama, thou showest, tawny-hued! thy teeth, They gleam like lances' points within thy mouth when thou wouldst bite; go thou to steep.

3

Sarama's Son, retrace thy way: bark at the robber and the thief. At Indra's singers barkest thou? Why dost thou seek to terrify us? Go to sleep.

4

Be on thy guard against the boar, and let the boar beware of thee. At Indra's singers barkest thou? Why dost thou seek to terrify us? Go to sleep.

5

Sleep mother, let the father sleep, sleep dog and master of the house. Let all the kinsmen sleep, sleep all the people who are round about.

6

The man who sits, the man who walks, and whosoever looks on us, Of these we closely shut the eyes, even as we closely shut this house.

7

The Bull who hath a thousand horns, who rises up from out the sea,— By him the Strong and Mighty One we lull and make the people sleep.

8

The women sleeping in the court, lying without, or stretched on beds, The matrons with their odorous sweets these, one and all, we lull to sleep.

HYMN LVI. Maruts.

1

Who are these radiant men in serried rank, Rudra's young heroes borne by noble steeds?

2

Verily no one knoweth whence they sprang: they, and they only, know each other's birth.

3

They strew each other with their blasts, these Hawks: they strove together, roaring like the wind.

4

A sage was he who knew these mysteries, what in her udder mighty Prsni bore.

5

Ever victorious, through the Maruts, be this band of Heroes, nursing manly strength,

6

Most bright in splendour, fleetest on their way, close-knit to glory, strong with varied power.

7

Yea, mighty is your power and firm your strength: so, potent, with the Maruts, be the band.

8

Bright is your spirit, wrathful are your minds: your bold troop's minstrel is like one inspired.

9

Ever avert your blazing shaft from us, and let not your displeasure reach us here

10

Your dear names, conquering Maruts, we invoke, calling aloud till we are satisfied.

11

Well-armed, impetuous in their haste, they deck themselves, their forms, with oblations: to you, the pure, ornaments made of gold.

12

Pure, Maruts, pure yourselves, are your oblations: to you, the pure, pure sacrifice I offer. By Law they came to truth, the Law's observers, bright by their birth, and pure, and sanctifying.

13

Your rings, O Maruts, rest upon your shoulders, and chains of gold are twined upon your bosoms. Gleaming with drops of rain, like lightning-flashes, after your wont ye whirl about

your weapons.

14

Wide in the depth of air spread forth your glories, far, most adorable, ye bear your titles. Maruts, accept this thousandfold allotment of household sacrifice and household treasure.

15

If, Maruts, ye regard the praise recited here at this mighty singer invocation, Vouchsafe us quickly wealth with noble heroes, wealth which no man who hateth us may injure.

16

The Maruts, fleet as coursers, while they deck them like youths spectators of a festal meeting, Linger, like beauteous colts, about the dwelling, like frisking calves, these who pour down the water.

17

So may the Maruts help us and be gracious, bringing free room to lovely Earth and Heaven. Far be your bolt that slayeth men and cattle. Ye Vasus, turn yourselves to us with blessings.

18

The priest, when seated, loudly calls you, Maruts, praising in song your universal bounty. He, Bulls! who hath so much in his possession, free from duplicity, with hymns invokes you.

19

These Maruts bring the swift man to a stand–still, and strength with mightier strength they break and humble These guard the singer from the man who hates him and lay their sore displeasure on the wicked.

20

These Maruts rouse even the poor and needy: the Vasus love him as an active champion. Drive to a distance, O ye Bulls, the darkness: give us full store of children and descendants.

21

Never, O Maruts, may we lose your bounty, nor, car–borne Lords! be hitidmost [sic] when ye deal it. Give us a share in that delightful treasure, the genuine wealth that, Bulls! is your possession.

22

What time the men in fury rush together for running streams, for pastures, and for houses. Then, O ye Maruts, ye who spring from Rudra, be our protectors in the strife with foemen.

23

Full many a deed ye did for our forefathers worthy of lauds which, even of old, they sang you. The strong man, with the Maruts, wins in battle, the charger, with the Maruts, gains the booty.

24

Ours, O ye Maruts, be the vigorous Hero, the Lord Divine of men, the strong Sustainer, With whom to fair lands we may cross the waters, and dwell in our own home with you beside us.

25

May Indra, Mitra, Varuna and Agni, Waters, and Plants, and Trees accept our praises. May we find shelter in the Marut's bosom. Preserve us evermore, ye Gods, with blessings.

HYMN LVII. Maruts.

1

YEA, through the power of your sweet juice, ye Holy! the Marut host is glad at sacrifices. They cause even spacious heaven and earth to tremble, they make the spring flow when they come, the Mighty.

2

The Maruts watch the man who sings their praises, promoters of the thought of him who worships. Seat you on sacred grass in our assembly, this day, with friendly minds, to share the banquet.

3

No others gleam so brightly as these Maruts with their own forms, their golden gauds, their weapons. With all adornments, decking earth and heaven, they heighten, for bright show, their common splendour.

4

Far from us be your blazing dart, O Maruts, when we, through human frailty, sin against you. Let us not be exposed to that, ye Holy! May your most loving favour still attend us.

5

May even what we have done delight the Maruts, the blameless Ones, the bright, the purifying. Further us, O ye Holy, with your kindness: advance us mightily that we may prosper.

6

And may the Maruts, praised by all their titles, Heroes, enjoy the taste of our oblations. Give us of Amrta for the sake of offspring: awake the excellent fair stores of riches.

7

Hither, ye Maruts, praised, with all your succours, with all felicity come to our princes, Who, of themselves, a hundredfold increase us. Preserve us evermore, ye Gods, with blessings.

HYMN LVIII. Maruts.

1

SING to the troop that pours down rain in common, the Mighty Company of celestial nature. They make the world—halves tremble with their greatness: from depths of earth and sky

they reach to heaven.

2

Yea, your birth, Maruts, was with wild commotion, ye who move swiftly, fierce in wrath, terrific. Ye all-surpassing in your might and vigour, each looker on the light fears at your coming.

3

Give ample vital power unto our princes let our fair praises gratify the Maruts. As the way travelled helpeth people onward, so further us with your delightful succours.

4

Your favoured singer counts his wealth by hundreds: the strong steed whom ye favour wins a thousand. The Sovran whom ye aid destroys the foeman. May this your gift, ye Shakers, be distinguished.

5

I call, as such, the Sons of bounteous Rudra: will not the Maruts turn again to us-ward? What secret sin or open stirs their anger, that we implore the Swift Ones to forgive us.

6

This eulogy of the Bounteous hath been spoken: accept, ye Maruts, this our hymn of praises. Ye Bulls, keep those who hate us at a distance. Preserve us evermore, ye Gods, with blessings.

HYMN LIX. Maruts.

1

WHOMSO ye rescue here and there, whomso ye guide, O Deities, To him give shelter, Agni, Mitra, Varuna, ye Maruts, and thou Aryaman.

2

Through your kind favour, Gods, on some auspicious day, the worshipper subdues his foes. That man increases home and strengthening ample food who brings you offerings as ye list.

3

Vasistha will not overlook the lowliest one among you all. O Maruts, of our Soma juice effused to-day drink all of you with eager haste.

4

Your succour in the battle injures not the man to whom ye, Heroes, grant your gifts. May your most recent favour turn to us again. Come quickly, ye who fain would drink.

5

Come hitherward to drink the juice, O ye whose bounties give you joy. These offerings are for you, these, Maruts, I present. Go not to any place but this.

6

Sit on our sacred grass, be graciously inclined to give the wealth for which we long, To take delight, ye Maruts, Friends of all, with Svaha, in sweet Soma juice.

7

Decking the beauty of their forms in secret the Swans with purple backs have flown down hither. Around me all the Company hath settled, like joyous Heroes glad in our libation.

8

Maruts, the man whose wrath is hard to master, he who would slay us ere we think, O Vasus, May he be tangled in the toils of mischief; smite ye him down with your most flaming weapon.

9

O Maruts, ye consuming Gods, enjoy this offering brought for you, To help us, ye who slay the foe.

10

Sharers of household sacrifice, come, Maruts, stay not far away, That ye may help us, Bounteous Ones.

11

Here, Self-strong Maruts, yea, even here. ye Sages with your sunbright skins I dedicate your sacrifice.

12

Tryambaka we worship, sweet augments of prosperity. As from its stem the cucumber, so may I be released from death, not reft of immortality.

HYMN LX. Mitra–Varuna.

1

WHEN thou, O Sun, this day, arising sinless, shalt speak the truth to Varuna and Mitra, O Aditi, may all the Deities love us, and thou, O Aryaman, while we are singing.

2

Looking on man, O Varuna and Mitra, this Sun ascendeth up by both the pathways, Guardian of all things fixt, of all that moveth, beholding good and evil acts of mortals.

3

He from their home hath yoked the Seven gold Coursers who, dropping oil and fatness, carry Surya. Yours, Varuna and Mitra, he surveyeth the worlds and living creatures like a herdsman.

4

Your coursers rich in store of sweets have mounted: to the bright ocean Surya hath ascended, For whom the Adityas make his pathway ready, Aryaman, Mitra, Varuna, accordant.

5

For these, even Aryaman, Varuna and Mitra, are the chastisers of all guile and falsehood. These, Aditi's Sons, infallible and mighty, have waxen in the home of law Eternal.

6

These, Mitra, Varuna whom none deceiveth, with great power quicken even the fool to wisdom, And, wakening, moreover, thoughtful insight, lead it by easy paths o'er grief and trouble.

7

They ever vigilant, with eyes that close not, caring for heaven and earth, lead on the thoughtless. Even in the river's bed there is a shallow. across this broad expanse may they conduct us.

8

When Aditi and Varuna and Mitra, like guardians, give Sudas their friendly shelter, Granting him sons and lineal succession, let us not, bold ones! move the Gods to anger.

9

May he with offerings purify the altar from any stains of Varuna's reviler. Aryaman save us us all those who hate us: give room and freedom to Sudas, ye Mighty.

10

Hid from our eyes is their resplendent meeting: by their mysterious might they hold dominion. Heroes! we cry trembling in fear before you, even in the greatness of your power have mercy.

11

He who wins favour for his prayer by worship, that he may gain him strength and highest riches, That good man's mind the Mighty Ones will follow: they have brought comfort to his spacious dwelling.

12

This priestly task, Gods! Varuna and Mitra! hath been performed for you at sacrifices. Convey us safely over every peril. Preserve us evermore, ye Gods, with blessings.

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HYMN LXI. Mitra–Varuna.

1

O VARUNA and Mitra, Surya spreading the beauteous light of you Twain Gods ariseth. He who beholdeth all existing creatures observeth well the zeal that is in mortals.

2

The holy sage, renowned afar, directeth his hymns to you, O Varuna and Mitra,– He whose devotions, sapient Gods, ye favour so that ye fill, as 'twere, with power his autumns.

3

From the wide earth, O Varuna and Mitra from the great lofty heaven, ye, Bounteous Givers, – Have in the fields and houses set your warder–, who visit every spot and watch unceasing.

4

I praise the strength of Varuna and Mitra that strength, by mightiness, keeps both worlds asunder. Heroless pass the months of the ungodly he who loves sacrifice makes his home enduring.

5

Steers, all infallible are these your people in whom no wondrous thing is seen, no worship. Guile follows close the men who are untruthful: no secrets may be hidden from your knowledge.

6

I will exalt your sacrifice with homage: as priest, I, Mitra–Varuna, invoke you. May these new hymns and prayers that I have fashioned delight you to the profit of the singer.

7

This priestly task, Gods! Varuna and Mitra! hath been performed for you at sacrifices. Convey us safely over every peril. Preserve us evermore, ye Gods, with blessings.

HYMN LXII. Mitra–Varuna.

1

SURYA hath sent aloft his beams of splendour o'er all the tribes of men in countless places. Together with the heaven he shines apparent, formed by his Makers well with power and wisdom.

2

So hast thou mounted up before us, Surya, through these our praises, with fleet dappled horses. Declare us free from all offence to Mitra, and Varuna, and Aryaman, and Agni.

3

May holy Agni, Varuna, and Mitra send down their riches upon us in thousands. May they, the Bright Ones, make our praise-song perfect, and, when we laud them, grant us all our wishes.

4

O undivided Heaven and Earth, preserve us, us, Lofty Ones! your nobly-born descendants. Let us not anger Varuna, nor Vayu, nor him, the dearest Friend of mortals, Mitra.

5

Stretch forth your arms and let our lives be lengthened: with fatness dew the pastures of our cattle. Ye Youthful, make us famed among the people: hear, Mitra-Varuna, these mine invocations.

6

Now Mitra, Varuna, Aryaman vouchsafe us freedom and room, for us and for our children. May we find paths all fair and good to travel. Preserve us evermore, ye Gods, with blessings.

HYMN LXIII. Mitra-Varuna.

1

COMMON to all mankind, auspicious Surya, he who beholdeth all, is mounting upward; The God, the eye of Varuna and Mitra, who rolled up darkness like a piece of leather.

2

Surya's great ensign, restless as the billow, that urgeth men to action, is advancing: Onward he still would roll the wheel well-rounded, which Etasa, harnessed to the car-pole, moveth.

3

Refulgent from the bosom of the Mornings, he in Whom singers take delight ascendeth. This Savitar, God, is my chief joy and pleasure, who breaketh not the universal statute.

4

Golden, far-seeing, from the heaven he riseth: far is his goal, he hasteth on resplendent. Men, verily, inspirited by Surya speed to their aims and do the work assigned them.

5

Where the immortals have prepared his pathway he flieth through the region like a falcon. With homage and oblations will we serve you, O Mitra-Varuna, when the Sun hath risen.

6

Now Mitra, Varuna, Aryaman vouchsafe us freedom and room, for us and for our children. May we find paths all fair and good to travel. Preserve us evermore, ye Gods, with blessings.

HYMN LXIV. Mitra-Varuna.

1

YE Twain who rule, in heaven and earth, the region, clothed be your clouds in robes of oil and fatness. May the imperial Varuna, and Mitra, and high-born Aryaman accept our presents.

2

Kings, guards of mighty everlasting Order, come hitherward, ye Princes, Lords of Rivers. Send us from heaven, O Varuna and Mitra, rain and sweet food, ye who pour down your bounties.

3

May the dear God, and Varuna and Mitra conduct us by the most effective pathways, That foes may say unto Sudas our chieftain, May, we, too, joy in food with Gods to guard us.

4

Him who hath wrought for you this car in spirit, who makes the song rise upward and sustains it, Bedew with fatness, Varuna and Mitra ye Kings, make glad the pleasant dwelling-places.

5

To you this laud, O Varuna and Mitra is offered like bright Soma juice to Vayu. Favour our songs of praise, wake thought and spirit. Preserve us evermore, ye Gods, with blessings.

HYMN LXV. Mitra-Varuna.

1

With hymns I call you, when the Sun hath risen, Mitra, and Varuna whose thoughts are holy, Whose Power Divine, supreme and everlasting, comes with good heed at each man's supplication.

2

For they are Asuras of Gods, the friendly make, both of you, our lands exceeding fruitful. May we obtain you, Varuna and Mitra, wherever Heaven and Earth and days may bless us.

3

Bonds of the sinner, they bear many nooses: the wicked mortal hardly may escape them. Varuna-Mitra, may your path of Order bear us o'er trouble as a boat o'er waters.

4

Come, taste our offering, Varuna and Mitra: bedew our pasture with sweet food and fatness. Pour down in plenty here upon the people the choicest of your fair celestial water.

5

To you this laud, O Varuna and Mitra, is offered, like bright Soma juice to Vayu. Favour our songs of praise, wake thought and spirit. Preserve us evermore, ye Gods, with blessings.

HYMN LXVI Mitra-Varuna.

1

LET our strong hymn of praise go forth, the laud of Mitra–Varuna, With homage to that high–born Pair;

2

The Two exceeding wise, the Sons of Daksa, whom the gods ordained For lordship, excellently great.

3

Such, Guardians of our homes and us, O Mitra–Varuna, fulfil The thoughts of those who sing your praise.

4

So when the Sun hath risen to–day, may sinless Mitra, Aryaman, Bhaga, and Savitar send us forth.

5

May this our home be guarded well forward, ye Bounteous, on the way, Who bear us safely o'er distress.

6

And those Self–reigning, Aditi, whose statute is inviolate, The Kings who rule a vast domain.

7

Soon as the Sun hath risen, to you, to Mitra–Varuna, I sing, And Aryaman who slays the foe.

8

With wealth of gold may this my song bring unmolested power and might, And, Brahmans, gain the sacrifice.

9

May we be thine, God Varuna, and with our princes, Mitra, thine. Food and Heaven's light will we obtain.

10

Many are they who strengthen Law, Sun–eyed, with Agni for their tongue, They who direct the three great gatherings with their thoughts, yea, all things with surpassing might.

11

They who have stablished year and month and then the day, night, sacrifice and holy verse, Varuna, Mitra, Aryaman, the Kings, have won dominion which none else may gain.

12

So at the rising of the Sun we think of you with hymns to–day, Even as Varuna, Mitra, Aryaman deserve: ye are the charioteers of Law.

13

True to Law, born in Law the strengtheners of Law, terrible, haters of the false, In their felicity which gives the best defence may we men and our princes dwell.

14

Uprises, on the slope of heaven, that marvel that attracts die sight As swift celestial Etasa bears it away, prepared for every eye to see.

15

Lord of each single head, of fixt and moving things, equally through the whole expanse, The Seven sister Bays bear Surya on his car, to bring us wealth and happiness.

16

A hundred autumns may we see that bright Eye, God–ordained, arise A hundred autumns may we live.

17

Infallible through your wisdom, come hither, resplendent Varuna, And Mitra, to the Soma draught.

18

Come as the laws of Heaven ordain, Varuna, Mitra, void of guile: Press near and drink the Soma juice.

19

Come, Mitra, Varuna, accept, Heroes, our sacrificial gift: Drink Soma, ye who strengthen Law.

HYMN LXVII. Asvins.

1

I WITH a holy heart that brings oblation will sing forth praise to meet your car, ye Princes, Which, Much–desired! hath wakened as your envoy. I call you hither as a son his parents.

2

Brightly hath Agni shone by us enkindled: the limits even of darkness were apparent. Eastward is seen the Banner of the Morning, the Banner born to give Heaven's Daughter glory.

3

With hymns the deft priest is about you, Asvins, the eloquent priest attends you now, Nasatyas. Come by the paths that ye are wont to travel, on car that finds the light, laden with treasure.

4

When, suppliant for your help, Lovers of Sweetness! I seeking wealth call you to our libation, Hitherward let your vigorous horses bear you: drink ye with us the well–pressed Soma juices.

5

Bring forward, Asvins, Gods, to its fulfilment my never-wearied prayer that asks for riches. Vouchsafe us all high spirit in the combat, and with your powers, O Lords of Power, assist us.

6

Favour us in these prayers of ours, O Asvins. May we have genial vigour, ne'er to fail us. So may we, strong in children and descendants, go, wealthy, to the banquet that awaits you.

7

Lovers of Sweetness, we have brought this treasure to you as 'twere an envoy sent for friendship. Come unto us with spirits free from anger, in homes of men enjoying our oblation.

8

With one, the same, intention, ye swift movers, o'er the Seven Rivers hath your chariot travelled. Yoked by the Gods, your strong steeds never weary while speeding forward at the pole they bear you.

9

Exhaustless be your bounty to our princes who with their wealth incite the gift of riches, Who further friendship with their noble natures, combining wealth in kine with wealth in horses.

10

Now hear, O Youthful Twain, mine invocation: come, Asvins, to the home where food aboundeth. Vouchsafe us wealth, do honour to our nobles. Preserve us evermore, ye Gods, with blessings.

HYMN LXVIII. Asvins.

1

COME, radiant Asvins, with your noble horses: accept your servant's hymns, ye Wonder-Workers: Enjoy oblations which we bring to greet you.

2

The gladdening juices stand prepared before you: come quickly and partake of mine oblation. Pass by the calling of our foe and bear us.

3

Your chariot with a hundred aids, O Asvins, beareth you swift as thought across the regions, Speeding to us, O ye whose wealth is Surya.

4

What time this stone of yours, the Gods' adorer, upraised, sounds forth for you as Soma-presser, Let the priest bring you, Fair Ones, through oblations.

5

The nourishment ye have is, truly, wondrous: ye gave thereof a quickening store to Atri,
Who being dear to you, receives your favour.

6

That gift, which all may gain, ye gave Cyavana, when he grew old, who offered you
oblations, When ye bestowed on him enduring beauty.

7

What time his wicked friends abandoned Bhujyu, O Asvins, in the middle of the ocean, Your
horse delivered him, your faithful servant.

8

Ye lent your aid to Vrka when exhausted, and listened when invoked to Sayu's calling. Ye
made the cow pour forth her milk like water, and, Asvins, strengthened with your strength
the barren.

9

With his fair hymns this singer, too, extols you, waking with glad thoughts at the break of
morning. May the cow nourish him with milk to feed him. Preserve us evermore, ye Gods,
with blessings.

HYMN LXIX. Asvins.

1

MAY your gold chariot, drawn by vigorous horses, come to us, blocking up the earth and
heaven, Bright with its fellies while its way drops fatness, food-laden, rich in coursers,
man's protector.

2

Let it approach, yoked by the will, three-seated, extending far and wide o'er fivefold beings,
Whereon ye visit God-adoring races, bending your course whither ye will, O Asvins.

3

Renowned, with noble horses, come ye hither: drink, Wondrous Pair, the cup that holds
sweet juices. Your car whereon your Spouse is wont to travel marks with its track the
farthest ends of heaven.

4

When night was turning to the grey of morning the Maiden, Surya's Daughter, chose your
splendour. When with your power and might ye aid the pious he comes through heat to life
by your assistance.

5

O Chariot-borne, this car of yours invested with rays of light comes harnessed to our
dwelling. Herewith, O Asvins, while the dawn is breaking, to this our sacrifice bring peace
and blessing.

6

Like the wild cattle thirsty for the lightning, Heroes, come nigh this day to our libations. Men call on you with hymns in many places, but let not other worshippers detain you.

7

Bhujyu, abandoned in the midst of ocean, ye raised from out the water with your horses, Uninjured, winged, flagging not, undaunted, with deeds of wonder saving him, O Asvins.

8

Now hear, O Youthful Twain, mine invocation: come, Asvins, to the home where food aboundeth. Vouchsafe us wealth, do honour to our nobles. Preserve us evermore, ye Gods, with blessings.

HYMN LXX. Asvins.

1

RICH in all blessings, Asvins come ye hither: this place on earth is called your own possession, Like a strong horse with a fair back it standeth, whereon, as in a lap, ye seat you firmly.

2

This most delightful eulogy awaits you in the man's house drink-offering hath been heated, Which bringeth you over the seas and rivers, yoking as'twere two well-matched shining horses.

3

Whatever dwellings ye possess, O Asvins, in fields of men or in the streams of heaven, Resting upon the summit of the mountain, or bringing food to him who gives oblation,

4

Delight yourselves, ye Gods, in plants and waters when Rsis give them and ye find they suit You. Enriching us with treasures in abundance ye have looked back to former generations.

5

Asvins, though ye have heard them oft aforetime, regard the many prayers which Rsis offer. Come to the man even as his heart desireth: may we enjoy your most delightful favour.

6

Come to the sacrifice offered you, Nasatyas, with men, oblations, and prayer duly uttered. Come to Vasistha as his heart desireth, for unto you these holy hymns are chanted.

7

This is the thought, this is the song, O Asvins: accept this hymn of ours, ye Steers, with favour. May these our prayers addressed to you come nigh you. Preserve us evermore, ye Gods, with blessings.

HYMN LXXI. Asvins.

1

THE Night retireth from the Dawn her Sister; the Dark one yieldeth to the Red her pathway.
Let us invoke you rich in steeds and cattle – by day and night keep far from us the arrow.

2

Bearing rich treasure in your car, O Asvins, come to the mortal who presents oblation. Keep
at a distance penury and sickness; Lovers of Sweetness, day and night preserve us.

3

May your strong horses, seeking bliss, bring hither your chariot at the earliest flush of
morning. With coursers yoked by Law drive hither, Asvins, your car whose reins are light,
laden with treasure.

4

The chariot, Princes, that conveys you, moving at daylight, triple-seated, fraught with
riches, Even with this come unto us, Nasatyas, that laden with all food it may approach us.

5

Ye freed Cyavana from old age and weakness: ye brought the courser fleet of food to Pedu.
Ye rescued Atri from distress and darkness, and loosed for Jahusa the bonds that bound
him.

6

This is the thought, this is the song, O Asvins: accept this hymn of ours, ye Steers, With
favour. May these our prayers addressed to you come nigh you. Preserve us evermore, ye
Gods, with blessings.

HYMN LXXII. Asvins.

1

COME, O Nasatyas, on your car resplendent, rich in abundant wealth of kine and horses.
As harnessed steeds, all our laudations follow you whose forms shine with most delightful
beauty.

2

Come with the Gods associate, come ye hither to us, Nasatyas, with your car accordant.
'Twixt you and us there is ancestral friendship and common kin: remember and regard it.

3

Awakened are the songs that praise the Asvins, the kindred prayers and the Celestial
Mornings. Inviting those we long for, Earth and Heaven, the singer calleth these Nasatyas
hither.

4

What time the Dawns break forth in light, O Asvins, to you the poets offer their devotions.
God Savitar hath sent aloft his splendour, and fires sing praises with the kindled fuel.

5

Come from the west, come from the east, Nasatyas, come, Asvins, from below and from above us. Bring wealth from all sides for the Fivefold People. Preserve us evermore, ye Gods, with blessings.

HYMN LXXIII. Asvins.

1

WE have o'erpassed the limit of this darkness while, worshipping the Gods, we sang their praises. The song invoketh both Immortal Asvins far-reaching, born of old, great WonderWorkers.

2

And, O Nasatyas, man's dear Priest is seated, who brings to sacrifice and offers worship, Be near and taste the pleasant juice, O Asvins: with food, I call you to the sacrifices.

3

We choosing you, have let our worship follow its course: ye Steers, accept this hymn with favour. Obeying you as your appointed servant, Vasistha singing hath with lauds aroused you.

4

And these Two Priests come nigh unto our people, united, demon-slayers, mighty-handed. The juices that exhilarate are mingled. Injure us not, but come with happy fortune.

5

Come from the west, come from the east, Nasatyas, come, Asvins, from below and from above us. Bring wealth from all sides for the Fivefold People. Preserve us evermore, ye Gods, with blessings.

HYMN I.XXIV. Asvins.

1

THESE morning sacrifices call you, Asvins, at the break of day. For help have I invoked you rich in power and might: for, house by house ye visit all.

2

O Heroes, ye bestow wonderful nourishment. send it to him whose songs are sweet Accordant, both of you, drive your car down to us, and drink the savoury Soma juice.

3

Approach ye and be near to us. drink, O ye Asvins, of the meath. Draw forth the milk, ye Mighty, rich in genuine wealth: injure us not, and come to us.

4

The horses that convey you in their rapid flight down to the worshipper's abode, With these your speedy coursers, Heroes, Asvins, come, ye Gods, come well-inclined to us.

5

Yea, verily, our princes seek the Asvins in pursuit of food. These shall give lasting glory to our liberal lords, and, both Nasatyas, shelter us.

6

Those who have led the way, like cars, offending none, those who are guardians of the men— Also through their own might the heroes have grown strong, and dwell in safe and happy homes.

HYMN LXXV. Dawn.

1

BORN in the heavens the Dawn hath flushed, and showing her majesty is come as Law ordaineth. She hath uncovered fiends and hateful darkness; best of Angirases, hath waked the pathways.

2

Rouse us this day to high and happy fortune: to great felicity, O Dawn, promote us. Vouchsafe us manifold and splendid riches, famed among mortals, man—befriending Goddess!

3

See, lovely Morning's everlasting splendours, bright with their varied colours, have approached us. Filling the region of mid—air, producing the rites of holy worship, they have mounted.

4

She yokes her chariot far away, and swiftly visits the lands where the Five Tribes are settled, Looking upon the works and ways of mortals, Daughter of Heaven, the world's Imperial Lady.

5

She who is rich in spoil, the Spouse of Surya, wondrously opulent, rules all wealth and treasures. Consumer of our youth, the seers extol her: lauded by priests rich Dawn shines out refulgent.

6

Apparent are the steeds of varied colour, the red steeds carrying resplendent Morning. On her all—lovely car she comes, the Fair One, and brings rich treasure for her faithful servant.

7

True with the True and Mighty with the Mighty, with Gods a Goddess, Holy with the Holy, She brake strong fences down and gave the cattle: the kine were lowing as they greeted Morning.

8

O Dawn, now give us wealth in kine and heroes, and horses, fraught with manifold enjoyment. Protect our sacred grass from man's reproaches. Preserve us evermore, ye

Gods, with blessings.

HYMN LXXVI. Dawn.

1

SAVITAR God of all men hath sent upward his light, designed for all mankind, immortal. Through the Gods' power that Eye was first created. Dawn hath made all the universe apparent.

2

I see the paths which Gods are wont to travel, innocuous paths made ready by the Vasus. Eastward the flag of Dawn hath been uplifted; she hath come hither o'er the tops of houses.

3

Great is, in truth, the number of the Mornings which were aforetime at the Sun's uprising. Since thou, O Dawn, hast been beheld repairing as to thy love, as one no more to leave him.

4

They were the Gods' companions at the banquet, the ancient sages true to Law Eternal. The Fathers found the light that lay in darkness, and with effectual words begat the Morning.

5

Meeting together in the same enclosure, they strive not, of one mind, one with another. They never break the Gods' eternal statutes, and injure none, in rivalry with Vasus.

6

Extolling thee, Blest Goddess, the Vasisthas, awake at early mom, with lauds implore thee. Leader of kine and Queen of all that strengthens, shine, come as first to us, O high-born Morning.

7

She bringeth bounty and sweet charm of voices. The flushing Dawn is sung by the Vasisthas, Giving us riches famed to distant places. Preserve us evermore, ye Gods, with blessings.

HYMN LXXVIT. Dawn.

1

SHE hath shone brightly like a youthful woman, stirring to motion every living creature. Agni hath come to feed on mortal? fuel. She hath made light and chased away the darkness.

2

Turned to this All, far-spreading, she hath risen and shone in brightness with white robes about her. She hath beamed forth lovely with golden colours, Mother of kine, Guide of the days she bringeth.

3

Bearing the Gods' own Eye, auspicious Lady, leading her Courser white and fair to look on,
Distinguished by her beam—is Dawn shines apparent, come forth to all the world with
wondrous treasure.

4

Draw nigh with wealth and dawn away the foeman: prepare for us wide pasture free from
danger. Drive away those who hate us, bring us riches: pour bounty, opulent Lady, on the
singer.

5

Send thy most excellent beams to shine and light us, giving us lengthened days, O Dawn,
O Goddess, Granting us food, thou who hast all things precious, and bounty rich in chariots,
kine, and horses.

6

O Usas, nobly-born, Daughter of Heaven, whom the Vasisthas with their hymns make
mighty, Bestow thou on us vast and glorious riches. Preserve us evermore, ye Gods, with
blessings.

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HYMN LXXVIII. Dawn.

1

WE have beheld her earliest lights approaching: her many glories part, on high, asunder.
On car sublime, refulgent, wending hither, O Usas, bring the Wealth that makes us happy.

2

The fire well-kindled sings aloud to greet her, and with their hymns the priests are chanting welcome. Usas approaches in her splendour, driving all evil darkness far away, the Goddess.

3

Apparent eastward are those lights of Morning, sending out lustre, as they rise, around them. She hath brought forth Sun, sacrifice, and Agni, and far away hath fled detested darkness.

4

Rich Daughter of the Sky, we all behold her, yea, all men look on Dawn as she is breaking. Her car that moves self-harnessed hath she mounted, the car drawn onward by her well-yoked horses.

5

Inspired with loving thoughts this day to greet thee, we and our wealthy nobles have awakened. Show yourselves fruitful, Dawns, as ye are rising. Preserve us evermore, ye Gods, with blessings.

HYMN LXXIX. Dawn.

1

ROUSING the lands where men's Five Tribes are settled, Dawn hath disclosed the pathways of the people. She hath sent out her sheen with beauteous oxen. The Sun with light hath opened earth and heaven.

2

They paint their bright rays on the sky's far limits. the Dawns come on like tribes arrayed for battle. Thy cattle, closely shutting up the darkness, as Savitar spreads his arms, give forth their lustre.

3

Wealthy, most like to Indra, Dawn hath risen, and brought forth lauds that shall promote our welfare. Daughter of Heaven, a Goddess, she distributes, best of Angirases, treasures to the pious.

4

Bestow on us, O Dawn, that ample bounty which thou didst send to those who sang thy praises; Thou whom with bellowings of a bull they quickened: thou didst unbar the firm-set mountain's portals.

5

Impelling every God to grant his bounty sending to us the charm of pleasant voices, Vouchsafe us thoughts, for profit, as thou breakest. Preserve us evermore, ye Gods, with blessings.

HYMN LXXX. Dawn.

1

THE priests, Vasisthas, are the first awakened to welcome Usas with their songs and praises, Who makes surrounding regions part asunder, and shows apparent all existing creatures.

2

Giving fresh life when she hath hid the darkness, this Dawn hath wakened there with new-born lustre. Youthful and unrestrained she cometh forward: she hath turned thoughts to Sun and fire and worship.

3

May blessed Mornings shine on us for ever, with wealth of kine, of horses, and of heroes, Streaming with all abundance, pouring fatness. Preserve us evermore, ye Gods, with blessings.

HYMN LXXXI. Dawn.

1

ADVANCING, sending forth her rays, the Daughter of the Sky is seen. Uncovering, that we may see, the mighty gloom, the friendly Lady makes the light.

2

The Sun ascending, the refulgent Star, pours down his beams together with the Dawn. O Dawn, at thine arising, and the Sun's, may we attain the share allotted us.

3

Promptly we woke to welcome thee, O Usas, Daughter of the Sky, Thee, Bounteous One, who bringest all we long to have, and to the offerer health and wealth.

4

Thou, dawning, workest fain to light the great world, yea, heaven, Goddess! that it may be seen. We yearn to be thine own, Dealer of Wealth: may we be to this Mother like her sons.

5

Bring us that wondrous bounty, Dawn, that shall be famed most far away. What, Child of Heaven, thou hast of nourishment for man, bestow thou on us to enjoy.

6

Give to our princes opulence and immortal fame, and strength in herds of kine to us. May she who prompts the wealthy, Lady of sweet strains, may Usas dawn our foes away.

HYMN LXXXIT. Indra–Varuna

1

GRANT us your strong protection, Indra Varuna, our people, and our family, for sacrifice. May we subdue in fight our evil–hearted foes, him who attacks the man steadfast in lengthened rites.

2

O Indra–Varuna, mighty and very rich One of you is called Monarch and One Autocrat. All Gods in the most lofty region of the air have, O ye Steers, combined all power and might in you.

3

Ye with your strength have pierced the fountains of the floods: the Sun have ye brought forward as the Lord in heaven. Cheered by this magic draught ye, Indra–Varuna, made the dry places stream, made songs of praise flow forth.

4

In battles and in frays we ministering priests, kneeling upon our knees for furtherance of our weal, Invoke you, only you, the Lords of twofold wealth, you prompt to hear, we bards, O Indra–Varuna.

5

O Indra–Varuna, as ye created all these creatures of the world by your surpassing might, In peace and quiet Mitra waits on Varuna, the Other, awful, with the Maruts seeks renown.

6

That Varuna's high worth may shine preeminent, these Twain have measured each his proper power and might. The One subdueth the destructive enemy; the Other with a few furthereth many a man.

7

No trouble, no misfortune, Indra–Varuna, no woe from any side assails the mortal man Whose sacrifice, O Gods, ye visit and enjoy: ne'er doth the crafty guile of mortal injure him.

8

With your divine protection, Heroes, come to us: mine invocation hear, if ye be pleased therewith. Bestow ye upon us, O Indra–Varuna, your friendship and your kinship and your favouring grace.

9

In battle after battle, Indra–Varuna, be ye our Champions, ye who are the peoples' strength, When both opposing bands invoke you for the fight, and men that they may gain offspring and progeny.

10

May Indra, Varuna, Mitra, and Aryaman vouchsafe us glory and great shelter spreading far. We think of the beneficent light of Aditi, and Savitar's song of praise, the God who strengthens Law.

HYMN LXXXIII. Indra–Varuna.

1

LOOKING to you and your alliance, O ye Men, armed with broad axes they went forward, fain for spoil. Ye smote and slew his Dasa and his Aryan enemies, and helped Sudas with favour, Indra–Varuna.

2

Where heroes come together with their banners raised, in the encounter where is naught for us to love, Where all things that behold the light are terrified, there did ye comfort us, O Indra–Varuna.

3

The boundaries of earth were seen all dark with dust: O Indra–Varuna, the shout went up to heaven. The enmities of the people compassed me about. Ye heard my calling and ye came to me with help.

4

With your resistless weapons, Indra–Varuna, ye conquered Bheda and ye gave Sudas your aid. Ye heard the prayers of these amid the cries of war: effectual was the service of the Trtsus' priest.

5

O Indra–Varuna, the wickedness of foes and mine assailants' hatred sorely trouble me. Ye Twain are Lords of riches both of earth and heaven: so grant to us your aid on the decisive day.

6

The men of both the hosts invoked you in the fight, Indra and Varuna, that they might win the wealth, What time ye helped Sudas, with all the Trtsu folk, when the Ten Kings had pressed him down in their attack.

7

Ten Kings who worshipped not, O Indra–Varuna, confederate, in war prevailed not o'er Sudas. True was the boast of heroes sitting at the feast: so at their invocations Gods were on their side.

8

O Indra–Varuna, ye gave Sudas your aid when the Ten Kings in battle compassed him about, There where the white-robed Trtsus with their braided hair, skilled in song worshipped you with homage and with hymn.

9

One of you Twain destroys the Vrtras in the fight, the Other evermore maintains his holy Laws. We call on you, ye Mighty, with our hymns of praise. Vouchsafe us your protection, Indra–Varuna.

10

May Indra, Varuna, Mitra, and Aryaman vouchsafe us glory and great shelter spreading far. We think of the beneficent light of Aditi, and Savitar's song of praise, the God who strengthens Law.

HYMN LXXXIV. Indra–Varuna.

1

KINGS, Indra–Varuna, I would turn you hither to this our sacrifice with gifts and homage. Held in both arms the ladle, dropping fatness, goes of itself to you whose forms are varied.

2

Dyaus quickens and promotes your high dominion who bind with bonds not wrought of rope or cordage. Far from us still be Varuna's displeasure may Indra give us spacious room to dwell in.

3

Make ye our sacrifice fair amid the assemblies: make ye our prayers approved among our princes. May God–sent riches come for our possession: further ye us with your delightful succours.

4

O Indra–Varuna, vouchsafe us riches with store of treasure, food, and every blessing; For the Aditya, banisher of falsehood, the Hero, dealeth wealth in boundless plenty.

5

May this my song reach Varuna and Indra, and, strongly urging, win me sons and offspring. To the Gods' banquet may we go with riches. Preserve us evermore, ye Gods, with blessings.

HYMN LXXXV. Indra–Varuna.

1

FOR you I deck a harmless hymn, presenting the Soma juice to Varuna and Indra– A hymn that shines like heavenly Dawn with fatness. May they be near us on the march and guard us.

2

Here where the arrows fall amid the banners both hosts invoke the Gods in emulation. O Indra–Varuna, smite back those–our foemen, yea, smite them with your shaft to every quarter.

3

Self-lucid in their seats, e'en heavenly Waters endowed with Godhead Varuna and Indra. One of these holds the folk distinct and sundered, the Other smites and slays resistless foemen.

4

Wise be the priest and skilled in Law Eternal, who with his sacred gifts and oration. Brings you to aid us with your might, Adityas: let him have viands to promote his welfare.

5

May this my song reach Varuna and Indra, and, strongly urging, win me sons and offspring. To the Gods' banquet may we go with riches. Preserve us evermore, ye Gods with blessings.

HYMN LXXXVI. Varuna.

1

WISE, verily, are creatures through his greatness who stayed ever, spacious heaven and earth asunder; Who urged the high and mighty sky to motion, the Star of old, and spread the earth before him.

2

With mine own heart I commune on the question how Varuna and I may be united. What gift of mine will he accept unangered? When may I calmly look and find him gracious?

3

Fain to know this in in I question others: I seek the wise, O Varuna, and ask them. This one same answer even the sages gave me, "Surely this Varuna is angry with thee."

4

What, Varuna, hath been my chief transgression, that thou wouldst slay the friend who sings thy praises? Tell me, Unconquerable Lord, and quickly sinless will I approach thee with mine homage.

5

Free us from sins committed by our fathers, from those wherein we have ourselves offended. O King, loose, like a thief who feeds the cattle, as from the cord a calf, set free Vasistha.

6

Not our own will betrayed us, but seduction, thoughtlessness, Varuna wine, dice, or anger. The old is near to lead astray the younger: even sleep removeth not all evil-doing.

7

Slavelike may I do service to the Bounteous, serve, free from sin, the God inclined to anger. This gentle Lord gives wisdom to the simple: the wiser God leads on the wise to riches.

8

O Lord, O Varuna, may this laudation come close to thee and lie within thy spirit. May it be well with us in rest and labour. Preserve us ever—more, ye Gods, with blessings.

HYMN LXXXVII. Varuna.

1

VARUNA cut a pathway out for Surya, and led the watery floods of rivers onward. The Mares, as in a race, speed on in order. He made great channels for the days to follow.

2

The wind, thy breath, hath sounded through the region like a wild beast that seeks his food in pastures. Within these two, exalted Earth and Heaven, O Varuna, are all the forms thou lovest.

3

Varuna's spies, sent forth upon their errand, survey the two world—halves well formed and fashioned. Wise are they, holy, skilled in sacrifices, the furtherers of the praise—songs of the prudent.

4

To me who understand hath Varuna spoken, the names borne by the Cow are three times seven. The sapient God, knowing the place's secret, shall speak as 'twere to teach the race that cometh.

5

On him three heavens rest and are supported, and the three earths are there in sixfold order. The wise King Varuna hath made in heaven that Golden Swing to cover it with glory.

6

Like Varuna from heaven he sinks in Sindhu, like a white—shining spark, a strong wild creature. Ruling in depths and meting out the region, great saving power hath he, this world's Controller.

7

Before this Varuna may we be sinless him who shows mercy even to the sinner— While we are keeping Aditi's ordinances. Preserve us evermore, ye Gods, with blessings.

HYMN LXXXVIII. Varuna.

1

PRESENT to Varuna thine hymn, Vasistha, bright, most delightful to the Bounteous Giver, Who bringeth on to us the Bull, the lofty, the Holy, laden with a thousand treasures.

2

And now, as I am come before his presence, I take the face of Varuna for Agni's. So might he bring—Lord also of the darkness—the light in heaven that I may see its beauty!

3

When Varuna and I embark together and urge our boat into the midst of ocean, We, when we ride o'er ridges of the waters, will swing within that swing and there be happy.

4

Varuna placed Vasistha in the vessel, and deftly with his might made him a Rsi. When days shone bright the Sage made him a singer, while the heavens broadened and the Dawns were lengthened.

5

What hath become of those our ancient friendships, when without enmity we walked together? I, Varuna, thou glorious Lord, have entered thy lofty home, thine house with thousand portals.

6

If he, thy true ally, hath sinned against thee, still, Varuna, he is the friend thou lovedst. Let us not, Living One, as sinners I know thee: give shelter, as a Sage, to him who lauds thee.

7

While we abide in these fixed habitations, and from the lap of Aditi win favour, May Varuna untie the bond that binds us. Preserve us evermore, ye Gods, with blessings.

HYMN LXXXIX Varuna.

1

LET me not yet, King Varuna, enter into the house of clay: Have mercy, spare me, Mighty Lord.

2

When, Thunderer! I move along tremulous like a wind-blown skin, Have mercy, spare me, Mighty Lord.

3

O Bright and Powerful God, through want of strength I erred and went astray Have mercy, spare me, Mighty Lord.

4

Thirst found thy worshipper though he stood in the midst of water—fijods [sic]: Have mercy, spare me, Mighty Lord.

5

O Varuna, whatever the offence may be which we as men commit against the heavenly host, When through our want of thought we violate thy laws, punish us not, O God, for that iniquity.

HYMN XC. Vayu.

1

To you pure juice, rich in meath, are offered by priest: through longing for the Pair of Heroes. Drive, Vayu, bring thine harnessed horses hither: drink the pressed Soma till it make thee joyful.

2

Whoso to thee, the Mighty, brings oblation, pure Soma unto thee, pure—drinking Vayu, That man thou makest famous among mortals: to him strong sons are born in quick succession.

3

The God whom both these worlds brought forth for riches, whom heavenly Dhisana for our wealth appointeth, His team of harnessed horses waits on Vayu, and, foremost, on the radiant Treasure—bearer.

4

The spotless Dawns with fair bright days have broken; they found the spacious light when they were shining. Eagerly they disclosed the stall of cattle: floods streamed for them as in the days aforetime.

5

These with their truthful spirit, shining brightly, move on provided with their natural insight. Viands attend the car that beareth Heroes, your car, ye Sovran Pair, Indra and Vayu.

6

May these who give us heavenly light, these rulers, with gifts of kine and horses, gold and treasures. These princes, through full life, Indra and Vayu! o'ercome in battle with their steeds and heroes.

7

Like coursers seeking fame will we Vasisthas, O Indra—Vayu, with our fair laudations. Exerting all our power call you to aid us. Preserve us evermore, ye Gods, with blessings.

HYMN XCI. Vayu.

1

WERE not in sooth, the Gods aforetime blameless, whose pleasure was increased by adoration? For Vayu and for man in his affliction they caused the Morning to arise with Surya.

2

Guardians infallible, eager as envoys' preserve us safe through many months and autumns. Addressed to you, our fair praise, Indra—Vayu, implores your favour and renewed well-being.

3

Wise, bright, arranger of his teams, he. seeketh men with rich food whose treasures are abundant. They have arranged them of one mind with Vayu: the men have wrought all noble operations.

4

So far as native power and strength permit you, so far as men behold whose eyes have vision, O ye pure-drinkers, drink with us pure Soma: sit on this sacred grass, Indra and Vayu.

5

Driving down teams that bear the lovely Heroes, hitherward, Indra–Vayu, come together. To you this prime of savoury juice is offered: here loose your horses and be friendly-minded.

6

Your hundred and your thousand teams, O Indra and Vayu, all-munificent, which attend you, With these most gracious-minded come ye hither, and drink, O Heroes of the meath we offer.

7

Like coursers seeking fame will we Vasisthas, O Indra–Vayu, with our fair laudations, Exerting all our power, call you to aid us. Preserve us evermore, ye Gods, with blessings.

HYMN XCII. Vayu

1

O VAYU, drinker of the pure, be near us: a thousand teams are thine, All bounteous Giver. To thee the rapture-bringing juice is offered, whose first draught, God, thou takest as thy portion.

2

Prompt at the holy rites forth came the presser with Soma-draughts for Indra and for Vayu, When ministering priests with strong devotion bring to you Twain the first taste of the Soma.

3

The teams wherewith thou seekest him who offers, within his home, O Vayu, to direct him, Therewith send wealth: to us with full enjoyment, a hero son and gifts of kine and horses.

4

Near to the Gods and making Indra joyful, devout and offering precious gifts to Vayu, Allied with princes, smiting down the hostile, may we with heroes conquer foes in battle.

5

With thy yoked teams in hundreds and in thousands come to our sacrifice and solemn worship. Come, Vayu, make thee glad at this libation. Preserve us evermore, ye Gods, with blessings.

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HYMN XCIII. Indra–Agni.

1

SLAYERS of enemies, Indra and Agni, accept this day our new–born pure laudation. Again, again I call you prompt to listen, best to give quickly strength to him who craves it.

2

For ye were strong to gain, exceeding mighty, growing together, waxing in your vigour. Lords of the pasture filled with ample riches, bestow upon us strength both fresh and lasting.

3

Yea when the strong have entered our assembly, and singers seeking with their hymns your favour, They are like steeds who come into the race–course, those men who call aloud on Indra–Agni.

4

The singer, seeking with his hymns your favour, begs splendid riches of their first possessor. Further us with new bounties, Indra–Agni, armed with strong thunder, slayers of the foeman.

5

When two great hosts, arrayed against each other, meet clothed with brightness, in the fierce encounter Stand ye beside the godly, smite the godless; and still assist the men who press the Soma.

6

To this our Soma–pressing, Indra–Agni, come ye prepared to show your loving–kindness, For not at any time have ye despised us. So may I draw you with all strengthenings hither.

7

So Agni, kindled mid this adoration, invite thou Mitra, Varuna, and Indra. Forgive whatever sin we have committed may Aryaman and Aditi remove it.

8

While we accelerate these our sacrifices, may we win strength from both of you, O Agni: Ne'er may the Maruts, Indra, Visnu slight us. Preserve us evermore, ye Gods, with blessings.

HYMN XCIV. Indra–Agni.

1

As rain from out the cloud, for you, Indra and Agni, from my soul This noblest praise hath

been produced.

2

Do ye, O Indra–Agni, hear the singer's call: accept his songs. Ye Rulers, grant his heart's desire.

3

Give us not up to poverty, ye Heroes, Indra–Agni, nor To slander and reproach of men.

4

To Indra and to Agni we bring reverence, high and holy hymn, And, craving help, softwords with prayer.

5

For all these holy singers here implore these Twain to succour them, And priests that they may win them strength.

6

Eager to laud you, we with songs invoke you, bearing sacred food, Fain for success in sacrifice.

7

Indra and Agni, come to us with favour, ye who conquer men: Let not the wicked master us.

8

At no time let the injurious blow of hostile mortal fall on us: O Indra–Agni, shelter us.

9

Whatever wealth we crave of you, in gold, in cattle, or in steeds, That, Indra–Agni, let us gain;

10

When heroes prompt in worship call Indra and Agni, Lords of steeds, Beside the Soma juice effused.

11

Call hither with the song and lauds those who best slay the foemen, those Who take delight in hymns of praise.

12

Slay ye the wicked man whose thought is evil of the demon kind. Slay him who stays the waters, slay the Serpent with your deadly dart.

HYMN XCV. Sarasvati.

1

THIS stream Sarasvati with fostering current comes forth, our sure defence, our fort of iron. As on a car, the flood flows on, surpassing in majesty and might all other waters.

2

Pure in her course from mountains to the ocean, alone of streams Sarasvati hath listened. Thinking of wealth and the great world of creatures, she poured for Nahusa her milk and fatness.

3

Friendly to man he grew among the women, a strong young Steer amid the Holy Ladies. He gives the fleet steed to our wealthy princes, and decks their bodies for success in battle.

4

May this Sarasvati be pleased and listen at this our sacrifice, auspicious Lady, When we with reverence, on our knees, implore her close-knit to wealth, most kind to those she loveth.

5

These offerings have ye made with adoration: say this, Sarasvati, and accept our praises; And, placing us under thy dear protection, may we approach thee, as a tree, for shelter.

6

For thee, O Blest Sarasvati, Vasistha hath here unbarred the doors d sacred Order. Wax, Bright One, and give strength to him who lauds thee. Preserve us evermore, ye Gods, with blessings.

HYMN XCVI. Sarasvati.

1

I SING a lofty song, for she is mightiest, most divine of Streams. Sarasvati will I exalt with hymns and lauds, and, O Vasistha, Heaven and Earth.

2

When in the fulness of their strength the Purus dwell, Beauteous One, on thy two grassy banks, Favour us thou who hast the Maruts for thy friends: stir up the bounty of our chiefs.

3

So may Sarasvati auspicious send good luck; she, rich in spoil, is never niggardly in thought, When praised in jamadagni's way and lauded as Vasistha lauds.

4

We call upon Sarasvan, as unmarried men who long for wives, As liberal men who yearn for sons.

5

Be thou our kind protector, O Sarasvan, with those waves of thine Laden with sweets and dropping oil.

6

May we enjoy Sarasvan's breast, all-beautiful, that swells with streams, May we gain food and progeny.

HYMN XCVIL Brhaspati.

1

WHERE Heaven and Earth combine in men's assembly, and those who love the Gods delight in worship, Where the libations are effused for Indra, may he come first to drink and make him stronger.

2

We crave the heavenly grace of Gods to guard us—so may Brhaspati, O friends, exalt us—That he, the Bounteous God, may find us sinless, who giveth from a distance like a father.

3

That Brahmanaspati, most High and Gracious, I glorify with offerings and with homage. May the great song of praise divine, reach Indra who is the King of prayer the Gods' creation.

4

May that Brhaspati who brings all blessings, most dearly loved, be seated by our altar. Heroes and wealth we crave; may he bestow them, and bear us safe beyond the men who vex us.

5

To us these Deathless Ones, erst born, have granted this laud of ours which gives the Immortal pleasure. Let us invoke Brhaspati, the foeless, the clear-voiced God, the Holy One of households

6

Him, this Brhaspati, his red-hued horses, drawing together, full of strength, bring hither. Robed in red colour like the cloud, they carry the Lord of Might whose friendship gives a dwelling.

7

For he is pure, with hundred wings, refulgent, with sword of gold, impetuous, winning sunlight. Sublime Brhaspati, easy of access granteth his friends most bountiful refreshment.

8

Both Heaven and Earth, divine, the Deity's Parents, have made Brhaspati increase in grandeur. Glorify him, O friends, who merits glory: may he give prayer fair way and easy passage.

9

This, Brahmanaspati, is your laudation prayer hath been made to thunderwielding Indra. Favour our songs, wake up our thought and spirit: destroy the godless and our foemen's malice.

10

Ye Twain are Lords of wealth in earth and heaven, thou, O Brhaspati, and thou, O Indra. Mean though he be, give wealth to him who lauds you. Preserve us evermore, ye Gods, with blessings.

HYMN XCVIII. Indra.

1

PRIESTS, offer to the Lord of all the people the milked-out stalk of Soma, radiant-coloured. No wild-bull knows his drinking-place like Indra who ever seeks him who hath pressed the Soma,

2

Thou dost desire to drink, each day that passes, the pleasant food which thou hast had aforetime, O Indra, gratified in heart and spirit, drink eagerly the Soma set before thee.

3

Thou, newly-born, for strength didst drink the Soma; the Mother told thee of thy future greatness. O Indra, thou hast filled mid-air's wide region, and given the Gods by battle room and freedom.

4

When thou hast urged the arrogant to combat, proud in their strength of arm, we will subdue them. Or, Indra, when thou fightest girt by heroes, we in the glorious fray with thee will conquer.

5

I will declare the earliest deeds of Indra, and recent acts which Maghavan hath accomplished. When he had conquered godless wiles and magic, Soma became his own entire possession.

6

Thine is this world of flocks and herds around thee, which with the eye of Surya thou beholdest. Thou, Indra, art alone the Lord of cattle; may we enjoy the treasure which thou givest.

7

Ye Twain are Lords of wealth in earth and heaven, thou, O Brhaspati, and thou, O Indra. Mean though he be, give wealth to him who lauds you. Preserve us evermore, ye Gods, with blessings.

HYMN XCIX. Visnu.

1

MEN come not nigh thy majesty who growest beyond all bound and measure with thy body. Both thy two regions of the earth, O Visnu, we know: thou God, knowest the highest also.

2

None who is born or being born, God Visnu, hath reached the utmost limit of thy grandeur. The vast high vault of heaven hast thou supported, and fixed earth's eastern pinnacle securely.

3

Rich in sweet food be ye, and rich in milch–kine, with fertile pastures, fain to do men service. Both these worlds, Visnu, hast thou stayed asunder, and firmly fixed the earth with pegs around it.

4

Ye have made spacious room for sacrificing by generating Surya, Dawn, and Agni. O Heroes, ye have conquered in your battles even the bull–jawed Dasa's wiles and magic.

5

Ye have destroyed, thou, Indra, and thou Visnu, Sambara's nine–and–ninety fenced castles. Ye Twain smote down a hundred times a thousand resistless heroes of the royal Varcin.

6

This is the lofty hymn of praise, exalting the Lords of Mighty Stride, the strong and lofty. I laud you in the solemn synods, Visnu: pour ye food on us in our camps, O Indra.

7

O Visnu, unto thee my lips cry Vasat! Let this mine offering, Sipivista, please thee. May these my songs of eulogy exalt thee. Preserve us evermore, ye Gods, with blessings.

HYMN C. Visnu.

1

NE'ER doth the man repent, who, seeking profit, bringeth his gift to the far–striding Visnu. He who adoreth him with all his spirit winneth himself so great a benefactor.

2

Thou, Visnu, constant in thy courses, gavest good–will to all men, and a hymn that lasteth, That thou mightst move us to abundant comfort of very splendid wealth with store of horses.

3

Three times strode forth this God in all his grandeur over this earth bright with a hundred splendours. Foremost be Visnu, stronger than the strongest: for glorious is his name who lives for ever.

4

Over this earth with mighty step strode Visnu, ready to give it for a home to Manu. In him the humble people trust for safety: he, nobly born, hath made them spacious dwellings.

5

To–day I laud this name, O gipivista, I, skilled in rules, the name of thee the Noble. Yea, I the poor and weak praise thee the Mighty who dwellest in the realm beyond this region.

6

What was there to be blamed in thee, O Visnu, when thou declaredst, I am Sipivista? Hide

not this form from us, nor keep it secret, since thou didst wear another shape in battle.

7

O Visnu, unto thee my lips cry Vasat! Let this mine offering, Sipivista, please thee. May these my songs of eulogy exalt thee. Preserve us evermore, ye Gods, with blessings.

HYMN CI. Parjanya.

1

SPEAK forth three words, the words which light precedeth, which milk this udder that produceth nectar. Quickly made manifest, the Bull hath bellowed, engendering the germ of plants, the Infant.

2

Giver of growth to plants, the God who ruleth over the waters and all moving creatures, Vouchsafe us triple shelter for our refuge, and threefold light to succour and befriend us.

3

Now he is sterile, now begetteth offspring, even as he willeth doth he change his figure. The Father's genial flow bedews the Mother; therewith the Sire, therewith the son is nourished.

4

In him all living creatures have their being, and the three heavens with triply flowing waters. Three reservoirs that sprinkle down their treasure shed their sweet streams around him with a murmur.

5

May this my song to Sovran Lord Parjanya come near unto his heart and give him pleasure. May we obtain the showers that bring enjoyment, and God-protected plants with goodly fruitage.

6

He is the Bull of all, and their impregner lie holds the life of all things fixed and moving. May this rite save me till my hundredth autumn. Preserve us evermore, ye Gods, with blessings.

HYMN CII Parjanya.

1

SING forth and laud Parjanya, son of Heaven, who sends the gift of rain May he provide our pasturage.

2

Parjanya is the God who forms in kine, in mares, in plants of earth, And womankind, the germ of life.

3

Offer and pour into his mouth oblation rich in savoury juice: May he for ever give us food.

HYMN CIII. Frogs.

1

THEY who lay quiet for a year, the Brahmans who fulfil their vows, The Frogs have lifted up their voice, the voice Parjanya hath inspired.

2

What time on these, as on a dry skin lying in the pool's bed, the floods of heaven descended, The music of the Frogs comes forth in concert like the cows lowing with their calves beside them.

3

When at the coming of the Rains the water has poured upon them as they yearned and thirsted, One seeks another as he talks and greets him with cries of pleasure as a son his father.

4

Each of these twain receives the other kindly, while they are revelling in the flow of waters, When the Frog moistened by the rain springs forward, and Green and Spotty both combine their voices.

5

When one of these repeats the other's language, as he who learns the lesson of the teacher, Your every limb seems to be growing larger as ye converse with eloquence on the waters.

6

One is Cow-bellow and Goat-bleat the other, one Frog is Green and one of them is Spotty. They bear one common name, and yet they vary, and, talking, modulate the voice diversely.

7

As Brahmans, sitting round the brimful vessel, talk at the Soma-rite of Atiratra, So, Frogs, ye gather round the pool to honour this day of all the year, the first of Rain-time.

8

These Brahmans with the Soma juice, performing their year-long rite, have lifted up their voices; And these Adhvaryus, sweating with their kettles, come forth and show themselves, and none are hidden.

9

They keep the twelve month's God-appointed order, and never do the men neglect the season. Soon as the Rain-time in the year returneth, these who were heated kettles gain their freedom.

10

Cow-bellow and Goat-bleat have granted riches, and Green and Spotty have vouchsafed us treasure. The Frogs who give us cows in hundreds lengthen our lives in this most

fertilizing season.

HYMN CIV. Indra–Soma.

1

INDRA and Soma, burn, destroy the demon foe, send downward, O ye Bulls, those who add gloom to gloom. Annihilate the fools, slay them and burn them up: chase them away from us, pierce the voracious ones.

2

Indra and Soma, let sin round the wicked boil like as a caldron set amid the flames of fire. Against the foe of prayer, devourer of raw flesh, the vile fiend fierce of eye, keep ye perpetual hate.

3

Indra and Soma, plunge the wicked in the depth, yea, cast them into darkness that hath no support, So that not one of them may ever thence return: so may your wrathful might prevail and conquer them.

4

Indra and Soma, hurl your deadly crushing bolt down on the wicked fiend from heaven and from the earth. Yea, forge out of the mountains your celestial dart wherewith ye burn to death the waxing demon race.

5

Indra and Soma, cast ye downward out of heaven your deadly darts of stone burning with fiery flame, Eternal, scorching darts; plunge the voracious ones within the depth, and let them sink without a sound.

6

Indra and Soma, let this hymn control you both, even as the girth encompasses two vigorous steeds– The song of praise which I with wisdom offer you: do ye, as Lords of men, animate these my prayers.

7

In your impetuous manner think ye both thereon: destroy these evil beings, slay the treacherous fiends. Indra and Soma, let the wicked have no bliss who evermore assails us with malignity.

8

Whoso accuses me with words of falsehood when I pursue my way with guileless spirit, May he, the speaker of untruth, be, Indra, like water which the hollowed hand compresses.

9

Those who destroy, as is their wont, the simple, and with their evil natures harm the righteous, May Soma give them over to the serpent, or to the lap of Nirrti consign them.

10

The fiend, O Agni, who designs to injure the essence of our food, kine, steeds, or bodies, May he, the adversary, thief, and robber, sink to destruction, both himself and offspring.

11

May he be swept away, himself and children: may all the three earths press him down beneath them. May his fair glory, O ye Gods, be blighted, who in the day or night would fain destroy us.

12

The prudent finds it easy to distinguish the true and false: their words oppose each other. Of these two that which is the true and honest, Soma protects, and brings the false to nothing.

13

Never doth Soma aid and guide the wicked or him who falsely claims the Warrior's title. He slays the fiend and him who speaks untruly: both lie entangled in the noose of Indra.

14

As if I worshipped deities of falsehood, or thought vain thoughts about the Gods, O Agni. Why art thou angry with us, Jatavedas? Destruction fall on those who lie against thee!

15

So may I die this day if I have harassed any man's life or if I be a demon. Yea, may he lose all his ten sons together who with false tongue hath called me Yatudhana.

16

May Indra slay him with a mi weapon, and let the vilest ofghy [sic] all creatures perish, The fiend who says that he is pure, who calls me a demon though devoid of demon nature.

17

She too who wanders like an owl at night-time, hiding her body in her guile and malice, May she fall downward into endless caverns. May press-stones with loud ring destroy the demons.

18

Spread out, ye Maruts, search among the people: seize ye and grind the Raksasas to pieces, Who fly abroad, transformed to birds, at night-time, or sully and pollute our holy worship.

19

Hurl down from heaven thy bolt of stone, O Indra: sharpen it, Maghavan, made keen by Soma. Forward, behind, and from above and under, smite down the demons with thy rocky weapon.

20

They fly, the demon dogs, and, bent on mischief, fain would they harm indomitable Indra. Sakra makes sharp his weapon for the wicked: now, let him cast his bolt at fiendish

wizards.

21

Indra hath ever been the fiends' destroyer who spoil oblations of the Gods' invokers: Yea, Sakra, like an axe that splits the timber, attacks and smashes them like earthen vessels.

22

Destroy the fiend shaped like an owl or owlet, destroy him in the form of dog or cuckoo. Destroy him shaped as eagle or as vulture as with a stone, O Indra, crush the demon.

23

Let not the fiend of witchcraft-workers reach us: may Dawn drive off the couples of Kimidins. Earth keep us safe from earthly woe and trouble: from grief that comes from heaven mid-air preserve us.

24

Slay the male demon, Indra! slay the female, joying and triumphing in arts of magic. Let the fools' gods with bent necks fall and perish, and see no more the Sun when he arises.

25

Look each one hither, look around Indra and Soma, watch ye well. Cast forth your weapon at the fiends against the sorcerers hurt your bolt.

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