



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 09 Part 01

HYMN I. Soma Pavamana.

1

In sweetest and most gladdening stream flow pure, O Soma, on thy way, Pressed out for Indra, for his drink.

2

Fiend–queller, Friend of all men, he hath with the wood attained unto His place, his iron–fashioned home.

3

Be thou best Vrtra–slayer, best granter of bliss, most liberal: Promote our wealthy princes' gifts.

4

Flow onward with thy juice unto the banquet of the Mighty Gods: Flow hither for our strength and fame.

5

O Indu, we draw nigh to thee, with this one object day by day: To thee alone our prayers are said

6

By means of this eternal fleece may Surya's Daughter purify Thy Soma that is foaming forth.

7

Ten sister maids of slender form seize him within the press and hold Him firmly on the final day.

8

The virgins send him forth: they blow the the skin musician–like and fuse The triple foe–repelling meath.

9

Inviolable milch–kine round about him blend for Indra's drink, The fresh young Soma with their milk.

10

In the wild raptures of this draught, Indra slays all the Vrtras: he, The Hero, pours his wealth on us.

HYMN II. Soma Pavamana.

1

Soma, flow on, inviting Gods, speed to the purifying cloth: Pass into Indra, as a Bull.

2

As mighty food speed hitherward, Indu, as a most splendid Steer: Sit in thy place as one with strength.

3

The well-loved meath was made to flow, the stream of the creative juice ne [sic] Sage drew waters to himself.

4

The mighty waters, yea, the floods accompany thee Mighty One, When thou wilt clothe thee with the milk.

5

The lake is brightened in the floods. Soma, our Friend, heaven's prop and stay, Falls on the purifying cloth.

6

The tawny Bull hath bellowed, fair as mighty Mitra to behold: He shines together with the Sun.

7

Songs, Indu, active in their might are beautified for thee, wherewith Thou deckest thee for our delight.

8

To thee who givest ample room we pray, to win the joyous draught: Great are the praise& due to thee.

9

Indu as, Indra's Friend, on us pour with a stream of sweetness, like Parjanya sender of the rain.

10

Winner of kine, Indu, art thou, winner of heroes, steeds, and strength Primeval Soul of sacrifice.

HYMN III. Soma Pavamana.

1

HERE present this Immortal God flies, like a bird upon her wings, To settle in the vats of wood.

2

This God, made ready with the hymn, runs swiftly through the winding ways, Inviolable as he flows.

3

This God while flowing is adorned, like a bay steed for war, by men Devout and skilled in holy songs.

4

He, like a warrior going forth with heroes, as he flows along Is fain to win all precious boons.

5

This God, as he is flowing on, speeds like a car and gives his gifts: He lets his voice be heard of all

6

Praised by the sacred bards, this God dives into waters, and bestows Rich gifts upon the worshipper.

7

Away he rushes with his stream, across the regions, into heaven, And roars as he is flowing on.

8

While flowing, meet for sacrifice, he hath gone up to heaven across The regions, irresistible.

9

After the 'way of ancient time, this God, pressed out for Deities, Flows tawny to the straining-cloth.

10

This Lord of many Holy Laws, even at his birth engendering strength, Effused, flows onward in a stream.

HYMN IV. Soma Pavamana.

1

O Soma flowing on thy way, win thou and conquer high renown; And make us better than we are.

2

Win thou the light, win heavenly light, and, Soma, all felicities; And make us better than we are.

3

Win skilful strength and mental power. O Soma, drive away our foes; And make us better than we are.

4

Ye purifiers, purify Soma for Indra, for his drink: Make thou us better than we are.

5

Give us our portion in the Sun through thine own mental power and aids; And make us better than we are.

6

Through thine own mental power and aid long may we look upon the Sun; Make thou us better than we are.

7

Well-weaponed Soma, pour to us a stream of riches doubly great; And make us better than we are.

8

As one victorious unsubdued in battle pour forth wealth to us; And make us better than we are.

9

By worship, Pavamana! men have strengthened thee to prop the Law: Make thou us better than we are.

10

O Indu, bring us wealth in steeds, manifold. quickening all life; And make us better than we are.

HYMN V Apris.

1

ENKINDLED, Pavamana, Lord, sends forth his light on, every side In friendly show, the bellowing Bull.

2

He, Pavamana, Self-produced, speeds onward sharpening his horns: He glitters through the firmament.

3

Brilliant like wealth, adorable, with splendour Pavamana shines, Mightily with the streams of meath.

4

The tawny Pavamana, who strews from of old the grass with might, Is worshipped, God amid the Gods.

5

The golden, the Celestial Doors are lifted with their frames on high, By Pavamana glorified.

6

With passion Pavamana longs for the great lofty pair, well-formed Like beauteous maidens, Night and Dawn

7

Both Gods who look on men I call, Celestial Heralds: Indra's Self Is Pavamana, yea, the Bull.

8

This, Pavamana's sacrifice, shall the three beauteous Goddesses, Sarasvati and Bharati and Ila, Mighty One, attend.

9

1

summon Tvastar hither, our protector, champion, earliest-born, Indu is Indra, tawny Steer; Pavamana is Prajapati.

10

O Pavamana, with the meath in streams anoint Vanaspati, The ever-green. the golden-hued, refulgent, with a thousand boughs.

11

Come to the consecrating rite of Pavamana, all ye Gods,— Vayu, Surya, Brhaspati, Indra, and Agni, in accord.

HYMN VI. Soma Pavamana.

1

SOMA, flow on with pleasant stream, a Bull devoted to the Gods, Our Friend, unto the woollen sieve.

2

Pour hitherward, as Indra's Self, Indu, that gladdening stream of thine, And send us coursers full of strength.

3

Flow to the filter hitherward, pouring that ancient gladdening juice, Streaming forth power and high renown.

4

Hither the sparkling drops have flowed, like waters down a steep descent They have reached Indra purified.

5

Whom, having passed the filter, ten dames cleanse, as 'twere a vigorous steed, While he disports him in the wood,—

6

The steer-strong juice with milk pour forth, for feast and service of the Gods, To him who bears away the draught.

7

Effused, the God flows onward with his stream to Indra, to the God, So that his milk may strengthen him.

8

Soul of the sacrifice, the juice effused flows quickly on: he keeps His ancient wisdom of a Sage.

9

So pouring forth, as Indra's Friend, strong drink, best Gladdener! for the feast, Thou, even in secret, storest hymns.

HYMN VII. Soma Pavamana.

1

FORTH on their way the glorious drops have flowed for maintenance of Law, Knowing this sacrifice's course.

2

Down in the mighty waters sinks the stream of meath, most excellent, Oblation best of all in worth.

3

About the holy place, the Steer true, guileless, noblest, hath sent forth Continuous voices in the wood.

4

When, clothed in manly strength, the Sage flows in celestial wisdom round, The Strong would win the light of heaven.

5

When purified, he sits as King above the hosts, among his folk, What time the sages bring him nigh.

6

Dear, golden-coloured, in the fleece he sinks and settles in the wood: The Singer shows his zeal in hymns.

7

He goes to Indra, Vayu, to the Asvins, as his custom is, With gladdening juice which gives them joy.

8

The streams of pleasant Soma flow to Bhaga, Mitra–Varuna,– Well-knowing through his mighty powers. Heaven and Earth, riches of meath to win us wealth: Gain for us treasures and renown.

HYMN VIII. Soma Pavamana.

1

OBEYING Indra's dear desire these Soma juices have flowed forth, Increasing his heroic might.

2

Laid in the bowl, pure-flowing on to Vayu and the Asvins, may These give us great heroic strength.

3

Soma, as thou art purified, incite to bounty Indra's heart, To sit in place of sacrifice.

4

The ten swift fingers deck thee forth, seven ministers impel thee on: The sages have rejoiced in thee.

5

When through the filter thou art poured, we clothe thee with a robe of milk To be a gladdening draught for Gods.

6

When purified within the jars, Soma, brightred and golden-hued, Hath clothed him with a robe of milk.

7

Flow on to us and make us rich. Drive all our enemies away. O Indu, flow into thy Friend. Send down the rain from heaven, a stream of opulence from earth. Give us, O Soma, victory in war.

9

May we obtain thee, Indra's drink, who viewest men and findest light, Gain thee, and progeny and food.

HYMN IX. Soma Pavamana.

I. THE Sage of Heaven whose heart is wise, when laid between both hands and pressed, Sends us delightful powers of life.

2

On, onward to a glorious home; dear to the people void of guile, With excellent enjoyment, flow.

3

He, the bright Son, when born illumed his Parents who had sprung to life, Great Son great Strengtheners of Law.

4

Urged by the seven devotions he hath stirred the guileless rivers which Have magnified the Single Eye.

5

These helped to might the Youthful One, high over all, invincible, Even Indu, Indra! in thy law.

6

The immortal Courser, good to draw, looks down upon the Seven: the fount Hath satisfied the Goddesses

7

Aid us in holy rites, O Man: O Pavamana, drive away Dark shades that must be met in fight.

8

Make the paths ready for a hymn newer and newer evermore: Make the lights shine as erst they shone.

9

Give, Pavamana, high renown, give kine and steeds and hero sons: Win for us wisdom, win the light.

HYMN X. Soma Pavamana.

1

LIKE cars that thunder on their way, like coursers eager for renown, Have Soma—drops flowed forth for wealth.

2

Forth have they rushed from holding hands, like chariots that are urged to speed, Like joyful songs of singing—men.

3

The Somas deck themselves with milk, as Kings are graced with eulogies, And, with seven priests, the sacrifice.

4

Pressed for the gladdening draught, the drops flow forth abundantly with song, The Soma juices in a stream.

5

Winning Vivasvan's glory and producing Morning's light, the Suns Pass through the openings of the cloth.

6

The singing—men of ancient time open the doors of sacred songs,— Men, for the mighty to accept.

7

Combined in close society sit the seven priests, the brother—hood, Filling the station of the One.

8

He gives us kinship with the Gods, and with the Sun unites our eye: The Sage's offspring hath appeared.

9

The Sun with his dear eye beholds that quarter of the heavens which priests Have placed within the sacred cell.

HYMN XL Soma Pavamana.

1

SING forth to Indu, O ye men, to him who is purified, Fain to pay worship to the Gods.

2

Together with thy pleasant juice the Atharvans have commingled milk, Divine, devoted to the God.

3

Bring, by thy flowing, weal to kine, weal to the people, weal to steeds. Weal, O thou King, to growing plants

4

Sing a praise-song to Soma brown of hue, of independent might. The Red, who reaches up to heaven.

5

Purify Soma when effused with stones which bands move rapidly, And pour the sweet milk in the meath.

6

With humble homage draw ye nigh; blend the libation with the curds: To Indra offer Indu up.

7

Soma, foremost chief o'er men, doing the will of pour forth Prosperity upon our kine.

8

Heart-knower, Sovran of the heart, thou art effused, O Soma, that Indra may drink thee and rejoice.

9

O Soma Pavamana, give us riches and heroic strength,— Indu! with. Indra for ally.

HYMN XII. Soma Pavamana.

1

To Indra have the Soma drops, exceeding rich in sweets, been poured, Shed in the seat of sacrifice.

2

As mother kine low to their calves, to Indra have the sages called, Called him to drink the Soma juice.

3

In the stream's wave wise Soma dwells, distilling rapture, in his seat, Resting upon a wild-cow's hide.

4

Far-sighted Soma, Sage and Seer, is worshipped in the central point Of heaven, the straining-cloth of wool.

5

In close embraces Indu holds Soma when poured within the jars. And on the. purifying sieve.

6

Indu sends forth a voice on high to regions of the sea of air, Shaking the vase that drops with meath.

7

The Tree whose praises never fail yields heavenly milk among our hymns, Urging men's generations on.

8

The Wise One, with the Sage's stream, the Soma urged to speed, flows on To the dear places of the sky.

9

O Pavamana, bring us wealth bright with a thousand splendours. Yea. O Indu, give us ready help.

HYMN XIII. Soma Pavamana.

1

PASSED through, the fleece in thousand streams the Soma, purified, flows on To Indra's, Viyu's special place.

2

Sing forth, ye men who long for help, to Pavamana, to the Sage, Effused to entertain the Gods.

3

The Soma-drops with thousand powers are purified for victory, Hymned to become the feast of Gods.

4

Yea, as thou flowest bring great store of food that we may win the spoil Indu, bring splendid

manly might.

5

May they in flowing give us wealth in thousands, and heroic power,— These Godlike Soma—drops effused.

6

Like coursers by their drivers urged, they were poured forth, for victory, Swift through the woollen straining—cloth.

7

Noisily flow the Soma—drops, like milch—kine lowing to their calves: They have run forth from both the hands.

8

As Gladdener whom Indra loves, O Pavamana, with a roar Drive all our enemies away.

9

O Pavamamas, driving off the godless, looking on the light, Sit in the place of sacrifice.

HYMN XIV. Soma Pavamana.

1

REPOSING on the river's wave the Sage hath widely flowed around, Bearing the hymn which many love.

2

When the Five kindred Companies, active in duty, with the song Establish him, the Powerful,

3

Then in his juice whose strength is great, have all the Gods rejoiced themselves, When he hath clothed him in the milk.

4

Freeing himself he flows away, leaving his body's severed limbs, And meets his own Companion here.

5

He by the daughters of the priest, like a fair youth, hath been adorned, Making the milk, as 'twere, his robe.

6

O'er the fine fingers, through desire of milk, in winding course he goes, And utters voice which he hath found.

7

The nimble fingers have approached, adorning him the Lord of Strength: They grasp the

vigorous Courser's back.

8

Comprising all the treasures that are in the heavens and on the earth, Come, Soma, as our faithful Friend.

HYMN XV. Soma Pavamana.

1

THROUGH the fine fingers, with the song, this Hero comes with rapid ears, Going to Indra's special place.

2

In holy thought he ponders much for the great worship of the Gods. Where the Immortals have their seat.

3

Like a good horse is he led out, when on the path that shines with light The mettled steeds exert their strength.

4

He brandishes his horns on high, and whets them Bull who leads the herd, Doing with might heroic deeds.

5

He moves, a vigorous Steed, adorned with beauteous rays of shining gold, Becoming Sovran of the streams.

6

He, over places rough to pass, bringing rich treasures closely packed. Descends into the reservoirs.

7

Men beautify him in the vats, him worthy to be beautified, Him who brings forth abundant food.

8

Him, even him, the fingers ten and the seven songs make beautiful, Well-weaponed, best of gladdeners.

HYMN XVI. Soma Pavamana.

1

THE pressers from the Soma-press send forth thy juice for rapturous joy The speckled sap runs like a flood.

2

With strength we follow through the sieve him who brings might and wins the kine, Enrobed

in water with his juice.

3

Pour on the sieve the Soma, ne'er subdued in waters, waterless, And make it pure for Indra's drink.

4

Moved by the purifier's thought, the Soma flows into the sieve: By wisdom it hath gained its home.

5

With humble homage, Indra, have the Soma—drops flowed forth to thee, Contending for the glorious prize.

6

Purified in his fleecy garb, attaining every beauty, he Stands, hero—like, amid the kine.

7

Swelling, as 'twere, to heights of heaven, the stream of the creative juice Falls lightly on the cleansing sieve.

8

Thus, Soma, purifying him who knoweth song mid living men, Thou wanderest through the cloth of wool.

HYMN XVII. Soma Pavamana.

1

LIKE rivers down a steep descent, slaying the Vrtras, full of zeal, The rapid Soma—streams have flowed.

2

The drops of Soma juice effused fall like the rain upon the earth: To Indra flow the Soma—streams.

3

With swelling wave the gladdening drink, the Soma, flows into the sieve, Loving the Gods and slaying fiends.

4

It hastens to the pitchers, poured upon the sieve it waxes strong At sacrifices through the lauds.

5

Soma, thou shinest mounting heaven as 'twere above light's triple realm, And moving seemest to speed the Sun.

6

To him, the head of sacrifice, singers and bards have sung their songs, Offering what he loves to see.

7

The men, the sages with their hymns, eager for help, deck thee strong & teed, Deck thee for service of the Gods.

8

Flow onward to the stream of meath rest efficacious in thy home, Fair, to be drunk at sacrifice.

HYMN XVIII. Soma Pavamana.

1

THOU, Soma, dweller on the hills, effused, hast flowed into the sieve,: All-bounteous art thou in carouse.

2

Thou art a sacred Bard, a Sage; the meath is offspring of thy sap: All-bounteous art thou in carouse.

3

All Deities of one accord have come that they may drink of thee: All-bounteous art thou in carouse.

4

He who containeth in his hands all treasures much to be desired: All-bounteous art thou in carouse.

5

Who milketh out this mighty Pair, the Earth and Heaven, like mother kine All-bounteous art thou in carouse.

6

Who in a moment mightily floweth around these two world-halves: All-bounteous art thou in carouse.

7

The Strong One, being purified, hath in the pitchers cried aloud: All-bounteous art thou in carouse.

HYMN XIX. Soma Pavamana.

1

O SOMA, being purified bring us the wondrous treasure, meet For lauds, that is in earth and heaven.

2

For ye Twain, Indra, Soma, are Lords of the light, Lords of the kine: Great Rulers, prosper ye our songs.

3

The tawny Steer, while cleansed among the living, bellowing on the grass, Hath sunk and settled in his home.

4

Over the Steer's productive flow the sacred songs were resonant, The mothers of the darling Son.

5

Hath he not, purified, impregnated the kine who long to meet their Lord, The kine who yield the shining milk?

6

Bring near us those who stand aloof strike fear into our enemies: O Pavamana, find us wealth.

7

Soma, bring down the foeman's might, his vigorous strength and vital powe'r, Whether he be afar or near.

HYMN XX Soma Pavamana.

1

FORTH through the straining-cloth the Sage flows to the banquet of the Gods, Subduing all our enemies.

2

For he, as Pavamana, sends thousandfold treasure in the shape Of cattle to the singing-men.

3

Thou graspest all things with thy mind, and purifiest thee with thoughts As such, O Soma, find us fame.

4

Pour lofty glory on us, send sure riches to our liberal lords, Bring food to those who sing thy praise.

5

As thou art cleansed, O Wondrous Steed, O Soma, thou hast entered, like A pious King, into the songs.

6

He, Soma, like a courser in the floods invincible, made clean With hands, is resting in the

jars.

7

Disporting, like a liberal chief, thou goest, Soma, to the sieve, Lending the laud a Hero's strength.

HYMN XXI. Soma Pavamana.

1

To Indra flow these running drops, these Somas frolicsome in mood. Exhilarating, finding light;

2

Driving off foes, bestowing room upon the presser, willingly Bringing their praiser vitalforce.

3

Lightly disporting them, the drops flow to one common reservoir, And fall into the river's wave.

4

These Pavamanas have obtained all blessings much to be desired, Like coursers harnessed to a car.

5

With view to us, O Soma–drops, bestow his manifold desire On him who yet hath given us naught.

6

Bring us our wish with this design, as a wright brings his new–wrought wheel: Flow pure and shining with the stream.

7

These drops have cried with resonant voice: like swift steeds they have run the course, And roused the good man's hymn to life.

HYMN XXII. Soma Pavamana.

1

THESE rapid Soma–streams have stirred themselves to motion like strong steeds, Like cars, like armies hurried forth.

2

Swift as wide winds they lightly move, like rain–storms of Parjanya, like The flickering flames of burning fire.

3

These Soma juices, blent with curds, purified, skilled in sacred hymns, Have gained by song their hearts desire.

4

Immortal, cleansed, these drops, since first they flowed, have never wearied, fain To reach the regions and their paths.

5

Advancing they have travelled o'er the ridges of the earth and heaven, And this the highest realm of all.

6

Over the heights have they attained the highest thread that is spun out, And this which must be deemed most high.

7

Thou, Soma, boldest wealth in kine which thou hast seized from niggard churls: Thou calledst forth the outspun thread.

HYMN XXIII. Soma Pavamana.

1

SWIFT Soma drops have been effused in streams of meath, the gladdening drink, For sacred lore of every kind.

2

Hither to newer. resting-place the ancient Living Ones are come. They made the Sun that he might shine.

3

O Pavamana, bring to us the unsacrificing foeman's wealth, And give us food with progeny.

4

The living Somas being cleansed diffuse exhilarating drink, Turned to the vat which drips with meath.

5

Soma gows [sic] on intelligent, possessing sap and mighty strength, Brave Hero who repels the curse.

6

For Indra, Soma! thou art cleansed, a feast-companion for the Gods: Indu, thou fain wilt win us strength

7

When he had drunken draughts of this, Indra smote down resistless foes: Yea, smote them, and shall smite them still.

HYMN XXIV.Soma Pavamana.

1

HITHERWARD have the Soma streamed, the drops while they are purified: When blent, in waters they are rinsed.

2

The milk hath run to meet them like floods rushing down a precipice: They come to Indra, being cleansed.

3

O Soma Pavamana, thou art flowing to be Indra's drink: The men have seized and lead thee forth.

4

Victorious, to be hailed with joy, O Soma, flow, delighting men, To him who ruleth o'er mankind.

5

Thou, Indu, when, effused by stones, thou runnest to the filter, art, Ready for Indra's high decree.

6

Flow on, best Vrtra-slayer; flow meet to be hailed with joyful lauds. Pure, purifying, wonderful.

7

Pure, purifying is he called the Soma of the meath eflused [sic], Slayer of sinners, dear to Gods.

HYMN XXV. Soma Pavamana.

1

GREEN-HUED! as one who giveth strength flow on for Gods to drink, a draught For Vayu and the Marut host.

2

O Pavamana, sent by song, roaring about thy dwelling-place, Pass into Vayu as Law bids.

3

The Steer shines with the Deities, dear Sage in his appointed home, Foe-Slayer, most beloved by Gods.

4

Taking each beauteous form, he goes, desirable, while purified, Thither where- the Immortals sit.

5

To Indra Soma flows, the Red, engendering song, exceeding wise, The visitor of living men.

6

Flow, best exhilarator, Sage, flow to the filter in a stream To seat thee in the place of song.

-- Book 09 Part 01 --

Book 09 Part 02

HYMN XXVI. Soma Pavamana.

1

THE sages with the fingers' art have dressed and decked that vigorous Steed Upon the lap of Aditi,

2

The kine have called aloud to him exhaustless with a thousand streams, To Indu who supporteth heaven.

3

Him, nourisher of many, Sage, creative Pavamana, they Have sent, by wisdom, to the sky.

4

Him, dweller with Vivasvan, they with use of both arms have sent forth, The Lord of Speech infallible.

5

Him, green, beloved, many eyed, the Sisters with prosing stones Send down to ridges of the sieve.

6

O Pavamana, Indu, priests hurry thee on to Indra, thee Who aidest song and cheerest him.

HYMN XXVII. Soma Pavamana.

1

THIS Sage, exalted by our lauds, flows to the purifying cloth, Scattering foes as he is cleansed.

2

As giving power and winning light, for Indra and for Vayu he Is poured upon the filtering-cloth.

3

The men conduct him, Soma, Steer, Omniscient, and the Head of Heaven, Effused into the vats of wood.

4

Longing for kine, longing for gold hath Indu Pavamana lowed, Still Conqueror, never overcome.

5

This Pavamana, gladdening draught, drops on the filtering cloth, and then Mounts up with Surya to the sky.

6

To Indra in the firmament this mighty tawny Steer hath flowed, This Indu, being purified.

HYMN XXVIII. Soma Pavamana.

1

URGED by the men, this vigorous Steed, Lord of the mind, Omniscient, Runs to the woollen straining-cloth.

2

Within the filter hath he flowed, this Soma for the Gods effused, Entering all their essences.

3

He shines in beauty there, this God Immortal in his dwelling-place, Foe-slayer, dearest to the Gods.

4

Directed by the Sisters ten, bellowing on his way this Steer Runs onward to the wooden vats.

5

This Pavamana, swift and strong, Omniscient, gave splendour to The Sun and all his forms of light.

6

This Soma being purified, flows mighty and infallible, Slayer of sinners, dear to Gods.

HYMN XXIX. Soma Pavamana.

1

FORWARD with mighty force have flowed the currents of this Steer effused, Of him who sets him by the Gods.

2

The singers praise him with their song, and learned priests adorn the Steed, Brought forth as light that merits laud.

3

These things thou winnest lightly while purified, Soma, Lord of wealth: Fill full the sea that claims our praise.

4

Winning all precious things at once, flow on, O Soma, with thy stream Drive to one place our enemies.

5

Preserve us from the godless, from ill–omened voice of one and all, That so we may be freed from blame.

6

O Indu, as thou flowest on bring us the wealth of earth and heaven, And splendid vigour, in thy stream.

HYMN XXX. Soma Pavamana.

1

STREAMS of this Potent One have flowed easily to the straining–cloth: While he is cleansed he lifts his voice.

2

Indu, by pressers urged to speed, bellowing out while beautified. Sends forth a very mighty sound.

3

Pour on us, Soma, with thy stream manconquering might which many crave, Accompanied with hero sons.

4

Hither hath Pavamana flowed, Soma flowed hither in a stream, To settle in the vats of wood.

5

To waters with the stones they drive thee tawny–hued, most rich in sweets, O Indu, to be Indra's drink.

6

For Indra, for the Thunderer press the Soma very rich in sweets, Lovely, inspiriting, for strength.

HYMN XXXI. Soma Pavamana.

1

THE, Soma–drops, benevolent, come forth as they are purified, Bestowing wealth which all may see.

2

O Indu, high o'er heaven and earth be thou, increaser of our might: The Master of all strength be thou.

3

The winds are gracious in their love to thee, the rivers flow to thee Soma, they multiply thy power.

4

Soma, wax great. From every side may vigorous powers unite in thee: Be in the gathering—Place of strength.

5

For thee, brown—hued! the kine have poured imperishable oil and milk. Aloft on the sublimest height.

6

Friendship, O Indu, we desire with thee who bearest noble arms, With thee, O Lord of all that is.

HYMN XXXII. Soma Pavamana.

1

THE rapture—shedding Soma—drops, effused in our assembly, have Flowed forth to glorify our prince.

2

Then Trita's Maidens onward urge the Tawny—coloured with the stones, Indu for Indra, for his drink.

3

Now like a swan he maketh all the company sing each his hymn: He, like a steed, is bathed in milk.

4

O Soma, viewing heaven and earth, thou runnest like a darting deer Set in the place of sacrifice.

5

The cows have sung with joy to him, even as a woman to her love He came as to a settled race.

6

Bestow illustrious fame on us, both on our liberal lords and me, Glory, intelligence, and wealth.

HYMN XXXIII. Soma Pavamana.

1

LIKE waves of waters, skilled in song the juices of the Soma speed Onward, as buffaloes to woods.

2

With stream of sacrifice the brown bright drops have flowed with strength in store Of kine into the wooden vats.

3

To Indra, Vayu, Varuna, to Visnu, and the Maruts, flow The drops of Soma juice effused.

4

Three several words are uttered: kine are jowing, cows who give their milk: The Tawny-hued goes bellowing on.

5

The young and sacred mothers of the holy rite have uttered praise: They decorate the Child of Heaven.

6

From every side, O Soma, for our profit, pour thou forth four seas Filled full of riches thousandfold.

HYMN XXXIV. Some Pavamana.

1

THE drop of Soma juice effused flows onward with this stream impelled. Rending strong places with its might.

2

Poured forth to Indra, Varuna, to Vayu and the Marut hosts, To Visnu, flows the Soma juice.

3

With stones they press the Soma forth, the Strong conducted by the strong: They milk the liquor out with skill.

4

'Tis he whom Trita must refine, 'tis he who shall make Indra glad: The Tawny One is decked with tints.

5

Him do the Sons of Prsni milk, the dwelling-place of sacrifice, Oblation lovely and most dear.

6

To him in one united stream these songs flow on straight forward. he, Loud voiced, hath made the milch-kine low.

HYMN XXXV. Soma Pavamana.

1

Pour forth on us abundant wealth, O Pavamana, with thy stream. Wherewith thou mayest find us light

2

O Indu, swayer of the sea, shaker of all things, flow thou on, Bearer of wealth to us with

might.

3

With thee for Hero, Valiant One! may we subdue our enemies: Let what is precious flow to us.

4

Indu arouses strength the Sage who strives for victory, winning power, Discovering holy works and means.

5

Mover of speech, we robe him with our songs as he is purified Soma, the Guardian of the folk;

6

On whose way, Lord of Holy Law, most richi [sic] as he is purified. The people all have set their hearts.

HYMN XXXVI. Soma Pavamana.

1

FORTH from the mortar is the juice sent, like a car-horse, to the sieve: The Steed steps forward to the goal.

2

Thus, Soma, watchful, bearing well, cheering the Gods, flow past the sieve, Turned to the vat that drops with meath.

3

Excellent Pavamana, make the lights shine brightly out for us. Speed us to mental power and skill.

4

He, beautified by pious men, and coming from their hands adorned, Flows through the fleecy straining-cloth.

5

May Soma pour all treasures of the heavens, the earth, the firmament Upon the liberal worshipper.

6

Thou mountest to the height of heaven, O Soma, seeking steeds and kine, And seeking heroes, Lord of Strength!

HYMN XXXVII. Soma Pavamana.

1

SOMA, the Steer, effused for draught, flows to the purifying sieve, Slaying the fiends, loving

the Gods.

2

Far-sighted, tawny-coloured, he flows to the sieve, intelligent, Bellowing, to his place of rest.

3

This vigorous Pavamana runs forth to the luminous realm of heaven, Fiend-slayer, through the fleecy sieve.

4

This Payamana up above Trita's high ridge hath made the Sun, Together with the Sisters, shine.

5

This Vrtra-slaying Steer, effused, Soma room-giver, ne'er deceived, Hath gone, as 'twere, to win the spoil.

6

Urged onward by the sage, the God speeds forward to the casks of wood, Indu to Indra willingly.

HYMN XXXVIII. Soma Pavamana.

1

THIS Steer, this Chariot, rushes through the woollen filter, as he goes To war that wins a thousand spoils.

2

The Dames of Trita with the stones onward impel this Tawny One Indu to Indra for his drink.

3

Ten active fingers carefully adorn him here; they make him bright And beauteous for the gladdening draught.

4

He like a falcon settles down amid the families of men. Speeding like lover to his love.

5

This young exhilarating juice looks downward from its place in heaven, This Soma-drop that pierced the sieve.

6

Poured for the draught, this tawny juice flows forth, intelligent, crying out, Unto the well-beloved place.

HYMN XXXIX Soma Pavamana.

1

FLOW On, O thou of lofty thought, flow swift in thy beloved form, Saying, I go where dwell the Gods.

2

Preparing what is unprepared, and bringing store of food to man, Make thou the rain descend from heaven.

3

With might, bestowing power, the juice enters the purifying sieve, Far-seeing, sending forth its light.

4

This is it which in rapid course hath with the river's wave flowed down From heaven upon the straining cloth.

5

Inviting him from far away, and even from near at hand, the juice For Indra is poured forth as meath.

6

In union they have sung the hymn: with stones they urge the Tawny One. Sit in the place of sacrifice.

HYMN XL. Soma Pavamana.

1

THE Very Active hath assailed, while purified, all enemies: They deck the Sage with holy songs.

2

The Red hath mounted to his place; to India, goes the mighty juice: He settles in his firm abode.

3

O Indu, Soma, send us now great opulence from every side, Pour on us treasures thousandfold.

4

O Soma Pavamana, bring, Indu, all splendours hitherward: Find for us food in boundless store.

5

As thou art cleansed, bring hero strength and riches to thy worshipper, And prosper thou the singer's hymns.

6

O Indu, Soma, being cleansed, bring hither riches doubly piled, Wealth, mighty Indu, meet

for lauds.

HYMN XLI. Soma Pavamana.

1

ACTIVE and bright have they come forth, impetuous in speed like bulls, Driving the black skin far away.

2

Quelling the riteless Dasyu, may we think upon the bridge of bliss, Leaving the bridge of woe behind.

3

The mighty Pavamana's roar is heard as 'twere the rush of rain Lightnings are flashing to the sky.

4

Pour out on us abundant food, when thou art pressed, O Indu wealth In kine and gold and steeds and spoil.

5

Flow on thy way, Most Active, thou. fill full the mighty heavens and earth, As Dawn, as Surya with his beams.

6

On every side, O Soma, flow round us with thy protecting stream, As Rasa flows around the world.

HYMN XLII. Soma Pavamana.

1

ENGENDERING the Sun in floods, engendering heaven's lights, green-hued, Robed in the waters and the milk,

2

According to primeval plan this Soma, with his stream, effused Flows purely on, a God for Gods.

3

For him victorious, waxen great, the juices with a thousand powers Are purified for winning spoil.

4

Shedding the ancient fluid he is poured into the cleansing sieve: He, thundering, hath produced the Gods.

5

Soma, while purifying, sends hither all things to be desired, He sends the Gods who

strengthen Law.

6

Soma, effused, pour on us wealth in kine, in heroes, steeds, and spoil, Send us abundant store of food.

HYMN XLIII. Soma Pavamana.

1

WE will enrobe with sacred song the Lovely One who, as a Steed, Is decked with milk for rapturous joy.

2

All songs of ours desiring grace adorn him in the ancient way, Indu for Indra, for his drink.

3

Soma flows on when purified, beloved and adorned with songs, Songs of the sage Medhyatithi.

4

O Soma Pavamana, find exceeding glorious wealth for us, Wealth, Indu, fraught with boundless might.

5

Like courser racing to the prize Indu, the lover of the Gods, Roars, as he passes, in the sieve.

6

Flow on thy way to win us strength, to speed the sage who praises thee: Soma, bestow heroic power.

HYMN XLIV. Soma Pavamana.

1

INDU, to us for this great rite, bearing as 'twere thy wave to Gods, Unwearied, thou art flowing forQh [sic].

2

Pleased with the hymn, impelled by prayer, Soma is hurried far away, The Wise One in the Singer's stream.,

3

Watchful among the. gods, this juice advances to the cleansing sieve Soma, most active, travels on.

4

Flow onward, seeking strength for us, embellishing the sacrifice: The priest with trimmed grass calleth thee.

5

May Soma, ever bringing power to Bhaga and to Vayu, Sage And Hero, lead us to the Gods.

6

So, to increase our wealth to-day, Inspirer, best of Furtherers, Win for us strength and high renown.

HYMN XLV. Soma Pavamana.

1

FLOW, thou who viewest men, to give delight, to entertain the Gods, Indu, to Indra for his drink.

2

Stream to thine embassy for us: thou hastenest, for Indra, to The Gods, O better than our friends.

3

We balm thee, red of hue, with milk to fit thee for the rapturous joy: Unbar for us the doors of wealth.

4

He through the sieve hath passed, as comes a courser to the pole, to run Indu belongs unto the Gods.

5

All friends have lauded him as he sports in the wood, beyond the fleece: Singers have chanted Indu's praise.

6

Flow, Indu, with that stream wherein steeped thou announcest to the man Who worships thee heroic strength.

HYMN XLVI. Soma Pavamana.

1

LIKE able coursers they have been sent forth to be the feast of Gods, joying in mountains, flowing on.

2

To Vayu flow the Soma-streams, the drops of juice made beautiful Like a bride dowered by her sire.

3

Pressed in the mortar, these, the drops of juice, the Somas rich in food, Give strength to Indra with their work.

4

Deft-handed men, run hither, seize the brilliant juices blent with meal, And cook with milk the gladdening draught.

5

Thus, Soma, Conqueror of wealth! flow, finding furtherance for us, Giver of ample opulence.

6

This Pavamana, meet to be adorned, the fingers ten adorn, The draught that shall make Indra glad.

HYMN XLVII. Soma Pavamana.

1

GREAT as he was, Soma hath gained strength by this high solemnity: joyous he riseth like a bull.

2

His task is done: his crushings of the Dasyus are made manifest: He sternly reckoneth their debts.

3

Soon as his song of praise is born, the Soma, Indra's juice, becomes A thousand-winning thunderbolt.

4

Seer and Sustainer, he himself desireth riches for the sage When he embellisheth his songs.

5

Fain would they both win riches as in races of the steeds. In war Thou art upon the conquerors' side.

HYMN XLVIII. Soma Pavamana.

1

WITH sacrifice we seek to thee kind Cherisher of manly might In mansions of the lofty heavens;

2

Gladdening crusher of the bold, ruling with very mighty sway, Destroyer of a hundred forts.

3

Hence, Sapient One! the Falcon, strong of wing, unwearied, brought thee down, Lord over riches, from the sky.

4

That each may see the light, the Bird brought us the guard of Law, the Friend Of all, the

speeder through the air.

5

And now, sent forth, it hath attained to mighty power and majesty, Most active, ready to assist.

HYMN XLIX. Soma Pavamana.

1

Pour down the rain upon us, pour a wave of waters from the sky, And plenteous store of wholesome food.

2

Flow onward with that stream of thine, whereby the cows have come to us, The kine of strangers to our home.

3

Chief Friend of Gods in sacred rites, pour on us fatness with thy stream, Pour down on us a flood of rain.

4

To give us vigour, with thy stream run through the fleecy straining-cloth For verily the Gods will bear.

5

Onward hath Pavamana flowed and beaten off the Raksasas, Flashing out splendour as of old.

HYMN L. Soma Pavamana.

1

LOUD as a river's roaring wave thy powers have lifted up themselves: Urge on thine arrow's sharpened point.

2

At thine effusion upward rise three voices full of joy, when thou Flowest upon the fleecy ridge.

3

On to the fleece they urge with stone the tawny well-beloved One, Even Pavamana, dropping meath.

4

Flow with thy current to the sieve, O Sage most powerful to cheer, To seat thee in the place of song.

5

Flow, Most Exhilarating! flow anointed with the milk for balm, Indu, for Indra, for his drink.

HYMN LI. Soma Pavamana.

1

ADHVARYU, on the filter pour the Soma juice expressed with stones, And make it pure for Indra's drink.

2

Pour out for Indra, Thunder-armed, the milk of heaven,, the Soma's juice, Most excellent, most rich in sweets.

3

These Gods and all the Marut host, Indu enjoy this juice of thine, This Pavamana's flowing meath.

4

For, Soma, thou hast been effused, strengthening for the wild carouse, O Steer, the singer, for our help.

5

Flow with thy stream, Far-sighted One, effused, into the cleansing sieve: Flow on to give us strength and fame.

HYMN LII. Soma Pavamana.

1

WEALTH-WINNER, dwelling in the sky, bringing us vigour with the juice, Flow to the filter when effused.

2

So, in thine ancient ways, may he, beloved, with a thousand streams Run o'er the fleecy straining-cloth.

3

Him who is like a caldron shake: O Indu, shake thy gift to us Shake it, armed Warrior! with thine arms.

4

Indu, invoked with many a prayer, bring down the vigour of these men, Of him who threatens us with war.

5

Indu, Wealth-giver, with thine help pour out for us a hundred, yea, A thousand of thy pure bright streams.

HYMN LIII. Soma Pavamana.

1

O THOU with stones for arms, thy powers, crushing the fiends, have raised themselves:

Chase thou the foes who compass us.

2

Thou conquerest thus with might when car meets car, and when the prize is staked: With fearless heart will I sing praise.

3

No one with evil thought assails this Pavamana's holy laws: Crush him who fain would fight with thee.

4

For Indra to the streams they drive the tawny rapture–dropping Steed, Indu the bringer of delight.

HYMN LIV. Soma Pavamana.

1

AFTER his ancient splendour, they, the bold, have drawn the bright milk from The Sage who wins a thousand gifts.

2

In aspect he is like the Sun; he runneth forward to the lakes, Seven currents flowing through the sky.

3

He, shining in his splendour, stands high over all things that exist– Soma, a God as Surya is.

4

Thou, Indu, in thy brilliancy, pourest on us, as Indra's Friend, Wealth from the kine to feast the Gods.

HYMN LV. Soma Pavamana.

1

POUR on us with thy juice all kinds of corn, each sort of nourishment, And, Soma, all felicities.

2

As thine, O Indu, is the praise, and thine what springeth from the juice, Seat thee on the dear sacred grass.

3

And, finding for us kine and steeds, O Soma, with thy juice flow on Through days that fly most rapidly.

4

As one who conquers, ne'er subdued, attacks and stays the enemy, Thus, Vanquisher of

thousands! flow.

HYMN LVI. Soma Pavamana.

1

SWIFT to the purifying sieve flows Soma as exalted Law, Slaying the fiends, loving the Gods.

2

When Soma pours the strengthening food a hundred ever-active streams To Indra's friendship win their way.

3

Ten Dames have sung to welcome thee, even as a maiden greets her love: O Soma, thou art decked to win.

4

Flow hitherward, O Indu, sweet to Indra and to Visnu: guard The men, the singers, from distress.

HYMN LVII. Soma Pavamana.

1

THY streams that never fail or waste flow forth like showers of rain from heaven, To bring a thousand stores of strength.

2

He flows beholding on his way all well beloved sacred lore, Green-tinted, brandishing his, arms.

3

He, when the people deck him like a docile king of elephants. Sits as a falcon in the, wood.

4

So bring thou hitherward to us, Indu, while thou art purified, All treasures both of heaven and earth.

HYMN LVIII. Soma Pavamana.

1

SWIFT runs this giver of delight, even the stream of flowing juice: Swift runs this giver of delight.

2

The Morning knows all precious things, the Goddess knows her grace to man: Swift runs this giver of delight.

3

We have accepted thousands from Dhvasra's and Purusanti's hands: Swift runs this giver of delight.

4

From whom we have accepted thus thousands and three times ten beside: Swift runs this giver of delight.

HYMN LIX. Soma Pavamana.

1

FLOW onward, Soma, winning kine, and steeds, and all that gives delight: Bring hither wealth with progeny.

2

Flow onward from the waters, flow, inviolable, from the plants: Flow onward from the pressing-boards.

3

Soma, as Pavamana, pass over all trouble and distress: Sit on the sacred grass, a Sage.

4

Thou, Pavamana, foundest light; thou at thy birth becamest great: O Indu, thou art over all.

HYMN LX. Soma Pavamana.

1

SING forth and laud with sacred song most active Pavamana, laud Indu who sees with thousand eyes.

2

Thee who hast thousand eyes to see, bearer of thousand burthens, they Have filtered through the fleecy cloth.

3

He, Pavamana, hath streamed through the fleece then: he runs into the jars, Finding his way to Indra's heart.

4

That Indra may be bounteous, flow, most active Soma, for our weal: Bring genial seed with progeny.

HYMN LXI. Soma Pavamana.

1

FLOW onward, Indu, with this food for him who in thy wild delight Battered the nine-and-ninety down,

2

Smote swiftly forts, and gambara, then Yadu and that Turvaga, For pious Divodasa's sake.

3

Finder of horses, pour on us horses and wealth in kine and gold, And, Indu, food in boundless store.

4

We seek to win thy friendly love, even Pavamana's flowing o'er The limit of the cleansing sieve.

5

With those same waves which in their stream over flow the purifying sieve, Soma; be gracious unto us.

6

O Soma, being purified, bring us from all sides,—for thou canst,— Riches and food with hero sons.

7

Him here, the Child whom streams have borne, the ten swift fingers beautify With the Adityas is he seen.

8

With Indra and with Vayu he, effused, flows onward with, the beams Of Surya to the cleansing sieve.

9

Flow rich in sweets and lovely for our Bhaga, Vayu, Pusan flow For Mitra and for Varuna.

10

High is thy juice's birth: though set in heaven, on earth it hath obtained Strong sheltering power and great renown.

11

Striving to win, with him we gain all wealth from the ungodly man, Yea, all the glories of mankind.

12

Finder of room and freedom, flow for Indra whom we must adore, For Varuna and the Marut host.

13

The Gods have come to Indu well—descended, beautified with milk, The active crusher of the foe.

14

Even as mother cows their calf, so let our praise—songs strengthen him, Yea, him who

winneth Indra's heart.

15

Soma, pour blessings on our kine, pour forth the food that streams with milk Increase the sea that merits laud.

16

From heaven hath Pavamana made, as 'twere, the marvellous thunder, and The lofty light of all mankind.

17

The gladdening and auspicious juice of thee, of Pavamana, King! Flows o'er the woollen straining-cloth.

18

Thy juice, O Pavamana, sends its rays abroad like splendid skill, Like lustre, all heaven's light, to see.

19

Flow onward with that juice of thine most excellent, that brings delight, Slaying the wicked, dear to Gods.

20

Killing the foeman and his hate, and winning booty every day, Gainer art thou of steeds and kine.

21

Red-hued, be blended with the milk that seems to yield its lovely breast, Falcon-like resting in thine home.

22

Flow onward thou who strengthenedst Indra to slaughter Vrtra who Compassed and stayed the mighty floods.

23

Soma who rainest gifts, may we win riches with our hero sons: Strengthen, as thou art cleansed, our hymns.

24

Aided by thee, and through thy grace, may we be slayers when we war: Watch, Soma, at our solemn rites.

25

Chasing our foemen, driving off the godless, Soma floweth on, Going to Indra's special place.

26

O Pavamana, hither bring great riches, and destroy our foes: O Indu, grant heroic fame.

27

A hundred obstacles have ne'er checked thee when fain to give thy boons, When, being cleansed, thou combatest.

28

Indu, flow on, a mighty juice; glorify us among the folk: Drive all our enemies away.

29

Indu, in this thy friendship most lofty and glorious may we Subdue all those who war with us.

30

Those awful weapons that thou hast, sharpened at point to strike men down– Guard us therewith from every foe.

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HYMN LXII. Soma Pavamana.

1

THESE rapid Soma–drops have been poured through the purifying sieve To bring us all felicities.

2

Dispelling manifold mishap, giving the courser's progeny, Yea, and the warrior steed, success.

3

Bringing prosperity to kine, they make perpetual lla flow To us for noble eulogy.

4

Strong, mountain–born, the stalk hath been pressed in the streams for rapturous joy: Hawk–like he settles in his home.

5

Fair is the God–loved juice; the plant is washed in waters, pressed by men The milch–kine sweeten it with milk.

6

As drivers deck a courser, so have they adorned the meath's juice for Ambrosia, for the festival.

7

Thou, Indu, with thy streams that drop sweet juices, which were poured for help, Hast settled in the cleansing sieve.

8

So flow thou onward through the fleece, for Indra flow, to be his drink, Finding thine home in vats of wood.

9

As giving room and freedom, as most sweet, pour butter forth and milk, O Indu, for the Angirases.

10

Most active and benevolent, this Pavamana, sent to us For lofty friendship, meditates.

11

Queller of curses, mighty, with strong sway, this Pavamana shall Bring treasures to the worshipper.

12

Pour thou upon us thousandfold possessions, both of kine and steeds, Exceeding glorious,
much–desired.

13

Wandering far, with wise designs, the juice here present is effused, Made beautiful by living
men.

14

For Indra flows the gladdening drink, the measurer of the region, Sage, With countless
wealth and endless help.

15

Born on the mountain, lauded here, Indu for Indra is set down, As in her sheltering nest a
bird.

16

Pressed by the men, as 'twere to war hath Soma Pavamana sped, To test with might within
the vats.

17

That he may move, they yoke him to the three–backed triple–seated car By the Seven Rsis'
holy songs.

18

Drive ye that Tawny Courser, O ye pressers, on his way to war, Swift Steed who carries off
the spoil.

19

Pouring all glories hither, he, effused and entering the jar, Stands like a hero mid the kine.

20

Indu, the living men milk out the juice to make the rapturous draught: Gods for the Gods
milk out the meath.

21

Pour for the Gods into the sieve our Soma very rich in sweets, Him whom the Gods most
gladly hear.

22

Into his stream who gladdens best these Soma juices have been poured, Lauded with
songs for lofty fame.

23

Thou flowest to enjoy the milk, and bringest valour, being cleansed: Winning the spoil flow
hitherward.

24

And, hymned by Jamadagnis, let all nourishment that kine supply, And general praises, flow to us.

25

Soma, as leader of the song flow onward with thy wondrous aids, For holy lore of every kind.

26

Do thou as leader of the song, stirring the waters of the sea, Flow onward, thou who movest all.

27

O Soma, O thou Sage, these worlds stand ready to attest thy might: For thy behoof the rivers flow.

28

Like showers of rain that fall from heaven thy streams perpetually flow To the bright fleece spread under them.

29

For potent Indra purify Indu effectual and strong, Enjoyment–giver, Mighty Lord.

30

Soma, true, Pavamana, Sage, is seated in the cleansing sieve, Giving his praiser hero strength.

HYMN LXIII. Soma Pavanana.

1

POUR hitherward, O Soma, wealth in thousands and heroic strength, And keep renown secure for us.

2

Thou makest food and vigour swell for Indra, best of gladdeners! Within the cups thou seatest thee.

3

For Indra and for Visnu poured, Soma hath flowed into the jar: May Vayu find it rich in sweets.

4

These Somas swift and brown of hue, in stream of solemn sacrifice Have flowed through twisted obstacles,

5

Performing every noble work, active, augmenting Indra's strength, Driving away the godless ones.

6

Brown Soma—drops, effused that seek Indra, to their appropriate place Flow through the region hitherward.

7

Flow onward with that stream of thine wherewith thou gavest Surya light, Urging on waters good to men.

8

He, Pavamana, high o'er man yoked the Sun's courser Etasa To travel through the realm of air.

9

And those ten Coursers, tawny-hued, he harnessed that the Sun might come Indu, he said, is Indra's self.

10

Hence, singers, pour the gladdening juice to Vayu and to Indra, pour The drops upon the fleecy cloth.

11

O Soma Pavamana, find wealth for us not to be assailed, Wealth which the foeman may not win.

12

Send riches hither with thy stream in thousands, both of steeds and kine, Send spoil of war and high renown.

13

Soma the God, expressed with stones, like Surya, floweth on his way, Pouring the juice within the jar.

14

These brilliant drops have poured for us, in stream of solemn sacrifice, Worshipful laws and strength in kine.

15

Over the cleansing sieve have flowed the Somas, blent with curdled milk, Effused for Indra Thunder-armed.

16

Soma, do thou most rich in sweets, a gladdening drink most dear to Gods, Flow to the sieve to bring us wealth.

17

For Indra, living men adorn the Tawny Courser in the streams, Indu, the giver of delight.

18

Pour for us, Soma, wealth in gold, in horses and heroic sons, Bring hither strength in herds of kine.

19

For Indra pour ye on the fleece him very sweet to taste, who longs. For battle as it were in war.

20

The singers, seeking help, adorn the Sage who must be decked with songs: Loud bellowing the Steer comes on,

21

The singers with their thoughts and hymns have, in the stream of sacrifice, Caused Soma, active Steer, to roar.

22

God, working with mankind, flow on; to Indra go thy gladdening juice: To Vayu mount as Law commands

23

O Soma, Pavamana, thou pourest out wealth that brings renown: Enter the lake, as one we love.

24

Soma thou flowest chasing foes and bringing wisdom and delight: Drive off the folk who love not Gods.

25

The Pavamanas have been poured, the brilliant drops of Soma juice, For holy lore of every kind.

26

The Pavamanas have been shed, the beautiful swift Soma–drops, Driving all enemies afar.

27

From, heaven, from out the firmament, hath Pavamana been effused Upon the summit of the earth.

28

O Soma, Indu, very wise, drive, being purified, with thy stream All foes, all Raksasas away.

29

Driving the Raksasas afar, O Soma, bellowing, pour for us Most excellent and splendid strength.

30

Soma, do thou secure for us the treasures of the earth and heaven, Indu, all boons to be

desired.

HYMN LXIV. Soma Pavamana.

1

Soma, thou art a splendid Steer, a Steer, O God, with steerlike sway: Thou as a Steer ordainest laws.

2

Steer—strong thy might is as a steer's, steerstrong thy wood, steer—like thy drink A Steer indeed, O Steer, art thou.

3

Thou, Indu, as a vigorous horse, hast neighed together steeds and kine: Unbar for us the doors to wealth.

4

Out of desire of cows and steeds and horses. potent Soma—drops, Brilliant and swift, have been effused.

5

They purified in both the hands, made beautiful by holy men, Flow onward to the fleecy cloth.

6

These Soma juices shall pour forth all treasures for the worshipper From heaven and earth and firmament.

7

The streams of Pavamana, thine, Finder of all, have been effused, Even as Surya's rays of light.

8

Making the light that shines from heaven thou flowest on to every form Soma, thou swellest like a sea.

9

Urged on thou sendest out thy voice, O Pavamana; thou hast moved, Like the God Surya, to the sieve.

10

Indu, Enlightener, Friend, hath been purified by the sages' hymns: So starts the charioteer his steed—

11

Thy God—delighting wave which hath flowed to purifying seive [sic], Alighting in the home of Law.

12

Flow to our sieve, a gladdening draught that hath most intercourse with Gods, Indu, to Indra for his drink.

13

Flow onward with a stream for food, made beautiful by sapient men: Indu with sheen approach the milk.

14

While thou art cleansed, Song-Lover, bring comfort and vigour to the folk, Poured, Tawny One! on milk and curds.

15

Purified for the feast of Gods, go thou to Indra's special place, Resplendent, guided by the strong.

16

Accelerated by the hymn, the rapid drops of Soma juice Have flowed, urged onward, to the lake.

17

Easily have the living drops, made beautiful, approached the lake, Yea, to the place of sacrifice.

18

Compass about, our faithful Friend, all our possessions with thy might: Guard, hero like, our sheltering home.

19

Loud neighs the Courser Etasa, with singers, harnessed for the place, Guided for travel to the lake.

20

What time the Swift One resteth in the golden place of sacrifice, He leaves the foolish far away.

21

The friends have sung in unison, the prudent wish to sacrifice: Down sink the unintelligent.

22

For Indra girt by Maruts, flow, thou Indu, very rich in sweets, To sit in place of sacrifice.

23

Controlling priests and sages skilled in holy song adorn thee well: The living make thee beautiful.

24

Aryaman, Mitra, Varuna drink Pavamana's juice, yea, thine: O Sage, the Maruts drink

thereof.

25

O Soma, Indu, thou while thou art purified urgest onward speech. Thousandfold, with the lore of hymns.

26

Yea, Soma, Indu, while thou art purified do thou bring to us Speech thousandfold that longs for war.

27

O Indu, Much–invoked, while thou art purifying, as the Friend. Of these men enter thou the lake.

28

Bright are these Somas blent with milk, with light that flashes brilliantly. And form that utters loud acclaim.

29

Led by his drivers, and sent forth, the Strong Steed hath come nigh for spoil, Like warriors when they stand arrayed.

30

Specially, Soma, coming as a Sage from heaven to prosper us, Flow like the Sun for us to see.

HYMN LXV. Soma Pavamana.

1

THE, glittering maids send Sura forth, the glorious sisters, close–allied, Send Indu forth, their mighty Lord.

2

Pervade, O Pavamana, all our treasures with repeated light, God, coming hither from the Gods.

3

Pour on us, Pavamana, rain, as service and rain praise for Gods: Pour all to be our nourishment.

4

Thou art a Steer by lustre: we, O Pavamana, faithfully Call upon thee the Splendid One.

5

Do thou, rejoicing, nobly–armed! pour upon us heroic strength: O Indu, come thou hitherward.

6

When thou art cleansed with both the hands and dipped in waters, with the wood. Thou comest to the gathering–place.

7

Sing forth your songs, as Vyasva sang, to Soma Pavamana, to, The Mighty One with thousand eyes;

8

Whose coloured sap they drive with stones, the yellow meath–distilling juice, Indu for Indra, for his drink.

9

We seek to gain the friendly love of thee that Strong and Mighty One, Of thee the winner of all wealth.

10

Flow onward with thy stream, a Steer, inspiriting the Maruts' Lord, Winning all riches by thy might.

11

I send thee forth to battle from the press, O Pavamana, Strong, Sustainer, looker on the light.

12

Acknowledged by this song of mine, flow, tawny–coloured, with thy stream Incite to battle thine ally.

13

O Indu, visible to all pour out for us abundant food: Soma, be thou our prosperer.

14

The pitchers, Indu, with thy streams have sung aloud in vigorous might Enter them, and let Indra drink.

15

O thou whose potent gladdening juice they milk out with the stones, flow on, Destroyer of our enemies.

16

King Pavamana is implored with holy songs, on man's behalf, To travel through the firmament.

17

Bring us, O Indu, hundredfold increase of kine, and noble steeds, The gift of fortune for our help.

18

Pressed for the banquet of the Gods, O Soma, bring us might, and speed, Like beauty for a brilliant show.

19

Soma, flow on exceeding bright with loud roar to the wooden vats, Falcon-like resting in thine home.

20

Soma, the Water-winner flows to Indra, Vayu, Varuna, To Visnu and the Marut host.

21

Soma , bestowing food upon our progeny, from every sides, Pour on us riches thousandfold

22

The Soma juices which have been expressed afar or near at hand, Or there on Saryanavan's bank,

23

Those pressed among Arjikas, pressed among the active, in men's homes, Or pressed among the Races Five-

24

May these celestial drops, expressed, pour forth upon us, as they flow, Rain from the heavens and hero strength.

25

Urged forward o'er the ox-hide flows the Lovely One of tawny hue, Lauded by Jamadagni's song.

26

Like horses urged to speed, the drops, bright, stirring vital power, when blent With milk, are beautified in streams.

27

So they who toil with juices send thee forward for the Gods' repast: So with this splendour flow thou on.

28

We choose to-day that chariot-steed of thine, the Strong, that brings us bliss, The Guardian, the desire of all,

29

The Excellent, the Gladdener, the Sage with heart that understands, The Guardian, the desire of all;

30

Who for ourselves, O thou Most Wise, is wealth and fair intelligence, The Guardian, the

desire of all.

HYMN LXVI. Soma Pavamana.

1

FOR holy lore of every sort, flow onward thou whom all men love. A Friend to be besought by friends.

2

O'er all thou rulest with these Two which, Soma Pavamana, stand, Turned, as thy stations, hitherward.

3

Wise Soma Pavamana, thou encompassest on every side Thy stations as the seasons come.

4

Flow onward, generating food, for precious boons of every kind, A Friend for friends, to be our help.

5

Upon the lofty ridge of heaven thy bright rays with their essences, Soma, spread purifying power.

6

O Soma, these Seven Rivers flow, as being thine, to give command: The Streams of milk run forth to thee.

7

Flow onward, Soma in a stream, effused to gladden Indra's heart, Bringing imperishable fame.

8

Driving thee in Vivasvan's course, the Seven Sisters with their hymns Made melody round thee the Sage.

9

The virgins deck thee o'er fresh streams to drive thee to the sieve when thou, A singer, bathest in the wood.

10

The streams of Pavamana, thine, Sage, Mighty One, have poured them forth. Like coursers eager for renown.

11

They have been poured upon the fleece towards the meath–distilling vat: The holy songs have sounded forth.

12

Like milch–kine coming home, the drops of Soma juice have reached the lake, Have reached the place of sacrifice.

13

O Indu, to our great delight the running waters flow to us, When thou wilt robe thyself in milk.

14

In this thy friendship, and with thee to help us, fain to sacrifice, Indu, we crave thy friendly love.

15

Flow on, O Soma, for the great Viewer of men, for gain of Idne [sic] Enter thou into Indra's throat.

16

Best art thou, Soma, of the great, Strongest of strong ones, Indu: thou As Warrior ever hast prevailed.

17

Mightier even than the strong, more valiant even than the brave, More liberal than the bountiful,

18

Soma, as Sura, bring us food, win offspring of our bodies: we Elect thee for our friendship, we elect thee for companionship.

19

Agni, thou pourest life; send down upon us food and vigorous strength; Drive thou misfortune far away,

20

Agni is Pavamana, Sage, Chief Priest of all the Races Five: To him whose wealth is great we pray.

21

Skilled in thy task, O Agni, pour splendour with hero strength on us, Granting me wealth that nourishes.

22

Beyond his enemies away to sweet praise Pavamana flows, Like Surya visible to all.

23

Adorned by living men, set forth for entertainment, rich in food, Far–sighted Indu is a Steed.

24

He, Pavamana, hath produced the lofty Law, the brilliant light, Destroying darkness black of

hue.

25

From tawny Pavamana, the Destroyer, radiant streams have sprung, Quick streams from him whose gleams are swift.

26

Best rider of the chariot, praised with fairest praise mid beauteous ones, Gold–gleaming with the Marut host,

27

May Pavamana, best to win the booty, penetrate with rays, Giving the singer hero strength.

28

Over the fleecy sieve hath flowed the drop effused: to Indra comes Indu while he is purified

29

This Soma, through the pressing–stones, is sporting on the oxhide, and Summoning Indra to the draught.

30

O Pavamana, bless us, so that we may live, with that bright milk Of thine which hath been brought from heaven.

HYMN LXVII. Soma and Others.

1

THOU, Soma, hast a running stream, joyous, most strong at sacrifice: Flow bounteously bestowing wealth.

2

Effused as cheerer of the men, flowing best gladdener, thou art A Prince to Indra with thy juice.

3

Poured forth by pressing–stones, do thou with loud roar send us in a stream Most excellent illustrious might.

4

Indu, urged forward, floweth through the fleecy cloth: the Tawny One With his loud roar hath brought as strength.

5

Indu, thou flowest through the fleece, bringing felicities and fame, And, Soma, spoil and wealth in kine.

6

Hither, O Indu, bring us wealth in steeds and cattle hundredfold: Bring wealth, O Soma,

thousandfold.

7

In purifying, through the sieve the rapid drops of Soma juice Come nigh to Indra in their course.

8

For Indra floweth excellent Indu, the noblest Soma juice The Living for the Living One.

9

The glittering maids send Sura forth they with their song have sung aloud To Pavamana dropping meath.

10

May Pusan, drawn by goats, be our protector, and on all his paths Bestow on us our share of maids.

11

This Soma flows like gladdening oil for him who wears the braided locks: He shall give us our share of maids.

12

This Soma juice, O glowing God, flows like pure oil, effused for thee: He shall give us our share of maids.

13

Flow onward, Soma, in thy stream, begetter of the sages' speech: Wealth-giver among Gods art thou.

14

The Falcon dips within the jars: he wrap.him in his robe and goes Loud roaring to the vats of wood.

15

Soma, thy juice hath been effused and poured into the pitcher: like A rapid hawk it rushes on.

16

For Indra flow most rich in sweets, O Soma, bringing him delight.

17

They were sent forth to feast the Gods, like chariots that display their strength.

18

Brilliant, best givers of delight, these juices have sent Vayu forth.

19

Bruised by the press-stones and extolled, Soma, thou goest to the sieve, Giving the

worshipper hero strength.

20

This juice bruised by the pressing—stones and lauded passes through the sieve, Slayer of demons, through the fleece.

21

O Pavamana, drive away the danger, whether near at hand Or far remote, that finds me here.

22

This day may Pavamana cleanse us with his purifying power, Most active purifying Priest.

23

O Agni, with the cleansing light diffused through all thy fiery glow, Purify thou this prayer of ours.

24

Cleanse us with thine own cleansing power, O Agni, that is bright with flame, And by libations poured to thee.

25

Savitar, God, by both of these, libation, purifying power, Purify me on every side.

26

Cleanse us, God Savitar, with Three, O Soma, with sublimest forms, Agni, with forms of power and might.

27

May the Gods' company make me clean, and Vasus make me pure by song. Purify me, ye General Gods; O Jatavedas, make me pure.

28

Fill thyself full of juice, flow forth, O Soma, thou with all thy stalks, The best oblation to the Gods.

29

We with our homage have approached the Friend who seeks our wondering praise, Young, strengthener of the solemn rite.

30

Lost is Alayya's axe. O Soma, God do thou send it back hither in thy flow Even, Soma, God, if 'twere a mole.

31

The man who reads the essence stored by saints, the Pavamani hymns, Tastes food completely purified, made sweet by Matarisvan's touch.

32

Whoever reads the essence stored by saints, the Pavamani hymns, Sarasvati draws forth for him water and butter, milk and meath.

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Book 09 Part 04

HYMN LXVIII. Soma Pavamana.

1

THE drops of Soma juice like cows who yield their milk have flowed forth, rich in meath, unto the Shining One, And, seated on the grass, raising their voice, assumed the milk, the covering robe wherewith the udders stream.

2

He bellows with a roar around the highest twigs: the Tawny One is sweetened as he breaks them up. Then passing through the sieve into the ample room, the God throws off the dregs according to his wish.

3

The gladdening drink that measured out the meeting Twins fills full with milk the Eternal Ever-waxing Pair. Bringing to light the Two great Regions limitless, moving above them he gained sheen that never fades.

4

Wandering through, the Parents, strengthening the floods, the Sage makes his place swell with his own native might. The stalk is mixed with grain: he comes led by the men together with the sisters, and preserves the Head.

5

With energetic intellect the Sage is born, deposited as germ of Law, far from the Twins. They being young at first showed visibly distinct the Creature that is half-concealed and half-exposed.

6

The sages knew the form of him the Gladdener, what time the Falcon brought the plant from far away. Him who assures success they beautified in streams, the stalk who yearned therefor, mighty and meet for praise.

7

Together with the Rsis, with their prayers and hymns ten women deck thee, Soma, friendly when effused. Led by the men, with invocations of the Gods, through the fleece, thou hast given us strength to win the spoil.

8

Songs resonant with praise have celebrated him. Soma, Friend, springing forth with his fair company. Even him who rich in meath, with undulating stream, Winner of Wealth, Immortal, sends his voice from heaven,

9

He sends it into all the region forth from heaven. Soma, while he is filtered, settles in the jars. With milk and waters is he decked when pressed with stones: Indu, when purified, shall find sweet rest and room.

10

Even thus poured forth How on thy way, O Soma, vouchsafing us most manifold lively vigour. We will invoke benevolent Earth and Heaven. Give us, ye Gods, riches with noble heroes.

HYMN LXIX. Soma Pavamana.

1

LAIID like an arrow on the bow the hymn hath been loosed like a young calf to the udder of its dam. As one who cometh first with full stream she is milked the Soma is impelled to this man's holy rites.

2

The thought is deeply fixed; the savoury juice is shed; the tongue with joyous sound is stirring in the mouth; And Pavamana, like the shout of combatants, the drop rising in sweet juice, is flowing through the fleece.

3

He flows about the sheep-skin, longing for a bride: he looses Aditi's Daughters for the worshipper. The sacred drink hath come, gold-tinted, well-restrained: like a strong Bull he shines, whetting his manly might.

4

The Bull is bellowing; the Cows are coming nigh: the Goddesses approach the God's own resting-place. Onward hath Soma passed through the sheep's fair bright fleece, and hath, as 'twere, endued a garment newly washed.

5

The golden-hued, Immortal, newly bathed, puts on a brightly shining vesture that is never harmed. He made the ridge of heaven to be his radiant robe, by sprinkling of the bowls from moisture of the sky.

6

Even as the beams of Surya, urging men to speed, that cheer and send to sleep, together rush they forth, These swift outpourings in long course of holy rites: no form save only Indra shows itself so pure.

7

As down the steep slope of a river to the vale, drawn from the Steer the swift strong draughts have found a way. Well be it with the men and cattle in our home. May powers, O Soma, may the people stay with us.

8

Pour out upon us wealth in goods, in gold, in steeds, in cattle and in corn, and great heroic strength. Ye, Soma, are my Fathers, lifted up on high as heads of heaven and makers of the strength of life.

9

These Pavamanas here, these drops of Soma, to Indra have sped forth like cars to booty. Effused, they pass the cleansing fleece, while, gold-hued, they cast their covering off to pour the rain down.

10

O Indu, flow thou on for lofty Indra, flow blameless, very gracious, foe-destroyer. Bring splendid treasures to the man who lauds thee. O Heaven and Earth, with all the Gods protect. us.

HYMN LXX. Soma Pavamana.

1

THE three times seven Milch-kine in the eastern heaven have for this Soma poured the genuine milky draught. Four other beauteous Creatures hath he made for his adornment, when he waxed in strength through holy rites.

2

Longing for lovely Amrta, by his wisdom he divided, each apart from other, earth and heaven. He gladly wrapped himself in the most lucid floods, when through their glory they found the God's resting-place.

3

May those his brilliant rays he ever free from death, inviolate, for both classes of created things,– Rays wherewith powers of men and Gods are purified. Yea, even for this have sages welcomed him as King.

4

He, while he is adorned by the ten skilful ones, that he too in the Midmost Mothers may create, While he is watching o'er the lovely Amrta's ways, looks on both races as Beholder of mankind.

5

He, while he is adorned to stream forth mighty strength, rejoices in his place between the earth and heaven. The Steer dispels the evil-hearted with his might, aiming at offerings as an archer at the game.

6

Beholding, as it were, Two Mother Cows, the Steer goes roaring on his way even as the Maruts roar. Knowing Eternal Law, the earliest light of heaven, he, passing wise, was chosen out to tell it forth.

7

The fearful Bull is bellowing with violent might, far-sighted, sharpening his yellow coloured horns. Soma assumes his seat in the well-fashioned place: the cowhide and the sheepskin are his ornament.

8

Bright, making pure his body free from spot and stain, on the sheep's back the Golden-coloured hath flowed down. Acceptable to Mitra, Vayu, Varuna, he is prepared as threefold meal by skilful men.

9

Flow on for the God's banquet, Soma, as a Steer, and enter Indra's heart, the Soma's reservoir. Bear us beyond misfortune ere we be oppressed. the man who knows the land directs the man who asks.

10

Urged like a car-steed flow to strength, O Soma: Indu, flow onward to the throat of Indra. Skilled, bear us past, as in a boat o'er water: as battling Hero save us from the foeman.

HYMN LXXI. Soma Pavamana,

1

THE guerdon is bestowed: the Mighty takes his Seat, and, ever-Watchful, guards from fiend and evil sprite. Gold-hued, he makes the cloud his diadem, the milk his carpet in both worlds, and prayer his robe of state.

2

Strong, bellowing, he goes, like one who slays the folk; he lets this hue of Asuras flow off from him, Throws off his covering, seeks his father's meeting-place, and thus makes for himself the bright robe he assumes.

3

Onward he flows, from both the hands, pressed out with stones: excited by the prayer, the water makes him wild. He frolics and draws near, completes his work with song, and bathes in streams to satisfy the worshipper.

4

They pour out meath around the Master of the house, Celestial Strengtheners of the mountain that gives might; In whom, through his great powers, oblation-eating cows in their uplifted udder mix their choicest milk.

5

They, the ten sisters, on the lap of Aditi, have sent him forward like a car from both the arms. He wanders and comes near the Cow's mysterious place, even the place which his inventions have produced.

6

Like as a falcon to his home, so speeds the God to his own golden wisely-fashioned place

to rest. With song they urge the darling to the sacred grass: the Holy One goes like a courser to the Gods.

7

From far away, from heaven, the redhued noted Sage, Steer of the triple height, hath sung unto the kine. With thousand guidings he, leading this way and that, shines, as a singer, splendidly through many a morn.

8

His covering assumes a radiant hue; where'er he comes into the fight he drives the foe afar. The Winner of the Floods, with food he seeks the host of heaven, he comes to praises glorified with milk.

9

Like a bull roaming round the herds he bellows: he hath assumed the brilliancy of Surya. Down to the earth hath looked the heavenly Falcon: Soma with wisdom views all living creatures.

HYMN LXXII. Soma Pavamana.

1

THEY cleanse the Gold-hued: like a red Steed is he yoked, and Soma in the jar is mingled with the milk. He sendeth out his voice, and many loving friends of him the highly lauded hasten with their songs.

2

The many sages utter words in unison, while into Indra's throat they pour the Soma juice, When, with the ten that dwell together closely joined, the men whose hands are skilful cleanse the lovely meath.

3

He goes upon his way, unresting, to the cows, over the roaring sound which Sarya's Daughter loves. The Falcon brought it to him for his own delight: now with the twofold kindred sisters is his home.

4

Washed by the men, stone-pressed, dear on the holy grass, faithful to seasons, Lord of cattle from of old, Most liberal, completing sacrifice for men, O Indra, pure bright Soma, Indu, flows for thee.

5

O Indra, urged by arms of men and poured in streams, Soma flows on for thee after his Godlike kind. Plans thou fulfilllest, gatherest thoughts for sacrifice: in the bowls sits the Gold-hued like a roosting bird.

6

Sages well-skilled in work, intelligent, drain out the stalk that roars, the Sage, the Everlasting One. The milk, the hymns unite them with him in the place of sacrifice, his seat

who is produced anew.

7

Earth's central point, sustainer of the mighty heavens, distilled into the streams, into the waters' wave, As Indra's thunderbolt, Steer with farspreading wealth, Soma is flowing on to make the heart rejoice.

8

Over the earthly region flow thou on thy way, helping the praiser and the pourer, thou Most Wise. Let us not lack rich treasure reaching to our home, and may we clothe ourselves in manifold bright wealth.

9

Hither, O Indu, unto us a hundred gifts of steeds, a thousand gifts of cattle and of gold, Measure thou forth, yea, splendid ample strengthening food do thou, O Pavamana, heed this laud of ours.

HYMN LXXIII. Soma Pavamana.

1

THEY from the spouting drop have sounded at the rim: naves speed together to the place of sacrifice. That Asura hath formed, to seize, three lofty heights. The ships of truth have borne the pious man across.

2

The strong Steers, gathering, have duly stirred themselves, and over the stream's wave the friends sent forth the song. Engendering the hymn, with flowing streams of meath, Indra's dear body have they caused to wax in strength.

3

With sanctifying gear they sit around the song: their ancient Father guards their holy work from harm. Varuna hath o'erspread the mighty sea of air. Sages had power to hold him in sustaining floods.

4

Sweet-tongued, exhaustless, they have sent their voices down together, in heaven's vault that pours a thousand streams. His wildly-restless warders never close an eye: in every place are found the bonds that bind man last.

5

O'er Sire and Mother they have roared in unison bright with the verse of praise, burning up riteless men, Blowing away with supernatural might from earth and from the heavens the swarthy skin which Indra hates.

6

Those which, as guides of song and counsellors of speed, were manifested from their ancient dwelling place,-- From these the eyeless and the deaf have turned aside: the wicked travel not the pathway of the Law.

7

What time the filter with a thousand streams is stretched, the thoughtful sages purify their song therein. Bright-coloured are their spies, vigorous, void of guile, excellent, fair to see, beholders of mankind.

8

Guardian of Law, most wise, he may not be deceived: three Purifiers hath he set within his heart. With wisdom he beholds all creatures that exist: he drives into the pit the hated riteliess [sic] ones.

9

The thread of sacrifice spun in the cleansing sieve, on Varuna's tongue-tip, by supernatural might,— This, by their striving, have the prudent ones attained: he who hath not this power shall sink into the pit.

HYMN LXXIV. Soma Pavamana

1

BORN like a youngling he hath clamoured in the wood, when he, the Red, the Strong, would win the light of heaven. He comes with heavenly seed that makes the water swell: him for wide-spreading shelter we implore with prayer.

2

A far-extended pillar that supports the sky the Soma-stalk, filled full, moves itself every way. He shall bring both these great worlds while the rite proceeds: the Sage holds these who move! together and all food.

3

Wide space hath he who follows Aditi's right path, and mighty, well-made food, meath blent with Soma juice; He who from hence commands the rain, Steer of the kine, Leader of floods, who helps us hence, who claims our laud.

4

Butter and milk are drawn from animated cloud; thence Amrta is produced, centre of sacrifice. Him the Most Bounteous Ones, ever united, love; him as our Friend the Men who make all swell rain down.

5

The Soma-stalk hath roared, following with the wave: he swells with sap for man the skin which Gods enjoy. Upon the lap of Aditi he lays the germ, by means whereof we gain children and progeny.

6

In the third region which distils a thousand streams, may the Exhaustless Ones descend with procreant power. The kindred Four have been sent downward from the heavens: dropping with oil they bring Amrta and sacred gifts.

7

Soma assumes white colour when he strives to gain: the bounteous Asura knows full many a precious boon. Down the steep slope, through song, he comes to sacrifice, and he will burst the water–holding cask of heaven,

8

Yea, to the shining milk–anointed beaker, as to his goal, hath stepped the conquering Courser. Pious–souled men have sent their giffi [sic] of cattle unto Kaksivan of the hundred winters.

9

Soma, thy juice when thou art blended with the streams, flows, Pavamana, through the long wool of the sheep. So, cleansed by sages. O best giver of delight, grow sweet for Indra, Pavamana! for his drink.

HYMN LXXV. Soma Pavamana.

1

GRACIOUSLY–MINDED he is flowing on his way to win dear names o'er which the Youthful One grows great. The Mighty and Far–seeing One hath mounted now the mighty Surya's car which moves to every side.

2

The Speaker, unassailable Master of this hymn, the Tongue of sacrifice pours forth the pleasant meath. Within the lustrous region of the heavens the Son makes the third secret name of Mother and of Sire.

3

Sending forth flashes he hath bellowed to the jars, led by the men into the golden reservoir. The milky streams of sacrifice have sung to him: he of the triple height shines brightly through the morns.

4

Pressed by the stones, with hymns, and graciously inclined, illuminating both the Parents, Heaven and Earth, He flows in ordered season onward through the flee, a current of sweet juice still swelling day by day.

5

Flow onward, Soma, flow to bring prosperity: cleansed by the men, invest thee with the milky draught. What gladdening drinks thou hast, foaming, exceeding strong, even with these incite Indra to give us wealth.

HYMN LXXVI. Soma Pavamana.

1

ON flows the potent juice, sustainer of the heavens, the strength of Gods, whom men must hail with shouts of joy. The Gold–hued, started like a courser by brave men, impetuously winneth splendour in the streams.

2

He takes his weapons, like a hero, in his hands, fain to win light, car-borne, in forays for the kine. Indu, while stimulating India's might, is urged forward and balmed by sages skilful in their task.

3

Soma, as thou art purified with flowing wave, exhibiting thy strength enter thou Indra's throat. Make both worlds stream for us, as lightning doth the clouds: mete out exhaustless powers for us, as 'twere through song.

4

Onward he flows, the King of all that sees the light: the Rsis' Lord hath raised the song of sacrifice; Even he who is adorned with Surya's arrowy beam, Father of hymns, whose wisdom is beyond our reach.

5

Like as a bull to herds, thou flowest to the pail, bellowing as a steer upon the water's lap. So, best of Cheerers, thou for Indra flowest on that we, with thy protection, may o'ercome in fight.

HYMN LXXVII. Soma Pavamana.

1

MORE beauteous than the beautiful, as Indra's bolt, this Soma, rich in sweets, hath clamoured in the vat. Dropping with oil, abundant, streams of sacrifice flow unto him like milch-kine, lowing, with their milk.

2

On flows that Ancient One whom, hitherward, from heaven, sped through the region of the air, the Falcon snatched. He, quivering with alarm and terrified in heart before bow-armed Krsanu, holdeth fast the sweet.

3

May those first freshest drops of Soma juice effused flow on, their way to bring us mighty strength in kine. Beauteous as serpents, worthy to be looked upon, they whom each sacred gift and all our prayers have pleased.

4

May that much-lauded Indu, with a heart inclined to us, well-knowing, fight against our enemies. He who hath brought the germ beside the Strong One's seat moves onward to the widely-opened stall of kine.

5

The active potent juice of heaven is flowing on, great Varuna whom the forward man can ne'er deceive. Mitra, the Holy, hath been pressed for troubled times, neighing like an impatient horse amid the herd,

HYMN LXXVIII. Soma Pavamana.

1

RAISING his voice the King hath flowed upon his way: invested with the waters he would win the kine. The fleece retains his solid parts as though impure, and bright and cleansed he seeks the special place of Gods.

2

Thou, Soma, art effused for Indra by the men, balmed in the wood as wave, Sage, Viewer of mankind. Full many are the paths whereon thou mayest go: a thousand bay steeds hast thou resting in the bowls.

3

Apsarases who dwell in waters of the sea, sitting within, have flowed to Soma wise of heart. They urge the Master of the house upon his way, and to the Eternal Pavamana pray for bliss.

4

Soma flows on for us as winner of the kine, winner of thousands, cars, water, and light, and gold; He whom the Gods have made a gladdening draught to drink, the drop most sweet to taste, weal-bringing, red of hue.

5

Soma, as Pavamana thou, our faithful Friend, making for us these real treasures, flowest on. Slay thou the enemy both near and far away: grant us security and ample pasturage.

HYMN LXXIX. Soma Pavamana.

1

SPONTANEOUS let our drops of Soma juice flow on, pressed, golden-hued, among the Gods of lofty heaven. Perish among us they who give no gifts of food! perish the godless! May our prayers obtain success.

2

Forward to us the drops, distilling meath, shall flow, like riches for whose sake we urge the horses on. Beyond the crafty hindering of all mortal men may we continually bear precious wealth away.

3

Yea, verily, foe of hate shown to himself is he, yea, verity, destroyer too of other hate. As thirst subdueth in the desert, conquer thou, O Soma Pavarnana, men of evil thoughts.

4

Near kin to thee is he, raised loftiest in the heavens: upon the earth's high ridge thy scions have grown forth. The press-stones chew and crunch thee on the ox's hide: sages have milked thee with their hands into the streams.

5

So do they hurry on thy strong and beauteous juice, O Indu, as the first ingredient of the draught. Bring low, thou Pavamana, every single foe, and be thy might shown forth as

sweet and gladdening drink.

HYMN LXXX. Soma Pavamana.

1

ON flows the stream of Soma who beholds mankind: by everlasting Law he calls the Gods from heaven. He lightens with the roaring of Brhaspati: the lakes have not contained the pourings of juice.

2

Thou, powerful Soma, thou to whom the cows have bowed, ascendest bright with sheen, thine iron-fashioned home. Thou, lengthening our princes' life and high renown, flowest for Indra as his might to gladdening drink.

3

Best giver of delight, he flows to Indra's throat, robing himself in might, Auspicious One, for fame. He spreads himself abroad to meet all things that be: the vigorous Tawny Steed flows sporting on his way.

4

The men, the ten swift fingers, milk thee out for Gods, even thee most rich in meath, with thousand flowing streams. Soma who winnest thousands, driven by the men, expressed with stones, bring, as thou flowest, all the Gods.

5

Deft-handed men with stones, the ten swift fingers, drain thee into waters, thee, the Steer enriched with sweets. Thou, Soma, gladdening Indra, and the Heavenly Host, flowest as Pavamana like a river's wave.

HYMN LXXXI. Soma Pavamana.

1

ONWARD to Indra's throat move, beauteously adorned, the waves of Soma as he purifies himself, When they, brought forward with the lovely curd of kine, effused, have cheered the Hero to bestow his gifts.

2

Hither hath Soma flowed unto the beakers, like a chariot-horse, a stallion swift upon his way. Thus, knowing both the generations, he obtains the rights and dues of Gods from yonder and from hence.

3

While thou art cleansed, O Soma, scatter wealth on us; Indu, bestow great bounty as a liberal Prince. Giver of life, with wisdom help to opulence; strew not our home possessions far away from us.

4

Hither let Pusan Pavamana come to us, Varuna, Mitra, bountiful, of one accord, The

Maruts, Asvins, Vayu, and Brhaspati, Savitar, Tvastar, tractable Sarasvati.

5

Both Heaven and Earth, the all–invigorating Pair, Vidhatar, Aditi, and Aryaman the God, Bhaga who blesses men, the spacious Firmament,—let all the Gods in Pavamana take delight.

HYMN LXXXII. Soma Pavamana.

1

EVEN as a King hath Soma, red and tawny Bull, been pressed: the Wondrous One hath bellowed to the kine. While purified he passes through the filtering fleece to seat him hawk–like on the place that drops with oil.

2

To glory goest thou, Sage with disposing skill, like a groomed steed thou rushest forward to the prize. O Soma, be thou gracious, driving off distress: thou goest, clothed in butter, to a robe of state.

3

Parjanya is the Father of the Mighty Bird: on mountains, in earth's centre hath he made his home. The waters too have flowed, the Sisters, to the kine: he meets the pressing–stones at the beloved rite.

4

Thou givest pleasure as a wife delights her lord. Listen, O Child of Pajri, for to thee I speak. Amid the holy songs go on that we may live: in time of trouble, Soma, watch thou free from blame.

5

As to the men of old thou camest, Indu unharmed, to strengthen, winning hundreds, thousands, So now for new felicity flow onward: the waters follow as thy law ordaineth.

HYMN LXXXIII. Soma Pavamana.

1

SPREAD is thy cleansing filter, Brahmanaspati: as Prince, thou enterest its limbs from every side. The raw, whose mass hath not been heated gains not this: they only which are dressed, which bear, attain to it.

2

High in the seat of heaven is spread the Scorcher's sieve: its threads are standing separate, glittering with light. The Swift Ones favour him who purifieth this: with consciousness they stand upon the height of heaven.

3

The foremost spotted Steer hath made the Mornings shine, and yearning after strength sustains all things that be. By his high wisdom have the mighty Sages wrought: the Fathers

who behold mankind laid down the germ,

4

Gandharva verily protects his dwellingplace; Wondrous, he guards the generations of the Gods. Lord of the snare, he takes the foeman with the snare: those who are most devout have gained a share of meath.

5

Rich in oblations! robed in cloud, thou corapassest oblation, sacrifice, the mighty seat of Gods. King, on thy chariot—sieve thou goest up to war, and with a thousand weapons winnest lofty fame.

HYMN LXXXIV. Soma Pavamana.

1

FLOW, cheering Gods, most active, winner of the flood, for Indra, and for Vayu, and for Varuna. Bestow on us to-day wide room with happiness, and in thine ample dwelling laud the Host of Heaven.

2

He who hath come anear to creatures that have life, Immortal Soma flows onward to all of them. Effecting, for our aid, both union and release, Indu, like Surya, follows closely after Dawn.

3

He who is poured with milk, he who within the plants hastes bringing treasure for the happiness of Gods, He, poured forth in a stream flows with the lightning's flash, Soma who gladdens Indra and the Host of Heaven.

4

Winner of thousands, he, this Soma, flows along, raising a vigorous voice that wakens with the dawn. Indu with winds drives on the ocean of the air, he sinks within the jars, he rests in Indra's heart.

5

The kine with milk dress him who makes the milk increase, Soma, amid the songs, who finds the light of heaven. Winner of wealth, the effectual juice is flowing on, Singer and Sage by wisdom, dear as heaven itself.

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HYMN LXXXV. Soma Pavamana.

FLOW on to Indra, Soma, carefully effused: let sickness stay afar together with the fiends. Let not the double-tongued delight them with thy juice. here be thy flowing drops laden with opulence.

2

O Pavamana, urge us forward in the fight thou art the vigour of the Gods, the well-loved drink. Smite thou our enemies who raise the shout of joy: Indra, drink Soma juice, and drive away our foes.

3

Unharm'd, best Cheerer, thou, O Indu, flowest on: thou, even thou thyself, art Indra's noblest food. Full many a wise man lifts to thee the song of praise, and hails thee with a kiss as Sovran of this world.

4

Wondrous, with hundred streams, hymned in a thousand songs, Indu pours out for Indra his delightfull meath. Winning us land and waters, flow thou hitherward: Rainer of bounties, Soma, make broad way for us.

5

Roaring within the beaker thou art balmed with milk: thou passest through the fleecy filter all at once. Carefully cleansed and decked like a prizewinning steed, O Soma, thou hast flowed down within Indra's throat.

6

Flow onward sweet of flavour for the Heavenly Race, for Indra sweet, whose name is easily invoked: Flow sweet for Mitra, Varuna, and Vayu, rich in meath, inviolable for Brhaspati.

7

Ten rapid fingers deck the Courser in the jar: with hymns the holy singers send their voices forth. The filtering juices hasten to their eulogy, the drops that gladden find their way to Indra's heart.

8

While thou art purified pour on us hero strength, great, far-extended shelter, spacious pasturage. Let no oppression master this our holy work: may we, O Indu, gain all opulence through thee.

9

The Steer who sees afar hath risen above the sky: the Sage hath caused the lights of heaven to give their shine. The King is passing through the filter with a roar: they drain the

milk of heaven from him who looks on men.

10

High in the vault of heaven, unceasing, honey-tongued, the Loving Ones drain out the mountain-haunting Steer,– The drop that hath grown great in waters, in the lake meath-rich, in the stream's wave and in the cleansing sieve.

11

The Loving Ones besought with many voices the Eagle who had flown away to heaven. Hymns kiss the Youngling worthy of laudation, resting on earth, the Bird of golden colour.

12

High to heaven's vault hath the Gandharva risen, beholding all his varied forms and figures. His ray hath shone abroad with gleaming splendour: pure, he hath lighted both the worlds, the Parents.

HYMN LXXXVI. Soma Pavamana.

1

THY gladdening draughts, O Pavamana, urged by song flow swiftly of themselves like sons of fleet-foot mares. The drops of Soma juice, those eagles of the heavens, most cheering, rich in meath, rest in the reservoir.

2

As rapid chariot-steeds, so turned in several ways have thine exhilarating juices darted forth, Soma-drops rich in meath, waves, to the Thunder-armed, to Indra, like milch-kine who seek their calf with milk.

3

Like a steed urged to battle, finder of the light; speed onward to the cloud-born reservoir of heaven, A Steer that o'er the woolly surface seeks the sieve, Soma while purified for Indra's nourishment.

4

Fleet as swift steeds, thy drops, divine, thought-swift, have been, O Pavamana, poured with milk into the vat. The Rsis have poured in continuous Soma drops, ordainers who adorn thee, Friend whom Rsis love.

5

O thou who seest all things, Sovran as thou art and passing strong, thy rays encompass all abodes. Pervading with thy natural powers thou flowest on, and as the whole world's Lord, O Soma, thou art King.

6

The beams of Pavamana, sent from earth and heaven, his ensigns who is ever steadfast, travel round. When on the sieve the Golden-hued is cleansed, he rests within the vats as one who seats him in his place.

7

Served with fair rites he flows, ensign of sacrifice: Soma advances to the special place of Gods. He speeds with thousand currents to the reservoir, and passes through the filter bellowing as a bull.

8

The Sovran dips him in the seain [sic] and the streams, and set in rivers with the waters' wave moves on. High heaven's Sustainer at the central point of earth, raised on the fleecy surface Pavamana stands.

9

He on whose high decree the heavens and earth depend hath roared and thundered like the summit of the sky. Soma flows on obtaining Indra's friendly love, and, as they purify him, settles in the jars.

10

He, light of sacrifice distils delicious meath, most wealthy, Father and begetter of the Gods. He, gladdening, best of Cheerers, juice!hat Indra loves, enriches with mysterious treasure earth and heaven.

11

The vigorous and far-seeing one, the Lord of heaven, flows, shouting to the beaker, with his thousand streams. Coloured like gold he rests in seats where Mitra dwells, the Steer made beautiful by rivers and by sheep.

12

In forefront of the rivers Pavamana speeds, in forefront of the hymn, foremost among the kine. He shares the mighty booty in the van of war: the well-armed Steer is purified by worshippers.

13

This heedful Pavamana, like a bird sent forth, hath with his wave flowed onward to the fleecy sieve. O Indra, through thy wisdom, b thy thought, O Sage, Soma flows bright and pure between the earth and heaven.

14

He, clad in mail that reaches heaven, the Holy One, filling the firmament stationed amid the worlds, Knowing. the realm of light, hath come to us in rain: he summons to himself his own primeval Sire.

15

He who was first of all to penetrate his form bestowed upon his race wide shelter and defence. From that high station which he hath in loftiest heaven he comes victorious to all encounters here.

16

Indu hath started for Indra's special place and slights not as a Friend the promise of his Friend. Soma speeds onward like a youth to youthful maids, and gains the beaker by a

course of hundred paths.

17

Your songs, exhilarating, tuneful, uttering praise, are come into the places where the people meet. Worshippers have exalted Soma with their hymns, and milch kine have come near to meet him with their milk.

18

O Soma, Indu, while they cleanse thee, pour on us accumulated Plentiful, nutritious food, Which, ceaseless, thrice a day shall yield us hero power enriched with store of nourishment, and strength, and Meath.

19

Far-seeing Soma flows, the Steer, the Lord of hymns, the Furtherer of day, of morning, and of heaven. Mixt with the streams he caused the beakers to resound, and with the singers' aid they entered Indra's heart.

20

On, with the prudent singers, flows the ancient Sage and guided by the men hath roared about the vats. Producing Trita's name, may he pour forth the meath, that Vayu and that Indra may become his Friends.

21

He, being purified, hath made the Mornings shine: this, even this is he who gave the rivers room. He made the Three Times Seven pour out the milky flow: Soma, the Cheerer, yields whate'er the heart finds sweet.

22

Flow, onward, Soma, in thine own celestial forms, flow, Indu, poured within the beaker and the sieve. Sinking into the throat of Indra with a roar, led by the men thou madest Surya mount to heaven.

23

Pressed out with stones thou flowest onward to the sieve, O Indu, entering the depths of Indra's throat. Far-sighted Soma, now thou lookest on mankind: thou didst unbar the cowstall for the Angirases.

24

In thee, O Soma, while thou purifiedst thee, high-thoughted sages, seeking favour, have rejoiced. Down from the heavens the Falcon brought thee hitherward, even thee, O Indu, thee whom all our hymns adorn.

25

Seven Milch-kine glorify the Tawny-coloured One while with his wave in wool he purifies himself. The living men, the mighty, have impelled the Sage into the waters' lap, the place of sacrifice.

26

Indu, attaining purity, plunges through the foe, making his ways all easy for the pious man. Making the kine his mantle, he, the lovely Sage, runs like a sporting courser onward through the fleece.

27

The ceaseless watery fountains with their hundred streams sing, as they hasten near, to him the Golden-hued Him, clad in robes of milk, swift fingers beautify on the third height and in the luminous realm of heaven.

28

These are thy generations of celestial seed thou art the Sovran Lord of all the world of life. This universe, O Pavamana, owns thy sway; thou, Indu, art the first establisher of Law.

29

Thou art the sea, O Sage who bringest all to light: under thy Law are these five regions of the world. Thou reachest out beyond the earth, beyond the heavens: thine are the lights, O Pavamana, thine the Sun.

30

Thou in the filter, Soma Pavamana, art purified to support the region for the Gods. The chief, the longing ones have sought to hold thee fast, and all these living creatures have been turned to thee.

31

Onward the Singer travels o'er the fleecy sieve. the Tawny Steer hath bellowed in the wooden vats. Hymns have been sung aloud in resonant harmony, and holy songs kiss him, the Child who claims our praise.

32

He hath assumed the rays of Surya for his robe, spinning, as he knows bow, the triply-twisted thread. He, guiding to the newest rules of Holy Law, comes as the Women's Consort to the special place.

33

On flows the King of rivers and the Lord of heaven: he follows with a shout the paths of Holy Law. The Golden-hued is poured forth, with his hundred streams, Wealth-bringer, lifting up his voice while purified.

34

Fain to be cleansed, thou, Pavamana, pourest out, like wondrous Surya, through the fleece, an ample sea. Purified with the hands, pressed by the men with stones, thou speedest on to mighty booty-bringing war.

35

Thou, Pavamana, sendest food and power in streams. thou sittest in the beakers as a hawk on trees, For Indra poured as cheering juice to make him glad, as nearest and farseeing bearer-up of heaven.

36

The Sisters Seven, the Mothers, stand around the Babe, the noble, new-born Infant, skilled in holy song, Gandharva of the floods, divine, beholding men, Soma, that he may reign as King of all the world.

37

As Sovran Lord thereof thou Passest through these worlds, O Indu, harnessing thy tawny well-winged Mares. May they pour forth for thee milk and oil rich in sweets: O Soma, let the folk abide in thy decree.

38

O Soma, thou beholdest men from every side: O Pavamana, Steer, thou wanderest through these. Pour out upon us wealth in treasure and in gold: may we have strength to live among the things that be.

39

Winner of gold and goods and cattle flow thou on, set as impregner, Indu, mid the worlds of life. Rich in brave men art thou, Soma, who winnest all: these holy singers wait upon thee with the song.

40

The wave of flowing meath hath wakened up desires: the Steer enrobed in milk plunges into the streams. Borne on his chariot-sieve the King hath risen to war, and with a thousand rays hath won him high renown.

41

Dear to all life, he sends triumphant praises forth, abundant, bringing offspring, each succeeding day. From Indra crave for us, Indu, when thou art quaffed, the blessing that gives children, wealth that harbours steeds.

42

When days begin, the strong juice, lovely, golden-hued, is recognized by wisdom more and more each day, He, stirring both the Races, goes between the two, the bearer of the word of men and word of Gods.

43

They balm him, balm him over balm him thoroughly, caress the mighty strength and balm it with the meath. They seize the flying Steer at the stream's breathing-place: cleansing with gold they grasp the Animal herein.

44

Sing forth to Pavamana skilled in holy song: the juice is flowing onward like a mighty stream. He glideth like a serpent from his ancient skin, and like a playful horse the Tawny Steer hath run.

45

Dweller in floods, King, foremost, he displays his might, set among living things as measurer of days. Distilling oil he flows, fair, billowy, golden-hued, borne on a car of light,

sharing one home with wealth.

46

Loosed is the heavens! support, the uplifted cheering juice: the triply-mingled draught flows round into the worlds. The holy hymns caress the stalk that claims our praise, when singers have approached his beauteous robe with song.

47

Thy streams that flow forth rapidly collected run over the fine fleece of the sheep as thou art cleansed. When, Indu, thou art. balmed with milk within the bowl, thou sinkest in the jars, O Soma, when expressed.

48

Winner of power, flow, Soma, worthy of our laud: run onward to the fleece as well-beloved meath. Destroy, O Indu, all voracious Raksasas. With brave sons in the assembly let our speech be bold.

HYMN LXXXVII. Soma Pavamana.

1

RUN onward to the reservoir and seat thee: cleansed by the men speed forward to the battle. Making thee beauteous like an able courser, forth to the sacred grass with reins they lead thee.

2

Indu, the well-armed God, is flowing onward, who quells the curse and guards from treacherous onslaught, Father, begetter of the Gods, most skilful, the buttress of the heavens and earth's supporter.

3

Rsi and Sage, the Champion of the people, cleft and sagacious, Usana in wisdom, He hath discovered even their hidden nature, the Cows' concealed and most mysterious title.

4

This thine own Soma rich in meath, O Indra, Steer for the Steer, hath flowed into the filter. The strong Free-giver, winning hundreds, thousands, hath reached the holy grass that never fails him.

5

These Somas are for wealth of countless cattle, renown therefor, and mighty strength immortal. These have been sent forth, purified by strainers, like steeds who rush to battle fain for glory.

6

He, while he cleanses him, invoked of many, hath flowed to give the people all enjoyment. Thou whom the Falcon brought, bring, dainty viands, bestir thyself and send us wealth and booty.

7

This Soma, pressed into the cleansing filter, hath run as 'twere a host let loose, the Courser; Like a strong bull who whets his horns open-pointed, like a brave warrior in the fray for cattle.

8

He issued forth from out the loftiest mountain, and found kine hidden somewhere in a stable. Soma's stream clears itself for thee, O Indra, like lightning thundering through the clouds of heaven,

9

Cleansing thyself, and borne along with Indra, Soma, thou goest round the herd of cattle. May thy praise help us, Mighty One, prompt Giver, to the full ample food which thou bestowest.

HYMN LXXXVIII. Soma Pavamana.

1

FOR thee this Soma is effused, O Indra: drink of this juice; for thee the stream is flowing—Soma, which thou thyself hast made and chosen, even Indu, for thy special drink to cheer thee.

2

Like a capacious car hath it been harnessed, the Mighty; to acquire abundant treasures. Then in the sacrifice they celebrated all triumphs won by Nahus in the battle.

3

Like Vayu with his team, moving at pleasure, most gracious when invoked like both Nasatyas, Thou art thyself like the Wealth-Giver, Soma! who grants all boons, like song-inspiring Pusan.

4

Like Indra who hath done great deeds, thou, Soma, art slayer of the Vrtras, Fort-destroyer. Like Pedu's horse who killed the brood of serpents, thus thou, O Soma, slayest every Dasyu.

5

Like Agni loosed amid the forest, fiercely he winneth splendour in the running waters. Like one who fights, the roaring of the mighty, thus Soma Pavamana sends his current.

6

These Somas passing through the fleecy filter, like rain descending from the clouds of heaven, Have been effused and poured into the beakers, swiftly like rivers running lowly seaward.

7

Flow onward like the potent band of Maruts, like that Celestial Host whom none revileth. Quickly be gracious unto us like waters, like sacrifice victorious, thousand-fashioned.

8

Thine are King Varuna's eternal statutes, lofty and deep, O Soma, is thy glory. All-pure art thou like Mitra the beloved, adorable, like Aryaman, O Soma.

HYMN LXXXIX. Soma Pavamana.

1

THIS Chariot-horse hath moved along the pathways, and Pavamana flowed like rain from heaven. With us hath Soma with a thousand currents sunk in the wood, upon his Mother's bosom.

2

King, he hath clothed him in the robe of rivers, mounted the straightest-going ship of Order. Sped by the Hawk the drop hath waxed in waters: the father drains it, drains the Father's offspring.

3

They come to him, red, tawny, Lord of Heaven, the watchful Guardian of the meath, the Lion. First, Hero in the fight, he seeks the cattle, and with his eye the Steer is our protector.

4

They harness to the broad-wheeled car the mighty Courser whose back bears meath, unwearied, awful. The twins, the sisters brighten him, and strengthen-these children of one damethe [sic] vigorous Racer.

5

Four pouring out the holy oil attend him, sitting together in the same container. To him they flow, when purified, with homage, and still, from every side, are first about him.

6

He is the buttress of the heavens, supporter of earth, and in his hand are all the people. Be the team's Lord a well to thee the singer: cleansed is the sweet plant's stalk for deed of glory.

7

Fighting, uninjured come where Gods are feasted; Soma, as Vitra-slayer flow for Indra. Vouchsafe us ample riches very splendid may we be masters of heroic vigour.

HYMN XC. Soma Pavamana,

1

URGED On, the Father of the Earth and Heaven hath gone forth like a car to gather booty, Going to Indra, sharpening his weapons, and in his hand containing every treasure.

2

To him the tones of sacred song have sounded, Steer of the triple height, the Life-bestower. Dwelling in wood as Varuna in rivers, lavishing treasure he distributes blessings

3

Great Conqueror, warrior–girt, Lord of all heroes, flow on thy way as he who winneth riches;
With sharpened. arms, with swift bow, never vanquished in battle, vanquishing in fight the
foemen.

4

Giving security, Lord of wide dominion, send us both earth and heaven with all their fulness.
Striving to win the Dawns, the light, the waters, and cattle, call to us abundant vigour.

5

O Soma, gladden Varuna and Mitra; cheer, Indu Pavamana! Indra, Visnu. Cheer thou the
Gods, the Company of Maruts: Indu, cheer mighty Indra to rejoicing.

6

Thus like a wise and potent King flow onward, destroying with thy vigour all misfortunes.
For our well–spoken hymn give life, O Indu. Do ye preserve us evermore with blessings.

HYMN XCI. Soma Pavamana.

1

As for a chariot–race, the skilful Speaker, Chief, Sage, Inventor, hath, with song, been
started. The sisters ten upon the fleecy summit drive on the Car–horse to the resting
places.

2

The drop of Soma, pressed by wise Nahusyas, becomes the banquet of the Heavenly
People– Indu, by hands of mortal men made beauteous, immortal, with the sheep and cows
and waters.

3

Steer roaring unto Steer, this Pavamana, this juice runs to the white milk of the milch–cow.
Through thousand fine hairs goes the tuneful Singer, like Sura by his fair and open
pathways.

4

Break down the, strong seats even of the demons: cleansing thee, Indu, robd [sic] thyself in
vigour. Rend with thy swift bolt, coming from above them, those who are near and those
who yet are distant.

5

Prepare the forward paths in ancient manner for the new hymn, thou Giver of all bounties.
Those which are high and hard for foes to conquer may we gain from thee, Active!
Food–bestower!

6

So purifying thee vouchsafe us waters, heaven's light, and cows, offspring and many
children. Give us health, ample land, and lights, O Soma, and grant us long to look upon
the sunshine.

HYMN XCII. Soma Pavamana.

1

THE gold-hued juice, poured out upon the filter, is started like a car sent forth to conquer. He hath gained song and vigour while they cleansed him, and hath rejoiced the Gods with entertainments.

2

He who beholdeth man hath reached the filter: bearing his name, the Sage hath sought his dwelling. The Rsis came to him, seven holy singers, when in the bowls he settled as Invoker.

3

Shared by all Gods, most wise, propitious, Soma goes, while they cleanse him, to his constant station. Let him rejoice in all his lofty wisdom to the Five Tribes the Sage attains with labour.

4

In thy mysterious place, O Pavamana Soma, are all the Gods, the Thrice-Eleven. Ten on the fleecy height, themselves, self-prompted, and seven fresh rivers, brighten and adorn thee.

5

Now let this be the truth of Pavamana, there where all singers gather them together, That he hath given us room and made the daylight, hath holpen Manu and repelled the Dasyu.

6

As the priest seeks the station rich in cattle, like a true King who goes to great assemblies, Soma hath sought the beakers while they cleansed him, and like a wild bull, in the wood hath settled.

HYMN XCIII. Soma Pavamana.

1

TEN sisters, pouring out the rain together, swift-moving thinkers of the sage, adorn him. Hither hath run the gold-hued Child of Surya and reached the vat like a fleet vigorous courser.

2

Even as a youngling crying to his mothers, the bounteous Steer hath flowed along to waters. As youth to damsel, so with milk he hastens on to the. chose meeting-place, the beaker.

3

Yea, swollen is the udder of the milch-cow: thither in streams goes very sapient Indu. The kine make ready, as with new-washed treasures, the Head and Chief with milk within the vessels.

4

With all the Gods, O Indu Pavamana, while thou art roaring send us wealth in horses.
Hither upon her car come willing Plenty, inclined to us, to give us of her treasures.

5

Now unto us mete riches, while they cleanse thee, all-glorious, swelling wealth, with store
of heroes. Long be his life who worships, thee, O Indu. May he, enriched with prayer, come
soon and early.

HYMN XCIV. Soma Pavamana.

1

WHEN beauties strive for him as for a charger, then strive the songs like soldiers for the
sunlight. Acting the Sage, he flows enrobed in waters and song as 'twere a stall that kine
may prosper.

2

The worlds expand to him who from aforetime found light to spread the law of life eternal.
The swelling songs, like kine within the stable, in deep devotion call aloud on Indu.

3

When the sage bears his holy wisdom round him, like a car visiting all worlds, the Hero,
Becoming fame, mid Gods, unto the mortal, wealth to the skilled, worth praise mid the
Ever-present,

4

For glory born he hath come forth to glory: he giveth life and glory to the singers. They,
clothed in glory, have become immortal. He, measured in his course, makes frays
successful.

5

Stream to us food and vigour, kine and horses: give us broad lights and fill the Gods with
rapture. All these are easy things for thee to master thou, Pavamana Soma, quellest
foemen.

HYMN XCV Soma Pavamana.

1

Loud neighs the Tawny Steed when started, settling deep in the wooden vessel while they
cleanse him. Led by the men he takes the milk for raiment: then shall he, through his
powers, engender praise-songs.

2

As one who rows drives on his boat, he, Gold-hued, sends forth his voice, loosed on the
path of Order. As God, the secret names of Gods he utters, to be declared on sacred grass
more widely.

3

Hastening onward like the waves of waters, our holy hymns are pressing nigh to Soma. To him they come with lowly adoration, and, longing, enter him who longs to meet them.

4

They drain the stalk, the Steer who dwells on mountains, even as a Bull who decks him on the upland. Hymns follow and attend him as he bellows: Trita bears Varuna aloft in ocean.

5

Sending thy voice out as Director, loosen the Invoker's thought, O Indu, as they cleanse thee. While thou and Indra rule for our advantage, may we be masters of heroic vigour.

HYMN XCVI. Soma Pavamana

1

IN forefront of the cars forth goes the Hero, the Leader, winning spoil: his host rejoices. Soma endues his robes of lasting colours, and blesses, for his friends, their calls on Indra.

2

Men decked with gold adorn his golden tendril, incessantly with steed—impelling homage. The Friend of Indra mounts his car well—knowing, he comes thereon to meet the prayer we offer.

3

O God, for service of the Gods flow onward, for food sublime, as Indra's drink, O Soma. Making the floods, bedewing earth and heaven, come from the vast, comfort us while we cleanse thee

4

Flow for prosperity and constant Vigour, flow on for happiness and high perfection. This is the wish of these friends assembled: this is my wish, O Soma Pavamana.

5

Father of holy hymns, Soma flows onward the Father of the earth, Father of heaven: Father of Agni, Surya's generator, the Father who begat Indra and Visnu.

6

Brahman of Gods, the Leader of the poets, Rsi of sages, Bull of savage creatures, Falcon amid the vultures, Axe of forests, over the cleansing sieve goes Soma singing.

7

He, Soma Pavamana, like a river, hath stirred the wave of voice, our songs and praises. Beholding these inferior powers in cattle, he rests among them as a Steer well—knowing.

8

As Gladdener, Warrior never harmed in battle, with thousand genial streams, pour strength and vigour. As thoughtful Pavamana, urge O Indu, speeding the kine, the plant's wave on to Indra.

9

Dear, grateful to the Gods, on to the beaker moves Soma, sweet to Indra, to delight him. With hundred powers, with thousand currents, Indu, like a strong car-horse, goes to the assembly.

10

Born in old time as finder-out of treasures, drained with the stone, decking himself in waters, Warding off curses, King of all existence, he shall find way for prayer the while they cleanse him.

11

For our sage fathers, Soma Pavamana, of old performed, by thee, their sacred duties. Fighting unvanquished, open the enclosures: enrich us with large gifts of steeds and heroes.

12

As thou didst flow for Manu Life-bestowing, Foe-queller, Comforter, rich in oblations, Even thus flow onward now conferring riches: combine with Indra, and bring forth thy weapons.

13

Flow onward, Soma, rich in sweets and holy,. enrobed in waters on the fleecy summit. Settle in vessels that are full of fatness, as cheering and most gladdening drink for Indra.

14

Pour, hundred-streamed, winner of thousands, mighty at the Gods' banquet, Pour the rain of heaven, While thou with rivers roarest in the beaker, and blent with milk prolongest our existence.

15

Purified with our holy hymns, this Soma o'ertakes malignities like some strong charger, Like fresh milk poured by Aditi, like passage in ample room, or like a docile car-horse.

16

Cleansed by the pressers, armed with noble weapons, stream to us the fair secret name thou bearest. Pour booty, like a horse, for love of glory God, Soma, send us kine, and send us Vayu.

17

They deck him at his birth, the lovely Infant, the Maruts with their troop adorn the Car-horse. By songs a Poet and a Sage by wisdom, Soma goes singing through the cleansing filter.

18

Light-winner, Rsi-minded, Rsi-maker, hymned in a thousand hymns, Leader of sages, A Steer who strives to gain his third form, Soma is, like Viraj, resplendent as a Singer.

19

Hawk seated in the bowls, Bird wide-extended, the Banner seeking kine and wielding

weapons, Following close the sea, the wave of waters, the great Bull tells his fourth form and declares it.

20

Like a fair youth who decorates his body, a courser rushing to the gain of riches, A steer to herds, so, flowing to the pitcher, he with a roar hath passed into the beakers.

21

Flow on with might as Pavamana, Indu flow loudly roaring through the fleecy filter. Enter the beakers sporting, as they cleanse thee, and let thy gladdening juice make Indra joyful.

22

His streams have been effused in all their fulness, and he hath entered, balmed with milk, the goblets. Singing his psalm, well-skilled in song, a Chanter, he comes as 'twere to his friend's sister roaring.

23

Chasing our foes thou comest, Pavamana Indu, besting, as lover to his darling. As a bird flies and settles in the forest, thus Soma settles, purified, in goblets.

24

With full stream and abundant milk, O Soma, thy beams come, like a woman, as they cleanse thee. He, gold-hued, rich in boons, brought to the waters, hath roared within the goblet of the pious.

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Book 09 Part 06

HYMN XCVII. Soma Pavamana

1

MADE pure by this man's urgent zeal and impulse the God hath to the Gods his juice imparted. He goes, effused and singing, to the filter, like priest to measured seats supplied with cattle.

2

Robed in fair raiment meet to wear in battle, a mighty Sage pronouncing invocations. Roll onward to the beakers as they cleanse thee, far-seeing at the feast of Gods, and watchful.

3

Dear, he is brightened on the fleecy summit, a Prince among us, nobler than the noble. Roar out as thou art purified, run forward. Do ye preserve us evermore with blessings.

4

Let us sing praises to the Gods: sing loudly, send ye the Soma forth for mighty riches. Let him flow, sweetly-flavoured, through the filter, and let our pious one rest in the pitcher.

5

Winning the friendship of the Deities, Indu flows in a thousand streams to make them joyful. Praised by the men after the ancient statute, he hath come nigh, for our great bliss, to Indra.

6

Flow, Gold-hued, cleansing thee, to enrich the singer: let thy juice go to Indra to support him. Come nigh, together with the Gods, for bounty. Do ye preserve us evermore with blessings.

7

The God declares the Deities' generations, like Usana, proclaiming lofty wisdom. With brilliant kin, far-ruling, sanctifying, the Boar advances, singing, to the places.

8

The Swans, the Vrsaganas from anear us have brought their restless spirit to our dwelling. Friends come to Pavamana meet for praises, and sound in concert their resistless music.

9

He follows the Wide-strider's rapid movement: cows low, as 'twere, to him who sports at pleasure. He with the sharpened horns brings forth abundance: the Silvery shines by night, by day the Golden.

10

Strong Indu, bathed in milk, flows on for Indra, Soma exciting strength, to make him joyful. He quells malignities and slays the demons, the King of mighty power who brings us comfort.

11

Then in a stream he flows, milked out with press–stones, mingled with sweetness, through the fleecy filter– Indu rejoicing in the love of Indra, the God who gladdens, for the God's enjoyment.

12

As he is purified he pours out treasures, a God bedewing Gods with his own juices. Indu hath, wearing qualities by seasons, on the raised fleece engaged, the ten swift fingers.

13

The Red Bull bellowing to the kine advances, causing the heavens and earth to roar and thunder. Well is he beard like Indra's shout in battle: letting this voice be known he hastens hither.

14

Swelling with milk, abounding in sweet flavours, urging the meath–rich plant thou goest onward. Raising a shout thou flowest as they cleanse thee, when thou, O Soma, art effused for Indra.

15

So flow thou on inspiriting, for rapture, aiming death–shafts at him who stays the waters, Flow to us wearing thy resplendent colour, effused and eager for the kine, O Soma.

16

Pleased with us, Indu, send us as thou flowest good easy paths in ample space and comforts. Dispelling, as 'twere with a club, misfortunes, run o'er the height, run o'er the fleecy summit.

17

Pour on us rain celestial, quickly streaming, refreshing, fraught with health and ready bounty. Flow, Indu, send these Winds thy lower kinsmen, setting them free like locks of hair unbraided.

18

Part, like a knotted tangle, while they cleanse thee, O Soma, righteous and unrighteous conduct. Neigh like a tawny courser who is loosened, come like a youth, O God, a house–possessor.

19

For the God's service, for delight, O Indu, run o'er the height, run over the fleecy summit. With thousand streams, inviolate, sweet–scented, flow on for gain of strength that conquers heroes.

20

Without a car, without a rein to guide them, unyoked, like coursers started in the contest,
These brilliant drops of Soma juice run forward. Do ye, O Deities, come nigh to drink them.

21

So for our banquet of the Gods, O Indu, pour down the rain of heaven into the vessels. May
Soma grant us riches sought with longing, mighty, exceeding strong, with store of heroes.

22

What time the loving spirit's word had formed him Chief of all food, by statute of the
Highest, Then loudly lowing came the cows to Indu, the chosen, well-loved Master in the
beaker.

23

The Sage, Celestial, liberal, raining bounties, pours as he flows the Genuine for the
Truthful. The King shall be effectual strength's upholder: he by the ten bright reins is mostly
guided.

24

He who beholds mankind, made pure with filters, the King supreme of Deities and mortals,
From days of old is Treasure-Lord of riches: he, Indu, cherishes fair well-kept Order.

25

Haste, like a steed, to victory for glory, to Indra's and to Vayu's entertainment. Give us food
ample, thousandfold: be, Soma, the finder-out of riches when they cleanse thee.

26

Effused by us let God-delighting Somas bring as they flow a home with noble heroes. Rich
in all boons like priests acquiring favour, the worshippers of heaven, the best of Cheerers.

27

So, God, for service of the Gods flow onward, flow, drink of Gods, for ample food, O Soma.
For we go forth to war against the mighty make heaven and earth well stablished by thy
cleansing.

28

Thou, yoked by strong men, neigest like a courser, swifter than thought is, like an awful
lion. By paths directed hitherward, the straightest, send thou us happiness, Indu, while they
cleanse thee.

29

Sprung from the Gods, a hundred streams, a thousand, have been effused: sages prepare
and purge them. Bring us from heaven the means of winning, Indu; thou art-forerunner of
abundant riches.

30

The streams of days, were poured as 'twere from heaven: the wise King doth not treat his
friend unkindly. Like a son following his father's wishes, grant to this family success and

safety.

31

Now are thy streams poured forth with all their sweetness, when, purified. thou goest through the filter. The race of kine is thy gift, Pavarridna: when born thou madest Surya rich with brightness.

32

Bright, bellowing along the path of Order, thou shinest as the form of life eternal. Thou flowest on as gladdening drink for Indra, sending thy voice out with the hymns of sages.

33

Pouring out streams at the Gods' feast with service, thou, Soma, lookest down, a heavenly Eagle. Enter the Soma–holding beaker, Indu, and with a roar approach the ray of Sarya.

34

Three are the voices that the Courser utters: he speaks the thought of prayer, the law of Order. To the Cow's Master come the Cows inquiring: the hymns with eager longing come to Soma.

35

To Soma come the Cows, the Milch–kine longing, to Soma sages with their hymns inquiring. Soma, effused, is purified and blended our hymns and Trstup songs unite in Soma.

36

Thus, Soma, as we pour thee into vessels, while thou art purified flow for our welfare. Pass into Indra with a mighty roaring make the voice swell, and generate abundance.

37

Singer of true songs, ever–watchful, Soma hath settled in the ladles when they cleanse him. Him the Adhvaryus, paired and eager, follow, leaders of sacrifice and skilful–handed.

38

Cleansed near the Sun as 'twere he as Creator hath filled full heaven and earth, and hath disclosed them. He by whose dear help men gain all their wishes shall yield the precious meed as to a victor.

39

He, being cleansed, the Strengthener and Increaser, Soma the Bounteous, helped us with his lustre, Wherewith our sires of old who knew the footsteps found light and stole the cattle from the mountain.

40

In the first vault of heaven loud roared the Ocean, King of all being, generating creatures. Steer, in the filter, on the fleecy summit, Soma, the Drop effused, hath waxen mighty.

41

Soma the Steer, in that as Child of Waters he chose the Gods, performed that great achievement. He, Pavamana, granted strength to Indra; he, Indu, generated light in Surya.

42

Make Vayu glad,, for furtherance and bounty: cheer Varuna and Mitra, as they cleanse thee. Gladden the Gods, gladden the host of Maruts: make Heaven and Earth rejoice, O God, O Soma.

43

Flow onward righteous slayer of the wicked, driving away our enemies and sickness, Blending thy milk with milk which cows afford us. We are thy friends, thou art the Friend of Indra.

44

Pour us a fount of meath, a spring of treasure; send us a hero son and happy fortune. Be sweet to India when they cleanse thee, Indu, and pour down riches on us from the ocean.

45

Strong Soma, pressed, like an impetuous courser, hath flowed in stream as a flood speeding downward. Cleansed, he hath settled in his wooden dwelling: Indu hath flowed with milk and with the waters.

46

Strong, wise, for thee who longest for his coming this Soma here flows to the bowls, O Indra. He, chariot-borne, sun-bright, and truly potent, was poured forth like the longing of the pious.

47

He, purified with ancient vital vigour, pervading all his Daughter's forms and figures, Finding his threefold refuge in the waters, goes singing, as a priest, to the assemblies.

48

Now, chariot-borne, flow unto us, God Soma, as thou art purified flow to the saucers, Sweetest in waters, rich in meath, and holy, as Savitar the God is, truthfulminded.

49

To feast him, flow mid song and hymn, to Vayu, flow purified to Varuna and Mitra. Flow to the song-inspiring car-borne Hero, to mighty Indra, him who wields the thunder.

50

Pour on us garments that shall clothe us meetly, send, purified, milch-kine, abundant yielders. God Soma, send us chariot-drawing horses that they may bring us treasures bright and golden.

51

Send to us in a stream celestial riches, send us, when thou art cleansed, what earth containeth, So that thereby we may acquire possessions and Rsihood in Jamadagni's

manner.

52

Pour forth this wealth with this purification: flow onward to the yellow lake, O Indu. Here, too, the Ruddy, wind–swift, full of wisdom, Shall give a son to him who cometh quickly.

53

Flow on for us with this purification to the famed ford of thee whose due is glory. May the Foe–queller shake us down, for triumph, like a tree's ripe fruit, sixty thousand treasures.

54

Eagerly do we pray for those two exploits, at the blue lake and Prsana, wrought in battle. He sent our enemies to sleep and slew them, and turned away the foolish and unfriendly.

55

Thou comest unto three extended filters, and hasteriest [sic] through each one as they cleanse thee. Thou art the giver of the gift, a Bhaga, a Maghavan for liberal lords, O Indu.

56

This Soma here, the Wise, the All–obtainer, flows on his way as King of all existence. Driving the drops at our assemblies, Indu completely traverses the fleecy filter.

57

The Great Inviolable are kissing Indu, and singing in his place like eager sages. The wise men send him forth with ten swift fingers, and balm his form with essence of the waters.

58

Soma, may we, with thee as Pavamana, pile up together all our spoil in battle. This boon vouchsafe us Varuna and Mitra, and Aditi and Sindhu, Earth and Heaven.

HYMN XCVIII. Soma Pavamana

1

STREAM on us riches that are sought by many, best at winning strength Riches, O Indu, thousandfold, glorious, conquering the great.

2

Effused, he hath, as on a car, invested him in fleecy mail: Onward hath Indu flowed in streams, impelled, surrounded by the wood.

3

Effused, this Indu hath flowed on, distilling rapture, to the fleece: He goes erect, as seeking kine in stream, with light, to sacrifice.

4

For thou thyself, O Indu, God, to every mortal worshipper Attractest riches thousandfold, made manifest in hundred forms.

5

Good Vrtra–slayer, may we be still nearest to this wealth of thine Which many crave,
nearest to food and happiness, Resistless One!

6

Whom, bright with native splendour, crushed between the pair of pressingstones– The
wavy Friend whom Indra loves–the twice–five sisters dip and bathe,

7

Him with the fleece they purify, brown, golden–hued, beloved of all, Who with exhilarating
juice goes forth to all the Deities.

8

Through longing for this sap of yours ye drink what brings ability, Even him who, dear as
heaven's own light, gives to our princes high renown.

9

Indu at holy rites produced you, Heaven and Earth, the Friends of men, Hill–haunting God
the Goddesses. They bruised him where the roar was loud.

10

For Vrtra–slaying Indra, thou, Soma, art poured that he may drink, Poured for the
guerdon–giving man, poured for the God who sitteth there.

11

These ancient Somas, at the break of day, have flowed into the sieve, Snorting away at
early morn these foolish evil–hearted ones.

12

Friends, may the princes, ye and we, obtain this Most Resplendent One. Gain him who hath
the smell of strength, win him whose home is very strength.

HYMN XCIX. Soma Pavamana.

1

THEY for the Bold and Lovely One ply manly vigour like a bow: joyous, in front of songs
they weave bright raiment for the Lord Divine.

2

And he, made beautiful by night, dips forward into strengthening food', What time the
sacrificer's thoughts speed on his way the Golden–hued.

3

We cleanse this gladdening drink of his the juice which Indra chiefly drinks—— That which
kine took into their mouths, of old, and princes take it now.

4

To him, while purifying, they have raised the ancient psalm of praise: And sacred songs

which bear the names of Gods have supplicated him.

5

They purify him as he drops, courageous, in the fleecy sieve. Him they instruct as messenger to bear the sage's morning prayer.

6

Soma, best Cheerer, takes his seat, the while they cleanse him in the bowls. He as it were impregns the cow, and babbles on, the Lord of Song.

7

He is effused and beautified, a God for Gods, by skilful men. He penetrates the mighty floods collecting all he knows therein.

8

Pressed, Indu, guided by the men, thou art led to the cleaning sieve. Thou, yielding Indra highest joy, takest thy seat within the bowls.

HYMN C. Soma Pavamana.

I. THE Guileless Ones are singing praise to Indra's well beloved Friend, As, in the morning of its life, the mothers lick the new-born calf.

2

O Indu, while they cleanse thee bring, O Soma, doubly-waxing wealth Thou in the worshipper's abode causest all treasures to increase.

3

Set free the. song which mind hath yoked, even as thunder frees the rain: All treasures of the earth and heaven, O Soma, thou dost multiply.

4

Thy stream when thou art pressed runs on like some victorious warrior's steed Hastening onward through the fleece like a fierce horse who wins the prize.

5

Flow on, Sage Soma, with thy stream to give us mental power and strength, Effused for Indra, for his drink, for Mitra and for Varuna.

6

Flow to the filter with thy stream, effused, best winner, thou, of spoil, O Soma, as most rich in sweets for Indra, Visnu, and the Gods.

7

The mothers, void of guiles, caress thee Golden-coloured, in the sieve, As cows, O Pavamana, lick the new-born calf, as Law commands.

8

Thou, Pavamana, movest on with wondrous rays to great renown. Striving within the votary's house thou drivest all the glooms away.

9

Lord of great sway, thou liftest thee above the heavens, above the earth. Thou, Pavamana hast assumed thy coat of mail in majesty.

HYMN CI. Soma Pavamana

1

FOR first possession of your juice, for the exhilarating drink, Drive ye away the dog, my friends, drive ye the long-tongued dog away.

2

He who with purifying stream, effused, comes flowing hitherward, Indu, is like an able steed.

3

The men with all-pervading song send unassailable Soma forth, By pressing-stones, to sacrifice.

4

The Somas, very rich in sweets, for which the sieve is destined, flow, Effused, the source of Indra's joy: may your strong juices reach the Gods.

5

Indu flows on for Indra's sake: thus have the Deities declared. The Lord of Speech exerts himself, Ruler of all, because of might.

6

Inciter of the voice of song, with thousand streams the ocean flows, Even Soma, Lord of opulence, the Friend of Indra, day by day.

7

As Pusan, Fortune, Bhaga, comes this Soma while they make him pure. He, Lord of the multitude, hath looked upon the earth and heaven.

8

The dear cows lowed in joyful mood together to the gladdening drink. The drops as they were purified, the Soma juices, made then paths.

9

O Pavamana, bring the juice, the mightiest, worthy to be famed, Which the Five Tribes have over them, whereby we may win opulence.

10

For us the Soma juices flow, the drops best furtherers of our weal, Effused as friends

without a spot, benevolent, finders of the light.

11

Effused by means of pressing–stones, upon the ox–hide visible, They, treasure–finders, have announced food unto us from every side.

12

These Soma juices, skilled in song, purified, blent with milk and curd, When moving and when firmly laid in oil, resemble lovely Suns.

13

Let not the power of men restrain the voice of the outpouring juice: As Bhrgu's sons chased Makha, so drive ye the greedy hound away.

14

The Friend hath wrapped him in his robe, as in his parents arms, a son. He went, as lover to a dame, to take his station suitor–like.

15

That Hero who produces strength, he who hath propped both worlds apart, Gold–hued, hath wrapped him in the sieve, to settle, priest–like, in his place.

16

Soma upon the ox's skin through the sheep's wool flows purified. Bellowing out, the Tawny Steer goes on to Indra's special place.

HYMN CIL Soma Pavamana.

1

THE Child, when blended with the streams, speeding the plan of sacrifice, Surpasses all things that are dear, yea, from of old.

2

The place, near the two pressing–stones of Trita, hath he occupied, Secret and dear through seven lights of sacrifice.

3

Urge to three courses, on the heights of Trita, riches in a stream. He who is passing wise measures his courses out.

4

Even at his birth the Mothers Seven taught him, for glory, like a sage, So that he, firm and sure, hath set his mind on wealth.

5

Under his sway, of one accord, are all the guileless Deities: Warriors to be envied, they, when they are pleased.

6

The Babe whom they who strengthen Law have generated fair to see, Much longed for at the sacrifice, most liberal Sage,—

7

To him, united, of themselves, come the young Parents of the rite, When they adorn him, duly weaving sacrifice.

8

With wisdom and with radiant eyes unbar to us the stall of heaven, Speeding at solemn rite the plan of Holy Law.

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Book 09 Part 07

HYMN CIII. Soma Pavamana.

1

To Soma who is purified as ordering Priest the song is raised: Bring meed, as 'twere, to one who makes thee glad with hymns.

2

Blended with milk and curds he flows on through the long wool of the sheep. The Gold-hued, purified, makes him three seats for rest.

3

On through the long wool of the sheep to the meath-dropping vat he flows: The Rsis' sevenfold quire hath sung aloud to him.

4

Shared by all Gods, Infallible, the Leader of our holy hymns, Golden-hued Soma, being cleansed, hath reached the bowls.

5

After thy Godlike qualities, associate with Indra, go, As a Priest purified by priests, Immortal One.

6

Like a car-horse who shows his strength, a God effused for Deities. The penetrating Pavamana flows along.

HYMN CIV. Soma Pavamana.

1

SIT down, O friends, and sing aloud to him who purifies himself: Deck him for glory, like a child, with holy rites.

2

Unite him bringing household wealth, even as a calf, with mother kine, Him who hath double strength, the God, delighting juice.

3

Purify him who gives us power, that he, most Blessed One, may be A banquet for the Troop, Mitra, and Varuna.

4

Voices have sung aloud to thee as finderout [sic] of wealth for us: We clothe the hue thou wearest with a robe of milk.

5

Thou, Indu, art the food of Gods, O Sovran of all gladdening drinks: As Friend for friend, be thou best finder of success.

6

Drive utterly away from us each demon, each voracious fiend, The godless and the false: keep sorrow far away.

HYMN CV. Soma Pavamana

1

SING; ye aloud, O friends, to him who makes him pure for gladdening drink: They shall make sweet the Child with sacrifice and laud.

2

Like as a calf with mother cows, so Indu is urged forth and sent, Glorified by our hymns, the God—delighting juice.

3

Effectual means of power is he, he is a banquet for the Troop, He who hath been effused, most rich in meath, for Gods.

4

Flow to us, Indu, passing, strong, effused, with wealth of kine and steeds: I will spread forth above the milk thy radiant hue.

5

Lord of the tawny, Indu thou who art the God's most special food, As Friend to friend, for splendour be thou good to men.

6

Drive utterly, far away from us each godless, each voracious foe. O Indu, overcome and drive the false afar.

HYMN CVI. Soma Pavamana.

1

To Indra, to the Mighty Steer, may these gold—coloured juices go, Drops rapidly produced, that find the light of heaven.

2

Effused, this juice victorious flows for Indra, for his maintenance. Soma bethinks him of the Conqueror, as he knows.

3

May Indra in his raptures gain from him the grasp that gathers spoil, And, winning waters, wield the steerstrong thunderbolt.

4

Flow vigilant for Indra, thou Soma, yea, Indu, run thou on: Bring hither splendid strength that finds the light of heaven.

5

Do thou, all-beautiful, purify for Indra's sake the mighty juice, Path-maker thou, far seeing, with a thousand ways.

6

Best finder of prosperity for us, most rich in sweets for Gods, Proceed thou loudly roaring on a thousand paths.

7

O Indu, with thy streams, in might, flow for the banquet of the Gods: Rich in meath, Soma, in our beaker take thy place.

8

Thy drops that swim in water have exalted Indra to delight: The Gods have drunk thee up for immortality.

9

Stream opulence to us, ye drops of Soma, pressed and purified, Pouring down rain from heaven in hoods, and finding light.

10

Soma, while filtered, with his wave flows through the long wool of the sheep, Shouting while purified before the voice of song.

11

With songs they send the Mighty forth, sporting in wood, above the fleece: Our psalms have glorified him of the triple height.

12

Into the jars hath he been loosed, like an impetuous steed for war, And lifting up his voice, while filtered, glided on.

13

Gold-hued and lovely in his course, through tangles of the wool he flows, And pours heroic fame upon the worshippers.

14

Flow thus, a faithful votary: the streams of meath have been effused. Thou comest to the filter, singing, from each side.

HYMN CVII. Soma Pavamana.

I., HENCE sprinkle forth the juice effused,. Soma, the best of sacred gifts, Who, friend of man, hath run amid the water-streams. He hath pressed Soma out with stones.

2

Now, being purified, flow hither through the fleece inviolate and most odorous. We laden thee in waters when thou art effused, blending thee still with juice and milk.

3

Pressed out for all to see, delighting Gods, Indu, Far-sighted One, is mental power.

4

Cleansing thee, Soma, in thy stream, thou flowest in a watery robe: Giver of wealth, thou sittest in the place of Law, O God, a fountain made of gold.

5

Milking the heavenly udder for dear meath, he hath sat in the ancient gatheringplace. Washed by the men, the Strong Farseeing One streams forth nutritious food that all desire.

6

O Soma, while they cleanse thee, dear and watchful in the sheep's long wool, Thou hast become a Singer most like Angiras: thou madest Surya mount to heaven.

7

Bountiful, best of furtherers, Soma floweth on, Rsi and Singer, keen of sight. Thou hast become a Sage most welcome to the Gods: thou madest Surya mount to heaven.

8

Pressed out by pressers, Soma goes over the fleecy backs of sheep, Goes, even as with a mare, in tawnycoloured stream, goes in exhilarating stream.

9

Down to the water-Soma, rich in kine hath flowed with cows, with cows that have been milked. They have approached the mixing-vessel as a sea: the cheerer streams for the carouse.

10

Effused by stones, O Soma, and urged through the long wool of the sheep, Thou, entering the saucers as a man the fort, gold-hued hast settled in the wood.

11

He beautifies himself through the sheep's long fine wool, like an impetuous steed in war, Even Soma Pavamana who shall be the joy of sages and of holy bards.

12

O Soma,-for the feast of Gods, river-like he hath swelled with surge, With the stalk's juice, exhilarating, resting not, into the vat that drops with meath.

13

Like a dear son who must be decked, the Lovely One hath clad him in a shining robe. Men skilful at their work drive him forth, like a car, into the rivers from their bands.

14

The living drops of Soma juice pour, as they flow, the gladdening drink, Intelligent drops above the basin of the sea, exhilarating, finding light.

15

May Pavamana, King and God, speed with his wave over the sea the lofty rite: May he by Mitra's and by Varuna's decree flow furthering the lofty rite.

16

Far-seeing, lovely, guided by the men, the God whose home is in the sea-

17

Soma, the gladdening juice, flows pressed for Indra with his Marut host: He hastens o'er the fleece with all his thousand streams: men make him bright and beautiful.

18

Purified in the bowl and gendering the hymn, wise Soma joys among the Gods. Robed in the flood, the Mighty One hath clad himself with milk and settled in the vats.

19

O Soma, Indu, every day thy friendship hath been my delight. Many fiends follow me; help me, thou Tawny-hued; pass on beyond these barriers.

20

Close to thy bosom am I, Soma, day and night. O Tawny-hued, for friendship sake. Surya himself refulgent with his glow have we o'ertaken in his course like birds.

21

Deft-handed! thou when purified liftest thy voice amid the sea. Thou, Pavamana, makest riches flow to us, yellow, abundant, much-desired.

22

Making thee pure and bright in the sheep's long wool, thou hast bellowed, steerlike, in the wood. Thou flowest, Soma Pavamana, balmed with milk unto the special place of Gods.

23

Flow on to win us strength, flow on to lofty lore of every kind. Thou, Soma, as Exhilarator wast the first to spread the sea abroad for Gods.

24

Flow to the realm of earth, flow to the realm of heaven, O Soma, in thy righteous ways. Fair art thou whom the sages, O Far-seeing One, urge onward with their songs and hymns.

25

Over the cleansing sieve have flowed the Pavamanas in a stream, Girt by the Maruts, gladdening, Steeds with Indra's strength, for wisdom and for dainty food.

26

Urged onward by the pressers, clad in watery robes, Indu is speeding to the vat. He gendering light, hath made the glad Cows low, while he takes them as his garb of state.

HYMN CVIII. Soma Pavamana.

1

FOR Indra, flow thou Soma on, as gladdening juice most sweet, intelligent, Great, cheering, dwelling most in heaven.

2

Thou, of whom having drunk the Steer acts like a steer. drinking of this that finds the light, He, Excellently Wise, is come to strengthening food, to spoil and wealth like Etasa.

3

For, verily, Pavamana, thou bast, splendidest, called all the generations of The Gods to immortality.

4

By whom Dadhyac Navagva opens fastened doors, by whom the sages gained their wish, By whom they won the fame of lovely Amrta in the felicity of Gods.

5

Effused, he floweth in a stream, best rapture-giver, in the long wool of the sheep, Sporting, as 'twere the waters' wave.

6

He who from out the rocky cavern took with might the redmrefulgent [sic] watery Cows, Thou masterest the stable full of kine and steeds: burst it, brave Lord, like one in mail.

7

Press ye and pour him, like a steed, laudworthy, speeding through the region and the flood, Who swims in water, roan in wood;

8

Increaser of the water, Steer with thousand streams, dear to the race of Deities; Who born in Law hath waxen mighty by the Law, King, God, and lofty Ordinance.

9

Make splendid glory shine on us, thou Lord of strengthening food, God, as the Friend of Gods: Unclose the fount of middle air.

10

Roll onward to the bowls, O Mighty One, effused, as Prince supporter of the tribes. Pour on us rain from heaven, send us the waters' flow: incite our thoughts to win the spoil.

11

They have drained him the Steer of heaven, him with a thousand streams, distilling

rapturous joy, Him who brings all things excellent.

12

The Mighty One was born Immortal, giving life, lightening darkness with his shine.
Well–praised by. sages he hath. by his wondrous power assumed the Threefold as his robe.

13

Effused is he who brings good things, who brings us bounteous gifts and sweet refreshing food, Soma who brings us quiet homes:

14

He whom our Indra and the Marut host shall drink, Bhaga shall drink with Aryaman, By whom we bring to us Mitra and Varuna and Indra for our great defence.

15

Soma, for Indra's drink do thou, led by the men, well–weaponed and most gladdening, Flow on with greatest store of sweets.

16

Enter the Soma–holder, even Indra's heart, as rivers pass into the sea, Acceptable to Mitra, Vayu, Varuna, the noblest Pillar of the heavens.

HYMN CIX. Soma Pavamana.

1

PLEASANT to Indra's Mitra's, Pusan's Bhaga's taste, sped onward, Soma, with thy flowing stream.

2

Let Indra drink, O Soma, of thy juice for wisdom, and all Deities for strength.

3

So flow thou on as bright celestial juice, flow to the vast, immortal dwelling–place.

4

Flow onward, Soma, as a mighty sea, as Father of the Gods to every form.

5

Flow on, O Soma, radiant for the Gods and Heaven and Earth and bless our progeny.

6

Thou, bright Juice, art Sustainer of the sky: flow, mighty, in accordance with true Law.

7

Soma, flow splendid with thy copious stream through the great fleece as in the olden time.

8

Bom, led by men, joyous, and purified, let the Light-finder make all blessings flow:

9

Indu, while cleansed, keeping the people safe, shall give us all possessions for our own.

10

Flow on for wisdom, Soma, and for power, as a strong courser bathed, to win the prize.

11

The pressers purify this juice of thine, the Soma, for delight, and lofty fame

12

They deck the Gold-hued Infant, newlyborn, even Soma, Indu, in the sieve for Gods.

13

Fair Indu hath flowed on for rapturous joy, Sage for good fortune in the waters' lap.

14

He bears the beauteous name of Indra, that wherewith he overcame all demon foes.

15

All Deities are wont to drink of him, pressed by the men and blent with milk and curds.

16

He hath flowed forth with thousand streams effused, flowed through the filter and the sheep's long wool.

17

With endless genial flow the Strong hath run, purified by the waters, blent with milk.

18

Pressed out with stones, directed by the men, go forth, O Soma, into Indra's throat.

19

The mighty Soma with a thousand streams is poured to Indra through the cleansing sieve.

20

Indu they balm with pleasant milky juice for Indra, for the Steer, for his delight.

21

Lightly, for sheen, they cleanse thee for the Gods, gold-coloured, wearing water as thy robe.

22

Indu to Indra streams, yea, downward streams, Strong, flowing to the floods, and mingling -there.

HYMN CX. Soma Pavamana.

1

O'ERPOWERING Vrtras, forward run to win great strength: Thou speedest to subdue like one exacting debts.

2

In thee, effused, O Soma, we rejoice ourselves for great supremacy in fight. Thou, Pavamana, enterest into mighty deeds,

3

O Pavamana, thou didst generate the Sun, and spread the moisture out with power, Hasting to us with plenty vivified with milk.

4

Thou didst produce him, Deathless God mid mortal men for maintenance of Law and lovely Amrta: Thou evermore hast moved making strength flow to us.

5

All round about hast thou with glory pierced for us as 'twere a never-failing well for men to drink, Borne on thy way in fragments from the presser's arms.

6

Then, beautifully radiant, certain Heavenly Ones, have sung to him their kinship as they looked thereon, And Savitar the God opens as 'twere a stall.

7

Soma, the men of old whose grass was trimmed addressed the hymn to thee for mighty strength and for renown: So, Hero, urge us onward to heroic power.

8

They have drained forth from out the great depth of the sky the old primeval milk of heaven that claims the laud: They lifted up their voice to Indra at his birth.

9

As long as thou, O Pavamana, art above this earth and heaven and all existence in thy might, Thou standest like a Bull the chief amid the herd.

10

In the sheep's wool hath Soma Pavamana flowed, while they cleanse him, like a playful infant, Indu with hundred powers and hundred currents.

11

Holy and sweet, while purified, this Indu flows on, a wave of pleasant taste, to Indra,—Strength-winner, Treasure-finder, Life. bestower.

12

So flow thou on, subduing our assailants, chasing the demons hard to been countered,

Well-armed and conquering our foes, O Soma.

HYMN CXI. Soma Pavamana.

1

WITH this his golden splendour purifying him, he with his own allies subdues all enemies, as Sara with his own allies. Cleansing himself with stream of juice he shines forth yellow-hued and red, when with the praisers he encompasses all forms, with praisers having seven mouths.

2

That treasure of the Panis thou discoveredst; thou with thy mothers deckest thee in thine abode, with songs of worship in thine home. As 'twere from far, the hymn is heard, where holy songs resound in joy. He with the ruddy-hued, threefold hath won life-power, he, glittering, hath won life-power.

3

He moves intelligent, directed to the East. The very beauteous car rivals the beams of light, the beautiful celestial car. Hymns, lauding manly valour, came, inciting Indra to success, that ye may be unconquered, both thy bolt and thou, both be unconquered in the war.

HYMN CXII. Soma Pavamana.

1

WE all have various thoughts and plans, and diverse are the ways of men. The Brahman seeks the worshipper, wright seeks the cracked, and leech the maimed. Flow, Indu, flow for Indra's sake.

2

The smith with ripe and seasoned plants, with feathers of the birds of air, With stones, and with enkindled flames, seeks him who hath a store of gold. Flow, Indu, flow for Indra's sake.

3

A bard am I, my dad's a leech, mammy lays corn upon the stones. Striving for wealth, with varied plans, we follow our desires like kine. Flow, Indu, flow for Indra's sake.

4

The horse would draw an easy car, gay hosts attract the laugh and jest. The male desires his mate's approach, the frog is eager for the flood, Flow, Indu, flow for Indra's sake.

HYMN CXIII. Soma Pavamana.

1

LET Vrtra-slaying Indra drink Soma by Saryanavan's side, Storing up vigour in his heart, prepared to do heroic deeds. Flow, Indu, flow for Indra's sake.

2

Lord of the Quarters, flow thou on, boon Soma, from Arjika land, Effused with ardour and

with faith, and the true hymn of sacrifice. Flow, Indu, flow for Indra's sake.

3

Hither hath Surya's Daughter brought the wild Steer whom Parjanya nursed. Gandharvas have seized bold of him, and in the Soma laid the juice. Flow, Indu, flow for Indra's sake.

4

Splendid by Law! declaring Law, truthspeaking, truthful in thy works, announcing faith, King Soma! thou, O Soma, whom thy maker decks. Flow, Indu, flow for Indra's sake.

5

Together flow the meeting streams of him the Great and truly Strong. The juices of the juicy meet. Made pure by prayer, O Golden-hued, flow, Indu, flow for Indra's sake.

6

O Pavamana, where the priest, as he recites the rhythmic prayer, Lords it o'er Soma with the stone, with Soma bringing forth delight, flow, Indu, flow for Indra's sake.

7

O Pavarnana, place me in that deathless, undecaying world Wherein the light of heaven is set, and everlasting lustre shines. Flow, Indu, flow for Indra's sake.

8

Make me immortal in that realm where dwells the King, Vivasvan's Son, Where is the secret shrine of heaven, where are those waters young and fresh. Flow, Indu, flow for Indra's sake.

9

Make me immortal in that realm where they move even as they list, In the third sphere of inmost heaven where lucid worlds are full of light. Flow, Indu, flow for Indra's sake.

10

Make me immortal in that realm of eager wish and strong desire, The region of the radiant Moon, where food and full delight are found. Flow, Indu, flow for Indra's sake:

11

Make me immortal in that realm where happiness and transports, where Joys and felicities combine, and longing wishes are fulfilled. Flow, Indu, flow for Indra's sake.

HYMN CXIV. Soma Pavamana.

1

THE man who walketh as the Laws of Indu Pavamana bid,— Men call him rich in children, him, O Soma, who hath met thy thought. Flow, Indu, flow for Indra's sake.

2

Kasyapa, Rsi, lifting up thy voice with hymn-composers' lauds, Pay reverence to King Soma born the Sovran Ruler of the plants. Flow, Indu, flow for Indra's sake.

3

Seven regions have their several Suns; the ministering priests are seven; Seven are the Aditya Deities,—with these, O Soma, guard thou us. Flow, Indu, flow for Indra's sake.

4

Guard us with this oblation which, King Soma, hath been dressed for thee. Let not malignity conquer us, let nothing evil do us harm. Flow, Indu, flow for Indra's sake,

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