

Agni bath brought to light and filled with spirit the youthful host blameless and well providing.
9 He who like thought goes swiftly on his journey, the Sun, alone is ever Lord of riches.
The Kings with fair hands, Varuna and Mitra, protect the precious nectar in our cattle.
10 O Agni, break not our ancestral friendship, Sage as thou art, endowed with deepest knowledge.
Old age, like gathering cloud, impairs the body: before that evil be come nigh protect me.

[01-072] HYMN LXXII. Agni.

1. THOUGH holding many gifts for men, he humbleth the higher powers of each wise ordainer.
Agni is now the treasure-lord of treasures, for ever granting all immortal bounties.
2 The Gods infallible all searching found not him, the dear Babe who still is round about us.
Worn weary, following his track, devoted, they reached the lovely highest home of Agni.
3 Because with holy oil the pure Ones, Agni, served thee the very pure three autumn seasons,
Therefore they won them holy names for worship, and nobly born they dignified their bodies.
4 Making them known to spacious earth and heaven, the holy Ones revealed the powers of Rudra.
The mortal band, discerning in the distance, found Agni standing in the loftiest station.
5 Nigh they approached, one-minded, with their spouses, kneeling to him adorable paid worship.
Friend finding in his own friend's eye protection, they made their own the bodies which they
chastened.
6 Soon as the holy beings had discovered the thrice-seven mystic things contained within thee,
With these, one-minded., they preserve the Amrta: guard thou the life of all their plants and cattle.
7 Thou, Agni, knower of men's works, hast sent us good food in constant course for our subsistence:
Thou deeply skilled in paths of Gods becamest an envoy never wearied, offeringbearer.
8 Knowing the Law, the seven strong floods from heaven, full of good thought, discerned the doors of
riches.
Sarama found the cattle's firm-built prison whereby the race of man is still supported.
9 They who approached all noble operations making a path that leads to life immortal,
To be the Bird's support, the spacious mother, Aditi, and her great Sons stood in power.
10 When Gods immortal made both eyes of heaven, they gave to him the gift of beauteous glory.
Now they flow forth like rivers set in motion: they knew the Red Steeds coming down, O Agni.

[01-073] HYMN LXXIII. Agni.

I. HE who gives food, like patrimonial riches and guides aright like some wise man's instruction,
Loved like a guest who lies in pleasant lodging,-may he, as Priest, prosper his servant's dwelling.
2 He who like Savitar the God, true-minded protecteth with his power. all acts of vigour,
Truthful, like splendour, glorified by many, like breath joy-giving,-all must strive to win him.
3 He who on earth dwells like a king surrounded by faithful friends, like a God all-sustaining,
Like heroes who preside, who sit in safety: like as a blameless dame dear to her husband.
4 Thee, such, in settlements secure, O Agni, our men serve ever kindled in each dwelling.
On him have they laid splendour in abundance: dear to all men, bearer be he of riches.
5 May thy rich worshippers win food, O Agni, and princes gain long life who bring oblation.
May we get booty from our foe in battle, presenting to the Gods their share for glory.
6 The cows of holy law, sent us by Heaven, have swelled with laden udders, loudly lowing;
Soliciting his favour, from a distance the rivers to the rock have flowed together.
7 Agni, with thee, soliciting thy favour, the holy Ones have gained glory in heaven.
They made the Night and Dawn of different colours, and set the black and purple hues together.
8 May we and those who worship be the mortals whom thou, O Agni, leadest on to riches.
Thou hast filled earth and heaven and air's mid-region, and followest the whole world like a shadow.
9 Aided by thee, O Agni, may we conquer steeds with steeds, men with men, heroes with heroes,
Lords of the wealth transmitted by our fathers: and may our princes live a hundred winters.
10 May these our hymns of praise, Agni, Ordainer, be pleasant to thee in thy heart and spirit.
May we have power to hold thy steeds of riches, laying on thee the God-sent gift of glory.

And the joy-giving stones that press the Soma's juice. Asvins, may ye, for whom our spirits long, hear this.

5 Him we invoke for aid who reigns supreme, the Lord of all that stands or moves, inspirer of the soul, That Pusan may promote the increase of our wealth, our keeper and our guard infallible for our good.

6 Illustrious far and wide, may Indra prosper us: may Pusan prosper us, the Master of all wealth.

May Tarkasya with uninjured fellows prosper us: Brhaspati vouchsafe to us prosperity.

7 The Maruts, Sons of Prani, borne by spotted steeds, moving in glory, oft visiting holy rites, Sages whose tongue is Agni, brilliant as the Sun, hither let all the Gods for our protection come.

8 Gods, may we with our ears listen to what is good, and with our eyes see what is good, ye Holy Ones.

With limbs and bodies firm may we extolling you attain the term of life appointed by the Gods.

9 A hundred autumns stand before us, O ye Gods, within whose space ye bring our bodies to decay;

Within whose space our sons become fathers in turn. Break ye not in the midst our course of fleeting life.

10 Aditi is the heaven, Aditi is mid-air, Aditi is the Mother and the Sire and Son.

Aditi is all Gods, Aditi five-classed men, Aditi all that hath been born and shall be born.

[01-090] HYMN XC. Visvedevas.

1. MAY Varuna with guidance straight, and Mitra lead us, he who knows, And Aryaman in accord with Gods.

2 For they are dealers forth of wealth, and, not deluded, with their might Guard evermore the holy laws.

3 Shelter may they vouchsafe to us, Immortal Gods to mortal men, Chasing our enemies away.

4 May they mark out our paths to bliss, Indra, the Maruts, Pusan, and Bhaga, the Gods to be adored.

5 Yea, Pusan, Visnu, ye who run your course, enrich our hymns with kine; Bless us with all prosperity.

6 The winds waft sweets, the rivers pour sweets for the man who keeps the Law So may the plants be sweet for us.

7 Sweet be the night and sweet the dawns, sweet the terrestrial atmosphere; Sweet be our Father Heaven to us.

8 May the tall tree be full of sweets for us, and full of sweets the Sun: May our milch-kine be sweet for us.

9 Be Mitra gracious unto us, and Varuna and Aryaman: Indra, Brhaspati be kind, and Visnu of the mighty stride.

[01-091] HYMN XCI Soma.

1. Thou, Soma, art preeminent for wisdom; along the straightest path thou art our leader. Our wise forefathers by thy guidance, Indu, dealt out among the Gods their share of treasure.

2 Thou by thine insight art most wise, O Soma, strong by thine energies and all possessing, Mighty art thou by all thy powers and greatness, by glories art thou glorious, guide of mortals.

3 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.

4 With all thy glories on the earth, in heaven, on mountains, in the plants, and in the waters,- With all of these, well-pleased and not in anger, accept, O royal Soma, our oblations.

5 Thou, Soma, art the Lord of heroes, King, yea, Vrtra-slayer thou: Thou art auspicious energy.

6 And, Soma, let it be thy wish that we may live and may not die:

Praise-loving Lord of plants art thou.

4 This hath his kinship checked who lives beside us: with ancient streams forth speeds and rules the Hero, Anjasi, Kulisi, and Virapatni, delighting him, bear milk upon their waters.

5 Soon as this Dasyu's traces were discovered, as she who knows her home, he sought the dwelling. Now think thou of us, Maghavan, nor cast us away as doth a profligate his treasure.

6 Indra, as such, give us a share of sunlight, of waters, sinlessness, and reputation. Do thou no harm to our yet unborn offspring: our trust is in thy mighty Indra-power.

7 Now we, I think, in thee as such have trusted: lead us on, Mighty One, to ample riches. In no unready house give us, O Indra invoked of many, food and drink when hungry.

8 Slay us not, Indra; do not thou forsake us: steal not away the joys which we delight in. Rend not our unborn brood, strong Lord of Bounty! our vessels with the life that is within them.

9 Come to us; they have called thee Soma-lover: here is the pressed juice. Drink thereof for rapture. Widely-capacious, pour it down within thee, and, invocated, hear us like a Father.

[01-105] HYMN CV. Visvedevas.

1. WITHIN the waters runs the Moon, he with the beauteous wings in heaven. Ye lightnings with your golden wheels, men find not your abiding-place. Mark this my woe, ye Earth and Heaven.

2 Surely men crave and gain their wish. Close to her husband clings the wife. And, in embraces intertwined, both give and take the bliss of love. Mark this my woe, ye Earth and Heaven.

3 O never may that light, ye Gods, fall from its station in the sky. Ne'er fail us one like Soma sweet, the spring of our felicity. Mark this my woe ye Earth and Heaven.

4 I ask the last of sacrifice. As envoy he shall tell it forth. Where is the ancient law divine? Who is its new diffuser now? Mark this my woe, ye Earth and Heaven.

5 Ye Gods who yonder have your home in the three lucid realms of heaven, What count ye truth and what untruth? Where is mine ancient call on you? Mark this my woe, ye Earth and Heaven.

6 What is your firm support of Law? What Varuna's observant eye? How may we pass the wicked on the path of mighty Aryaman? Mark this my woe, ye Earth and Heaven.

7 I am the man who sang of old full many a laud when Soma flowed. Yet torturing cares consume me as the wolf assails the thirsty deer. Mark this my woe, ye Earth and Heaven.

8 Like rival wives on every side enclosing ribs oppress me sore. O Satakratu, biting cares devour me, singer of thy praise, as rats devour the weaver's threads. Mark this my woe, ye Earth and Heaven.

9 Where those seven rays are shining, thence my home and family extend. This Trta Aptya knoweth well, and speaketh out for brotherhood. Mark this my woe, ye Earth and Heaven.

10 May those five Bulls which stand on high full in the midst of mighty heaven, Having together swiftly borne my praises to the Gods, return. Mark this my woe, ye Earth and Heaven.

11 High in the mid ascent of heaven those Birds of beauteous pinion sit. Back from his path they drive the wolf as he would cross the restless floods. Mark this my woe, ye Earth and Heaven.

12 Firm is this new-wrought hymn of praise, and meet to be told forth, O Gods. The flowing of the floods is Law, Truth is the Sun's extended light. Mark this my woe, ye Earth and Heaven.

13 Worthy of laud, O Agni, is that kinship which thou hast with Gods. Here seat thee like a man: most wise, bring thou the Gods for sacrifice. Mark this my woe, ye Earth and Heaven.

14 Here seated, man-like as a priest shall wisest Agni to the Gods

[01-156] HYMN CLVI. Visnu

1. FAR-SHINING, widely famed, going thy wonted way, fed with the oil, be helpful. Mitra-like, to us.
So, Visnu, e'en the wise must swell thy song of praise, and he who hath oblations pay thee solemn rites.

2 He who brings gifts to him the Ancient and the Last, to Visnu who ordains, together with his Spouse,
Who tells the lofty birth of him the Lofty One, shall verily surpass in glory e'en his peer.

3 Him have ye satisfied, singers, as well as ye know, primeval germ of Order even from his birth.
Ye, knowing e'en his name, have told it forth: may we, Visnu, enjoy the grace of thee the Mighty One.

4 The Sovran Varuna and both the Asvins wait on this the will of him who guides the Marut host.
Visnu hath power supreme and might iliat finds the day, and with his Friend unbars the stable of the kine.

5 Even he the Heavenly One who came for fellowship, Visnu to Indra, godly to the godlier,
Who Maker, throned in three worlds, helps the Aryan man, and gives the worshipper his share of Holy Law.

[01-157] HYMN CLVII. Asvins.

1. AGNI is wakened: Surya riseth from the earth. Mighty, refulgent Dawn hath shone with all her light.
The Asvins have equipped their chariot for the course. God Savitar hath moved the folk in sundry ways.

2 When, Asvins, ye equip your very mighty car, bedew, ye Twain, our power with honey and with oil.
To our devotion give victorious strength in war: may we win riches in the heroes' strife for spoil.

3 Nigh to us come the Asvins' lauded three-wheeled car, the car laden with meath and drawn by fleet-foot steeds,
Three-seated, opulent, bestowing all delight. may it bring weal to us, to cattle and to men.

4 Bring hither nourishment for us, ye Asvins Twain; sprinkle us with your whip that drops with honey-dew.
Prolong our days of life, wipe out our trespasses; destroy our foes, be our companions and our Friends.

5 Ye store the germ of life in female creatures, ye lay it up within all living beings.
Ye have sent forth, O Asvins passing mighty, the fire, the sovran of the wood, the waters,

6 Leeches are ye with medicines to heal us, and charioteers are ye with skill in driving.
Ye Strong, give sway to him who brings oblation and with his heart pours out his gift before you.

[01-158] HYMN CLVIII. Asvins.

1. YE Vasus Twain, ye Rudras full of counsel, grant us, Strong Strengtheners, when ye stand beside us,
What wealth Aucathya craves of you, great Helpers when ye come forward with no niggard succour.

2 Who may give you aught, Vasus, for your favour, for what, at the Cow's place, ye grant through worship?
Wake for us understanding full of riches, come with a heart that will fulfil our longing.

3 As erst for Tugra's son your car, sea-crossing, strong, was equipped and set amid the waters,
So may I gain your shelter and protection as with winged course a hero seeks his army.

4 May this my praise preserve Ucathya's offspring: let not these Twain who fly with wings exhaust me.
Let not the wood ten times up-piled consume me, when fixed for you it bites the ground it stands on.

5 The most maternal streams, wherein the Dilsas cast me securely bound, have not devoured me.
When Traitana would cleave my head asunder, the Dasa wounded his own breast and shoulders.

6 Dirghatamas the son of Mamati hath come to length of days in the tenth age of human kind.
He is the Brahman of the waters as they strive to reach their end and aim: their charioteer is he.

40 Fortunate mayst thou be with goodly pasture, and may we also be exceeding wealthy.
 Feed on the grass, O Cow, at every season, and coming hitherward drink limpid water.

41 Forming the water-floods, the buffalo hath lowed, one-footed or two-footed or four-footed, she,
 Who hath become eight-footed or hath got nine feet, the thou sand-syllabled in the sublimest heaven.

42 From her descend in streams the seas of water; thereby the world's four regions have their being,
 Thence flows the imperishable flood and thence the universe hath life.

43 I saw from far away the smoke of fuel with spires that rose on high o'er that beneath it.
 The Mighty Men have dressed the spotted bullock. These were the customs in the days aforetime,

44 Three with long tresses show in ordered season. One of them sheareth when the year is ended.
 One with his powers the universe regardeth: Of one, the sweep is seen, but his figure.

45 Speech hath been measured out in four divisions, the Brahmans who have understanding know them.
 Three kept in close concealment cause no motion; of speech, men speak only the fourth division.

46 They call him Indra, Mitra, Varuna, Agni, and he is heavenly nobly-winged Garutman.
 To what is One, sages give many a title they call it Agni, Yama, Matarisvan.

47 Dark the descent: the birds are golden-coloured; up to the heaven they fly robed in the waters.
 Again descend they from the seat of Order, and all the earth is moistened with their fatness.

48 Twelve are the fellies, and the wheel is single; three are the naves. What man hath understood it?
 Therein are set together spokes three hundred and sixty, which in nowise can be loosened.

49 That breast of thine exhaustless, spring of pleasure, wherewith thou feedest all things that are choicest,
 Wealth-giver, treasure. finder, free bestower, -bring that, Sarasvati, that we may drain it.

50 By means of sacrifice the Gods accomplished their sacrifice: these were the earliest ordinances.
 These Mighty Ones attained the height of heaven, there where the Sadhyas, Gods of old, are dwelling.

51 Uniform, with the passing days, this water mounts and fails again.
 The tempest-clouds give life to earth, and fires re-animate the heaven.

52 The Bird Celestial, vast with noble pinion, the lovely germ of plants, the germ of waters,
 Him who delighteth us with rain in season, Sarasvan I invoke that he may help us.

[01-165] HYMN CLXV. Indra. Maruts.

1. WITH what bright beauty are the Maruts jointly invested, peers in age, who dwell together?
 From what place have they come? With what intention? Sing they their strength through love of wealth, these Heroes?

2 Whose prayers have they, the Youthful Ones, accepted? Who to his sacrifice hath turned the Maruts?
 We will delay them on their journey sweeping-with what high spirit!-through the air like eagles.

3 Whence comest thou alone, thou who art mighty, Indra, Lord of the Brave? What is thy purpose?
 Thou greetest us when meeting us the Bright Ones. Lord of Bay Steeds, say what thou hast against us.

4 Mine are devotions, hymns; sweet are libations. Strength stirs, and hurled forth is my bolt of thunder.
 They call for me, their lauds are longing for me. These my Bay Steeds bear me to these oblations.

5 Therefore together with our strong companions, having adorned our bodies, now we harness,
 Our spotted deer with might, for thou, O Indra, hast learnt and understood our Godlike nature.

6 Where was that nature then of yours, O Maruts, that ye charged me alone to slay the Dragon?
 For I in truth am fierce and strong and mighty. I bent away from every foeman's weapons.

7 Yea, much hast thou achieved with us for comrades, with manly valour like thine own, thou Hero.
 Much may we too achieve, O mightiest Indra, with our great power, we Maruts, when we will it.

8 Vrtra I slew by mine own strength, O Maruts, having waxed mighty in mine indignation.
 I with the thunder in my hand created for man these lucid softly flowing waters.

Snatch up the wonderful, O Indra, daily. Loud may we speak, with heroes, in assembly.

[02-014] HYMN XIV. Indra.

1. MINISTERS, bring the Soma juice for Indra, pour forth the gladdening liquor with the beakers.logeth ever
To drink of this the Hero offer it to the Bull, for this he willeth.
2 Ye ministers, to him who with the lightning smote, like a tree, the rain-withholding Vrtra-
Bring it to him, him who is fain to taste it, a draught of this which Indra here deserveth.
3 Ye ministers, to him who smote Drhhikas who drove the kine forth, and discovered Vala,
Offer this draught, like Vita in the region: clothe him with Soma even as steeds with trappings.
4 Him who did Urana to death, Adhvaryus! though showing arms ninety-and-nine in number;
Who cast down headlong Arbuda and slew him,-speed ye that Indra to our offered Soma.
5 Ye ministers, to him who struck down Svasna, and did to death Vyamsa and greedy Susna,
And Rudhikras and Namuci and Pipru,- to him, to Indra, pour ye forth libation.
6 Ye ministers, to him who as with thunder demolished Sambara's hundred ancient castles;
Who cast down Varcin's sons, a hundred thousand,-to him, to Indra, offer ye the Soma.
7 Ye ministers, to him who slew a hundred thousand, and cast them down upon earth's bosom;
Who quelled the valiant men of Atithigva, Kutsa, and Ayu,-bring to him the Soma.
8 Ministers, men, whatever thing ye long for obtain ye quickly bringing gifts to Indra.
Bring to the Glorious One what bands have cleansed; to Indra bring, ye pious ones, the Soma.
9 Do ye, O ministers, obey his order: that purified in wood, in wood uplift ye.
Well pleased he longs for what your hands have tended: offer the gladdening Soma juice to Indra.
10 As the cow's udder teems with milk, Adhvaryus, so fill with Soma Indra, liberal giver.
I know him: I am sure of this, the Holy knows that I fain would give to him more largely.
11 Him, ministers, the Lord of heavenly treasure and all terrestrial wealth that earth possesses,
Him, Indra, fill with Soma as a garner is filled with barley full: be this your labour.
12 Prepare thyself to grant us that great booty, O Vasu, for abundant is thy treasure.
Gather up wondrous wealth, O Indra, daily. Loud may we speak, with heroes, in assembly.

[02-015] HYMN XV. Indra

1. Now, verily, will I declare the exploits, mighty and true, of him the True and Mighty.
In the Trikadrakas he drank the Soma then in its rapture Indra slew the Dragon.
2 High heaven unsupported in space he stablished: he filled the two worlds and the air's mid-region.
Earth he upheld, and gave it wide expansion. These things did Indra in the Soma's rapture.
3 From front, as 'twere a house, he ruled and measured; pierced with his bolt the fountains of the rivers,
And made them flow at ease by paths far-reaching, These things did Indra in the Soma's rapture.
4 Compassing those who bore away Dabhiti, in kindled fire he burnt up all their weapons.
And made him rich with kine and cars and horses. These things did Indra in the Soma's rapture.
5 The mighty roaring flood he stayed from flowing, and carried those who swam not safely over.
They having crossed the stream attained to riches. These things did Indra in the Soma's rapture.
6 With mighty power he made the stream flow upward, crushed with his thunderbolt the car of Usas,
Rending her slow steeds with his rapid coursers. These things did Indra in the Soma's rapture.
7 Knowing the place wherein the maids were hiding, the outcast showed himself and stood before them.
The cripple stood erect, the blind beheld them. These things did Indra in the Soma's rapture.
8 Praised by the Angirases he slaughtered Vala, and burst apart the bulwarks of the mountain.
He tore away their deftly-built defences. These things did Indra in the Soma's rapture.
9 Thou, with sleep whelming Cumuri and Dhuni, slewest the Dasyu, keptest safe Dabhiti.
There the staff-bearer found the golden treasure. These things did Indra in the Soma's rapture.
10 Now let that wealthy Cow of thine, O Indra , yield in return a boon to him who lauds thee.

7 With reverence let us worship mighty Indra, great and sublime, eternal, everyouthful,
Whose greatness the dear world-halves have not measured, no, nor conceived the might of him the
Holy.

8 Many are Indra's nobly wrought achievements, and none of all the Gods transgress his statutes.
He beareth up this earth and heaven, and, doer of marvels, he begot the Sun and Morning.

9 Herein, O Guileless One, is thy true greatness, that soon as born thou drankest up the Soma.
Days may not check the power of thee the Mighty, nor the nights, Indra, nor the months, nor
autumns.

10 As soon as thou wast born in highest heaven thou drankest Soma to delight thee, Indra;
And when thou hadst pervaded earth and heaven thou wast the first supporter of the singer.

11 Thou, puissant God, more mighty, slewest. Ahi showing his strength when couched around the
waters.

The heaven itself attained not to thy greatness when with one hip of thine the earth was shadowed.

12 Sacrifice, Indra, made thee wax so mighty, the dear oblation with the flowing Soma.

O Worshipful, with worship help our worship, for worship helped thy bolt when slaying Ahi.

13 With sacrifice and wish have I brought Indra; still for new blessings may I turn him hither,
Him magnified by ancient songs and praises, by lauds of later time and days yet recent.

14 I have brought forth a song when longing seized me: ere the decisive day will I laud Indra;
Then may lie safely bear us over trouble, as in a ship, when both sides invoke him.

15 Full is his chalice: Glory! Like a pourer I have filled up the vessel for his drinking.
Presented on the right, dear Soma juices have brought us Indra, to rejoice him, hither.

16 Not the deep-flowing flood, O Much-invoked One! not hills that compass thee about restrain thee,
Since here incited, for thy friends, O Indra, thou breakest e'en the firm built stall of cattle.

17 Call we on Maghavan, auspicious Indra, best Hero in this fight where spoil is gathered,
The Strong who listens, who gives aid in battles, who slays the Vrtras, wins and gathers riches.

[03-033] HYMN XXXIII. Indra.

1. FORTH from the bosom of the mountains, eager as two swift mares with loosened rein contending,
Like two bright mother cows who lick their youngling, Vipas and Sutudri speed down their waters.

2 Impelled by Indra whom ye pray to urge you, ye move as 'twere on chariots to the ocean.
Flowing together, swelling with your billows, O lucid Streams, each of you seeks the other.

3 I have attained the most maternal River, we have approached Vipas, the broad, the blessed.
Licking as 'twere their calf the pair of Mothers flow onward to their common home together.

4 We two who rise and swell with billowy waters move forward to the home which Gods have made
us.

Our flood may not be stayed when urged to motion. What would the singer, calling to the Rivers?

5 Linger a little at my friendly bidding rest, Holy Ones, a moment in your journey.

With hymn sublime soliciting your favour Kusika's son hath called unto the River.

6 Indra who wields the thunder dug our channels: he smote down Vrtra, him who stayed our
currents.

Savitar, God, the lovely-handed, led us, and at his sending forth we flow expanded.

7 That hero deed of Indra must be lauded for ever that he rent Ahi in pieces.

He smote away the obstructors with his thunder, and eager for their course forth flowed the waters.

8 Never forget this word of thine, O singer, which future generations shall reecho.

In hymns, O bard, show us thy loving kindness. Humble us not mid men. To thee be honour!

9 List quickly, Sisters, to the bard who cometh to you from far away with car and wagon.

Bow lowly down; be easy to be traversed stay, Rivers, with your floods below our axles.

10 Yea, we will listen to thy words, O singer. With wain and car from far away thou comest.

Low, like a nursing mother, will I bend me, and yield me as a maiden to her lover.

11 Soon as the Bharatas have fared across thee, the warrior band, urged on and sped by Indra,

Then let your streams flow on in rapid motion. I crave your favour who deserve our worship.

Therefore thy blessing we implore.

7 Borne hither by thy Stallions, drink, Indra, this juice which we have pressed,
Mingled with barley and with milk.

8 Indra, for thee, in thine own place, I urge the Soma for thy draught:

Deep in thy heart let it remain,

9 We call on thee, the Ancient One, Indra, to drink the Soma juice,

We Kusikas who seek thine aid.

[03-043] HYMN XLIII. Indra.

1. MOUNTED upon thy chariot-seat approach us: thine is the Sorna-draught from days aforetime.
Loose for the sacred grass thy dear companions. These men who bring oblation call thee hither.

2 Come our true Friend, passing by many people; come with thy two Bay Steeds to our devotions;
For these our hymns are calling thee, O Indra, hymns formed for praise, soliciting thy friendship.

3 Pleased, with thy Bay Steeds, Indra, God, come quickly to this our sacrifice that heightens worship;
For with my thoughts, presenting oil to feed thee, I call thee to the feast of sweet libations.

4 Yea, let thy two Bay Stallions bear thee hither, well limbed and good to draw, thy dear companions.
Pleased with the corn-blent offering which we bring thee, may Indra, Friend, hear his friend's adoration.

5 Wilt thou not make me guardian of the people, make me, impetuous Maghavan, their ruler?
Make me a Rsi having drunk of Soma? Wilt thou not give me wealth that lasts for ever?

6 Yoked to thy chariot, led thy tall Bays, Indra, companions of thy banquet, bear thee hither,
Who from of old press to heaven's farthest limits, the Bull's impetuous and well-groomed Horses.

7 Drink of the strong pressed out by strong ones, Indra, that which the Falcon brought thee when
thou longedst;

In whose wild joy thou stirrest up the people, in whose wild joy thou didst unbar the cow-stalls.

8 Call we on Indra, Makhavan, auspicious, best Hero in the fight where spoil is gathered;

The Strong, who listens, who gives aid in battles, who slays the Vrtras, wins and gathers riches.

[03-044] HYMN XLIV. Indra.

1. May this delightful Soma be expressed for thee by tawny stones.

Joying thereat, O Indra, with thy Bay Steeds come: ascend thy golden-coloured car.

2 In love thou madest Usas glow, in love thou madest Surya shine.

Thou, Indra, knowing, thinking, Lord of Tawny Steeds, above all glories waxest great.

3 The heaven with streams of golden hue, earth with her tints of green and gold-
The golden Pair yield Indra plenteous nourishment: between them moves the golden One.

4 When born to life the golden Bull illumines all the realm of light.

He takes his golden weapon, Lord of Tawny Steeds, the golden thunder in his arms.

5 The bright, the well-loved thunderbolt, girt with the bright, Indra disclosed,

Disclosed the Soma juice pressed out by tawny stones, with tawny steeds drave forth the kine.

[03-045] HYMN XLV. Indra.

1. COME hither, Indra, with Bay Steeds, joyous, with tails like peacocks' plumes.

Let no men cheek thy course as fowlers stay the bird: pass o'er them as o'er desert lands.

2 He who slew Vrtra, burst the cloud, brake the strongholds and drave the floods,

Indra who mounts his chariot at his Bay Steeds' cry, shatters e'en things that stand most firm.

3 Like pools of water deep and full, like kine thou cherishest thy might;

Like the milch-cows that go well-guarded to the mead, like water-brooks that reach the lake.

4 Bring thou us wealth with power to strike, our share, 'gainst him who calls it his.

Shake, Indra, as with hooks, the tree for ripened fruit, for wealth to satisfy our wish.

5 Indra, self-ruling Lord art thou, good Leader, of most glorious fame.

So, waxen in thy strength, O thou whom many praise, be thou most swift to hear our call.

9 Ever by us perform thy most heroic, thine highest, best victorious deeds, O Victor.
For us make Vrtras easy to be conquered: destroy the weapon of our mortal foeman.
10 Graciously listen to our prayer, O Indra, and strength of varied sort bestow thou on us.
Send to us all intelligence and wisdom O Maghavan, be he who gives us cattle.
11 Now, Indra! lauded, glorified with praises, let wealth swell high like rivers to the singer.
For thee a new hymn, Lord of Bays, is fashioned. May we, car-borne, through song be victors ever.

[04-023] HYMN XXIII. Indra.

1. How, what priest's sacrifice hath he made mighty, rejoicing in the Soma and its fountain?
Delighting in juice, eagerly drinking, the Lofty One hath waxed for splendid riches.
2 What hero hath been made his feast-companion? Who hath been partner in his loving-kindness?
What know we of his wondrous acts? How often comes he to aid and speed the pious toiler?
3 How heareth Indra offered invocation? How, hearing, marketh he the invoker's wishes?
What are his ancient acts of bounty? Wherefore call they him One who filleth full the singer?
4 How doth the priest who laboreth, ever longing, win for himself the wealth which he possesseth?
May he, the God, mark well my truthful praises, having received the homage which he loveth.
5 How, and what bond of friendship with a mortal hath the God chosen as this morn is breaking?
How, and what love hath he for those who love him, who have entwined in him their firm affection?
6 Is then thy friendship with thy friends most mighty? Thy brotherhood with us, -when may we tell it?
The streams of milk move, as most wondrous sunlight, the beauty of the Lovely One for glory.
7 About to stay the Indra-less destructive spirit he sharpens his keen arms to strike her.
Whereby the Strong, although our debts' exactor, drives in the distant mornings that we know not.
8 Eternal Law hath varied food that strengthens; thought of eternal Law, removes transgressions.
The praise-hymn of eternal Law, arousing, glowing, hath oped the deaf ears of the living.
9 Firm-seated are eternal Law's foundations in its fair form are many splendid beauties.
By holy Law long lasting food they bring us; by holy Law have cows come to our worship.
10 Fixing eternal Law he, too, upholds it swift moves the might of Law and wins the booty.
To Law belong the vast deep Earth and Heaven: Milch-kine supreme, to Law their milk they render.
11 Now, Indra! lauded, - glorified with praises, let power swell high like rivers to the singer.
For thee a new hymn, Lord of Bays, is fashioned. May we, car-borne, through song be victors ever.

[04-024] HYMN XXIV. Indra.

1. WHAT worthy praise will bring before us Indra, the Son of Strength, that he may grant us riches;
For he the Hero, gives the singer treasures: he is the Lord who sends us gifts, ye people.
2 To be invoked and hymned in fight with Vrtra, that well-praised Indra gives us real bounties.
That Maghavan brings comfort in the foray to the religious man who pours libations.
3 Him, verily, the men invoke in combat; risking their lives they make him their protector,
When heroes, foe to foe, give up their bodies, fighting, each side, for children and their offspring.
4 Strong God! the folk at need put forth their vigour, striving together in the whirl of battle.
When warrior bands encounter one another some in the grapple quit themselves like Indra.
5 Hence many a one worships the might of Indra: hence let the brew succeed the meal-oblation.
Hence let the Soma banish those who pour not: even hence I joy to pay the Strong One worship.
6 Indra gives comfort to the man who truly presses, for him who longs for it, the Soma,
Not disaffected, with devoted spirit this man he takes to be his friend in battles.
7 He who this day for Indra presses Soma, prepares the brew and fries the grains of barley-
Loving the hymns of that devoted servant, to him may Indra give heroic vigour.
8 When the impetuous chief hath sought the conflict, and the lord looked upon the long-drawn battle,
The matron calls to the Strong God whom pressers of Soma have encouraged into the dwelling.
9 He bid a small price for a thing of value: I was content, returning, still unpurchased.

He heightened not his insufficient offer. Simple and clever, both milk out the udder.

10 Who for ten milch-kine purchaseth from me this Indra who is mine?

When he hath slain the Vrtras let the buyer give him back to me.

11 Now, Indra! lauded, glorified with praises, let wealth swell high like rivers for the singer.

For thee a new hymn, Lord of Bays, is fashioned. May we, car-borne, through song be victors ever.

[04-025] HYMN XXV. Indra.

1. WHAT friend of man, God-loving, hath delighted, yearning therefor, this day in Indra's friendship?

Who with enkindled flame and flowing Soma laudeth him for his great protecting favour?

2 Who hath with prayer bowed to the Soma-lover? What pious man endues the beams of morning?

Who seeks bond, fritridship, brotherhood with Indra? Who hath recourse unto the Sage for succour?

3 Who claims to-day the Deities' protection, asks Aditi for light, or the Adityas?

Of whose pressed stalk of Soma drink the Asvins, Indra, and Agni, well-inclined in spirit?

4 To him shall Agni Bharata give shelter: long shall he look upon the Sun up-rising,

Who sayeth, Let us press the juice for Indra, man's Friend, the Hero manliest of heroes.

5 Him neither few men overcome, nor many to him shall Aditi give spacious shelter.

Dear is the pious, the devout, to Indra dear is the zealous, dear the Soma-bringer.

6 This Hero curbs the mighty for the zealous: the presser's brew Indra possesses solely:

No brother, kin, or friend to him who pours not, destroyer of the dumb who would resist him.

7 Not with the wealthy churl who pours no Soma doth Indra, Soma-drinker, bind alliance.

He draws away his wealth and slays him naked, own Friend to him who offers, for oblation.

8 Highest and lowest, men who stand between diem, going, returning, dwelling in contentment,

Those who show forth their strength when urged to battle-these are the men who call for aid on Indra.

[04-026] HYMN XXVI. Indra.

1. I WAS aforetime Manu, I was Surya: I am the sage Kaksivan, holy singer.

Kutsa the son of Arjuni I master. I am the sapient Usana behold me.

2 I have bestowed the earth upon the Arya, and rain upon the man who brings oblation.

I guided forth the loudly-roaring waters, and the Gods moved according to my pleasure.

3 In the wild joy of Soma I demolished Sambara's forts, ninety-and-nine, together;

And, utterly, the hundredth habitation, when helping Divodasa Atithigva.

4 Before all birds be ranked this Bird, O Maruts; supreme of falcons be this fleet-winged Falcon,

Because, strong- pinioned, with no car to bear him, he brought to Manu the Godloved oblation.

5 When the Bird brought it, hence in rapid motion sent on the wide path fleet as thought he hurried.

Swift he returned with sweetness of the Soma, and hence the Falcon hath acquired his glory.

6 Bearing the stalk, the Falcon speeding onward, Bird bringing from afar the draught that gladdens,

Friend of the Gods, brought, grasping fast, the Soma which he had taken from yon loftiest heaven.

7 The Falcon took and brought the Soma, bearing thousand libations with him, yea, ten thousand.

The Bold One left Malignities behind him, wise, in wild joy of Soma, left the foolish.

[04-027] HYMN XXVII. The Falcon.

1. I, As I lay within the womb, considered all generations of these Gods in order.

A hundred iron fortresses confined me but forth I flew with rapid speed a Falcon.

2 Not at his own free pleasure did he bear me: he conquered with his strength and manly courage.

Straightway the Bold One left the fiends behind him and passed the winds as he grew yet more mighty.

3 When with loud cry from heaven down sped the Falcon, thence hasting like the wind he bore the Bold One.

Then, wildly raging in his mind, the archer Krsanu aimed and loosed the string to strike him.

4 The Falcon bore him from heaven's lofty summit as the swift car of Indra's Friend bore Bhujyu.

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

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

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

12 May he, the strong-necked Steer, waxing in vigour, gather the foeman's wealth with none to check him.

Thus to this Agni have the Immortals spoken. To man who spreads the grass may he grant shelter, grant shelter to the man who brings oblation.

[05-003] HYMN III. Agni.

1. THOU at thy birth art Varuna, O Agni; when thou art kindled thou becomest Mitra.

In thee, O Son of Strength, all Gods are centred. Indra art thou to man who brings oblation.

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

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

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

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

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

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

8 At this dawn's flushing, God! our ancient fathers served thee with offerings, making thee their envoy,

When, Agni, to the store of wealth thou goest, a God unkindled with good things by mortals.

9 Save, thou who knowest, draw thy father near thee, who counts as thine own son, O Child of Power.

O sapient Agni, when wilt thou regard us? When, skilled in holy Law, wilt thou direct us?

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

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

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

[05-004] HYMN IV. Agni.

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

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

3 The Sage of men, the Lord of human races, pure, purifying Agni, balmed with butter, Him the Omniscient as your Priest ye establish: he wins among the Gods things worth the choosing.

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

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

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

16 A hundred autumns may we see that bright Eye, God-ordained, arise

A hundred autumns may we live.

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

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

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

[07-067] HYMN LXVII. Asvins.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

[07-068] HYMN LXVIII. Asvins.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

8 Ye lent your aid to Vrka when exhausted, and listened when invoked to Sayu's calling.

[08-000] RIG VEDA - BOOK THE EIGHTH

[08-001] HYMN I. Indra.

1. GLORIFY naught besides, O friends; so shall no sorrow trouble you.
Praise only mighty Indra when the juice is shed, and say your lauds repeatedly:
- 2 Even him, eternal, like a bull who rushes down, men's Conqueror, bounteous like a cow;
Him who is cause of both, of enmity and peace, to both sides most munificent.
- 3 Although these men in sundry ways invoke thee to obtain thine aid,
Be this our prayer, addressed, O Indra, unto thee, thine exaltation every day.
- 4 Those skilled in song, O Maghavan among these men o'ercome with might the foeman's songs.
Come hither, bring us strength in many a varied form most near that it may succour us.
- 5 O Caster of the Stone, I would not sell thee for a mighty price,
Not for a thousand, Thunderer! nor ten thousand, nor a hundred, Lord of countless wealth!
- 6 O Indra, thou art more to me than sire or niggard brother is.
Thou and my mother, O Good Lord, appear alike, to give me wealth abundantly.
- 7 Where art thou? Whither art thou gone? For many a place attracts thy mind.
Haste, Warrior, Fort-destroyer, Lord of battle's din, haste, holy songs have sounded forth.
- 8 Sing out the psalm to him who breaks down castles for his faithful friend,
Verses to bring the Thunderer to destroy the forts and sit on Kanva's sacred grass.
- 9 The Horses which are thine in tens, in hundreds, yea, in thousands thine,
Even those vigorous Steeds, fleet-footed in the course, with those come quickly near to us.
- 10 This day I call Sabardugiha who animates the holy song,
Indra the richly-yielding Milch-cow who provides unfailing food in ample stream.
- 11 When Sura wounded Etasa, with Vata's rolling winged car.
Indra bore Kutsa Arjuneya off, and mocked Gandharva. the unconquered One.
- 12 He without ligature, before making incision in the neck,
Closed up the wound again, most wealthy Maghavan, who maketh whole the injured part.
- 13 May we be never cast aside, and strangers, as it were, to thee.
We, Thunder-wielding Indra, count ourselves as trees rejected and unfit to bum.
- 14 O Vrtra-slayer, we were thought slow and unready for the fray.
Yet once in thy great bounty may we have delight, O Hero, after praising thee.
- 15 If he will listen to my laud, then may out Soma-drops that flow
Rapidly through the strainer gladden Indra, drops due to the Tugryas' Strengthener.
- 16 Come now unto the common laud of thee and of thy faithful friend.
So may our wealthy nobles' praise give joy to thee. Fain would I sing thine eulogy.
- 17 Press out the Soma with the stones, and in the waters wash it clean.
The men investing it with raiment made of milk shall milk it forth from out the stems.
- 18 Whether thou come from earth or from the lustre of the lofty heaven,
Wax stronger in thy body through my song of praise: fill full all creatures, O most Wise.
- 19 For India press the Soma out, most gladdening and most excellent.
May Sakra make it swell sent forth with every prayer and asking, as it were, for strength.
- 20 Let me not, still beseeching thee with earnest song at Soma rites,
Anger thee like soma wild beast. Who would not beseech him who hath power to grant his prayer?
- 21 The draught made swift with rapturous joy, effectual with its mighty strength,
All-conquering, distilling transport, let him drink: for he in ecstasy gives us gifts.
- 22 Where bliss is not, may he, All-praised, God whom the pious glorify,
Bestow great wealth upon the mortal worshipper who sheds the juice and praises him.
- 23 Come, Indra, and rejoice thyself, O God, in manifold affluence.
Thou fillest like a lake thy vast capacious bulk with Soma and with draughts besides.

9 As wings the falcon, so thy Bays rushing in joy shall carry thee.
 10 Come from the enemy to us, to svaha and the Soma-draught.
 11 Come hither with thine car inclined to hear, take pleasure in our lauds.
 12 Lord of well-nourished Horses, come with well-fed Steeds alike in hue.
 13 Come hither from the mountains, come from regions of the sea of air.
 14 Disclose to us O Hero, wealth in thousands both of kine and steeds.
 15 Bring riches hitherward to us in hundreds, thousands, myriads.
 Ye by command of yonder Dyaus, God bright by day! have gone to heaven.
 16 The thousand steeds, the mightiest troop, which we and Indra have received
 From Vasurocis as a gift,
 17 The brown that match the wind in speed, and bright bay coursers fleet of foot,
 Like Suns, resplendent are they all.
 18 Mid the Pargvata's rich gifts, swift steeds whose wheels run rapidly,
 I seemed to stand amid a wood.

[08-035] HYMN XXXV. Asvins.

1. WITH Agni and with Indra, Visnu. Varuna, with the Adityas, Rudras, Vasus, closely leagued;
 Accordant, of one mind with Surya and with Dawn, O Asvins, drink the Soma juice.
 2 With all the Holy Thoughts, all being Mighty Ones! in close alliance wil the Mountains, Heaven, and
 Earth;
 Accordant. of one mind with Surya and with Dawn, O Asvins, drink the Soma juice.
 3 With all the Deities, three times eleven, here, in close alliance with the Maruts, Bhrgus, Floods;
 Accordant, of one mind with Surya and with Dawn, O Asvins, drink the Soma juice.
 4 Accept the sacrifice, attend to this my call: come nigh, O ye Twain Gods, to all libations here.
 Accordant, of one mind with Surya and with Dawn, O Asvins, bring us strengthening food.
 5 Accept our praise-song as a youth accepts a maid. Come nigh, O ye Twain Gods, to all libations
 here.
 Accordant, of one mind with Sarya and with Dawn O Asvins, bring us strengthening food.
 6 Accept the songs we sing, accept the solemn rite. Conie nigh, O ye Twain Gods, to all libations
 here.
 Accordant, of one mind with Surya and with Dawn, O Asvins, bring us strengthening food.
 7 Ye fly as starlings fly unto the forest trees; like buffaloes ye seek the Soma we have shed.
 Accordant, of one mind with Surya and with Dawn, come thrice, O Asvins, to our home.
 8 Ye fly like swans, like those who travel on their way; like buffaloes ye seek the Soma we have shed.
 Accordant, of one mind with Surya and with Dawn, come thrice, O Asvins, to our home.
 9 Ye fly to our oblation like a pair of hawks; like buffaloes ye seek the Soma we have shed.
 Accordant, of one mind with Surya and with Dawn, come thrice, O Asvins, to our home.
 10 Come hitherward and drink and satisfy yourselves, bestow upon us progeny and affluence.
 Accordant, of one mind with Surya and with Dawn, O Asvins, grant us vigorous strength.
 11 Conquer your foes, protect us, praise your worshippers; bestow upon us progeny and affluence.
 Accordant, of one mind with Surya and with Dawn, O Asvins, grant us vigolms strength.
 12 Slay enemies, animate men whom ye befriend; bestow upon us progeny and aff luence.
 Accordant, of one mind with Surya and with Dawn, O Asvins, grant us vigorous strength.
 13 With Mitra, Varuna, Dharma, and the Maruts in your company approach unto your praiser's call.
 Accordant, of one mind with Surya and with Dawn, and with the Adityas, Asvins! come.
 14 With Visnu and the Angirases attending you, and with the Maruts come unto your praiser's call.
 Accordant, of one mind with Surya and with Dawn, and with the Adityas, Asvins! come.
 15 With Rbhus and With Vajas. O ye Mighty Ones, leagued with the Maruts come ye to your praiser's
 call.
 Accordant, of one mind with Surya and with Dawn, and with the Adityas, Asvins! come.
 16 Give spirit to our prayer and animate our thoughts; slay ye the Raksasas and drive away disease.

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,

[09-111] 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.

[09-112] 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.

[09-113] 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,

Enouncing 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

4 Increasing by his strength. while lauds content him, with easy flight unto the Gods he travels.
Agni the cheerful Priest, best Sacrificer, balms with his tongue the Gods with whom he mingles.
5 With songs and adorations bring ye hither Agni who stirs himself at dawn like Indra,
Whom sages laud with hymns as Jatavedas of those who wield the sacrificial ladle.
6 In whom all goodly treasures meet together, even as steeds and riders for the booty.
Inclining hither bring us help, O Agni, even assistance most desired by Indra.
7 Yea, at thy birth, when thou hadst sat in glory, thou, Agni, wast the aim of invocations.
The Gods came near, obedient to thy sunimons, and thus attained their rank as chief Protectors.

[10-007] HYMN VII. Agni.

1. O AGNI, shared by all men living bring us good luck for sacrifice from earth and heaven.
With us be thine intelligence, WonderWorker! Protect us, God, with thy far-reaching blessings.
2 These hymns brought forth for thee, O Agni, laud thee for bounteous gifts, with cattle and with horses.
Good Lord, when man from thee hath gained enjoyment, by hymns, O noblyborn, hath he obtained it.
3 Agni I deem my Kinsman and my Father, count him my Brother and my Friend for ever.
I honour as the face of lofty Agni in heaven the bright and holy light of Surya.
4 Effectual, Agni, are our prayers for profit. He whom, at home thou, Priest for ever, guardest
Is rich in food, drawn by red steeds, and holy: by day and night to him shall all be pleasant.
5 Men with their arms have generated Agni, helpful as some kind friend, adorned with splendours,
And stablished as Invoker mid the people the ancient Priest the sacrifice's lover.
6 Worship, thyself, O God, the Gods in heaven: what, void of knowledge, shall the fool avail thee?
As thou, O God, hast worshipped Gods by seasons, so, nobly-born! to thine own self pay worship.
7 Agni, be thou our Guardian and Protector bestow upon us life and vital vigour.
Accept, O Mighty One, the gifts we offer, and with unceasing care protect our bodies.

[10-008] HYMN VIII. Agni.

1. AGNI advances with his lofty banner: the Bull is bellowing to the earth and heavens.
He hath attained the sky's supremest limits. the Steer hath waxen in the lap of waters.
2 The Bull, the youngling with the hump, hath frolicked, the strong and never-ceasing Calf hath bellowed.
Bringing our offerings to the God's assembly, he moves as Chief in his own dwelling-places.
3 Him who hath grasped his Parents' head, they stablished at sacrifice a wave of heavenly lustre.
In his swift flight the red Dawns borne by horses refresh their bodies in the home of Order.
4 For, Vasu thou precedest every Morning, and still hast been the Twins' illuminator.
For sacrifice, seven places thou retainest while for thine own self thou engenderest Mitra.
5 Thou art the Eye and Guard of mighty Order, and Varuna when to sacrifice thou comest.
Thou art the Waters' Child O Jatavedas, envoy of him whose offering thou acceptest.
6 Thou art the Leader of the rite and region, to which with thine auspicious teams thou teadest,
Thy light-bestowing head to heaven thou liftest, making thy tongue the oblationbearer, Agni.
7 Through his wise insight Trita in the cavern, seeking as ever the Chief Sire's intention,
Carefully tended in his Parents' bosom, calling the weapons kin, goes forth to combat.
8 Well-skilled to use the weapons of his Father, Aptya, urged on by Indra, fought the battle.
Then Trita slew the foe seven-rayed, three-headed, and freed the cattle of the Son of Tvastar.
9 Lord of the brave, Indra cleft him in pieces who sought to gain much strength and deemed him mighty.
He smote his three heads from his body, seizing the cattle of the oniform Son of Tvastar.

[10-009] HYMN IX. Waters.

1. YE, Waters, are beneficent: so help ye us to energy
That we may look on great delight.

Decked with fair jewels, tearless, free from sorrow, first let the dames go up to where he lieth.
 8 Rise, come unto the world of life, O woman: come, he is lifeless by whose side thou liest.
 Wifehood with this thy husband was thy portion, who took thy hand and wooed thee as a lover.
 9 From his dead hand I take the bow be carried, that it may be our power and might and glory.
 There art thou, there; and here with noble heroes may we o'ercome all hosts that fight against us.
 10 Betake thee to the Iap of Earth the Mother, of Earth far-spreading, very kind and gracious.
 Young Dame, wool-soft unto the guerdongiver, may she preserve thee from Destruction's bosom.
 11 Heave thyself, Earth, nor press thee downward heavily: afford him easy access, gently tending
 him.
 Cover him, as a mother wraps her skirt about her child, O Earth.
 12 Now let the heaving earth be free from motion: yea,- let a thousand clods remain above him.
 Be they to him a home distilling fatness, here let them ever be his place of refuge.
 13 I stay the earth from thee, while over thee I place this piece of earth. May I be free from injury.
 Here let the Fathers keep this pillar firm for thee, and there let Yama make thee an abiding-place.
 14 Even as an arrow's feathers, they have set me on a fitting day.
 The fit word have I caught and held as 'twere a courser with the rein.

[10-019] HYMN XIX. Waters or Cows.

1. TURN, go not farther on your way: visit us, O ye Wealthy Ones.
 Agni and Soma, ye who bring riches again, secure us wealth.
 2 Make these return to us again, bring them beside us once again.
 May. Indra give them back to us, and Agni drive them hither-ward.
 3 Let them return to us again: under this herdsman let them feed.
 Do thou, O Agni, keep them here, and let the wealth we have remain.
 4 1 call upon their herdsman, him who knoweth well their coming nigh,
 Their parting and their home-return, and watcheth their approach and rest.
 5 Yea, let the herdsman, too, return, who marketh well their driving-forth;
 Marketh their wandering away, their turning back and coming home.
 6 Home-leader, lead them home to us; Indra, restore to us our kine:
 We will rejoice in them alive.
 7 1 offer you on every side butter and milk and strengthening food.
 May all the Holy Deities pour down on us a flood of wealth.
 8 O thou Home-leader, lead them home, restore them thou who bringest home.
 Four are the quarters of the earth; from these bring back to us our kine,

[10-020] HYMN XX. Agni.

1. SEND unto us a good and happy mind.
 2 1 worship Agni, Youthfullest of Gods, resistless, Friend of laws;
 Under whose guard and heavenly light the Spotted seek the Mother's breast:
 3 Whom with their mouth they magnify, bannered with flame and homed in light.
 He glitters with his row of teeth.
 4 Kind, Furtherer of men, he comes, when he hath reached the ends of heaven,
 Sage, giving splendour to the clouds.
 5 To taste man's offerings, he, the Strong, hath risen erect at sacrifice:
 Fixing his dwelling he proceeds.
 6 Here are oblation, worship, rest: rapidly comes his furtherance.
 To sword-armed Agni come the Gods.
 7 With service for chief bliss I seek the Lord of Sacrifice, Agni, whom
 They call the Living, Son of Cloud.
 8 Blest evermore be all the men who come from us, who magnify

[10-025] HYMN XXV. Soma.

1. SEND us a good and happy mind, send energy and mental power.

Then-at your glad carouse-let men joy in thy love, Sweet juice! as kine in pasture. Thou art waxing great.

2 In all thy forms, O Soma, rest thy powers that influence the heart.

So also these my longings-at your glad carouse-spread themselves seeking riches. Thou art waxing great.

3 Even if, O Soma, I neglect thy laws through my simplicity,

Be gracious-at your glad carouse-as sire to son. Preserve us even from slaughter. Thou art waxing great.

4 Our songs in concert go to thee as streams of water to the wells.

Soma, that we may live, grant-at your glad carouse-full powers of mind, like beakers. Thou art waxing great.

5 O Soma, through thy might who art skilful and strong, these longing men,

These sages, have thrown open-at your glad carouse-the stall of kine and horses. Thou art waxing great

6 Our herds thou guardest, Soma, and the moving world spread far and wide.

Thou fittest them for living,-at your glad carouse-looking upon all beings. Thou art waxing great.

7 On all sides, Soma, be to us a Guardian ne'er to be deceived.

King, drive away our foemen-at your glad carouse:-let not the wicked rule us. Thou art waxing great.

8 Be watchful, Soma, passing wise, to give us store of vital strength.

More skilled than man to guide us,-at your glad carouse-save us from harm and sorrow. Thou art waxing great.

9 Chief slayer of our foemen, thou, Indu, art Indra's gracious Friend,

When warriors invoke him-at your glad carouse -in fight, to win them offspring. Thou art waxing great.

10 Victorious is this gladdening drink: to Indra dear it grows in strength.

This-at your glad carouse -enhanced the mighty hymn of the great sage Kaksivan. Thou art waxing great.

11 This to the sage who offers gifts brings power that comes from wealth in kine.

This, better than the seven, hath-at your glad carouse-furthered the blind, the cripple. Thou art waxing great.

[10-026] HYMN XXVI. Pusan.

1. FORWARD upon their way proceed the ready teams, the lovely songs.

Further them glorious Pusan with yoked chariot, and the Mighty Twain!

2 With sacred hymns let this man here, this singer, win the God to whom
Belong this majesty and might. He hath observed our eulogies.

3 Pusan the Strong hath knowledge of sweet praises even as Indu hath.

He dewes our corn with moisture, he bedews the pasture of our kine.

4 We will bethink ourselves of thee, O Pusan, O thou God, as One.

Who brings fulfilment of our hymns, and stirs the singer and the sage.

5 joint-sharer of each sacrifice, the driver of the chariot steeds;

The Rsi who is good to man, the singer's Friend and faithful Guard.

6 One who is Lord of Suca, Lord of Suca caring for herself:

Weaving the raiment of the sheep and making raiment beautiful.

7 The mighty Lord of spoil and wealth, Strong Friend of all prosperity;

He with light movement shakes his beard, lovely and ne'er to be deceived.

8 O Pusan, may those goats of thine turn hitherward thy chariot-pole.

Friend of all suppliants; art thou, born in old time, and arm and sure.

9 May the majestic Pusan speed our chariot with his power and might.

May he increase our store of wealth and listen to this call of ours.

[10-027] HYMN XXVII. Indra.

1. THIS, singer, is my firm determination, to aid the worshipper who pours the Soma.
I slay the man who brings no milkoblation, unrighteous, powerful, the truth's perverter.

2 Then Will I, when I lead my friends to battle against the radiant persons of the godless,
Prepare for thee at home a vigorous bullock, and pour for thee the fifteen-fold strong juices.

3 I know not him who sayeth and declareth that he hath slain the godless in the battle.
Soon as they see the furious combat raging, men speak forth praises of my vigorous horses.

4 While yet my deeds of might were unrecorded, all passed for Maghavans though I existed.
The potent one who dwelt in peace I conquered, grasped by the foot and slew him on the mountain.

5 None hinder me in mine heroic exploits, no, not the mountains when I will and purpose.
Even the deaf will tremble at my roaring, and every day will dust be agitated.

6 To see the Indraless oblation-drinkers, mean offerers, o'ertaken by destruction!
Then shall the fellies of my car pass over those who have blamed my joyous Friend and scorned him.

7 Thou wast, thou grewest to full vital vigour: an earlier saw, a later one shall see thee.
Two canopies, as 'twere, are round about him who reacheth to the limit of this region.

8 The freed kine eat the barley of the pious. I saw them as they wandered with the herdsman.
The calling of the pious rang around them. What portion will these kine afford their owner?

9 When we who eat the grass of men are gathered I am with barley-eaters in the corn-land.
There shall the captor yoke the yokeless bullock, and he who hath been yoked seek one to loose him.

10 There wilt thou hold as true my spoken purpose, to bring together quadrupeds. and bipeds.
I will divide, without a fight, his riches who warreth here, against the Bull, with women.

11 When a man's daughter hath been ever eyeless, who, knowing, will be wroth with her for blindness?
Which of the two will loose on him his anger-the man who leads her home or he who woos her?

**12 How many a maid is pleasing to the suitor who fain would marry for her splendid riches?
If the girl be both good and fair of feature, she finds, herself, a friend among the people.**

13 His feet have grasped: he eats the man who meets him. Around his head he sets the head for shelter.
Sitting anear and right above he smites us, and follows earth that lies spread out beneath him.

14 High, leafless, shadowless, and swift is Heaven: the Mother stands, the Youngling, loosed, is feeding.
Loud hath she lowed, licking Another's offspring. In what world hath the Cow laid down her udder?

15 Seven heroes from the nether part ascended, and from the upper part came eight together.
Nine from behind came armed with winnowing-baskets: ten from the front pressed o'er the rock's high ridges.

16 One of the ten, the tawny, shared in common, they send to execute their final purpose.
The Mother carries on her breast the Infant of noble form and soothes it while it knows not.

17 The Heroes dressed with fire the fatted wether: the dice were thrown by way of sport and gaming.
Two reach the plain amid the heavenly waters, hallowing and with means of purifying.

18 Crying aloud they ran in all directions: One half of them will cook, and not the other.
To me hath Savitar, this God, declared it: He will perform, whose food is wood and butter.

19 I saw a troop advancing from the distance moved, not by wheels but their own God-like nature.
The Friendly One seeks human generations, destroying, still new bands of evil beings.

20 These my two Bulls, even Pramara's, are harnessed: drive them not far; here let them often linger.
The waters even shall aid him to his object, and the all-cleansing Sun who is above us.

21 This is the thunderbolt which often whirlleth down from the lofty misty realm of Surya.
Beyond this realm there is another glory so through old age they pass and feel no sorrow.

22 Bound fast to, every tree the cow is lowing, and thence the man-consuming birds are flying,
Then all this world, though pressing juice for Indra and strengthening the Rsi, is affrighted.

8 Indra hath conquered in his wars, the Mighty: men strive in multitudes to win his friendship.
Ascend thy chariot as it were in battle, which thou shalt drive to us with gracious favour.

[10-030] HYMN XXX. Waters.

1. As 'twere with swift exertion of the spirit, let the priest speed to the celestial Waters,
The glorious food of Varuna and Mitra. To him who spreadeth far this laud I offer.
2 Adhvaryus, he ye ready with oblations, and come with longing to the longing Waters,
Down on which looks the purple-tinted Eagle. Pour ye that flowing wave this day, deft-handed.
3 Go to the reservoir, O ye Adhvaryus worship the Waters' Child with your oblations.
A consecrated wave he now will give you, so press for him the Soma rich in sweetness.
4 He who shines bright in floods, unfed with fuel, whom sages worship at their sacrifices:
Give waters rich in sweets, Child of the Waters, even those which gave heroic might to Indra:
5 Those in which Soma joys and is delighted, as a young man with fair and pleasant damsels.
Go thou unto those Waters, O Adhvaryu, and purify with herbs what thou infusest.
6 So maidens bow before the youthful gallant who comes with love to them who yearn to meet him.
In heart accordant and in wish one-minded are the Adhvaryus and the heavenly Waters.
7 He who made room for you when fast imprisoned, who freed you from the mighty imprecation,-
Even to that Indra send the meath-rich current, the wave that gratifies the Gods, O Waters.
8 Send forth to him the meath-rich wave, O Rivers, which is your offspring and a well of sweetness,
Oil-balmed, to be implored at sacrifices. Ye wealthy Waters, hear mine invocation.
9 Send forth the rapture-giving wave, O Rivers, which Indra drinks, which sets the Twain in motion;
The well that springeth from the clouds, desirous, that wandereth triple-formed, distilling transport.
10 These winding Streams which with their double current, like cattle-raiders, seek the lower
pastures,-
Waters which dwell together, thrive together, Queens, Mothers of the world, these, Rsi, honour.
11 Send forth our sacrifice with holy worship send forth the hymn and prayer for gain of riches.
For need of sacrifice disclose the udder. Give gracious hearing to our call, O Waters.
12 For, wealthy Waters, ye control all treasures: ye bring auspicious intellect and Amrta.
Ye are the Queens of independent riches Sarasvati give full life to the singer!
13 When I behold the Waters coming hither, carrying with them milk and meath and butter,
Bearing the well-pressed Soma juice to Indra, they harmonize in spirit with Adhvaryus.
14 Rich, they are come with wealth for living beings, O friends, Adhvaryus, seat them in their places.
Seat them on holy grass, ye Soma-bringers in harmony with the Offspring of the Waters.
15 Now to this grass are come the longing Waters: the Pious Ones are seated at our worship.
Adhvaryus, press the Soma juice for Indra so will the service of the Gods be easy.

[10-031] HYMN XXXI. Visvedevas.

1. MAY benediction of the Gods approach us, holy, to aid us with all rapid succours.
Therewith may we be happily befriended, and pass triumphant over all our troubles.
2 A man should think on wealth and strive to win it by adoration on the path of Order,
Counsel himself with his own mental insight, and grasp still nobler vigour with his spirit.
3 The hymn is formed, poured are the allotted portions: as to a ford friends come unto the Wondrous.
We have obtained the power of ease and comfort, we have become acquainted, with Immortals.
4 Pleased be the Eternal Lord who loves the household with this man whom God Savitar created.
May Bhaga Aryaman grace him with cattle: may he appear to him, and be, delightful.
5 Like the Dawns' dwelling-place be this assembly, where in their might men rich in food have
gathered.
Striving to share the praises of this singer. To us come strengthening and effectual riches!
6 This Bull's most gracious far-extended favour existed first of all in full abundance.
By his support they are maintained in common who in the Asura's mansion dwell together.

Fraught with great bounties, meet for praise and glory; vouchsafe us mighty and resplendent riches.
 3 Wealth, with good Brahmans, Indra! God-attended, high, wide, and deep, arid based on broad foundations,
 Strong, with famed Rsis, conquering our foemen: vouchsafe us mighty and resplendent riches.
 4 Victorious, winning strength, with hero sages, confirmed in power, most useful, wealth-attracting,
 True, Indra! crushing forts and slaying Dasyus: vouchsafe us mighty and resplendent riches.
 5 Wealthy in heroes and in cars and horses, strength hundredfold and thousandfold, O Indra,
 With manly sages, happy troops, light-winning: vouchsafe us mighty and resplendent riches.
 6 To Saptagu the sage, the holy-minded, to him, Brhaspati, the song approaches,
 Angiras' Son who must be met with homage: vouchsafe us mighty and resplendent riches.
 7 My lauds, like envoys, craving loving-kindness, go forth to Indra with their strong entreaty,
 Moving his heart and uttered by my spirit: vouchsafe us mighty and resplendent riches.
 8 Grant us the boon for which I pray, O Indra, a spacious home unmatched among the people.
 To this may Heaven and Earth accord approval: vouchsafe us mighty and resplendent riches.

[10-048] HYMN XLVIII. Indra Vaikuntha.

1. I WAS the first possessor of all precious gear: the wealth of every man I win and gather up.
 On me as on a Father living creatures call; I deal enjoyment to tho. man who offers gifts.
 2 I, Indra, am Atharvan's stay and firm support: I brought forth kine to Trita from the Dragon's grasp.
 I stripped the Dasyus of their manly might, and gave the cattle-stalls to Matarigvan and Dadhyac.
 3 For me hath Tvastar forged the iron thunderbolt: in me the Gods have centred intellectual power.
 My sheen is like the Sun's insufferably bright: men honour me as Lord for past and future deeds.
 4 I won myself these herds of cattle, steeds and kine, and gold in ample store, with my destructive bolt.
 I give full many a thousand to the worshipper, what time the Somas and the lauds have made me glad.
 5 Indra am I none ever wins my wealth from me never at any time am I a thrall to death.
 Pressing the Soma, ask riches from me alone: ye, Purus, in my friendship shall not suffer harm.
 6 These, breathing loud in fury, two and two, who caused Indra to bring his bolt of thunder to the fray,
 The challengers, I struck with deadly weapon down: firm stand what words the God speaks to his worshippers.
 This One by stronger might I conquered singly; yea, also two: shall three prevail against me?
 Like many sheaves upon the floor I thrash them. How can my foes, the Indraless, revile me?
 8 Against the Gungus I made Atithigva strong, and kept him mid the folk like Vrtra-conquering strength,
 When I won glory in the great foe-slaying fight, in battle where Karanja fell, and Parnaya.
 9 With food for mine enjoyment Sapyā Nami came: he joined me as a friend of old in search of kine.
 As I bestowed on him an arrow for the fight I made him worthy of the song and hymn of praise.
 10 One of the two hath Soma, seen within it; the Herdsman with the bone shows forth the other.
 He, fain to fight the Bull whose horns were sharpened, stood fettered in the demon's ample region.
 11 I, as a God, ne'er violate the statutes of Gods, of Vasus, Rudriyas, Adityas.
 These Gods have formed me for auspicious vigour, unconquered and invincible for ever.

[10-049] HYMN XLIX. Indra Vaikuntha.

1. I HAVE enriched the singer with surpassing wealth; I have allowed the holy hymn to strengthen me.
 I, furtherer of him who offers sacrifice, have conquered in each fight the men who worship not.
 2 The People of the heavens, the waters, and the earth have established me among the Gods with Indra's name.
 I took unto myself the two swift vigorous Bays that speed on divers paths, and the fierce bolt for strength.

1. THIS holy hymn, sublime and sevenheaded, sprung from eternal Law, our sire discovered.
 Ayasya, friend of all men, hath engendered the fourth hymn as he sang his laud to Indra.

2 Thinking aright, praising eternal Order, the sons of Dyaus the Asura, those heroes,
 Angirases, holding the rank of sages, first honoured sacrifice's holy statute.

3 Girt by his friends who cried with swanlike voices, bursting the stony barriers of the prison,
 Brhaspati spake in thunder to the cattle, and uttered praise and song when he had found them.

4 Apart from one, away from two above him, he drave the kine that stood in bonds of falsehood.
 Brhaspati, seeking light amid the darkness, drave forth the bright cows: three he made apparent.

5 When he had cleft the lairs and western castle, he cut off three from him who held the waters.
 Brhaspati discovered, while he thundered like Dyaus, the dawn, the Sun, the cow, the lightning.

6 As with a hand, so with his roaring Indra cleft Vala through, the guardian of the cattle.
 Seeking the milk-draught with sweatshining comrades he stole the Pani's kine and left him weeping.

7 He with bright faithful Friends, winners of booty, hath rent the milker of the cows asunder.
 Brhaspati with wild boars strong and mighty, sweating with heat, hath gained a rich possession.

8 They, longing for the kine, with faithful spirit incited with their hymns the Lord of cattle.
 Brhaspati freed the radiant cows with comrades self-yoked, averting shame from one another.

9 In our assembly with auspicious praises exalting him who roareth like a lion,
 Maywe, in every fight where heroes conquer, rejoice in strong Brhaspati the Victor.

10 When he had won him every sort of booty and gone to heaven and its most lofty mansions,
 Men praised Brhaspati the Mighty, bringing the light within their mouths from sundry places.

11 Fulfil the prayer that begs for vital vigour: aid in your wonted manner even the humble.
 Let all our foes be turned and driven backward. Hear this, O Heaven and Earth, ye All-producers.

12 Indra with mighty strength cleft asunder the head of Arbuda the watery monster,
 Slain Ahi, and set free the Seven Rivers. O Heaven and Earth, with all the Gods protect us.

[10-068] HYMN LXVIII. Brhaspati.

1. LIKE birds who keep their watch, plashing in water, like the loud voices of the thundering rain-
 cloud,
 Like merry streamlets bursting from the mountain, thus to Brhaspati our hymns have sounded.

2 The Son of Angirases, meeting the cattle, as Bhaga, brought in Aryaman among us.
 As Friend of men he decks the wife and husband: as for the race, Brhaspati, nerve our coursers.

3 Brhaspati, having won them from the mountains, strewed down, like barley out of winnowing-
 baskets,
 The vigorous, wandering cows who aid the pious, desired of all, of blameless form, well-coloured.

4 As the Sun dewes with meath the seat of Order, and casts a flaming meteor down from heaven.
 So from the rock Brhaspati forced the cattle, and cleft the earth's skin as it were with water.

5 Forth from mid air with light he drave the darkness, as the gale blows a lily from the fiver.
 Like the wind grasping at the cloud of Vala, Brhaspati gathered to himself the cattle,

6 Brhaspati, when he with fiery lightnings cleft through the weapon of reviling Vala,
 Consumed him as tongues cat what teeth have compassed: he threw the prisons of the red cows
 open.

7 That secret name borne by the lowing cattle within the cave Brhaspati discovered,
 And drave, himself, the bright kine from the mountain, like a bird's young after the egg's disclosure.

8 He looked around on rock-imprisoned sweetness as one who eyes a fish in scanty water.
 Brhaspati, cleaving through with varied clamour, brought it forth like a bowl from out the timber.

9 He found the light of heaven, and fire, and Morning: with lucid rays he forced apart the darkness.
 As from a joint, Brhaspati took the marrow of Vala as he gloried in his cattle.

10 As trees for foliage robbed by winter, Vala mourned for the cows Brhaspati had taken.
 He did a deed ne'er done, ne'er to be equalled, whereby the Sun and Moon ascend alternate.

11 Like a dark steed adorned with pearl, the Fathers have decorated heaven With constellations.
 They set the light in day, in night the darkness. Brhaspati cleft the rock and found the cattle.

5 Ye are like horses fastened to the chariot poles, luminous with your beams, with splendour as at dawn;

Like self-bright falcons, punishers of wicked men, like hovering birds urged forward, scattering rain around.

6 When ye come forth, O Maruts, from the distance, from the great treasury of rich possessions, Knowing, O Vasus, boons that should be granted, even from afar drive back the men who hate us.

7 He who, engaged in the rite's final duty brings, as a man, oblation to the Maruts,

Wins him life's wealthy fulness, blest with heroes: he shall be present, too, where Gods drink Soma.

8 For these are helps adored at sacrifices, bringing good fortune by their name Adityas.

Speeding on cars let them protect our praises, delighting in our sacrifice and worship.

[10-078] HYMN LXXVIII. Maruts.

1. Ye by your hymns are like high-thoughted singers, skilful, inviting Gods with sacrifices;

Fair to behold, like Kings, with bright adornment, like spotless gallants, leaders of the people:

2 Like fire with flashing flame, breast-bound with chains of gold, like tempest-blasts, self-moving, swift to lend your aid;

As best of all foreknowers, excellent to guide, like Somas, good to guard the man who follows Law.

3 Shakers of all, like gales of wind they travel, like tongues of burning fires in their effulgence.

Mighty are they as warriors clad in armour, and, like the Fathers' prayers, Most Bounteous Givers.

4 Like spokes of car-wheels in one nave united, ever victorious like heavenly Heroes,

Shedding their precious balm like youthful suitors, they raise their voice and chant their psalm as singers.

5 They who are fleet to travel like the noblest steeds, long to obtain the prize like bounteous charioteers,

Like waters speeding on with their precipitous floods, like omniform Angirases with Sama-hymns.

6 Born from the stream, like press-stones are the Princes, for ever like the stones that crush in pieces; Sons of a beauteous Dame, like playful children, like a great host upon the march with splendour.

7 Like rays of Dawn, the visitors of sacrifice, they shine with ornaments as eager to be bright.

Like rivers hasting on, glittering with their spears, from far away they measure out the distances.

8 Gods, send us happiness and make us wealthy, letting us singers prosper, O ye Maruts.

Bethink you of our praise and of our friendship: ye from of old have riches to vouchsafe us.

[10-079] HYMN LXXIX. Agni.

1. I HAVE beheld the might of this Great Being. Immortal in the midst of tribes of mortals.

His jaws now open and now shut together: much they devour, insatiately chewing.

2 His eyes are turned away, his head is hidden: unsated with his tongue he eats the fuel.

With hands upraised, with reverence in the houses, for him they quickly bring his food together.

3 Seeking, as 'twere, his Mother's secret bosom, he, like a child, creeps on through wide-spread bushes.

One he finds glowing like hot food made ready, and kissing deep within the earth's recesses.

4 This holy Law I tell you, Earth and Heaven: the Infant at his birth devours his Parents.

No knowledge of the God have I, a mortal. Yea, Agni knoweth best, for he hath wisdom.

5 This man who quickly gives him food, who offers his gifts of oil and butter and supports him, - Him with his thousand eyes he closely looks on: thou showest him thy face from all sides, Agni.

6 Agni, hast thou committed sin or treason among the Gods? In ignorance I ask thee.

Playing, not playing, he gold-hued and toothless, hath cut his food up as the knife a victim.

7 He born in wood hath yoked his horses rushing in all directions, held with reins that glitter.

The well-born friend hath carved his food with Vasus: in all his limbs he hath increased and prospered.

[10-080] HYMN LXXX. Agni.

1. AGNI bestows the fleet prize-winning courser: Agni, the hero famed and firm in duty.

34 Pungent is this, and bitter this, filled, as it were, with arrow-barbs, Empoisoned and not fit for use.
The Brahman who knows Surya well deserves the garment of the bride.

35 The fringe, the cloth that decks her head, and then the triply parted robe,-
Behold the hues which Surya wears these doth the Brahman purify.

36 I take thy hand in mine for happy fortune that thou mayst reach old age with me thy husband.
Gods, Aryaman, Bhaga, Savitar, Purandhi, have given thee to be my household's mistress.

37 O Pusan, send her on as most auspicious, her who shall be the sharer of my pleasures;
Her who shall twine her loving arms about me, and welcome all my love and mine embraces.

38 For thee, with bridal train, they, first, escorted Surya to her home.
Give to the husband in return, Agni, the wife with progeny.

39 Agni hath given the bride again with splendour and with ample life.
Long lived be he who is her lord; a hundred autumns let him live.

40 Soma obtained her first of all; next the Gandharva was her lord.
Agai was thy third husband: now one born of woman is thy fourth.

41 Soma to the Gandharva, and to Agni the Gandharva gave:
And Agni hath bestowed on me riches and sons and this my spouse.

42 Be ye not parted; dwell ye here reach the full time of human life.
With sons and grandsons sport and play, rejoicing in your own abode.

43 So may Prajapati bring children forth to us; may Aryaman adorn us till old age come nigh.
Not inauspicious enter thou thy husband's house: bring blessing to our bipeds and our quadrupeds.

44 Not evil-eyed, no slayer of thy husband, bring weal to cattle, radiant, gentlehearted;
Loving the Gods, delightful, bearing heroes, bring blessing to our quadrupeds and bipeds.

45 O Bounteous Indra, make this bride blest in her sons and fortunate.
Vouchsafe to her ten sons, and make her husband the eleventh man.

46 Over thy husband's father and thy husband's mother bear full sway.
Over the sister of thy lord, over his brothers rule supreme.

47 So may the Universal Gods, so may the Waters join our hearts.
May Matarisvan, Dhatar, and Destri together bind us close.

[10-086] HYMN LXXXVI. Indra.

1. MEN have abstained from pouring juice they count not Indra as a God.
Where at the votary's store my friend Vrsakapi hath drunk his fill. Supreme is Indra over all.

2 Thou, Indra, heedless passest by the ill Vrsakapi hath wrought;
Yet nowhere else thou findest place wherein to drink the Soma juice. Supreme is Indra over all.

3 What hath he done to injure thee, this tawny beast Vrsakapi,
With whom thou art so angry now? What is the votary's foodful store? Supreme is Indra over all.

4 Soon may the hound who hunts the boar seize him and bite him in the car,
O Indra, that Vrsakapi whom thou protectest as a friend, Supreme is Indra over all.

5 Kapi hath marred the beauteous things, all deftly wrought, that were my joy.
In pieces will I rend his head; the sinner's portion shall be woo. Supreme is Indra over all.

6 No Dame hath ampler charms than I, or greater wealth of love's delights.
None with more ardour offers all her beauty to her lord's embrace. Supreme is Indra over all.

7 Mother whose love is quickly won, I say what verily will be.
My breast, O Mother, and my head and both my hips seem quivering. Supreme is Indra over all.

8 Dame with the lovely hands and arms, with broad hair-plaits add ample hips,
Why, O thou Hero's wife, art thou angry with our Vrsakapi? Supreme is Indra over all.

9 This noxious creature looks on me as one bereft of hero's love,
Yet Heroes for my sons have I, the Maruts' Friend and Indra's Queen. Supreme is Indra over all.

10 From olden time the matron goes to feast and general sacrifice.
Mother of Heroes, Indra's Queen, the rite's ordainer is extolled. Supreme is Indra over all.

[10-100] HYMN C. Visvedevas.

1. Be, like thyself, O Indra, strong for our delight: here lauded, aid us, Maghavan, drinker of the juice. Savitar with the Gods protect us: hear ye Twain. We ask for freedom and complete felicity.
- 2 Bring swift, for offering, the snare that suits the time, to the pure-drinker Vayu, roaring as he goes, To him who hath approached the draught of shining milk. We ask for freedom and complete felicity.
- 3 May Savitar the God send us full life, to each who sacrifices, lives aright and pours the juice That we with simple hearts may wait upon the Gods. We ask for freedom and complete felicity.
- 4 May Indra evermore be gracious unto us, and may King Soma meditate our happiness, Even as men secure the comfort of a friend. We ask for freedom and complete felicity.
- 5 Indra hath given the body with its song and strength: Brhaspati, thou art the lengthener of life. The sacrifice is Manu, Providence, our Sire. We ask for freedom and complete felicity.
- 6 Indra possesseth might celestial nobly formed: the singer in the hotise is Agni, prudent Sage. lie is the sacrifice in synod, fair, most near. We ask for freedom and complete felicity,
- 7 Not often have we sinned against you secretly, nor, Vasus, have we openly provoked the Gods. Not one of its, ye Gods, hath worn an alien shape. We ask for freedom and complete felicity.
- 8 May Savitar remove from us our malady, and may the Mountains keep it far away from where The press-stone as it sheds the meath rings loudly forth. We ask for freedom and complete felicity.
- 9 Ye Vasus, let the stone, the presser stand erect: avert all enmities and keep them far remote. Our guard to be adored is Savitar this God. We ask for freedom and complete felicity.
- 10 Eat strength and fatness in the pasture, kine, who are balmed at the reservoir and at the seat of Law. So let your body be our body's medicine. We ask for freedom and complete felicity.
- 11 The singer fills the spirit: all mens, love hath he. Indra takes kindly care of those who pour the juice. For his libation is the heavenly udder full. We ask for freedom and complete felicity.
- 12 Wondrous thy spirit-filling light, triumphant; thy hosts save from decay and are resistless. The pious votary by straightest pathway speeds to possess the best of all the cattle.

[10-101] HYMN CI. Visvedevas.

1. WAKE with one mind, my friends, and kindle Agni, ye who are many and who dwell together. Agni and Dadhikras and Dawn the Goddess, you, Gods with Indra, I call down to help us.
- 2 Make pleasant hymns, spin out your songs and praises: build ye a ship equipped with oars for transport. Prepare the implements, make all things ready, and let the sacrifice, my friends, go forward.
- 3 Lay on the yokes, and fasten well the traces: formed is the furrow, sow the seed within it. Through song may we find bearing fraught with plenty: near to the ripened grain approach the sickle.
- 4 Wise, through desire of bliss from Gods, the skilful bind the traces fast, And lay the yokes on either side.
- 5 Arrange the buckets in their place securely fasten on the straps. We will pour forth the well that hath a copious stream, fair-flowing well that never fails.
- 6 I pour the water from the well with pails prepared and goodly straps, Unfailing, full, with plenteous stream.
- 7 Refresh the horses, win the prize before you: equip a chariot fraught with happy fortune. Pour forth the well with stone wheel, wooden buckets, the drink of heroes, with the trough for armour.
- 8 Prepare the cow-stall, for there drink your heroes: stitch ye the coats of armour, wide and many. Make iron forts, secure from all assailants let not your pitcher leak: stay it securely.
- 9 Hither, for help, I turn the holy heavenly mind of you the Holy Gods, that longs for sacrifice. May it pour milk for us, even as a stately cow who, having sought the pasture, yields a thousand streams.
- 10 Pour golden juice within the wooden vessel: with stone-made axes fashion ye and form it.

Who surely gives a boon even in thirsty land most powerful, prepared to aid us in the wilds.

7 Thus noble Agni with princes and mortal men is lauded, excellent for conquering strength with chiefs,

Men who are well-disposed as friends and true to Law, even as the heavens in majesty surpass mankind.

8 O Son of Strength, Victorious, with this title Upastuta's most potent voice reveres thee.

Blest with brave sons by thee we will extol thee, and lengthen out the days of our existence.

9 Thus, Agni, have the sons of Vrstihavya, the Rsis, the Upastutas invoked thee.

Protect them, guard the singers and the princes. With Vasat! have they come, with hands uplifted, with their uplifted hands and cries of Glory!

[10-116] HYMN CXV1. Indra.

1. DRINK Soma juice for mighty power and vigour, drink, Strongest One, that thou mayst smite down Vrtra.

Drink thou, invoked, for strength, and riches: drink thou thy fill of meath and pour it down, O Indra.

2 Drink of the foodful juice stirred into motion, drink what thou choosest of the flowing Soma.

Giver of weal, be joyful in thy spirit, and turn thee hitherward to bless and prosper.

3 Let heavenly Soma gladden thee, O Indra, let that effused among mankind delight thee.

Rejoice in that whereby thou gavest freedom, and that whereby thou conquerest thy foemen.

4 Let Indra come, impetuous, doubly mighty, to the poured juice, the Bull, with two Bay Coursers.

With juices pressed in milk, with meath presented, glut evermore thy bolt, O Foe-destroyer.

5 Dash down, outffaming their sharp flaming weapons, the strong-holds of the men urged on by demons.

I give thee, Mighty One, great strength and conquest: go, meet thy foes and rend them in the battle.

6 Extend afar the votary's fame and glory, as the firm archer's strength drives off the foeman.

Ranged on our side, grown strong in might that conquers, never defeated, still increase thy body.

7 To thee have we presented this oblation: accept it, Sovran Ruler, free from anger.

Juice, Maghavan, for thee is pressed and ripened: eat, Indra, drink of that which stirs to meet thee.

8 Eat, Indra, these oblations which approach thee: be pleased with food made ready and with Soma.

With entertainment we receive thee friendly: effectual be the sacrificer's wishes.

9 I send sweet speech to Indra and to Agni: with hymns I speed it like a boat through waters.

Even thus, the Gods seem moving round about me, the fountains and bestowers of our riches.

[10-117] HYMN CXVII. Liberality.

1. THE Gods have not ordained hunger to be our death: even to the well-fed man comes death in varied shape.

The riches of the liberal never waste away, while he who will not give finds none to comfort him.

2 The man with food in store who, when the needy comes in miserable case begging for bread to eat, Hardens his heart against him-even when of old he did him service-finds not one to comfort him.

3 Bounteous is he who gives unto the beggar who comes to him in want of food and feeble.

Success attends him in the shout of battle. He makes a friend of him in future troubles.

4 No friend is he who to his friend and comrade who comes imploring food, will offer nothing.

Let him depart-no home is that to rest in-, and rather seek a stranger to support him.

5 Let the rich satisfy the poor implorer, and bend his eye upon a longer pathway.

Riches come now to one, now to another, and like the wheels of cars are ever rolling.

6 The foolish man wins food with fruitless labour: that food -I speak the truth- shall be his ruin.

He feeds no trusty friend, no man to love him. All guilt is he who eats with no partaker.

7 The ploughshare ploughing makes the food that feeds us, and with its feet cuts through the path it follows.

Better the speaking than the silent Brahman: the liberal friend outyvalues him who gives not.

8 He with one foot hath far outrun the biped, and the two-footed catches the three-footed.

Four-footed creatures come when bipeds call them, and stand and look where five are met together.

[10-191] HYMN CXCI. Agni.

1. THOU, mighty Agni, gatherest up all that is precious for thy friend.

Bring us all treasures as thou art enkindled in libation's place

2 Assemble, speak together: let your minds be all of one accord,

As ancient Gods unanimous sit down to their appointed share.

3 The place is common, common the assembly, common the mind, so be their thought united.

A common purpose do I lay before you, and worship with your general oblation.

4 One and the same be your resolve, and be your minds of one accord.

United be the thoughts of all that all may happily agree.

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