

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.

[01-033] HYMN XXXIII. Indra.

1 Come, fain for booty let us seek to Indra: yet more shall he increase his care that guides us.

Will not the Indestructible endow us with perfect knowledge of this wealth, of cattle?

2 I fly to him invisible Wealth-giver as flies the falcon to his cherished eyrie,

With fairest hymns of praise adoring Indra, whom those who laud him must invoke in battle.

3 Mid all his host, he bindeth on the quiver he driveth cattle from what foe he pleaseth:

Gathering up great store of riches, Indra. be thou no trafficker with us, most mighty.

4 Thou slewest with thy bolt the wealthy Dasyu, alone, yet going with thy helpers, Indra!

Far from the floor of heaven in all directions, the ancient riteless ones fled to destruction.

5 Fighting with pious worshippers, the riteless turned and fled, Indra! with averted faces.

When thou, fierce Lord of the Bay Steeds, the Stayer, blewest from earth and heaven and sky the godless.

6 They met in fight the army of the blameless. then the Navagvas put forth all their power.

They, like emasculates with men contending, fled, conscious, by steep paths from Indra, scattered.

7 Whether they weep or laugh, thou hast o'erthrown them, O Indra, on the sky's extremest limit.

The Dasyu thou hast burned from heaven, and welcomed the prayer of him who pours the juice and lauds thee.

8 Adorned with their array of gold and jewels, they o'er the earth a covering veil extended.

Although they hastened, they o'ercame not Indra: their spies he compassed with the Sun of morning.

9 As thou enjoyest heaven and earth, O Indra, on every side surrounded with thy greatness,

So thou with priests bast blown away the Dasyu, and those who worship not with those who worship.

10 They who pervaded earth's extremest limit subdued not with their charms the Wealth-bestower:

Indra, the Bull, made his ally the thunder, and with its light milked cows from out the darkness.

11 The waters flowed according to their nature; he raid the navigable streams waxed mighty.

Then Indra, with his spirit concentrated, smote him for ever with his strongest weapon.

12 Indra broke through Ilibisa's strong castles, and Suspa with his horn he cut to pieces:

Thou, Maghavan, for all his might and swiftness, slewest thy fighting foeman with thy thunder

13 Fierce on his enemies fell Indra's weapon: with. his sharp bull he rent their forts in pieces.

He with his thunderbolt dealt blows on Vrtra; and conquered, executing all his purpose.

14 Indra, thou helpst Kutsa whom thou lovedst, and guardedst brave Dagadyu when he battled,

The dust of trampling horses rose to heaven, and Svitri's son stood up again for conquest.

15 Svitra's mild steer, O Maghavan thou helpst in combat for the land, mid Tugra's houses.

Long stood they there before the task was ended: thou wast the master of the foemen's treasure.

[01-034] HYMN XXXIV. Asvins.

1 Ye who observe this day be with us even thrice: far-stretching is you bounty, Asvins and your course.

To you, as to a cloak in winter, we cleave close: you are to be drawn nigh unto us by the wise.

2 Three are the fellies in your honey-bearing car, that travels after Soma's loved one, as all know.

Three are the pillars set upon it for support: thrice journey ye by night, O Asvins, thrice by day.

3 Thrice in the self-same day, ye Gods who banish want, sprinkle ye thrice to-day our sacrifice with meath;

And thrice vouchsafe us store of food with plenteous strength, at evening, O ye Asvins, and at break of day.

4 Thrice come ye to our home, thrice to the righteous folk, thrice triply aid the man who well deserves your help.

Thrice, O ye Asvins, bring us what shall make us glad; thrice send us store of food as nevermore to fail.

5 Thrice, O ye Asvins, bring to us abundant wealth: thrice in the Gods' assembly, thrice assist our thoughts.

[01-176] HYMN CLXXXVI. Indra.

1. CHEER thee with draughts to win us bliss: Soma, pierce Indra in thy strength.
Thou stormest trembling in thy rage, and findest not a foeman nigh.
2 Make our songs penetrate to him who is the Only One of men;
For whom the sacred food is spread, as the steer ploughs the barley in.
3 Within whose hands deposited all the Five Peoples' treasures rest.
Mark thou the man who injures us and kill him like the heavenly bolt.
4 Slay everyone who pours no gift, who, hard to reach, delights thee not.
Bestow on us what wealth he hath: this even the worshipper awaits.
5 Thou helpst him the doubly strong whose hymns were sung unceasingly.
When Indra fought, O Soma, thou helpst the mighty in the fray.
6 As thou, O Indra, to the ancient singers wast ever joy, like water to the thirsty,
So unto thee I sing this invocation. May we find strengthenifig food in full abundance.

[01-177] HYMN CLXXXVII. Indra.

1. THE Bull of men, who cherishes all people, King of the Races, Indra, called of many,
Fame-loving, praised, hither to me with succour turn having yoked both vigorous Bay Horses!
2 Thy mighty Stallions, yoked by prayer, O Indra, thy. Coursers to thy mighty chariot harnessed,-
Ascend thou these, and borne by them come hither: with Soma juice out. poured, Indra, we call thee.
3 Ascend thy mighty car: the mighty Soma is poured for thee and sweets are sprinkled round us.
Come down to us-ward, Bull of human races, come, having harnessed them, with strong Bay Horses.
4 Here is God-reaching sacrifice, here the victim; here, Indra, are the prayers, here is the Soma.
Strewn is the sacred grass: come hither, Sakra; seat thee and drink: unyoke thy two Bay Coursers.
5 Come to us, Indra, come thou highly lauded to the devotions of the singer Mana.
Singing, may we find early through thy succour, may we find strengthening food in full abundance.

[01-178] HYMN CLXXXVIII. Indra.

1. IF, Indra, thou hast given that gracious hearing where with thou helpst those who sang thy
praises.
Blast not the wish that would exalt us may I gain all from thee, and pay all man's devotions.
2 Let not the Sovran Indra disappoint us in what shall bring both Sisters to our dwelling.
To him have run the quickly flowing waters. May Indra come to us with life and friendship.
3 Victorious with the men, Hero in battles, Indra, who hearsthe singer's supplication,
Will bring his car nigh to the man who offers, if he himself upholds the songs that praise him.
4 Yea, Indra, with the men, through love of glory consumes the sacred food which friends have offered.
The ever-strengthening song of him who worships is sung in fight amid the clash of voices.
5 Aided by thee, O Maghavan, O Indra, may we subdue our foes who count them mighty.
Be our protector, strengthen and increase us. May we find strengthening food in full abundance.

[01-179] HYMN CLXXXIX. Rati.

1 'Through many autumns have I toiled and laboured, at night and morn, through age-inducing
dawnings.
Old age impairs the beauty of our bodies. Let husbands still come near unto their spouses.
2 For even the men aforetime, law-fulfillers, who with the Gods declared eternal statutes,--
They have decided, but have not accomplished: so now let wives come near unto their husbands.
3 Non inutilis est labor cui Dii favent: nos omnes aemulos et aemulas vincamus.
Superemus in hac centum artium pugna in qua duas partes convenientes utrinque commovemus.
4 Cupido me cepit illius tauri (viri) qui me despicit, utrum hinc utrum illinc ab aliqua parte nata sit.
Lopamudra taurum (maritum suum) ad se detrahit: insipiens illa sapientem anhelantem absorbet.
5 This Soma I address that is most near us, that which hath been imbibed within the spirit,
To pardon any sins we have committed. Verily mortal man is full of longings.

I laud his deeds who is as strong as Indra, and lauding celebrate the Fort-destroyer.

2 Sage, Sing, Food, Light,-they bring him from the mountain, the blessed Sovran of the earth and heaven.

I decorate with songs the mighty actions which Agni, Fort-destroyer, did aforetime.

3 The foolish, faithless, rudely-speaking niggards, without belief or sacrifice or worship,-

Far far sway hath Agni chased those Dasytis, and, in the cast, hath turned the godless westward.

4 Him who brought eastward, manliest with his prowess, the Maids rejoicing in the western darkness,

That Agni I extol, the Lord of riches, unyielding tamer of assailing foemen.

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

6 In whose protection all men rest by nature, desiring to enjoy his gracious favour-

Agni Vaisvanara in his Parents, bosom hath found the choicest seat in earth and heaven.

7 Vaisvanara the God, at the sun's setting, hath taken to himself deep-hidden treasures:

Agni hath taken them from earth and heaven, from the sea under and the sea above us.

[07-007] HYMN VII. Agni.

1. I SEND forth even your God, victorious Agni, like a strong courser, with mine adoration.

Herald of sacrifice be he who knoweth he hath reached Gods, himself, with measured motion.

2 By paths that are thine own come hither, Agni, joyous, delighting in the Gods' alliance,

Making the heights of earth roar with thy fury, burning with eager teeth the woods and forests.

3 The grass is strewn; the sacrifice advances adored as Priest, Agni is made propitious,

Invoking both All-boon-bestowing Mothers of whom, Most Youthful! thou wast born to help us.

4 Forthwith the men, the best of these for wisdom, have made him leader in the solemn worship.

As Lord in homes of men is Agni stablished, the Holy One, the joyous, sweetly speaking.

5 He hath come, chosen bearer, and is seated in man's home, Brahman, Agni, the Supporter,

He whom both Heaven anct Earth exalt and strengthenwhom, Giver of all boons, the Hotar worships.

6 These have passed all in glory, who, the manly, have wrought with skill the hymn of adoration;

Who, listening, have advanced the people's welfare, and set their thoughts on this my holy statute.

7 We, the Vasisthas, now implore thee, Agni, O Son of Strength, the Lord of wealth and treasure.

Thou hast brought food to singers and to nobles. Ye Gods, preserve us evermore with blessings.

[07-008] HYMN VIII. Agni

1. THE King whose face is decked with oil is kindled with homage offered by his faithful servant.

The men, the priests adore him with oblations. Agni hath shone forth when the dawn is breaking.

2 Yea, he hath been acknowledged as most mighty, the joyous Priest of men, the youthful Agni.

He, spreading o'er the earth, made light around him, and grew among the plants with blackened fellies..

3 How dost thou decorate our hymn, O Agni? What power dost thou exert when thou art lauded?

When, Bounteous God, may we be lords of riches, winners of precious wealth which none may conquer?

4 Far famed is this the Bharata's own Agni he shineth like the Sun with lofty splendour.

He who hath vanquished Puru in the battle, the heavenly guest hath glowed in full refulgence.

5 Full many oblations are in thee collected: with all thine aspects thou hast waxen gracious.

Thou art already famed as praised and lauded, yet still, O nobly born, increase thy body.

6 Be this my song, that winneth countless treasure, engendered with redoubled force for Agni,

That, splendid, chasing sickness, slaying demons, it may delight our friend and bless the singers.

7 We, the Vasisthas, now implore thee, Agni, O Son of Strength, the Lord of wealth and riches.

Thou hast brought food to singers and to nobles. Ye Gods, preserve us evermore with blessings.

8 Sing, sing ye forth your songs of praise, ye Briyamedhas, sing your songs:
 Yea, let young children sing their lauds as a strong castle praise ye him.

9 Now loudly let the viol sound, the lute send out its voice with might,
 Shrill be, the music of the string. To Indra. is the hymn up-raised.

10 When bither speed the dappled cows, unflinching, easy to be milked,
 Seize quickly, as it bursts away, the Soma juice for Indra's drink.

11 Indra hath drunk, Agni hath drunk. all Deities have drunk their fill.
 Here Varuna shall have his home, to whom the floods have sung aloud as motherkine unto their calves.

12 Thou, Varuna, to whom belong Seven Rivers, art a glorious God.
 The waters flow into thy throat as 'twere a pipe with ample mouth.

13 He who hath made the fleet steeds spring, well-harnessed, to the worshipper,
 He, the swift Guide, is that fair form that loosed the horses near at hand.

14 Indra, the very Mighty, holds his enemies in utter scorn.
 He, far away, and yet a child, cleft the cloud smitten by his voice.

15 He, yet a boy exceeding small, mounted his newly-fashioned car.
 He for his Mother and his Sire cooked the wild mighty buffalo.

16 Lord of the home, fair-helmeted, ascend thy chariot wrought of gold.
 We will attend the Heavenly One, the thousand-footed, red of hue, matchless, who blesses where he goes.

17 With reverence they come hitherward to him as to. a Sovran lord,
 That they may bring him near for this man's good success, to prosper and bestow his gifts.

18 The Priyamedhas have observed the offering of the men of old,
 Of ancient custom, while they strewed the sacred grass, and spread their sacrificial food.

[08-059] HYMN LIX. Indra.

1. HE who, as Sovran Lord of men, moves with his chariots unrestrained,
 The Vrtra-slayer vanquisher, of fighting hosts, preeminent, is praised with song.

2 Honour that Indra, Puruhanman! for his aid, in whose sustaining hand of old,
 The splendid bolt of thunder was deposited, as the great Sun was set in heaven.

3 No one by deed attains to him who works and strengthens evermore:
 No, not by sacrifice, to Indra. praised o all, resistless, daring, bold in might.

4 The potent Conqueror, invincible in war, him at whose birth the Mighty Ones,
 The Kine who spread afar, sent their loud voices out, heavens, earths seat their loud voices out,

5 O Indra, if a hundred heavens and if a hundred earths were thine-
 No, not a thousand Suns could match thee at thy birth, not both the worlds, O Thunderer.

6 Thou, Hero, hast performed thy hero deeds with might, yea, all with strength, O Strongest One.
 Maghavan, help us to a stable full of kine, O Thunderer, with wondrous aids.

7 Let not a godless mortal gain this food, O thou whose life is long!
 But one who yokes the bright-hued steeds, the Etasas, even Indra yoker of the Bays.

8 Urge ye the Conqueror to give, your Indra greatly to be praised,
 To be invoked in shallow waters and in depths, to be invoked in deeds of might.

9 O Vasu, O thou Hero, raise us up to ample opulence.
 Raise us to gain of mighty wealth, O Maghavan, O Indra, to sublime renown.

10 Indra, thou justifiest us, and tramplest down thy slanderers.
 Guard thyself, valiant Hero, in thy vital parts: strike down the Dasa with thy blows.

11 The man who brings no sacrifice, inhuman, godless, infidel,
 Him let his friend the mountain cast to rapid death, the mountain cast the Dasyu down.

12 O Mightiest Indra, loving us, gather thou up, as grains of corn,
 Within thine hand, of these their kine, to give away, yea, gather twice as loving us.

13 O my companions, wish for power. How may we perfect Sara's praise,