

14 O Maruts, to the worshippers give glorious strength invincible in battle, brilliant, bringing wealth,
Praiseworthy, known to all men. May we foster well, during a hundred winters, son and progeny.

15 Will ye then, O ye Maruts, grant us riches, durable, rich in men, defying onslaught.
A hundred, thousandfold, ever increasing? May he, enriched with prayer, come soon and early.

[01-065] HYMN LXV. Agni.

1 ONE-MINDED, wise, they tracked thee like a thief lurking in dark cave with a stolen cow:
Thee claiming worship, bearing it to Gods - . there nigh to thee sate all the Holy Ones.
2 The Gods approached the ways of holy Law; there was a gathering vast as heaven itself.
The waters feed with praise the growing Babe, born nobly in the womb, the seat of Law.
3 Like grateful food, like some wide dwelling place, like a fruit-bearing hill, a wholesome stream.
Like a steed urged to run in swift career, rushing like Sindhu, who may check his course?
4 Kin as a brother to his sister floods, he cats the woods as a King eats the rich.
When through the forest, urged by wind, he spreads, verily Agni shears the hair of earth.
5 Like a swan sitting in the floods he pants wisest in mind mid men he wakes at morn.
A Sage like Soma, sprung from Law, he grew like some young creature, mighty, shining far.

[01-066] HYMN LXVI. Agni.

1. LIKE the Sun's glance, like wealth of varied sort, like breath which is the life, like one's own son,
Like a swift bird, a cow who yields her milk, pure and refulgent to the wood he speeds.
2 He offers safety like a pleasant home, like ripened corn, the Conqueror of men.
Like a Seer lauding, famed among the folk; like a steed friendly he vouchsafes us power.
3 With flame insatiate, like eternal might; caring for each one like a dame at home;
Bright when he shines forth, whitish mid the folk, like a car, gold-decked, thundering to the fight.
4 He strikes with terror like a dart shot forth, e'en like an archer's arrow tipped with flame;
Master of present and of future life, the maidens' lover and the matrons' Lord.
5 To him lead all your ways: may we attain the kindled God as cows their home at eve.
He drives the flames below as floods their swell: the rays rise up to the fair place of heaven.

[01-067] HYMN LXVII. Agni.

1. VICTORIOUS in the wood, Friend among men, ever he claims obedience as a King.
Gracious like peace, blessing like mental power, Priest was he, offering-bearer, full of thought.
2 He, bearing in his hand all manly might, crouched in the cavern, struck the Gods with fear.
Men filled with understanding find him there, when they have sting prayers formed within their heart.
3 He, like the Unborn, holds the broad earth up; and with effective utterance fixed the sky.
O Agni, guard the spots which cattle love: thou, life of all, hast gone from lair to lair.
4 Whoso hath known him dwelling in his lair, and hath approached the stream of holy Law,-
They who release him, paying sacred rites, -truly to such doth he announce great wealth.
5 He who grows mightily in herbs, within each fruitful mother and each babe she bears,
Wise, life of all men, in the waters' home,-for him have sages built as 'twere a seat.

[01-068] HYMN LXVIII. Agni.

1. COMMINGLING, restless, he ascends the sky, unveiling nights and all that stands or moves,
As he the sole God is preeminent in great. ness among all these other Gods.
2 All men are joyful in thy power, O God, that living from the dry wood thou art born.
All truly share thy Godhead while they keep, in their accustomed ways, eternal Law.
3 Strong is the thought of Law, the Law's behest; all works have they performed; he quickens all.
Whoso will bring oblation, gifts to thee, to him, bethinking thee, vouchsafe thou wealth.
4 Seated as Priest with Manu's progeny, of all these treasures he alone is Lord.

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.

[02-000] RIG VEDA - BOOK THE SECOND

[02-001] HYMN I. Agni.

1. THOU, Agni, shining in thy glory through the days, art brought to life from out the waters, from the stone:

From out the forest trees and herbs that grow on ground, thou, Sovran Lord of men art generatad (sic) pure.

2 Thine is the Herald's task and Cleanser's duly timed; Leader art thou, and Kindler for the pious man.

Thou art Director, thou the ministering Priest: thou art the Brahman, Lord and Master in our home.

3 Hero of Heroes, Agni! Thou art Indra, thou art Visnu of the Mighty Stride, adorable:

Thou, Brahmanaspati, the Brahman finding wealth: thou, O Sustainer, with thy wisdom tendest us.

4 Agni, thou art King Varuna whose laws stand fast; as Mitra, Wonder-Worker, thou must be implored.

Aryaman, heroes' Lord, art thou, enrich ing all, and liberal Amsa in the synod, O thou God.

5 Thou givest strength, as Tvastar, to the worshipper: thou wielding Mitra's power hast kinship with the Dames.

Thou, urging thy fleet coursers, givest noble steeds: a host of heroes art thou with great store of wealth.

6 Rudra art thou, the Asura of mighty heaven: thou art the Maruts' host, thou art the Lord of food, Thou goest with red winds: bliss hast thou in thine home. As Pusan thou thyself protectest worshippers.

7 Giver of wealth art thou to him who honours thee; thou art God Savitar, granter of precious things. As Bhaga, Lord of men! thou rulest over wealth, and guardest in his house him who hath served thee well.

8 To thee, the people's Lord within the house, the folk press forward to their King most graciously inclined.

Lord of the lovely look, all things belong to thee: ten, hundred, yea, a thousand are outweighed by thee.

9 Agni, men seek thee as a Father with their prayers, win thee, bright-formed, to brotherhood with holy act.

Thou art a Son to him who duly worships thee, and as a trusty Friend thou guardest from attack.

10 A Rbhu art thou, Agni, near to be adored thou art the Sovran Lord of foodful spoil and wealth.

Thou shinest brightly forth, thou burnest to bestow: pervading sacrifice, thou lendest us thine help.

11 Thou, God, art Aditi to him who offers gifts: thou, Hotri, Bharati, art strengthened by the song.

Thou art the hundred-wintered Ila to give strength, Lord of Wealth! Vrtra-slayer and Sarasvati.

12 Thou, Agni, cherished well, art highest vital power; in thy delightful hue are glories visible.

Thou art the lofty might that furthers each design: thou art wealth manifold, diffused on every side.

13 Thee, Agni, have the Adityas taken as their mouth; the Bright Ones have made thee, O Sage, to be their tongue.

They who love offerings cling to thee at solemn rites: by thee the Gods devour the duly offered food.

14 By thee, O Agni, all the Immortal guileless Gods eat with thy mouth the oblation that is offered them.

By thee do mortal men give sweetness to their drink. Bright art thou born, the embryo of the plants of earth.

15 With these thou art united, Agni; yea thou, God of noble birth, surpassest them in majesty,

Which, through the power of good, here spreads abroad from thee, diffused through both the worlds, throughout the earth and heaven.

16 The princely worshippers who send to those who sing thy praise, O Agni, guerdon graced with kine and steeds,-

Lead thou both these and us forward to higher bliss. With brave men in the assembly may we speak aloud.

Grant unto us to see a hundred autumns ours be the blest long lives of our forefathers.

11 Neither the right nor left do I distinguish, neither the east nor yet the west, Adityas.

Simple and guided by your wisdom, Vasus!

may I attain the light that brings no danger.

12 He who bears gifts unto the Kings, true Leaders, he whom their everlasting blessings prosper,
Moves with his chariot first in rank and wealthy, munificent and lauded in assemblies.

13 Pure, faithful, very strong, with heroes round him, he dwells beside the waters rich with pasture.
None slays, from near at hand or from a distance, him who is under the Adityas' guidance.

14 Aditi, Mitra, Varuna, forgive us however we have erred and sinned against you.

May I obtain the broad light free from peril: O Indra, let not during darkness seize us.

15 For him the Twain united pour their fulness, the rain from heaven: he thrives most highly
favoured.

He goes to war mastering both the mansions: to him both portions of the world are gracious.

16 Your guiles, ye Holy Ones, to quell oppressors, your snares spread out against the foe, Adityas,
May I car-borne pass like a skilful horseman: uninjured may we dwell in spacious shelter.

17 May I not live, O Varuna, to witness my wealthy, liberal, dear friend's destitution.

King, may I never lack well-ordered riches. Loud may we speak, with heroes, in assembly.

[02-028] HYMN XXVIII. Varuna

1. THIS laud of the self-radiant wise Aditya shall be supreme o'er all that is in greatness.

1 beg renown of Varuna the Mighty, the God exceeding kind to him who worships.

2, Having extolled thee. Varuna, with thoughtful care may we have high fortune in thy service,
Sinffing thy praises like the fires at coming, day after day, of mornings rich in cattle.

3 May we be in thy keeping, O thou Leader wide-ruling Varuna, Lord of many heroes.

O sons of Aditi, for ever faithful, pardon us, Gods, admit us to your friendship.

4 He made them flow, the Aditya, the Sustainer: the rivers run by Varuna's commandment.

These feel no weariness, nor cease from flowing: swift have they flown like birds in air around us.

5 Loose me from sin as from a bond that binds me: may we swell, Varuna, thy spring of Order.

Let not my thread, while I weave song, be severed, nor my work's sum, before the time, be shattered.

6 Far from me, Varuna, remove all danger accept me graciously, thou Holy Sovran.

Cast off, like cords that hold a calf, my troubles: I am not even mine eyelid's lord without thee.

7 Strike us not, Varuna, with those dread weapons which, Asura, at thy bidding wound the sinner.

Let us not pass away from light to exile. Scatter, that we may live, the men who hate us

8 O mighty Varuna, now and hereafter, even as of old, will we speak forth our worship.

For in thyself, invincible God, thy statutes ne'er to be moved are fixed as on a mountain.

9 Move far from me what sins I have committed: let me not suffer, King, for guilt of others.

Full many a morn remains to dawn upon us: in these, O Varuna, while we live direct us.

10 O King, whoever, be he friend or kinsman, hath threatened me affrighted in my slumber-

If any wolf or robber fain would harm us, therefrom, O Varuna, give thou us protection.

11 May I not live O Varuna, to witness my wealthy, liberal dear friend's destitution.

King, may I never lack well-ordered riches. Loud may we speak, with heroes, in assembly.

[02-029] HYMN XXIX. Visvedevas.

I. UPHOLDERS of the Law, ye strong Adityas, remove my sin like her who bears in secret.

You, Varuna, Mitra and all Gods who listen, I call to help me, I who know your goodness.

2 Ye, Gods, are providence and ye are power: remove ye utterly all those who hate us.

As givers of good things deal with us kindly: this day be gracious to us and hereafter.

3 What service may we do you with our future, what service, Vasus, with our ancient friendship?

O Aditi, and VaruVa and Mitra, Indra and Maruts, make us well and happy.

4 Ye, O ye Gods, are verily our kinsmen as such be kind to me who now implore you.

7 These earnest prayers I pray to you, ye Holy: to pay you honour, living men have formed them,
Men fain to win the prize and glory. May they win, as a car-horse might the goal, your notice.

[02-032] HYMN XXXII. Various Deities.

1. GRACIOUSLY further, O ye Heaven and Earth, this speech striving to win reward, of me your worshipper.

First rank I give to you, Immortal, high extolled! I, fain to win me wealth, to you the mighty Pair.

2 Let not man's guile annoy us, secret or by day: give not us up a prey to these calamities.

Sever not thou our friendship: think thereon for us. This, with a heart that longs for bliss, we seek from thee.

3 Bring hither with benignant mind the willing Cow teeming with plenteous milk, full, inexhaustible.

O thou invoked by many, day by day I urge thee with my word, a charger rapid in his tread.

4 With eulogy I call on Raka swift to hear may she, auspicious, hear us, and herself observe.

With never-breaking needle may she sew her work, and give a hero son most wealthy, meet for praise.

5 All thy kind thoughts, O Raka, lovely in their form, wherewith thou grantest wealth to him who offers gifts-

With these come thou to us this day benevolent, O Blessed One, bestowing food of thousand sorts.

6 O broad-tressed Sinivali, thou who art the Sister of the Gods,

Accept the offered sacrifice, and, Goddess, grant us progeny.

7 With lovely fingers, lovely arms, prolific Mother of many sons-

Present the sacred gifts to her, to Sinivali Queen of men.

8 Her, Sinivali, her, Gungu, her, Raka, her, Sarasvati, Indrani to mine aid I call, and Vartunani for my weal.

[02-033] HYMN XXXIII. Rudra.

1. FATHER of Maruts, let thy bliss approach us: exclude us not from looking on the sunlight.

Gracious to our fleet courser be the Hero may we transplant us, Rudra, in our children.

2 With the most saving medicines which thou givest, Rudra, may I attain a hundred winters.

Far from us banish enmity and hatred, and to all quarters maladies and trouble.

3 Chief of all born art thou in glory, Rudra, armed with the thunder, mightiest of the mighty.

Transport us over trouble to well-being repel thou from us all assaults of mis. chief.

4 Let us not anger thee with worship, Rudra, ill praise, Strong God! or mingled invocation.

Do thou with strengthening balms incite our heroes: I hear thee famed as best of all physicians.

5 May I with praise-songs win that Rudra's favour who is adored with gifts and invocations.

Ne'er may the tawny God, fair-checked, and gracious, swiftheating, yield us to this evil purpose.

6 The Strong, begirt by Maruts, hath refreshed me, with most invigorating food, imploring.

As he who finds a shade in fervent sunlight may I, uninjured, win the bliss of Rudra.

7 Where is that gracious hand of thine, O Rudra, the hand that giveth health and bringeth comfort,

Remover of the woe that Gods have sent us? O Strong One, look thou on me with compassion.

8 To him the strong, great, tawny, fair-complexioned, I utter forth a mighty hymn of praises.

We serve the brilliant God with adorations, we glorify, the splendid name of Rudra.

9 With firm limbs, multiform, the strong, the tawny adorns himself with bright gold decorations:

The strength of Godhead ne'er departs from Rudra, him who is Sovran of this world, the mighty.

10 Worthy, thou carriest thy bow and arrows, worthy, thy manyhued and honoured necklace.

Worthy, thou cuttest here each fiend to pieces: a mightier than thou there is not, Rudra.

11 Praise him the chariot-borne, the young, the famous, fierce, slaying like a dread beast of the forest.

O Rudra, praised, be gracious to the singer. let thy hosts spare us and smite down another.

12 I bend to thee as thou approachest, Rudra, even as a boy before the sire who greets him.

I praise thee Bounteous Giver, Lord of heroes: give medicines to us as thou art lauded.

13 Of your pure medicines, O potent Martits, those that are wholesomest and healthbestowing,

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

10 Agni, thou enterest as Priest the home of men who sacrifice.

Lord of the people, prosper them. Accept the offering, Angiras!

11 O Agni, God with Mitra's might, call hither the favour of the Gods from earth and heaven.

Bring weal from heaven, that men may dwell securely. May we overcome the foe's malign
oppressions, may we overcome them, through thy help overcome them.

[06-003] HYMN III. Agni.

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

2 He hath paid sacrifices, toiled in worship, and offered gifts to wealth-increasing Agni.

Him the displeasure of the famous moves not, outrage and scorn affect not such a mortal.

3 Bright God, whose look is free from stain like Surya's, thou, swift, what time thou earnestly
desirest,

Hast gear to give us. Come with joy at evening, where, Child of Wood, thou mayest also tarry.

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

5 Archer-like, fain to shoot, he sets his arrow, and whets his splendour like the edge of iron:

The messenger of night with brilliant pathway, like a tree-roosting bird of rapid pinion.

6 In beams of morn he clothes him like the singer, and bright as Mitra with his splendour crackles.

Red in the night, by day the men's possession: red, he belongs to men by day, Immortal.

7 Like Heaven's when scattering beams his voice was uttered: among the plants the radiant Hero
shouted,

Who with his glow in rapid course came hither to fill both worlds, well-wedded Dames, with treasure.

8 Who, with supporting streams and rays that suit him, hath flashed like lightning with his native
vigour.

Like the deft Maker of the band of Maruts, the bright impetuous One hath shone refulgent.

[06-004] HYMN IV Agni.

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

2 May Agni, radiant Herald of the morning, meet to be known, accept our praise with favour.

Dear to all life, mid mortal men Immortal, our guest, awake at dawn, is Jatavedas.

3 Whose might the very heavens regard with wonder: bright as the Sun he clothes himself with
lustre.

He who sends forth,, Eternal Purifier, hath shattered e'en the ancient works of Asna.

4 Thou art a Singer, Son! our feast-companion: Agni at birth prepared his food and pathway.

Therefore vouchsafe us strength, O Strength-bestower. Win like a King: foes trouble not thy dwelling.

5 Even he who cuts his firm hard food with swiftness, and overtakes the nights as Vayu kingdoms.

May we overcome those who resist thine orders, like a steed casting down the flying foemen.

6 Like Surya with his fulgent rays, O Agni, thou overspreadest both the worlds with splendour.

Decked with bright colour he dispels the darkness, like Ausija, with clear flame swiftly flying.

7 We have elected thee as most delightful for thy beams' glow: hear our great laud, O Agni.

The best men praise thee as the peer of Indra in strength, mid Gods, like Vayu in thy bounty.

8 Now, Agni, on the tranquil paths of riches come to us for our weal: save us from sorrow.

Grant chiefs and bard this boon. May we live happy, with hero children, through a hundred winters.

[06-005] HYMN V. Agni.

1. I INVOCATE your Son of Strength, the Youthful, with hymns, the Youngest God, whose speech is
guileless;

And he himself hath been. through night's thick darkness, made manifest by light, the Purifier.
5 With thy most mighty aid, confer, O Agni, wonderful wealth on us and on our princes,
Who stand preeminent, surpassing others in liberal gifts, in fame, and hero virtues.
6 Agni, accept this sacrifice with gladness, which, seated here, the worshipper presenteth.
Fair hymns hadst thou among the Bharadvajas, and holpest them to gain abundant vigour.
7 Scatter our foes, increase our store. May we be glad a hundred winters with brave sons.

[06-011] HYMN XI. Agni.

1. EAGERLY Sacrifice thou, most skilful, Agni! Priest, pressing on as if the Maruts sent thee.
To our oblation bring the two Nasatyas, Mitra and Varuna and Earth and Heaven.
2 Thou art our guileless, most delightful Herald, the God, among mankind, of holy synods.
A Priest with purifying tongue, O Agni, sacrifice with thy mouth to thine own body.
3 For even the blessed longing that is in thee would bring the Gods down to the singer's worship,
When the Angirases' sagest Sage, the Poet, sings the sweet measure at the solemn service.
4 Bright hath he beamed, the wise, the far-refulgent. Worship the two widespreading Worlds, O
Agni,
Whom as the Living One rich in oblations the Five Tribes, bringing gifts, adorn with homage.
5 When I with reverence clip the grass for Agni, when the trimmed ladle, full of oil, is lifted,
Firm on the seat of earth is based the altar: eye-like, the sacrifice is directed Sun-ward.
6 Enrich us, O thou Priest of many aspects, with the Gods, Agni, with thy fires, enkindled.
O Son of Strength, clad in the robe of riches, may we escape from woe as from
a prison.

[06-012] HYMN XII. Agni.

1. KING of trimmed grass, Herald within the dwelling, may Agni worship the Impeller's World-halves.
He, Son of Strength, the Holy, from a distance hath spread himself abroad with light like Surya.
2 In thee, most wise, shall Dyaus, for full perfection, King! Holy One! pronounce the call to worship.
Found in three places, like the Speeder's footstep, come to present men's riches as oblations!
3 Whose blaze most splendid, sovran in the forest, shines waxing on his way like the - Impeller.
He knows himself, like as a guileless smelter, not to be stayed among the plants, Immortal.
4 Our friends extol him like a steed for vigour even Agni in the dwelling, jatave~as.
Trice-fed, he fights with power as doth a champion, like Dawn's Sire to be praised with sacrifices.
5 Men wonder at his shining glows when, paring the woods with case, o'er the broad earth he goeth,
And, like a rushing flood, loosed quickly, burneth, swift as a guilty thief, o'er desert places.
6 So mighty thou protectest us from slander, O Champion, Agni! with all fires enkindled.
Bring opulence and drive away affliction. May brave sons gladden us through a hundred winters.

[06-013] HYMN XIII. Agni.

1. FROM thee, as branches from a tree, O Agni, from thee, Auspicious God! spring all our blessings-
Wealth swiftly, strength in battle with our foemen, the rain besought of heaven, the flow of waters.
2 Thou art our Bhaga to send wealth thou dwellest, like circumambient air, with wondrous splendour.
Friend art thou of the lofty Law, like Mitra, Controller, Agni! God! of many a blessing.
3 Agni! the hero slays with might his foeman; the singer bears away the Pani's booty-
Even he whom thou, Sage, born in Law, incitest by wealth, accordant with the Child of Waters.
4 The man who, Son of Strength with sacrifices, hymns, lauds, attracts thy fervour to the altar,
Enjoys each precious thing, O God, O Agni, gains wealth of corn and is the lord of treasures.
5 Grant, Son of Strength, to men for their subsistence such things as bring high fame and hero
children.
For thou with might givest much food in cattle even to the wicked wolf when he is hungry.
6 Eloquent, Son of Strength, Most Mighty, Agni, vouchsafe us seed and offspring, full of vigour.
May I by all my songs obtain abundance. May brave sons gladden us through a hundred winters.

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

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

47 Agni, we bring thee, with our hymn, oblation fashioned in the heart.

Let these be oxen unto thee, let these be bulls and kine to thee.

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

[06-017] HYMN XVII. Indra.

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

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

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

4 These gladdening drops, O Indra, Self-sustainer, quaffed shall augment thee in thy mighty
splendour.

Yea, let the cheering drops delight thee greatly, great, perfect, strong, powerful, all-subduing.

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

6 Thou with thy wisdom, power, and works of wonder, hast stored the ripe milk in the raw cows'
udders

Unbarred the firm doors for the kine of Morning, and, with the Angirases, set free the cattle.

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

8 Yea, Indra, all the Deities installed thee their one strong Champion in the van for battle.

What time the godless was the Gods' assailant, Indra they chose to win the light of heaven.

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

10 Yea, Strong One! Tvastar turned for thee, the Mighty, the bolt with thousand spikes and hundred
edges,

Eager and prompt at will, wherewith thou crushedst the boasting Dragon, O impetuous Hero.

11 He dressed a hundred buffaloes, O Indra, for thee whom all accordant Maruts strengthen.

He, Pusan Visnu, poured forth three great vessels to him, the juice that cheers, that slaughters Vrtra.

12 Thou settest free the rushing wave of waters, the floods' great swell encompassed and
obstructed.

Along steep slopes their course thou turnedst, Indra, directed downward, speeding to the ocean.

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

14 So, Indra, form us brilliant holy singers for strength, for glory, and for food and riches.

Give Bharadvaja hero patrons, Indra Indra, be ours upon the day of trial.

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

[06-018] HYMN XVIII. Indra.

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

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

3 Thou, thou alone, hast tamed the Dasyus; singly thou hast subdued the people for the Arya.

He makes the valiant rich in store of heroes, accepts our praise and hears the singer's calling.
 5 What he hath longed for we have brought to Indra, who from the days of old hath done us service.
 While Soma flows we will sing hymn, and laud him, so that our prayer may streng. then Indra's
 vigour.
 6 Thou hast made prayer the means of thine exalting, therefore we wait on thee with hymns, O Indra.
 May we, by the pressed Soma, Somadrinker! bring thee, with sacrifice, blissful sweet refreshment.
 7 Mark well our sacrificial cake, delighted Indra, drink Soma and the milk commingled.
 Here on the sacrificer's grass be seated: give ample room to thy devoted servant.
 8 O Mighty One, be joyful as thou willest. Let these our sacrifices reach and find thee;
 And may this hymn and these our invocations turn thee, whom many men invoke, to help us.
 9 Friends, when thejuices flow, replenish duly your own, your bounteous Indra with the Soma.
 Will it not aid him to support us? Indra. spares him who sheds the juice to win his favour.
 10 While Soma flowed, thus Indra hath been lauded, Ruler of nobles, mid the Bharadvajas,
 That Indra may become the singer's patron and give him wealth in every kind of treasure.

[06-024] HYMN XXIV. Indra.

1. STRONG rapturous joy, praise, glory are with Indra: impetuous God, he quaffs the juice of Soma:
 That Maghavan whom men must laud with singing, Heaven-dweller, King of songs, whose help is
 lasting.
 2 He, Friend of man, most wise, victorious Hero, hears, with far-reaching aid, the singer call him.
 Excellent, Praise of Men, the bard's Supporter, Strong, he gives strength, extolled in holy synod.
 3 The lofty axle of thy wheels, O Hero, is not surpassed by heaven and earth in greatness.
 Like branches of a tree, Invoked of many manifold aids spring forth from thee, O Indra.
 4 Strong Lord, thine energies, endowed with vigour, are like the paths of kine converging homeward.
 Like bonds of cord, Indra, that bind the younglings, no bonds are they, O thou of boundless bounty.
 5 One act to-day, another act tomorrow oft Indra makes what is not yet existeni.
 Here have we Mitra, Varuna, and Pusan to overcome the foeman's domination.
 6 By song and sacrifice men brought the waters from thee, as from a mountain's ridge, O Indra.
 Urging thy might, with these fair lauds they seek thee, O theme of song, as horses rush tobattle.
 7 That Indra whom nor months nor autumn seasons wither with age, nor fleeting days enfeeble,-
 Still may his body Wax, e'en now so mighty, glorified by the lauds and hymns that praise him.
 8 Extolled, he bends not to the strong, the steadfast, nor to the bold incited by the Dasyu.
 High mountains are as level plains to Indra: even in the deep he finds firm ground to rest on.
 9 Impetuous Speeder through all depth and distance, give strengthening food, thou drinker of the
 juices.
 Stand up erect to help us, unreluctant, what time the gloom of night brightens to morning.
 10 Hasting to help, come hither and protect him, keep him from harm when he is here, O Indra.
 At home, abroad, from injury preserve him. May brave sons gladden us through a hundred winters.

[06-025] HYMN XXV. Indra.

1. WITH thine assistance, O thou Mighty Indra, be it the least, the midmost, or the highest,-
 Great with those aids and by these powers support us, Strong God! in battle that subdues our
 foemen.
 2 With these discomfit hosts that fight against us, and check the opponent's wrath, thyself uninjured.
 With these chase all our foes to every quarter: subdue the tribes of Dasas to the Arya.
 3 Those who array themselves as foes to smite us, O Indra, be they kin or be they strangers,-
 Strike thou their manly strength that it be feeble, and drive in headlong flight our foemen backward.
 4 With strength of limb the hero slays the hero, when bright in arms they range them for the combat.
 When two opposing hosts contend in battle for seed and offspring, waters, kine, or corn-lands.
 5 Yet no strong man hath conquered thee, no hero, no brave, no warrior trusting in his valour.
 Not one of these is match for thee, O Indra. Thou far surpasses all these living creatures.

20 Gods, we have reached a country void of pasture the land, though spacious, was too small to hold us.

Brhaspati, provide in war for cattle; find a path, Indra, for this faithful singer.

21 Day after day far from their seat he drove them, alike, from place to place, those darksome creatures.

The Hero slew the meanly-huckstering Dasas, Varcin and Sambara, where the waters gather.

22 Out of thy bounty, Indra, hath Prastoka bestowed ten coffers and ten mettled horses.

We have received in turn from Divodasa Sambara's wealth, the gift of Atithigva.

23 Ten horses and ten treasure-chests, ten garments as an added gift,

These and ten lumps of gold have I received from Divodasa's hand.

24 Ten cars with extra steed to each, for the Atharvans hundred cows,

Hath Asvatha to Payu given.

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

26 Lord of the wood, be firm and strong in body: be, bearing us, a brave victorious hero

Show forth thy strength, compact with straps of leather, and let thy rider win all spoils of battle.

27 Its mighty strength was borrowed from the heaven and earth: its conquering force was brought from sovrans of the wood.

Honour with holy gifts the Car like Indra's bolt, the Car bound round with straps, the vigour of the floods.

28 Thou Bolt of Indra, Vanguard of the Maruts, close knit to Varuna and Child of Mitra,-

As such, accepting gifts which here we offer, receive, O Godlike Chariot, these oblations.

29 Send forth thy voice aloud through earth and heaven, and let the world in all its breadth regard thee;

O Drum, accordant with the Gods and Indra, drive thou afar, yea, very far, our foemen.

30 Thunder out strength and fill us full of vigour: yea, thunder forth and drive away all dangers.

Drive hence, O War-drum, drive away misfortune: thou art the Fist of Indra: show thy firmness.

31 Drive hither those, and these again bring hither: the War-drum speaks aloud as battle's signal.

Our heroes, winged with horses, come together. Let our car-warriors, Indra, be triumphant.

[06-048] HYMN XLVIII. Agni and Others.

1. SING to your Agni with each song, at every sacrifice, for strength.

Come, let us praise the Wise and Everlasting God, even as a well-beloved Friend,

2 The Son of Strength; for is he not our gracious Lord? Let us serve him who bears our gifts.

In battle may he be our help and strengthener, yea, be the saviour of our lives.

3 Agni, thou beamest forth with light, great Hero, never changed by time.

Shining, pure Agni! with a light that never fades, beam with thy fair beams brilliantly.

4 Thou worshippest great Gods: bring them without delay by wisdom and thy wondrous power.

O Agni, make them turn hither to succour us. Give strength, and win it for thyself.

5 He whom floods, stones, and trees support, the offspring of eternal Law;

He who when rubbed with force is brought to life by men upon the lofty height of earth;

6 He who hath filled both worlds fult with his brilliant shine, who hastens with his smoke to heaven;

He made himself apparent through the gloom by night, the Red Bull in the darksome nights, the Red Bull in the darksome nights.

7 O Agni, with thy lofty beams, with thy pure brilliancy, O God,

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

8 Thou art the Lord of house and home of all the tribes, O Agni, of all tribes of men.

Guard with a hundred forts thy kindler from distress, through hundred winters, Youngest God! and those who make thy singers rich.

9 Wonderful, with thy favouring help, send us thy bounties, gracious Lord.

Thou art the Charioteer, Agni, of earthly wealth: find rest and safety for our seed.

10 With guards unfailing never negligent speed thou our children and our progeny.

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.

Hini the Most Bounteous Ones, ever united, love; him as our Friend the Men who make all swell rain down.

5 The Soma-stalk hath roared, following with the wave: he swells with sap for man the skin which Gods enjoy.

Upon the lap of Aditi he lays the germ, by means whereof we gain children and progeny.

6 In the third region which distils a thousand streams, may the Exhaustless Ones descend with procreant power.

The kindred Four have been sent downward from the heavens: dropping with oil they bring Amrta and sacred gifts.

7 Soma assumes white colour when he strives to gain: the bounteous Asura knows full many a precious boon.

Down the steep slope, through song, he comes to sacrifice, and he will burst the water-holding cask of heaven,

8 Yea, to the shining milk-anointed beaker, as to his goal, hath stepped the conquering Courser.

Pious-souled men have sent their gift of cattle unto Kaksivan of the hundred winters.

9 Soma, thy juice when thou art blended with the streams, flows, Pavamana, through the long wool of the sheep.

So, cleansed by sages. O best giver of delight, grow sweet for Indra, Pavamana! for his drink.

[09-075] HYMN LXXV. Soma Pavamana.

1. GRACIOUSLY-MINDED he is flowing on his way to win dear names o'er which the Youthful One grows great.

The Mighty and Far-seeing One hath mounted now the mighty Surya's car which moves to every side.

2 The Speaker, unassailable Master of this hymn, the Tongue of sacrifice pours forth the pleasant meath.

Within the lustrous region of the heavens the Son makes the third secret name of Mother and of Sire.

3 Sending forth flashes he hath bellowed to the jars, led by the men into the golden reservoir.

The milky streams of sacrifice have sung to him: he of the triple height shines brightly through the morns.

4 Pressed by the stones, with hymns, and graciously inclined, illuminating both the Parents, Heaven and Earth,

He flows in ordered season onward through the flee, a current of sweet juice still swelling day by day.

5 Flow onward, Soma, flow to bring prosperity: cleansed by the men, invest thee with the milky draught.

What gladdening drinks thou hast, foaming, exceeding strong, even with these incite Indra to give us wealth.

[09-076] HYMN LXXVI. Soma Pavamana.

1. ON flows the potent juice, sustainer of the heavens, the strength of Gods, whom men must hail with shouts of joy.

The Gold-hued, started like a courser by brave men, impetuously winneth splendour in the streams.

2 He takes his weapons, like a hero, in his hands, fain to win light, car-borne, in forays for the kine.

Indu, while stimulating India's might, is urged forward and balm'd by sages skilful in their task.

3 Soma, as thou art purified with flowing wave, exhibiting thy strength enter thou Indra's throat.

Make both worlds stream for us, as lightning doth the clouds: mete out exhaustless powers for us, as 'twere through song.

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

5 Like as a bull to herds, thou flowest to the pail, bellowing as a steer upon the water's lap.

So, best of Cheerers, thou for Indra flowest on that we, with thy protection, may o'ercome in fight.

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.

1. FOR life I set thee free by this oblation from the unknown decline and from Consumption;
Or, if the grasping demon have possessed him, free him from her, O Indra, thou and Agni.

2 Be his days ended, be he now departed, be he brought very near to death already,
Out of Destruction's lap again I bring him, save him for life to last a hundred autumns.

3 With hundred-eyed oblation, hundred-autumned, bringing a hundred lives, have I restored him,
That Indra for a hundred years may lead him safe to the farther shore of all misfortune.

4 Live, waxing in thy strength, a hundred autumns, live through a hundred springs, a hundred
winters.

Through hundred-lived oblation Indra, Agni, Brhaspati, Savitar yield him for a hundred!

5 So have I found and rescued thee thou hast returned with youth renewed.

Whole in thy members! I have found thy sight and all thy life for thee.

[10-162] HYMN CLXII. Agni

1. MAY Agni, yielding to our prayer, the Raksas-slayer, drive away
The malady of evil name that hath beset thy labouring womb.

2 Agni, concurring in the prayer, drive off the eater of the flesh,
The malady of evil name that hath attacked thy babe and womb.

3 That which destroys the sinking germ, the settled, moving embryo,
That which will kill the babe at birth, even this will we drive far away.

4 That which divides thy legs that it may lie between the married pair,
That penetrates and licks thy side, even this will we exterminate.

5 What rests by thee in borrowed form of brother, lover, or of lord,
And would destroy thy Progeny, even this will we exterminate.

6 That which through sleep or darkness hath deceived thee and lies down by thee,
And will destroy thy progeny, even this will we exterminate.

[10-163] HYMN CLXIII

1. FROM both thy nostrils, from thine eyes, from both thine ears and from thy chin,
Forth from thy head and brain and tongue I drive thy malady away.

2 From the neck-tendons and the neck, from the breast-bones and from the spine,
From shoulders, upper, lower arms, I drive thy malady away.

3 From viscera and all within, forth from the rectum, from the heart,
From kidneys, liver, and from spleen, I drive thy malady away.

4 From thighs, from knee-caps, and from heels, and from the forepart of the feet,
From hips from stomach, and from groin I drive thy malady away.

5 From what is voided from within, and from thy hair, and from thy nails,
From all thyself from top to toe, I drive thy malady away.

6 From every member, every hair, disease that comes in every joint,
From all thyself, from top to toe, I drive thy malady away.

[10-164] HYMN CLXIV. Dream-charm.

1. AVAUNT, thou Master of the mind Depart, and vanish far away.
Look on Destruction far from hence. The live man's mind is manifold.

2 A happy boon do men elect, a mighty blessing they obtain.
Bliss with Vaivasvata they see. The live man's mind seeks many a place.

3 If by address, by blame, by imprecation we have committed sin, awake or sleeping,
All hateful acts of ours, all evil doings may Agni bear away to distant places.

4 When, Indra, Brahmanaspati, our deeds are wrongful and unjust,
May provident Angirasa prevent our foes from troubling, us.

5 We have prevailed this day and won: we are made free from sin and guilt.