Rig Veda

Translator
Ralph T.H. Griffith

With collected commentaries and other help
Compiled by Prof. M. M. Ninan
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The Purusha Sukta in the 10th Mandala of Rigveda (10.90) tells us that this universe or creation came out of great sacrifice and from this came the things and beings and along with them came the Vedic mantras for the benefit and guidance of human beings. They were later echoed in the hearts of the sages who gave to the world in the form of mantras.

It is stated that initially there was one volume with one lakh of mantras or the verses and they were passed on from generation to generation by oral tradition by memorising the mantras.

As the time passed with the loss of memory one lakh got reduced to almost 20,000 mantras and at that time on account of the efforts of Bhagwan Shri Vedavyas, they were collected and then in the form of four volumes as we see them to-day, he gave back to the mankind.
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HYMN I. Agni.
1 I Laud Agni, the chosen Priest, God, minister of sacrifice,
The hotar, lavishest of wealth.
2 Worthy is Agni to be praised by living as by ancient seers.
He shall bring. hitherward the Gods.
3 Through Agni man obtaineth wealth, yea, plenty waxing day
by day,
Most rich in heroes, glorious.
4 Agni, the perfect sacrifice which thou encompassest about
Verily goeth to the Gods.
5 May Agni, sapient-minded Priest, truthful, most gloriously
great,
The God, come hither with the Gods.
6 Whatever blessing, Agni, thou wilt grant unto thy
worshipper,
That, Angriras, is indeed thy truth.
7 To thee, dispeller of the night, O Agni, day by day with
prayer
Bringing thee reverence, we come
8 Ruler of sacrifices, guard of Law eternal, radiant One, I
creasing in thine own abode.
9 Be to us easy of approach, even as a father to his son:
Agni, be with us for our weal.

HYMN II. Vayu.
1 BEAUTIFUL Vayu, come, for thee these Soma drops have
been prepared: Drink of them, hearken to our call.
2 Knowing the days, with Soma juice poured forth, the singers
glorify
Thee, Vayu, with their hymns of praise.
3 Vayu, thy penetrating stream goes forth unto the worshipper,
Far-spreading for the Soma draught.
4 These, Indra-Vayu, have been shed; come for our offered
dainties' sake:
The drops are yearning for you both.
5 Well do ye mark libations, ye Vayu and Indra, rich in spoil
So come ye swiftly hitherward.
6 Vayu and Indra, come to what the Soma presser hath
prepared:
Soon, Heroes, thus I make my prayer.
7 Mitra, of holy strength, I call, and foe-destroying Varuna,
Who make the oil-fed rite complete.
8 Mitra and Varuna, through Law, lovers and cherishers of
Law,
Have ye obtained your might power
9 Our Sages, Mitra-Varuna, wide dominion, strong by birth,
Vouchsafe us strength that worketh well.

HYMN III. Asvins
1 YE Asvins, rich in treasure, Lords of splendour, having
nimble hands,
Accept the sacrificial food.
2 Ye Asvins, rich in wondrous deeds, ye heroes worthy of our
praise,
Accept our songs with mighty thought.
3 Nisatyas, wonder-workers, yours arc these libations with
eipt grass:
Come ye whose paths are red with flame.
4 O Indra marvellously bright, come, these libations long for
thee,
Thus by fine fingers purified.
5 Urged by the holy singer, sped by song, come, Indra, to the
prayers,
Of the libation-pouring priest.
6 Approach, O Indra, hasting thee, Lord of Bay Horses, to the
prayers.
In our libation take delight.
7 Ye Visvedevas, who protect, reward, and cherish men,
approach
Your worshipper's drink-offering.
8 Ye Visvedevas, swift at work, come hither quickly to the
draught,
As milch-kine hasten to their stalls.
9 The Visvedevas, changing shape like serpents, fearless, void
of guile,
Bearers, accept the sacred draught
10 Wealthy in spoil, enriched with hymns, may bright
Sarsavad desire,
With eager love, our sacrifice.
11 Inciter of all pleasant songs, inspirer o all gracious thought,
Sarasvati accept our rite
12 Sarasvati, the mighty flood,- she with be light illuminates,
She brightens every pious thought.

HYMN IV. Indri
1 As a good cow to him who milks, we call the doer of fair
deeds,
To our assistance day by day.
2 Come thou to our libations, drink of Soma; Soma-drinker thou!
The rich One's rapture giveth kine.
3 So may we be acquainted with thine innermost benevolence:
Neglect us not, come hitherward.
4 Go to the wise unconquered One, ask thou of Indra, skilled in song,
Him who is better than thy friends.
5 Whether the men who mock us say, Depart unto another place,
Ye who serve Indra and none else;
6 Or whether, God of wondrous deeds, all our true people call us blest,
Still may we dwell in Indra's care.
7 Unto the swift One bring the swift, man-cheering, grace of sacrifice,
That to the Friend gives wings and joy.
8 Thou, Satakratu, drankest this and wast the Vrtras' slayer; thou
Helpest the warrior in the fray.
9 We strengthen, Satakratu, thee, yea, thee the powerful in fight,
That, Indra, we may win us wealth.
10 To him the mighty stream of wealth, prompt friend of him who pours the juice,
yea, to this Indra sing your song.

HYMN V. Indra.
1 O COME ye hither, sit ye down: to Indra sing ye forth, your song,
companions, bringing hymns of praise.
2 To him the richest of the rich, the Lord of treasures excellent,
Indra, with Soma juice outpoured.
3 May he stand by us in our need and in abundance for our wealth:
May he come nigh us with his strength.
4 Whose pair of tawny horses yoked in battles foemen challenge not:
To him, to Indra sing your song.
5 Nigh to the Soma-drinker come, for his enjoyment, these pure drops,
The Somas mingled with the curd.
6 Thou, grown at once to perfect strength, wast born to drink the Soma juice,
Strong Indra, for preeminence.
7 O Indra, lover of the song, may these quick Somas enter thee:
May they bring bliss to thee the Sage.
8 Our chants of praise have strengthened thee, O Satakratu, and our lauds
So strengthen thee the songs we sing.
9 Indra, whose succour never fails, accept these viands thousandfold,
Wherein all manly powers abide.
10 O Indra, thou who loveth song, let no man hurt our bodies,
keep
Slaughter far from us, for thou canst.

HYMN VI. Indra.
1 They who stand round him as he moves harness the bright,
the ruddy Steed
The lights are shining in the sky.
2 On both sides to the car they yoke the two bay coursers dear to him,
Bold, tawny, bearers of the Chief.
3 Thou, making light where no light was, and form, O men:
where form was not,
Wast born together with the Dawns.
4 Thereafter they, as is their wont, threw off the state of' babes unborn,
Assuming sacrificial names.
5 Thou, Indra, with the Tempest-Gods, the breakers down of what is firm'
Foundest the kine even in the cave.
6 Worshipping even as they list, singers laud him who findeth wealth,
The far-renowned, the mighty One.
7 Mayest thou verily be seen coming by fearless Indra's side:
Both joyous, equal in your sheen.
8 With Indra's well beloved hosts, the blameless, hastening to heaven,
The sacrificer cries aloud.
9 Come from this place, O Wanderer, or downward from the light of heaven:
Our songs of praise all yearn for this.
10 Indra we seek to give us help, from here, from heaven above the earth,
Or from the spacious firmament.

HYMN VII. Indra.
1 INдра the singers with high praise, Indra reciters with their lauds,
Indra the choirs have glorified.
2 Indra hath ever close to him his two bay steeds and word-yoked car,
Indra the golden, thunder-armed.
3 Indra hath raised the Sun on high in heaven, that he may see afar:
He burst the mountain for the kine.
4 Help us, O Indra, in the frays, yea, frays, where thousand spoils are gained,
With awful aids, O awful One.
5 In mighty battle we invoke Indra, Indra in lesser fight,
The Friend who bends his bolt at fiends.
6 Unclose, our manly Hero, thou for ever bounteous, yonder cloud,
For us, thou irresistible.
7 Still higher, at each strain of mine, thunder-armed Indra's praises rise:
I find no laud worthy of him.
8 Even as the bull drives on the herds, he drives the people
with his might,
The Ruler irresistible:
9 Indra who rules with single sway men, riches, and the
fivefold race
Of those who dwell upon the earth.
10 For your sake from each side we call Indra away from other
men:
Ours, and none others', may he be.

HYMN VIII. Indra.
1 INDRA, bring wealth that gives delight, the victor's ever-
conquering wealth,
Most excellent, to be our aid;
2 By means of which we may repel our foes in battle hand to
hand,
By thee assisted with the car.
3 Aided by thee, the thunder-armed, Indra, may we lift up the
bolt,
And conquer all our foes in fight.
4 With thee, O Indra, for ally with missile-darting heroes, may
We conquer our embattled foes.
5 Mighty is Indra, yea supreme; greatness be his, the
Thunderer:
Wide as the heaven extends his power
6 Which aideth those to win them sons, who come as heroes to
the fight,
Or singers loving holy thoughts.
7 His belly, drinking deepest draughts of Soma, like an ocean
swells,
Like wide streams from the cope of heaven.
8 So also is his excellence, great, vigorous, rich in cattle, like
A ripe branch to the worshipper.
9 For verily thy mighty powers, Indra, are saving helps at once
Unto a worshipper like me.
10 So are his lovely gifts; let lauds and praises be to Indra
sung,
That he may drink the Soma juice.

HYMN IX. Indra.
1 COME, Indra, and delight thee with the juice at all the Soma
feasts,
Protector, mighty in thy strength.
2 To Indra pour ye forth the juice, the active gladdening juice
to him
Ile gladdening, oinnific God.
3 O Lord of all men, fair of cheek, rejoice thee in the
gladdening lauds,
Present at these drink-offerings.
4 Songs have outpoured themselves to thee, Indra, the strong,
the guardian Lord,
And raised themselves unsatisfied.
5 Send to us bounty manifold, O Indra, worthy of our wish,
For power supreme is only thine.
6 O Indra, stimulate thereto us emulously fain for wealth,
And glorious, O most splendid One.
7 Give, Indra, wide and lofty fame, wealthy in cattle and in
strength,
Lasting our life-time, failing not.
8 Grant us high fame, O Indra, grant riches bestowing
thousands, those
Fair fruits of earth borne home in wains.
9 Praising with songs the praise-worthy who cometh to our aid,
we call
Indra, the Treasure-Lord of wealth.
10 To lofty Indra, dweller by each libation, the pious man
Sings forth aloud a strengthening hymn.

HYMN X. Indra.
1 THE chanters hymn thee, they who say the word of praise
magnify thee.
The priests have raised thee up on high, O Satakratu, like a
pole.
2 As up he clomb from ridge to ridge and looked upon the
tolisome task,
Indra observes this wish of his, and the Rain hastens with his
troop.
3 Harness thy pair of strong bay steeds, long-maned, whose
bodies fill the girths,
And, Indra, Soma-drinker, come to listen to our songs of
praise.
4 Come hither, answer thou the song, sing in approval, cry
aloud.
Good Indra, make our prayer succeed, and prosper this our
sacrifice.
5 To Indra must a laud be said, to strengthen him who freely
gives,
That Sakra may take pleasure in our friendship and drink-
offerings.
6 Him, him we seek for friendship, him for riches and heroic
might.
For Indra, he is Sakra, he shall aid us while he gives us wealth.
7 Easy to turn and drive away, Indra, is spoil bestowed by thee.
Unclose the stable of the kine, and give us wealth O Thunder-
armed
8 The heaven and earth contain thee not, together, in thy
wrathful mood.
Win us the waters of the sky, and send us kine abundantly.
9 Hear, thou whose ear is quick, my call; take to thee readily
my songs
O Indra, let this laud of mine come nearer even than thy friend.
10 We know thee mightiest of all, in battles hearer of our cry.
Of thee most mighty we invoke the aid that giveth
thousandfold.
11 O Indra, Son of Kusika, drink our libation with delight.
Prolong our life anew, and cause the seer to win a thousand
gifts.
12 Lover of song, may these our songs on every side
encompass thee:
Strengthening thee of lengthened life, may they be dear
delights to thee.

HYMN XI. Indra.
1 ALL sacred songs have magnified Indra expansive as the
sea,
The best of warriors borne on cars, the Lord, the very Lord of strength.
2 Strong in thy friendship, Indra, Lord of power and might, we have no fear.
We glorify with praises thee, the never-conquered conqueror.
3 The gifts of Indra from of old, his saving succours, never fail,
When to the praise-singers he gives the boon of substance rich in kine.
4 Crusher of forts, the young, the wise, of strength unmeasured, was he born
Sustainer of each sacred rite, Indra, the Thunderer, much-extolled.
5 Lord of the thunder, thou didst burst the cave of Vala rich in cows.
The Gods came pressing to thy side, and free from terror aided thee,
6 I, Hero, through thy bounties am come to the flood addressing thee.
Song-lover, here the singers stand and testify to thee thereof.
7 The wily Susna, Indra! thou o’er-threwest with thy wondrous powers.
The wise beheld this deed of thine: now go beyond their eulogies.
8 Our songs of praise have glorified Indra who ruleth by his might,
Whose precious gifts in thousands come, yea, even more abundantly.

HYMN XII. Agni.
1 WE choose Agni the messenger, the herald, master of all wealth,
Well skilled in this our sacrifice.
2 With callings ever they invoke Agni, Agni, Lord of the House,
Oblation-bearer, much beloved.
3 Bring the Gods hither, Agni, born for him who strews the sacred grass:
Thou art our herald, meet for praise.
4 Wake up the willing Gods, since thou, Agni, performest embassage:
Sit on the sacred grass with Gods.
5 O Agni, radiant One, to whom the holy oil is poured, bum up
Our enemies whom fiends protect.
6 By Agni Agni is inflamed, Lord of the House, wise, young, who bears
The gift: the ladle is his mouth.
7 Praise Agni in the sacrifice, the Sage whose ways are ever true,
The God who driveth grief away.
8 God, Agni, be his strong defence who lord of sacrificial gifts, Worsippeth thee the messenger.
9 Whoso with sacred gift would fain call Agni to the feast of Gods,
O Purifier, favour him.
10 Such, Agni, Purifier, bright, bring hither to our sacrifice,
To our oblation bring the Gods.
11 So lauded by our newest song of praise bring opulence to us,
And food, with heroes for our sons.
12 O Agni, by effulgent flame, by all invokings of the Gods,
Show pleasure in this laud of ours.

HYMN XIII. Agni
1 AGNI, well-kindled, bring the Gods for him who offers holy gifts.
Worship them, Purifier, Priest.
2 Son of Thyself, present, O Sage, our sacrifice to the Gods today.
Sweet to the taste, that they may feast.
3 Dear Narasamsa, sweet of tongue, the giver of oblations, I Invite to this our sacrifice.
4 Agni, on thy most easy car, glorified, hither bring the Gods:
Manu appointed thee as Priest.
5 Strew, O ye wise, the sacred grass that drips with oil, in order due,
Where the Immortal is beheld.
6 Throw open be the Doors Divine, unfailing, that assist the rite,
For sacrifice this day and now.
7 I call the lovely Night and Dawn to seat them on the holy grass
At this our solemn sacrifice.
8 The two Invokers I invite, the wise, divine and sweet of tongue,
To celebrate this our sacrifice.
9 Ila, Sarasvati, Mahi, three Goddesses who bring delight,
Be seated, peaceful, on the grass.
10 Tvastar I call, the earliest born, the wearer of all forms at will:
May he be ours and ours alone.
11 God, Sovran of the Wood, present this our oblation to the Gods,
And let the giver be renowned.
12 With Svaha. pay the sacrifice to Indra in the offerer's house:
Thither I call the Deities.

HYMN XIV. Visvedevas.
1 To drink the Soma, Agni, come, to our service and our songs.
With all these Gods; and worship them.
2 The Kanvas have invoked thee; they, O Singer, sing thee songs of praise
Agni, come hither with the Gods;
3 Indra, Vayu, Brhaspati, Mitra, Agni, Pusan, Bhaga, Adityas, and the Marut host.
4 For you these juices are poured forth that gladden and exhilarate,
The meath-drops resting in the cup.
5 The sons of Kanva fain for help adore thee, having strewn the grass,
With offerings and all things prepared.
6 Let the swift steeds who carry thee, thought-yoked and dropping holy oil,
Bring the Gods to the Soma draught.
7 Adored, the strengtheners of Law, unite them, Agni, with their Dames:
Make them drink meath, O bright of tongue.
8 Let them, O Agni, who deserve worship and praise drink with thy tongue
The meath in solemn sacrifice.
9 Away, from the Sun's realm of light, the wise invoking Priest shall bring
All Gods awaking with the dawn.
10 With all the Gods, with Indra, with Vayu, and Mitra's splendours, drink,
Agni, the pleasant Soma juice.
11 Ordained by Manu as our Priest, thou sittest, Agni, at each rite:
Hallow thou this our sacrifice.
12 Harness the Red Mares to thy car, the Bays, O God, the flaming ones:
With those bring hitherward the Gods.

HYMN XV. RTU.
1 O INDRA drink the Soma juice with Rtu; let the cheering drops
Sink deep within, which settle there.
2 Drink from the Purifier's cup, Maruts, with Rtu; sanctify
The rite, for ye give precious gifts.
3 O Nestar, with thy Dame accept our sacrifice; with Rtu drink,
For thou art he who giveth wealth.
4 Bring the Gods, Agni; in the three appointed places set them down:
Surround them, and with Rtu drink.
5 Drink Soma after the Rtus, from the Brahmana's bounty:
undissolved,
O Indra, is thy friendship's bond.
6 Mitra, Varuna, ye whose ways are firm - a Power that none deceives—
With Rtu ye have reached the rite.
7 The Soma-pressers, fain for wealth, praise the Wealth-giver in the rite,
In sacrifices praise the God.
8 May the Wealth-giver grant to us riches that shall be far renowned.
These things we gain, among the Gods.
9 He with the Rtu fain would drink, Wealth-giver, from the Nestar's bowl.
Haste, give your offering, and depart.
10 As we this fourth time, Wealth-giver, honour thee with the Rtus, be
A Giver bountiful to us.
11 Drink ye the meath, O Asvins bright with flames, whose acts are pure, who with
Rtus accept the sacrifice.
12 With Rtu, through the house-fire, thou, kind Giver, guidest sacrifice:
Worship the Gods for the pious man.

HYMN XVI. Indra.
1 LET thy Bay Steeds bring thee, the Strong, hither to drink
the Soma draught—
Those, Indra, who are bright as suns.
2 Here are the grains bedewed with oil: hither let the Bay Courser's bring
Indra upon his easiest car.
3 Indra at early morn we call, Indra in course of sacrifice,
Indra to drink the Soma juice.
4 Come hither, with thy long-maned Steeds, O Indra, to the draught we pour
We call thee wher, the juice is shed.
5 Come thou to this our song of praise, to the libation poured for thee
Drink of it like a stag athirst.
6 Here are the drops of Soma juice expressed on sacred grass: thereof
Drink, Indra, to increase thy might.
7 Welcome to thee be this our hymn, reaching thy heart, most excellent:
Then drink the Soma juice expressed.
8 To every draught of pressed-out juice Indra, the Vrtra-slayer, comes,
To drink the Soma for delight.
9 Fulfil, O Satakratu, all our wish with horses and with kine:
With holy thoughts we sing thy praise.

HYMN XVII Indra-Varuna
1 I CRAVE help from the Imperial Lords, from Indra-Varuna; may they
Both favour one of us like me.
2 Guardians of men, ye ever come with ready succour at the call
Of every singer such as I.
3 Sate you, according to your wish, O Indra-Varuna, with wealth:
Fain would we have you nearest us.
4 May we be sharers of the powers, sharers of the benevolence
Of you who give strength bounteously.
5 Indra and Varuna, among givers of thousands, meet for praise,
Are Powers who merit highest laud.
6 Through their protection may we gain great store of wealth,
and heap it up
Enough and still to spare, be ours.
7 O Indra-Varuna, on you for wealth in many a form I call:
Still keep ye us victorious.
8 O Indra-Varuna, - through our songs that seek to win you to ourselves,
Give us at once your sheltering help.
9 O Indra-Varuna, to you may fair praise which I offer come,
joint eulogy which ye dignify.

HYMN XVIII. Brahmanaspati.
1 O BRAHMANAPSATI, make him who presses Soma glorious,
Even Kaksivan Ausija.
2 The rich, the healer of disease, who giveth wealth, increaseth store,  
The prompt,-may he be with us still.
3 Let not the foeman's curse, let not a mortal's onslaught fall on us  
Preserve us, Brahmanaspati.
4 Ne'er is the mortal hero harmed whom Indra, Brahmanaspati,  
And Soma graciously inspire.
5 Do, thou, O Brahmanaspati, and Indra, Soma, Daksina,  
Preserve that mortal from distress.
6 To the Assembly's wondrous Lord, to Indra's lovely Friend who gives  
Wisdom, have I drawn near in prayer.
7 He without whom no sacrifice, e'en of the wise man, prospers; he  
Stirs up the series of thoughts.
8 He makes the oblation prosper, he promotes the course of sacrifice:  
Our voice of praise goes to the Gods.
9 I have seen Narasamsa, him most resolute, most widely famed,  
As 'twere the Household Priest of heaven.

HYMN XIX. Agni, Maruts.
1 To this fair sacrifice to drink the milky draught thou art invoked:  
O Agni, with the Maruts come.
2 No mortal man, no God exceeds thy mental power, O Mighty one -  
O Agni, with the Maruts come.
3 All Gods devoid of guile, who know the mighty region of mid-air:  
O Agni, with those Maruts come.
4 The terrible, who sing their song, not to be overcome by might:  
O Agni, with those Maruts come.
5 Brilliant, and awful in their form, mighty, devourers of their foes':  
O Agni, with those Maruts come.
6 Who sit as Deities in heaven, above the sky-vault's luminous sphere:  
O Agni, with those Maruts come.
7 Who scatter clouds about the sky, away over the billowy sea:  
O Agni, with those Maruts come.
8 Who with their bright beams spread them forth over the ocean in their might  
O Agni, with those Maruts come.
9 For thee, to be thine early draught, I pour the Soma-mingled meath:  
O Agni, with the Maruts come.

HYMN XX Rbhus.
1 FOR the Celestial Race this song of praise which gives wealth lavishly  
Was made by singers with their lips.
2 They who for Indra, with their mind, formed horses harnessed by a word,  
Attained by works to sacrifice.
3 They for the two Nasatyas wrought a light car moving every way:  
They formed a nectar-yielding cow.
4 The Rbhus with effectual prayers, honest, with constant labour, made  
Their Sire and Mother young again.
5 Together came your gladdening drops with Indra by the Maruts girl,  
With the Adityas, with the Kings.
6 The sacrificial ladle, wrought newly by the God Tvastar's hand-
Four ladles have ye made thereof.
7 Vouchsafe us wealth, to him who pours thrice seven libations, yea, to each  
Give wealth, pleased with our eulogies.
8 As ministering Priests they held, by pious acts they won themselves,  
A share in sacrifice with Gods.

HYMN XXI. Indra-Agni.
1 INDRA and Agni I invoke fain are we for their song of praise  
Chief Soma-drinkers are they both.
2 Praise ye, O men, and glorify Indra-Agni in the holy rites:  
Sing praise to them in sacred songs.
3 Indra and Agni we invite, the Soma-drinkers, for the fame  
Of Mitra, to the Soma-draught.
4 Strong Gods, we bid them come to this libation that stands ready here:  
Indra and Agni, come to us.
5 Indra and Agni, mighty Lords of our assembly, crush the fiends:  
Childless be the devouring ones.
6 Watch ye, through this your truthfulness, there in the place of spacious view  
Indra and Agni, send us bliss.

HYMN XXII Asvins and Others.
1 WAKEN the Asvin Pair who yoke their car at early morn:  
may they Approach to drink this Soma juice.
2 We call the Asvins Twain, the Gods borne in a noble car, the best  
Of charioteers, who reach the heavens.
3 Dropping with honey is your whip, Asvins, and full of pleasantness  
Sprinkle therewith the sacrifice.
4 As ye go thither in your car, not far, O Asvins, is the home  
Of him who offers Soma juice.
5 For my protection I invoke the golden-handed Savitar.  
He knoweth, as a God, the place.
6 That he may send us succour, praise the Waters' Offspring Savitar:  
Fain are we for his holy ways.
7 We call on him, distributor of wondrous bounty and of wealth,
On Savitar who looks on men.
8 Come hither, friends, and seat yourselves Savitar, to be
praised by us,
Giving good gifts, is beautiful.
9 O Agni, hither bring to us the willing Spouses of the Gods,
And Tvastar, to the Soma draught.
10 Most youthful Agni, hither bring their Spouses, Hotra,
Bharati,
Varutri, Dhisana, for aid.
11 Spouses of Heroes, Goddesses, with whole wings may they
come to us
With great protection and with aid.
12 Invade, Varunani, and Agnayi hither I invite,
For weal, to drink the Soma juice.
13 May Heaven and Earth, the Mighty Pair, bedew for us our
sacrifice,
And feed us full with nourishments.
14 Their water rich with fatness, there in the Gandharva's
steadfast place,
The singers taste through sacred songs.
15 Thornless be thou, O Earth, spread wide before us for a
dwelling-place:
Vouchsafe us shelter broad and sure.
16 The Gods be gracious unto us even from the place whence
Vishnu strode
Through the seven regions of the earth!
17 Through all this world strode Vishnu; thrice his foot he
planted, and the whole
Was gathered in his footstep's dust.
18 Vishnu, the Guardian, he whom none deceiveth, made three
steps; thenceforth
Establishing his high decrees.
19 Look ye on Vishnu's works, whereby the Friend of Indra,
close-allied,
Hath let his holy ways be seen.
20 The princes evermore behold that loftiest place where
Vishnu is,
Laid as it were an eye in heaven.
21 This, Vishnu's station most sublime, the singers, ever
vigilant,
Lovers of holy song, light up.

HYMN XXIII. Vayu and Others.
1 STRONG are the Somas; come thou nigh; these juices have
been mixt with milk:
Drink, Vayu, the presented draughts.
2 Both Deities who touch the heaven, Indra and Vayu we
invoke
To drink of this our soma juice.
3 The singers' for their aid, invoke Indra and Vayu, swift as
mind,
The thousand-eyed, the Lords of thought.
4 Mitra and Varupa, renowned as Gods of consecrated might,
We call to drink the Soma juice.
5 Those who by Law upheld the Law, Lords of the shining
light of Law,
Mitra I call, and Varuna.
6 Let Varuna be our chief defence, let Mitra guard us with all
aids
Both make us rich exceedingly.
7 Indra, by Maruts girt, we call to drink the Soma juice: may
he
Sate him in union with his troop.
8 Gods, Marut hosts whom Indra leads, distributors of Pusan's
gifts,
Hearken ye all unto my cry.
9 With conquering Indra for ally, strike Vrtra down, ye
bounteous Gods
Let not the wicked master us.
10 We call the Universal Gods, and Maruts to the Soma
draught,
For passing strong are Prsni's Sons.
11 Fierce comes the Maruts' thundering voice, like that of
conquerors, when ye go
Forward to victory, O Men.
12 Born of the laughing lightning, may the Maruts guard us
everywhere
May they be gracious unto Us.
13 Like some lost animal, drive to us, bright Pusan, him who
bears up heaven,
Resting on many-coloured grass.
14 Pusan the Bright has found the King, concealed and hidden
in a cave,
Who rests on grass of many hues.
15 And may he, duly bring to me the six bound closely,
through these drops,
As one who ploughs with steers brings corn.
16 Along their paths the Mothers go, Sisters of priestly
ministrants,
Mingling their sweetness with the milk.
17 May Waters gathered near the Sun, and those wherewith the
Sun is joined,
Speed forth this sacrifice of ours.
18 I call the Waters, Goddesses, wherein our cattle quench
their thirst;
Oblations to the Streams be given.
19 Amrit is in the Waters in the Waters there is healing balm
Be swift, ye Gods, to give them praise.
20 Within the Waters-Soma thus hath told me-dwell all balms
that heal,
And Agni, he who blesseth all. The Waters hold all medicines.
21 O Waters, teem with medicine to keep my body safe from
harm,
So that I long may see the Sun.
22 Whatever sin is found in me, whatever evil I have wrought.
If I have lied or falsely sworn, Waters, remove it far from me.
23 The Waters I this day have sought, and to their moisture
have we come;
O Agni, rich in milk, come thou, and with thy splendour cover
me.
24 Fill me with splendour, Agni; give offspring and length of
days; the Gods
Shall know me even as I am, and Indra with the Rsis, know.
HYMN XXIV. Varuna and Others.
1 WHO now is he, what God among Immortals, of whose auspicious name we may bethink us?
   Who shall to mighty Aditi restore us, that I may see my Father and my Mother?
2 Agni the God the first among the Immortals, - of his auspicious name let us bethink us.
   He shall to mighty Aditi restore us, that I may see my Father and my Mother.
3 To thee, O Savitar, the Lord of precious things, who helpest us
   Continually, for our share we come-
4 Wealth, highly lauded ere reproach hath fallen on it, which is laid,
   Free from all hatred, in thy hands
5 Through thy protection may we come to even the height of affluence
   Which Bhaga hath dealt out to us.
6 Ne'er have those birds that fly through air attained to thy high dominion or thy might or spirit;
   Nor these the waters that flow on for ever, nor hills, abaters of the wind's wild fury.
7 Varuna, King, of hallowed might, sustaineth erect the Tree's stem in the baseless region.
   Its rays, whose root is high above, stream downward. Deep may they sink within us, and be hidden.
8 King Varuna hath made a spacious pathway, a pathway for the Sun wherein to travel.
   Where no way was he made him set his footstep, and warned afar whate'er afflicts the spirit.
9 A hundred balms are thine, O King, a thousand; deep and wide-reaching also be thy favours.
   Far from us, far away drive thou Destruction. Put from us e'en the sin we have committed.
10 Whither by day depart the constellations that shine at night, set high in heaven above us?
   Varuna's holy laws remain unweakened, and through the night the Moon moves on in splendor
11 I ask this of thee with my prayer adoring; thy worshipper craves this with his oblation.
   Varuna, stay thou here and be not angry; steal not our life from us, O thou Wide-Ruler.
12 Nightly and daily this one thing they tell me, this too the thought of mine own heart repeateth.
   May he to whom prayed fettered Sunahsepa, may he the Sovran Varuna release us.
13 Bound to three pillars captured Sunahsepa thus to the Aditya made his supplication.
   Him may the Sovran Varuna deliver, wise, ne'er deceived, loosen the bonds that bind him.
14 With bending down, oblations, sacrifices, O Varuna, we deprecate thine anger:
   Wise Asura, thou King of wide dominion, loosen the bonds of sins by us committed.
15 Loosen the bonds, O Varuna, that hold me, loosen the bonds above, between, and under.
   So in thy holy law may we made sinless belong to Aditi, O thou Aditya.

HYMN XXV. Varuna.
1 WHATEVER law of thine, O God, O Varuna, as we are men,
   Day after day we violate.
2 Give us not as a prey to death, to be destroyed by thee in wrath,
   To thy fierce anger when displeased.
3 To gain thy mercy, Varuna, with hymns we bind thy heart, as binds
   The charioteer his tethered horse.
4 They flee from me dispirited, bent only on obtaining wealths
   As to their nests the birds of air.
5 When shall we bring, to be appeased, the Hero, Lord of warrior might,
   Him, the far-seeing Varuna?
6 This, this with joy they both accept in common: never do they fail
   The ever-faithful worshipper.
7 He knows the path of birds that fly through heaven, and,
   Sovran of the sea,
   He knows the ships that are thereon.
8 True to his holy law, he knows the twelve moons with their progeny;
   He knows the moon of later birth.
9 He knows the pathway of the wind, the spreading, high, and mighty wind
   He knows the Gods who dwell above.
10 Varuna, true to holy law, sits down among his people; he,
   Most wise, sits there to govern. all.
11 From thence percerving he beholds all wondrous things, both what hath been,
   And what hereafter will be done.
12 May that Aditya, very -wise, make fair paths for us all our days:
   May lie prolong our lives for us.
13 Varuna, wearing golden mail, hath clad him in a shining robe.
   His spies are seated found about.
14 The God whom enemies threaten not, nor those who tyrannize o'er men,
   Nor those whose minds are bent on wrong.
15 He who gives glory to mankind, not glory that is incomplete,
   To our own bodies giving it.
16 Yearning for the wide-seeing One, my thoughts move onward unto him,
   As kine unto their pastures move.
17 Once more together let us speak, because my meath is brought: priest-like
   Thou eatest what is dear to thee.
18 Now saw I him whom all may see, I saw his car above the earth:
   He hath accepted these my songs.
19 Varuna, hear this call of mine: be gracious unto us this day
   Longing for help I cried to thee.
20 Thou, O wise God, art Lord of all, thou art the King of earth and heaven
Hear, as thou goest on thy way.
21 Release us from the upper bond, untie the bond between, and loose
The bonds below, that I may live.
HYMN XXVI. Agni.
1 O WORTHY of oblation, Lord of prospering powers, assume thy robes,
And offer this our sacrifice.
2 Sit ever to be chosen, as our Priest., most youthful, through our hymns,
O Agni, through our heavenly word.
3 For here a Father for his son, Kinsman for kinsman worshippeth,
And Friend, choice-worthy, for his friend.
4 Fiere let the foe-destroyers sit, Varuna, Mitra, Aryaman,
Like men, upon our sacred grass.
5 O ancient Herald, be thou glad in this our rite and fellowship:
Hearken thou well to these our songs.
6 Whate'er in this perpetual course we sacrifice to God and God,
That gift is offered up in thee
7 May he be our dear household Lord, Priest, pleasant and, choice-worthy may
We, with bright fires, be dear to him.
8 The Gods, adored with brilliant fires, have granted precious wealth to us
So, with bright fires, we pray to thee.
9 And, O Immortal One, so may the eulogies of mortal men
Belong to us and thee alike.
10 With all thy fires, O Agni, find pleasure in this our sacrifice,
And this our speech, O Son of Strength.

HYMN XXVII. Agni.
1 WITH worship will I glorify thee, Agni, like a long-tailed steed,
Imperial Lord of sacred rites.
2 May the far-striding Son of Strength, bringer of great felicity,
Who pours his gifts like rain, be ours.
3 Lord of all life, from near; from far, do thou, O Agni evermore
Protect us from the sinful man.
4 O Agni, graciously announce this our oblation to the Gods,
And this our newest song of praise.
5 Give us a share of strength most high, a share of strength that is below,
A share of strength that is between.
6 Thou dealest gifts, resplendent One; nigh, as with waves of Sindhu, thou
Swift streamest to the worshipper.
7 That man is lord of endless strength whom thou protectest in the fight,
Agni, or urgest to the fray.
8 Him, whosoever he may be, no man may vanquish, mighty
One:
Nay, very glorious power is his.
9 May he who dwells with all mankind bear us with war-steeds through the fight,
And with the singers win the spoil.
10 Help, thou who knowest lauds, this work, this eulogy to Rudra, him
Adorable in every house.
11 May this our God, great, limitless, smoke-banneered excellently bright,
Urge us to strength and holy thought.
12 Like some rich Lord of men may he, Agni the banner of the Gods,
Refulgent, hear us through our lauds.
13 Glory to Gods, the mighty and the lesser glory to Gods the younger and the elder!
Let us, if we have power, pay the God worship: no better prayer than this, ye Gods, acknowledge.

HYMN XXVIII Indra, Etc.
1 THERE where the broad-based stone raised on high to press the juices out,
O Indra, drink with eager thirst the droppings which the mortar sheds.
2 Where, like broad hips, to hold the juice the platters of the press are laid,
O Indra, drink with eager thirst the droppings which the mortar sheds.
3 There where the woman marks and leans the pestle's constant rise and fall,
O Indra, drink with eager thirst the droppings which the mortar sheds.
4 Where, as with reins to guide a horse, they bind the churning-staff with cords,
O Indra, drink with eager thirst the droppings which the mortar sheds.
5 If of a truth in every house, O Mortar thou art set for work, Here give thou forth thy clearest sound, loud as the drum of conquerors.
6 O Sovran of the Forest, as the wind blows soft in front of thee,
Mortar, for Indra press thou forth the Soma juice that he may drink.
7 Best strength-givers, ye stretch wide jaws, O Sacrificial Implements,
Like two bay horses champing herbs.
8 Ye Sovrans of the Forest, both swift, with swift pressers press to-day Sweet Soma juice for Indra's drink.
9 Take up in beakers what remains: the Soma on the filter pour,
and on the ox-hide set the dregs.

HYMN XXIX. Indra.
1 O SOMA DRINKER, ever true, utterly hopeless though we be,
Do thou, O Indra, give us hope of beauteous horses and of
kine,
In thousands, O most wealthy One.
2 O Lord of Strength, whose jaws are strong, great deeds are thine, the powerful:
Do thou, O Indra, give us hope of beauteous horses and of kine,
In thousands, O most wealthy One.
3 Lull thou asleep, to wake no more, the pair who on each other look
Do thou, O Indra, give us, help of beauteous horses and of kine,
In thousands, O most wealthy One.
4 Hero, let hostile spirits sleep, and every gentler genius wake:
Do thou, O Indra,. give us hope of beauteous horses and of kine
In thousands, O most wealthy One.
5 Destroy this ass, O Indra, who in tones discordant brays to thee:
Do thou, O Indra, give us hope of beauteous horses and of kine,
In thousands, O most wealthy One.
6 Far distant on the forest fall the tempest in a circling course!
Do thou, O Indra, give us hope of beauteous horses and of kine,
In thousands, O most wealthy One.
7 Slay each reviler, and destroy him who in secret injures us:
Do thou, O Indra, give us hope of beauteous horses and of kine
In thousands, O most wealthy One.

HYMN XXX. Indra.
1 We seeking strength with Soma-drops fill full your Indra like a well,
Most liberal, Lord of Hundred Powers,
2 Who lets a hundred of the pure, a thousand of the milk-blent draughts Flow, even as down a depth, to him;
3 When for the strong, the rapturous joy he in this manner hath made room
Within his belly, like the sea.
4 This is thine own. Thou drawest near, as turns a pigeon to his mate:
Thou carest too for this our prayer.
5 O Hero, Lord of Bounties, praised in hymns, may power and joyfulness
Be his who sings the laud to thee.
6 Lord of a Hundred Powers, stand up to lend us succour in this fight
In others too let us agree.
7 In every need, in every fray we call as friends to succour us Indra the mightiest of all.
8 If he will hear us let him come with succour of a thousand kinds,
And all that strengthens, to our call.
9 I call him mighty to resist, the Hero of our ancient home,
Thee whom my sire invoked of old.
10 We pray to thee, O much-invoked, rich in all precious gifts, O Friend,
Kind God to those who sing thy praise.
11 O Soma-drinker, Thunder-armed, Friend of our lovely-featured dames
And of our Soma-drinking friends.
12 Thus, Soma-drinker, may it be; thus, Friend, who wieldest thunder, act
To aid each wish as we desire.
13 With Indra splendid feasts be ours, rich in all strengthening things wherewith, Wealthy in food, we may rejoice.
14 Like thee, thyself, the singers' Friend, thou movest, as it were, besought,
Bold One, the axle of the ear.
15 That, Satakru, thou to grace and please thy praisers, as it were,
Stirrest the axle with thy strength.
16 With champing, neighing loudly-snorting horses Indra hath ever won himself great treasures
A car of gold hath he whose deeds are wondrous received from us, and let us too receive it.
17 Come, Asvins, with enduring strength wealthy in horses and in kine,
And gold, O ye of wondrous deeds.
18 O chariot yoked for both alike, immortal, ye of mighty acts,
Travels, O Aivins, in the sea.
19 High on the forehead of the Bull one chariot wheel ye ever keep,
The other round the sky revolves.
20 What mortal, O immortal Dawn, enjoyeth thee? Where Lovest thou?
To whom, O radiant, dost thou go?
21 For we have had thee in our thoughts whether anear or far away,
Red-hued and like a dappled mare.
22 Hither, O Daughter of the Sky, come thou with these thy strengthenings,
And send thou riches down to us.

HYMN XXXI. Agni.
1 Thou, Agni, wast the earliest Angiras, a Seer; thou wast, a God thyself, the Gods' auspicious Friend.
After thy holy ordinance the Maruts, sage, active through wisdom, -with their glittering spears, were born.
2 O Agni, thou, the best and earliest Angiras, fulfillest as a Sage the holy law of Gods.
Sprung from two mothers, wise, through all existence spread, resting in many a place for sake of living man.
3 To Matarisvan first thou, Agni, wast disclosed, and to Vivasvan through thy noble inward power.
Heaven and Earth, Vasu! shook at the choosing of the Priest: the burthen thou didst bear, didst worship mighty Gods.
4 Agni thou madest heaven to thunder for mankind; thou, yet more pious, for pious Pururavas.
When thou art rapidly freed from thy parents, first eastward they bear thee round, and, after, to the west.
1 Worthy to be revered, O Agni, God, preserve our wealthy treasures, O infallible!

Thou, Agni, savest in the synod when pursued e'en him, farseeing One! who walks in evil ways. Thou, when the heroes fight for spoil which men rush, round, slayest in war the many by the hands of few.

For glory, Agni, day by day, thou liftest up the mortal man to highest immortality, Even thou who yearning for both races givest them great bliss, and to the prince grantest abundant food. Former of bodies, be the singer's Providence: all good things hast thou sown for him, auspicious One!

As trunks of trees, what time the axe hath felled them, low on the earth so lies the prostrate Dragon. Asa horse's tail wast thou when he, O Indra, smote on thy strength-bestowing favour.

I WILL declare the manly deeds of Indra, the first that he achieved, the Thunder-wielder. He slew the Dragon, then disclosed the waters, and cleft the channels of the mountain torrents. He slew the Dragon lying on the mountain: his heavenly bolt of thunder Tvastar fashioned. Like lowing kine in rapid flow descending the waters glided downward to the ocean.
15 Indra is King of all that moves and moves not, of creatures
tame and horned, the Thunder-wielder.
Over all living men he rules as Sovran, containing all as
spokes within the felly.

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
with his strongest weapon.
Then Indra, with his spirit concentrated, smote him for ever
executing all his purpose.
6 Thrice, Asvins, grant to us the heavenly medicines, thrice
Sun's daughter hath mounted your three-wheeled car.
Thrice, grant ye us prosperity, thrice grant us fame; for the
Gods' assembly, thrice assist our thoughts.
5 Thrice, O ye Asvins, bring to us abundant wealth: thrice in
the Gods' assembly, thrice assist our thoughts.
Thrice, grant ye us prosperity, thrice grant us fame; for the
Sun's daughter hath mounted your three-wheeled car.
6 Thrice, Asvins, grant to us the heavenly medicines, thrice
those of earth and thrice those that the waters hold,
proliferous and fruitful, come ye to the three.
3 Thrice in the selfsame day, ye Gods who banish want,
送 us what shall make us glad; thrice
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.
4 Thrice come ye to our home, thrice to the righteous folk,
send us store of food as nevermore to fail.
And thrice vouchsafe us store of food with plenteous strength,
sprinkle ye thrice to-day our sacrifice with meath;
3 Thrice are ye to be worshipped day by day by us: thrice, O
prosperity with noble offspring.
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
far to the realm of the gods, ye Asvins, ye travel around the earth.
7 Thrice are ye to be worshipped day by day by us: thrice, O
protection, Lords of Splendour, grant to him.
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 raed 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
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,
I cry to you who hear me for protection be ye our helpers where men win the booty.

HYMN XXXV. Savitar.
1 AGNI I first invoke for our prosperity; I call on Mitra, Varuna, to aid us here.
I call on Night who gives rest to all moving life; I call on Savitar the God to lend us help.
2 Throughout the dusky firmament advancing, laying to rest the immortal and the mortal,
Borne in his golden chariot he cometh, Savitar, God who looks on every creature.
3 The God moves by the upward path, the downward; with two bright Bays, adorable, he journeys.
Savitar comes, the God from the far distance, and chases from us all distress and sorrow.
4 His chariot decked with pearl, of various colours, lofty, with golden pole, the God hath mounted,
The many-rayed One, Savitar the holy, bound, bearing power and might, for darksome regions.
5 Drawing the gold-yoked car his Bays, white-footed, have manifested light to all the peoples.
Held in the lap of Savitar, divine One, all men, all beings have their place for ever.
6 Three heavens there are; two Savitar's, adjacent: in Yama's world is one, the home of heroes,
As on a linch-pin, firm, rest things immortal: he who hath known it let him here declare it.
7 He, strong of wing, hath lightened up the regions, deep-known it let him here declare it.
As on a linch-pin, firm, rest things immortal: he who hath known it let him here declare it.
8 The earth's eight points his brightness hath illumined, three sphere his ray hath wandered?
Where now is Surya, where is one to tell us to what celestial quivering Asura, the gentle Leader.
9 The golden-handed Savitar, far-seeing, goes on his way treasures unto him who worships.
God Savitar the gold-eyed hath come hither, giving choice desert regions and the Seven Rivers.
10 May he, gold-handed Asura, kind Leader, come hither to us
Our gracious-minded Helper in our deeds of might, be thou, O Excellent, this day.
3 Thee for our messenger we choose, thee, the Omniscient, for our Priest.
The flames of thee the mighty are spread wide around: thy splendour reaches to the sky.
4 The Gods enkindle thee their ancient messenger, - Varuna, Mitra, Aryaman.
That mortal man, O Agni, gains through thee all wealth, who hath poured offerings unto thee.
5 Thou, Agni, art a cheering Priest, Lord of the House, men's messenger:
All constant high decrees established by the Gods, gathered together, meet in thee.
6 In thee, the auspicious One, O Agni, youthfulllest, each sacred gift is offered up:
This day, and after, gracious, worship thou our Gods, that we may have heroic sons.
7 To him in his own splendour bright draw near in worship the devout.
Men kindle Agni with their sacrificial gifts, victorious o'er the enemies.
8 Vrtra they smote and slew, and made the earth and heaven and firmament a wide abode.
The glorious Bull, invoked, hath stood at Kanva's side: loud neighed the Steed in frays for kine.
9 Seat thee, for thou art mighty; shine, best entertainer of the Gods.
Worthy of sacred food, praised Agni! loose the smoke, ruddy and beautiful to see.
10 Bearer of offerings, whom, best sacrificing Priest, the Gods for Manu's sake ordained;
Whom Kanva, whom Medhyatithi made the source of wealth, and Vrsan and Upastuta.
11 Him, Agni, whom Medhyatithi, whom Kanva kindled for his rite,
Him these our songs of praise, him, Agni, we extol: his powers shine out preeminent.
12 Make our wealth perfect thou, O Agni, Lord divine: for thou hast kinship with the Gods.
Thou rulest as a King o'er widely-famous strength: be good to us, for thou art great.
13 Stand up erect to lend us aid, stand up like Savitar the God:
Erect as strength-bestower we call aloud, with unguents and with priests, on thee.
14 Erect, preserve us from sore trouble; with thy flame burn thou each raving demon dead.
Raise thou us up that we may walk and live. so thou shalt find our worship mid the Gods.
15 Preserve us, Agni, from the fiend, preserve us from malicious wrong.
Save us from him who fain would injure us or slay, Most Youthful, thou with lofty light.
16 Smite down as with a club, thou who hast fire for teeth, smite thou the wicked, right and left.
Let not the man who plots against us in the night, nor any foe prevail o'er us.
17 Agni hath given heroic might to Kainva, and felicity:
Agni hath helped our friends, hath helped Medhyiitithi, hath helped Upastuta to win.

18 We call on Ugradeva, Yadu, Turvasa, by means of Agni, from afar;
Agni, bring Navavastva and Brhadratba, Turviti, to subdue the foe.
19 Manu hath stablished thee a light, Agni, for all the race of men:
Sprung from the Law, oil-fed, for Kanva hast thou blazed, thou whom the people reverence.
20 The flames of Agni full of splendour and of might are fearful, not to be approached.
Consume for ever all demons and sorcerers, consume thou each devouring fiend.

HYMN XXXVII. Maruts.
1 SING forth, O Kanvas, to your band of Maruts unassailable, Sporting, resplendent on their car
2 They who, self-luminous, were born together, with the spotted deer,
Spears, swords, and glittering ornaments.
3 One hears, as though 'twere close at hand, the cracking of the whips they hold
They gather glory on their way.
4 Now sing ye forth the God-given hymn to your exultant Marut host,
The fiercely-vigorous, the strong.
5 Praise ye the Bull among the cows; for 'tis the Maruts' sportive band:
It strengthened as it drank the rain.
6 Who is your mightiest, Heroes, when, O shakers of the earth and heaven,
Ye shake them like a garment's hem?
7 At your approach man holds him down before the fury of your wrath:
The rugged-jointed mountain yields.
8 They at whose racings forth the earth, like an age-weakened lord of men,
Trembles in terror on their ways.
9 Strong is their birth: vigour have they to issue from their Mother; strength,
Yea, even twice enough, is theirs.
10 And these, the Sons, the Singers, in their racings have enlarged the bounds,
So that the kine must walk knee-deep.
11 Before them, on the ways they go, they drop this offspring of the cloud,
Long, broad, and inexhaustible.
12 O Maruts, as your strength is great, so have ye cast men down on earth,
So have ye made the mountains fall.
13 The while the Maruts pass along, they talk together on the way:
Doth any hear them as they speak?
14 Come quick with swift steeds, for ye have worshippers among Kanva's sons
May you rejoice among them well.

15 All is prepared for your delight. We are their servants evermore,
To live as long as life may last.

HYMN XXXVIII. Maruts.
1 WHAT now? When will ye take us by both hands, as a dear sire his son,
Gods, for whom sacred grass is clipped?
2 Now whither? To what goal of yours go ye in heaven, and not on earth?
Where do your cows disport themselves?
3 Where are your newest favours shown? Where, Maruts, your prosperity?
Where all your high felicities?
4 If, O ye Maruts, ye the Sons whom Prsni bore, were mortal, and
Immortal he who sings your praise.
5 Then never were your praiser loathed like a wild beast in pasture-land,
Nor should he go on Yama's path.
6 Let not destructive plague on plague hard to be conquered, strike its down:
Let each, with drought, depart from us.
7 Truly, they the fierce and mighty Sons of Rudra send their windless Rain e'en on the desert places.
8 Like a cow the lightning lows and follows, motherlike, her youngling,
When their rain-flood hath been loosened.
9 When they inundate the earth they spread forth darkness e'en in day time,
With the water-laden rain-cloud.
10 O Maruts, at your voice's sound this earthly habitation shakes,
And each man reels who dwells therein.
11 O Maruts, with your strong-footed steeds, unhindered in their courses, haste
Along the bright embanked streams.
12 Firm be the fellies of your wheels, steady your horses and your cars,
And may your reins be fashioned well.
13 Invite thou hither with this song, for praise, Agni the Lord of Prayer,
Him who is fair as Mitra is.
14 Form in thy mouth the hymn of praise expand thee like, a rainy cloud
Sing forth the measured eulogy.
15 Sing glory to the Marut host, praiseworthy, tuneful, vigorous:
Here let the Strong Ones dwell with us.

HYMN XXXIX Maruts.
1 WHEN thus, like flame, from far away, Maruts, ye cast your measure forth,
To whom go Ye, to whom, O shakers of the earth, moved by whose wisdom, whose design?
2 Strong let your weapons be to drive away your foes, firm for
resistance let them be.
Yea, passing glorious must be your warrior might, not as a
guileful mortal's strength.
3 When what is strong ye overthrow, and whirl about each
ponderous thing,
Heroes, your course is through the forest trees of earth, and
through the fissures of the rocks.
4 Consumers of your foes, no enemy of yours is found in
heaven or on the earth:
Ye Rudras, may the strength, held in this bond, be yours, to bid
defiance even now.
5 They make the mountains rock and reel, they rend the forest-
kings apart.
 onward, ye Maruts, drive, like creatures drunk with wine, ye,
Gods with all your company.
6 Ye to your chariot have yoked the spotted deer: a red deer, as
a leader, draws.
Even the Earth herself listened as ye came near, and men were
sorely terrified.
7 O Rudras, quickly we desire your succour for this work of
ours.
Come to us with your aid as in the days of old, so now for
frightened Kanva's sake.
8 Should any monstrous foe, O Maruts, sent by you or sent by
mortals threaten us,
Tear ye him from us with your power and with your might, and
with the succours that are yours.
9 For ye, the worshipful and wise, have guarded Kanva
perfectly.
O Maruts, come to us with full protecting help, as lightning
flashes seek the rain.
10 Whole strength have ye, O Bounteous Ones; perfect, earth-
shakers, is your might.
Maruts, against the poet's wrathful enemy send ye an enemy
like a dart.

HYMN XL. Brahmanaspati
1 O BRAMANASPATI, stand up: God-serving men we pray
to thee.
May they who give good gifts, the Maruts, come to us. Indra,
most swift, be thou with them.
2 O Son of Strength, each mortal calls to thee for aid when
spoil of battle waits for him.
O Maruts, may this man who loves you well obtain wealth of
good steeds and hero might.
3 May Brahmanaspati draw nigh, may Sunrta the Goddess
come,
And Gods bring to this rite which gives the five-fold gift the
Hero, lover of mankind.
4 He who bestows a noble guerdon on the priest wins fame
that never shall decay.
For him we offer sacred hero-giving food, peerless and
conquering easily.
5 Now Brahmanaspati speaks forth aloud the solemn hymn of
praise,
Wherein Indra and Varuna, Mitra, Aryaman, the Gods, have
made their dwelling place.

HYMN XLI. Varuna, Mitra, Aryaman.
1 NE'ER is he injured whom the Gods Varuna, Mitra,
Aryaman,
The excellently wise, protect.
2 He prospers ever, free from scathe, whom they, as with full
hands, enrich,
Whom they preserve from every foe.
3 The Kings drive far away from him his troubles and his
enemies,
And lead him safely o'er distress.
4 Thornless, Adityas, is the path, easy for him who seeks the
Law:
With him is naught to anger you.
5 What sacrifice, Adityas, ye Heroes guide by the path direct,-
May that come nigh unto your thought.
6 That mortal, ever unsubdued, gains wealth and every
precious thing,
And children also of his own.
7 How, my friends, shall we prepare Aryaman's and Mitra's
laud,
Glorious food of Varuna?
8 I point not out to you a man who strikes the pious, or reviles:
Only with hymns I call you nigh.
9 Let him not love to speak ill words: but fear the One who
holds all four
Within his hand, until they fall.

HYMN XLII. Pusan.
I SHORTEN our ways, O Pusan, move aside obstruction in the
path:
Go close before us, cloud-born God.
2 Drive, Pusan, from our road the wolf, the wicked
inauspicious wolf,
Who lies in Wait to injure us.
3 Who lurks about the path we take, the robber with a guileful
heart:
Far from the road chase him away.
4 Tread with thy foot and trample out the firebrand of the
wicked one,
The double-tongued, whoe'er he be.
5 Wise Pusan, Wonder-Worker, we claim of thee now the aid
wherewith
Thou furtheredst our sires of old.
6 So, Lord of all prosperity, best wielder of the golden sword,
Make riches easy to be won.
7 Past all pursuers lead us, make pleasant our path and fair to
tread:
O Pusan, find thou power for this.
8 Lead us to meadows rich in grass: send on our way no early
heat:
O Pusan, find thou power for this.
9 Be gracious to us, fill us full, give, feed us, and invigorate:
O Pusan, find thou power for this.
10 No blame have we for Pusan; him we magnify with songs
of praise:
We seek the Mighty One for wealth.

HYMN XLIII. Rudra.
1 WHAT shall we sing to Rudra, strong, most bounteous,
excellently wise,
That shall be dearest to his heart?
2 That Aditi may grant the grace of Rudra to our folk, our kine,
Our cattle and our progeny;
3 That Mitra and that Varuna, that Rudra may remember us,
Yea, all the Gods with one accord.
4 To Rudra Lord of sacrifice, of hymns and balmy medicines,
We pray for joy and health and strength.
5 He shines in splendour like the Sun, refulgent as bright gold
is he,
The good, the best among the Gods.
6 May he grant health into our steeds, wellbeing to our rams
and ewes,
To men, to women, and to kine.
7 O Soma, set thou upon us the glory of a hundred men,
The great renown of mighty chiefs.
8 Let not malignities, nor those who trouble Soma, hinder us.
Indu, give us a share of strength.
9 Soma! head, central point, love these; Soma! know these as
serving thee,
Children of thee Immortal, at the highest place of holy law.

HYMN XLIV. Agni.
1 IMMORTAL Jatavedas, thou many-hued fulgent gift of
Dawn,
Agni, this day to him who pays oblations bring the Gods who
waken with the morn.
2 For thou art offering-bearer and loved messenger, the
charioteer of sacrifice:
Accordant with the Asvins and with Dawn grant us heroic
strength and lofty fame.
3 As messenger we choose to-day Agni the good whom many
love,
Smoke-bunned spreader of the light, at break of day glory of
sacrificial rites.
4 Him noblest and most youthful, richly worshipped guest,
dear to the men who offer gifts,
Him, Agni Jatavedas, I beseech at dawn that he may bring the
Gods to us.
5 Thee, Agni, will I glorify, deathless nourisher of the world,
Immortal, offering-bearer, meet for sacred food, preserver, best
at sacrifice.
6 Tell good things to thy praiser, O most youthful God, as
richly worshipped, honey-tongued,
And, granting to Praskanva lengthened days of life, show
honour to the Heavenly Host.
7 For the men, Agni, kindle thee as all possessor and as Priest;
So Agni, much-invoked, bring hither with all speed the Gods,
the excellently wise,
8 At dawn of day, at night, Usas and Savitar, the Asvins,
Bhaga, Agni's self:
Skilled in fair rites, with Soma poured, the Kanvas light thee,
the oblation-wafting God.
9 For, Agni, Lord of sacrifice and messenger of men art thou:
Bring thou the Gods who wake at dawn who see the light, this
day to drink the Soma juice.
10 Thou shonest forth, O Agni, after former dawns, all visible,
O rich in light.
Thou art our help in battle-strife, the Friend of inan, the great
high priest in sacrifice.
11 Like Manu, we will stablish thee, Agni, performer of the
rite,
Invoker, ministering Priest, exceeding wise, the swift immortal
messenger.
12 When as the Gods' High Priest, by many loved, thou dost
their mission as their nearest Friend,
Then, like the far-resounding billows of the flood, thy flames,
O Agni, roar aloud.
13 Heat-, Agni, who hast ears to hear, with all thy train of
escort Gods;
Let Mitra, Aryaman, seeking betimes our rite, seat them upon
the sacred grass.
14 Let those who strengthen Law, who bountiUly give, the
life-tongued Maruts, hear our praise.
May Law-supporting Varuna with the Asvins twain and Usas,
drink the Soma juice.

HYMN XLV Agni.
1 WORSHIP the Vasus, Agni! here, the Rudras, the Adityas,
all
Who spring from Manu, those who know fair rites, who pour
their blessings down.
2 Agni, the Gods who understand give ear unto the
worshipper:
Lord of Red Steeds, who lovest song, bring thou those Three-
and-Thirty Gods.
3 O Jatavedas, great in act, hearken thou to Praskanva's call,
As Priyamedha erst was heard, Atri, Virupa, Angiras.
4 The sons of Priyamedha skilled in lofty praise have called for
help
On Agni who with fulgent flame is Ruler of all holy rites.
5 Hear thou, invoked with holy oil, bountiful giver of rewards,
These eulogies, whereby the sons of Kanva call thee to their
aid.
6 O Agni, loved by many, thou of fame most wondrous, in
their homes
Men call on thee whose hair is flame, to be the bearer of their
gifts.
7 Thee, Agni, best to find out wealth, most widely famous,
quick to hear, 
Singers have stablished in their rites Herald and ministering 
Priest.
8 Singers with Soma pressed have made thee, Agni, hasten to 
the feast, 
Great light to mortal worshipper, what time they bring the 
sacred gift.
9 Good, bounteous, Son of Strength, this day seat here on 
sacred grass the Gods 
Who come at early morn, the host of heaven, to drink the 
Soma juice 
10 Bring with joint invocations thou, O Agni, the celestial 
host: 
Here stands the Soma, bounteous Gods drink this expressed 
erc yesterday.

HYMN XLVI. Asvins.
1 Now Morning with her earliest light shines forth, dear 
Daughter of the Sky: 
High, Asvins, I extol your praise, 
2 Sons of the Sea, mighty to save discoverers of riches, ye 
Gods with deep thought who find out wealth. 
3 Your giant coursers hasten on over the region all in flames, 
-When your car flies with winged steeds. 
4 He, liberal, lover of the flood, Lord of the House, the 
vigilant, 
Chiefs! with oblations feeds you full. 
5 Ye have regard unto our hymns, Nasatyas, thinking of our 
words: 
Drink boldly of the Soma juice. 
6 Vouchsafe to us, O Asvin Pair, such strength as, with 
attendant light, 
May through the darkness carry us. 
7 Come in the ship of these our hymns to bear you to the hither 
shore 
O Asvins, harness ye the car. 
8 The heaven's wide vessel is your own on the flood's shore 
your chariot waits 
Drops, with the hymn, have been prepared. 
9 Kanvas, the drops are in the heaven; the wealth is at the 
waters' place: 
Where will ye manifest your form? 
10 Light came to lighten up the branch, the Sun appeared as it 
were gold: 
And with its-tongue shone forth the dark. 
11 The path of sacrifice was made to travel to the farther goal: 
The road of heaven was manifest. 
12 The singer of their praise awaits whatever grace the Asvins 
give, 
who save when Soma gladdens them. 
13 Ye dwellers with Vivasvan come, auspicious, as to Manu 
erst; 
come to the Soma and our praise. 
14 O circumambient Asvins, Dawn follows the brightness of 
your way: 
Approve with beams our solemn rites. 
15 Drink ye of our libations, grant protection, O ye Asvins

HYMN XLVII. Asvins.
1 ASVINS, for you who strengthen Law this sweetest Soma 
hath been shed. 
Drink this expressed ere yesterday and give riches to him who 
offers it. 
2 Come, O ye Asvins, mounted on your triple car three-seated, 
beautiful of form 
To you at sacrifice the Kanvas send the prayer: graciously 
listen to their call. 
3 O Asvins, ye who strengthen Law, drink ye this sweetest 
Soma juice. 
Borne on your wealth-fraught car come ye this day to him who 
offers, ye of wondrous deeds. 
4 Omniscient Asvins, on the thrice-heaped grass bedew with 
the sweet juice the sacrifice. 
The sons of Kanva, striving heavenward, call on you with 
 draughts of Soma juice out-poured. 
5 O Asvins, with those aids wherewith ye guarded Kanva 
carefully, 
Keep us, O hords of Splendour: drink the Soma juice, ye 
strengtheners of holy law. 
6 O Mighty Ones, ye gave Sudas abundant food, brought on 
your treasure-laden car; 
So now vouchsafe to us the wealth which many crave, either 
from heaven or from the sea. 
7 Nasatyas, whether ye be far away or close to Turvasa, 
Borne on your lightly-rolling chariot come to us, together with 
the sunbeams come. 
8 So let your coursers, ornaments of sacrifice, bring you to our 
libations here. 
Bestowing food on him who acts and gives aright, sit, Chiefs, 
upon the sacred grass. 
9 Come, O Nasatyas, on your car decked with a sunbright 
canopy, 
Whereon ye ever bring wealth to the worshipper, to drink the 
Soma's pleasant juice. 
10 With lauds and songs of praise we call them down to us, 
that they, most rich, may succour us; 
For ye have ever in the Kanvas' well-loved house, O Asvins, 
drank the Soma juice.

HYMN XLVIII. Dawn.
1 DAWN on us with prosperity, O Usas, Daughter of the Sky, 
Dawn with great glory, Goddess, Lady of the Light, dawn thou 
with riches, Bounteous One. 
2 They, bringing steeds and kine, boon-givers of all wealth, 
have oft sped forth to lighten us. 
O Usas, waken up for me the sounds of joy: send us the riches 
of the great. 
3 Usas hath dawned, and now shall dawn, the Goddess, driver 
forth of cars 
Which, as she cometh nigh, have fixed their thought on her, 
like glory-seekers on the flood. 
4 Here Kanva, chief of Kanva's race, sings forth aloud the
glories of the heroes' names,-
The. princes who, O Usas, as thou comest near, direct their thoughts to liberal gifts.
5 Like a good matron Usas comes carefully tending everything:
Rousing all life she stirs all creatures that have feet, and makes the birds of air fly up.
6 She sends the busy forth, each man to his pursuit: delay she knows not as she springs.
O rich in opulence, after thy dawning birds that have flown forth no longer rest.
7 This Dawn hath yoked her steeds afar, beyond the rising of the Sun:
Borne on a hundred chariots she, auspicious Dawn, advances on her way to Men.
8 To meet her glance all living creatures bend them down:
Excellent One, she makes the light.
Usas, the Daughter of the Sky, the opulent, shines foes and enmities away.
9 Shine on us with thy radiant light, O Usas, Daughter of the Sky,
Bringing to us great store of high felicity, and bearning on our solemn rites.
10 For in thee is each living creature's breath and life, when, Excellent! thou dawnest forth.
Borne on thy lofty car, O Lady of the Light, hear, thou of wondrous wealth, our call.
11 O Usas, win thyself the strength which among men is wonderful.
Bring thou thereby the pious unto holy rites, those who as priests sing praise to thee.
12 Bring from the firmament, O Usas, all the Gods, that they may drink our Soma juice,
And, being what thou art, vouchsafe us kine and steeds, strength meet for praist and hero might.
13 May Usas whose auspicious rays are seen resplendent round about,
Grant us great riches, fair in form, of all good things, wealth which light labour may attain.
14 Mighty One, whom the Rsis of old time invoked for their protection and their help,
O Usas, graciously answer our songs of praise with bounty and with brilliant light.
15 Usas, as thou with light to day hast opened the twin doors of heaven,
So grant thou us a dwelling wide and free from foes. O Goddess, give us food with kine.
16 Bring us to wealth abundant, sent in every shape, to plentiful refreshing food,
To all-subduing splendour, Usas, Mighty One, to strength, thou rich in spoil and wealth.

HYMN XLIX. Dawn.
1 E'EN from above the sky's bright realm come, Usas, by auspicious ways:
Let red steeds bear thee to the house of him who pours the Soma, juice.
2 The chariot which thou mountest, fair of shape, O Usas light to move,-
Therewith, O Daughter of the Sky, aid men of noble fame today.
3 Bright Usas, when thy times return, all quadrupeds and bipeds stir,
And round about flock winged birds from all the boundaries of heaven.
4 Thou dawning with thy beams of light illumest all the radiant realm.
Thee, as thou art, the Kanvas, fain for wealth, have called with sacred songs.

HYMN L. Surya.
1 HIS bright rays bear him up aloft, the God who knoweth all that lives,
Surya, that all may look on him.
2 The constellations pass away, like thieves, together with their beams,
Before the all-beholding Sun'
3 His herald rays are seen afar refulgent o'er the world of men,
Like flames of fire that burn and blaze.
4 Swift and all beautiful art thou, O Surya, maker of the light,
Illuming all the radiant realm.
5 Thou goest to the hosts of Gods, thou comest hither to mankind,
Hither all light to be belied.
6 With that same eye of thine wherewith thou lookest brilliant Varuna,
Upon the busy race of men,
7 Traversing sky and wide mid-air, thou metest with thy beams our days,
Sun, seeing all things that have birth.
8 Seven Bay Steeds harnessed to thy car bear thee, O thou farseeing One,
God, Surya, with the radiant hair.
9 Surya hath yoked the pure bright Seven, the daughters of the car; with these,
His own dear team, he goeth forth.
10 Looking upon the loftier light above the darkness we have come
To Surya, God among the Gods, the light that is most excellent.
11 Rising this day, O rich in friends, ascending to the loftier heaven,
Surya remove my heart's disease, take from me this my yellow hue.
12 To parrots and to starlings let us give away my yellowness,
Or this my yellowness let us transfer to Haritala trees.
13 With all his conquering vigour this Aditya hath gone up on high,
Giving my foe into mine hand: let me not be my foeman's prey.

HYMN LI. Indra.
1 MAKE glad with songs that Ram whom many men invoke,

worthy of songs of praise, Indra, the sea of wealth; Whose gracious deeds for men spread like the heavens abroad: sing praise to him the Sage, most liberal for our good.

2 As aids the skilful Rbhus yearned to Indra strong to save, who fills mid-air, encompassed round with might, Rushing in rapture; and -o'er Satakrtu came the gladdening shout that urged him on to victory.

3 Thou hast disclosed the kine's stall for the Angirases, and made a way for Atri by a hundred doors. On Vimada thou hast bestowed both food and wealth, making thy bolt dance in the sacrificer's fight.

4 Thou hast unsealed the prisons of the waters; thou hast in the mountain seized the treasure rich in gifts. When thou hadst slain with might the dragon Vrtra, thou, Indra, didst raise the Sun in heaven for all to see.

5 With wondrous might thou mightest once enchanter friends away, with powers celestial those who called on thee in jest. Thou, hero-hearted, hast broken down Pipru's forts, and helped Rjsvan when the Dasyus were struck dead.

6 Thou savedst Kutsa when Susna was smitten down; to Atithigva gavest Sambara for a prey. E'en mighty Arbuda thou troddest under foot: thou from of old vast born to strike the Dasyus dead.

7 All power and might is closely gathered up in thee; thy bounteous spirit joys in drinking Soma juice. Known is the thunderbolt that lies within thine arms: rend off therewith all manly prowess of our foe.

8 Discern thou well Aryas and Dasyus; punishing the lawless give them up to him whose grass is strewn. Be thou the sacrificer's strong encourager all these thy deeds are my delight at festivals.

9 Indra gives up the lawless to the pious man, destroying by the Strong Ones those who have no strength. Vamra when glorified destroyed the gathered piles of the still waxing great one who would reach the heaven.

10 The might which Usana hath formed for thee with might rends in its greatness and with strength both worlds apart. O Hero-souled, the steeds of Vata, yoked by thought, have carried thee to fame while thou art filled with power.

11 When Indra hath rejoiced with Kavya Usana, he mounts his steeds who swerve wider and wider yet. The Strong hath loosed his bolt with the swift rush of rain, and he hath rent in pieces Susna's firm-built forts.

12 Thou mountest on thy car amid strong Soma draughts: Saryata brought thee those in which thou hast delight. Indra, when thou art pleased with men whose Soma flows thou risest to unchallenged glory in the sky.

13 To old Kaksivin, Soma-,presser, skilled in song, O Indra, thou didst give the youthful Vrcaya. Thou, very wise, wast Mena, Vrsanaiva's child: those deeds of thine must all be told at Soma feasts.

14 The good man's refuge in his need is Indra, firm as a doorpost, praised among the Pajras. Indra alone is Lord of wealth, the Giver, lover of riches, chariots, kine, and horses.

15 To him the Mighty One, the self-resplendent, verily strong and great, this praise is uttered. May we and all the heroes, with the princes, be, in this fray, O Indra, in thy keeping.

HYMN LII. Indra.

1 I GLORIFY that Ram who finds the light of heaven, whose hundred nobly-natured ones go forth with him. With hymns may I turn hither Indra to mine aid,—the Car which like a strong steed hasteth to the call.

2 Like as a mountain on firm basis, unremoved, he, thousandfold protector, waxed in mighty strength, When Indra, joying in the draughts of Soma juice, forced the clouds, slaying Vrtra stayer of their flow.

3 For he stays e'en the stayers, spread o'er laden cloud, rooted in light, strengthened in rapture by the wise. Indra with thought, with skilled activity, I, call, most liberal giver, for he sates him with the juice.

4 Whom those that flow in heaven on sacred grass, his own assistants, nobly-natured, fill full like the sea,- Beside that Indra when he smote down Vrtra stood his helpers, straight in form, mighty, invincible.

5 To him, as in wild joy he fought with him who stayed the rain, his helpers sped like swift streams down a slope, When Indra, thunder-armed, made bold by Soma draughts, as Trta cleaveth Vala's fences, cleft him through.

6 Splendour encompassed thee, forth shone thy warrior might: the rain-obstructer lay in mid-air's lowest deep, What time, O Indra, thou didst cast thy thunder down upon the jaws of Vritra hard to be restrained.

7 The hymns which magnify thee, Indra, reach to thee even as water-brooks flow down and fill the lake. Tvastar gave yet more force to thine appropriate strength, and forged thy thunderbolt of overpowering might.

8 When, Indra, thou whose power is linked with thy Bay Steeds hadst smitten Vrtra, causing floods to flow for man, Thou heldst in thine arms the metal thunderbolt, and settest in the heaven the Sun for all to see.

9 In fear they raised the lofty self-resplendent hymn, praise giving and effectual, leading up to heaven, When Indra's helpers fighting for the good of men, the Maruts, faithful to mankind, joyed in the light.

10 Then Heaven himself, the mighty, at that Dragon's roar reeled back in terror when, Indra, thy thunderbolt In the wild joy of Soma had struck off with might the head of Vrtra, tyrant of the earth and heaven.

11 O Indra, were this earth extended forth tenfold, and men who dwell therein multiplied day by day, Still here thy conquering might, Maghavan, would be famed: it hath waxed vast as heaven in majesty and power.

12 Thou, bold of heart, in thine own native might, for help, upon the limit of this mid-air and of heaven, Hast made the earth to be the pattern of thy strength: embracing flood and light thou reachest to the sky.

13 Thou art the counterpart of earth, the Master of lofty heaven with all its mighty Heroes: Thou hast filled all the region with thy greatness: yea, of a truth there is none other like thee.

14 Whose amplitude the heaven and earth have not attained,
whose bounds the waters of mid-air have never reached,—
Not, when in joy he fights the stayer of the rain: thou, and none
else, hast made all things in order due.
15 The Maruts sang thy praise in this encounter, and in thee all
the Deities delighted,
What time thou, Indra, with thy spiky weapon, thy deadly bolt,
smothest the face of Vṛtra.

HYMN LIII. Indra.
I WE will present fair praise unto the Mighty One, our hymns
to Indra in Vivasvān's dwelling-place;
For he hath ne'er found wealth in those who seem to sleep:
those who give wealth to men accept no paltry praise.
2 Giver of horses, Indra, giver, thou, of kine, giver of barley,
thou art Lord and guard of wealth:
Man's helper from of old, not disappointing hope, Friend of
our friends, to thee as such we sing this praise.
3 Indra, most splendid, powerful, rich in mighty deeds, this
strength spread around is known to be thine own.
Gather therefrom, O Conqueror, and bring to us: fail not the
hope of him who loves and sings to thee.
4 Well pleased with these bright flames and with these Soma
drops, take thou away our poverty with seeds and kine.
With Indra scattering the Dāyu through these drops, freed
from their hate may we obtain abundant food.
5 Let us obtain, O Indra, plenteous wealth and food, with
strength exceeding glorious, shining to the sky:
May we obtain the Goddess Providence, the strength of heroes,
and strength that conquers people.
6 These our libations strength-inspiring, Soma draughts,
gladdened thee in the fight with Vṛtra, Hero Lord,
What time thou slewest for the singer with trimmed grass ten
thousand Vṛtras, thou resistless in thy might.
7 Thou goest on from fight to fight intrepidly, destroying castle
after castle here with strength.
Thou, Indra, with thy friend who makes the foe bow down,
slewest from far away the guileful Namuci.
8 Thou hast struck down in death Karanja, Parnaya, in
Attīthīgva's very glorious going forth.
Unyielding, when Rjisvan compassed them with siege, thou
hast destroyed the hundred forts of Vangīda.
9 With all-outstripping chariot-wheel, O Indra, thou far-famed,
hast overthrown the twice ten Kings of men,
With sixty thousand nine-and-ninety followers, who came in
arms to fight with friendless Susravas.
10 Thou hast protected Susravas with succour, and Turvayana
with thine aid, O Indra.
Thou mostest Kutsa, Attīthīgva, Ayu, subject unto this King, the
young, the mighty.
11 May we protected by the Gods hereafter remain thy very
prosperous friends, O Indra.
Thee we extol, enjoying through thy favour life long and joyful
and with store of heroes.

HYMN LIV. Indra.
1 URGE us not, Maghavan, to this distressful fight, for none
may comprehend the limit of thy strength.
Thou with fierce shout hast made the woods and rivers roar:
did not men run in crowds together in their fear?
2 Sing hymns of praise to Sakra, Lord of power and might;
laud thou and magnify Indra who hearcth thee,
Who with his daring might, a Bull exceeding strong in
strength, maketh him master of the heaven and earth.
3 Sing forth to lofty Dyaus a strength-bestowing song, the
Bold, whose resolute mind hath independent sway.
High glory hath the Aśura, compact of strength, drawn on by
two Bay Steeds: a Bull, a Car is he.
4 The ridges of the lofty heaven thou madest shake; thou,
daring, of thyself smothest through Sambara,
When bold with gladdening juice, thou warrested with thy bolt,
sharp and twoedged, against the banded sorcerers.
5 When with a roar that fills the woods, thou forestest down on
wind's head the stores which 8usga kept confined,
Who shall have power to stay thee firm and eager-souled from
doing still this day what thou of old hast done?
6 Thou helpest Narya, Turvasa, and Yadu, and Vayya's son
Turviti, Satakratu!
Thou helpest horse and car in final battle thou breakest down
the nine-and-ninety castles.
7 A hero-lord is he, King of a mighty folk, who offers free
oblations and promotes the Law,
Who with a bounteous guerdon welcomes hymns of praise: for
him flows down the abundant stream below the sky.
8 His power is matchless, matchless is his wisdom; chief,
through their work, be some who drink the Soma,
Those, Indra, who increase the lordly power, the firm heroic
strength of thee the Giver.
9 Therefore for thee are these abundant beakers Indra's drink,
stone-pressed juices held in ladles.
Quaff them and satisfy therewith thy longing; then fix thy
mind upon bestowing treasure.
10 There darkness stood, the vault that stayed the waters' flow:
in Vṛtra's hollow side the rain-cloud lay concealed.
But Indra smote the rivers which the obstructor stayed, flood
following after flood, down steep declivities.
11 So give us, Indra, bliss-increasing glory give us great sway
and strength that conquers people.
Preserve our wealthy patrons, save our princes; vouchsafe us
wealth and food with noble offspring.

HYMN LV. Indra.
1 THOUGH e'en this heaven's wide space and earth have
spread them out, nor heaven nor earth may be in greatness
Indra's match.
Awful and very mighty, causing woe to men, he whets his
thunderbolt for sharpness, as a bull.
2 Like as the watery ocean, so doth he receive the rivers spread
on all sides in their ample width.
He bears him like a bull to drink of Soma juice, and will, as
Warrior from of old, be praised for might.
3 Thou swayest, Indra, all kinds of great manly power, so as to
bend, as't were, even that famed mountain down.
Foremost among the Gods is he through hero might, set in the
van, the Strong One, for each arduous deed.

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4 He only in the wood is praised by worshippers, when he shows forth to men his own fair Indra-power.
   A friendly Bull is he, a Bull to be desired when Maghavan auspiciously sends forth his voice.
5 Yet verily the Warrior in his vigorous strength stirreth up with his might great battles for mankind.
   And men have faith in Indra, the resplendent One, what time he hurleth down his bolt, his dart of death.
6 Though, fain for glory, and with strength increased on earth, he with great might destroys the dwellings made with art.
   He stays his golden car, yoked with Bay Horses, swift, and armed with his tongues for sickles, with a mighty roar.
7 Drinker of Soma, let thy heart incline to give; bring thy Bays exceedings wise, the floods flow for his worshipper.
   He only in the wood is praised by worshippers, when he hurleth down his bolt, his dart of death.
8 Thou bearest in both hands treasure that never fails; the rapid sunbeams, Indra, lead thee not astray.
   To him the Lord of power, the holy synod's might, as to a hill, as the Herald, hath become Vivasvan's messenger.
2 To him the guidance-following songs of praise flow full, as those who seek gain go in company to the flood.
   To him most liberal, lofty Lord of lofty wealth, verily its power the Beech Crone turns, and to thy power this earth hath bowed itself.
3 To him the terrible, most meet for lofty praise, like bright thunderbolt of Indra, shatterer wrought of gold.
   To him, eager, as a horse to meet the mare.
4 Thine, Indra, praised by many, excellently rich! are we who trusting in thy help draw near to thee.
   To him most liberal, lofty Lord of lofty wealth, verily its power the Beech Crone turns, and to thy power this earth hath bowed itself.
5 Great is thy power, O Indra, we are thine. Fulfil, O Maghavan, the wish of this thy worshipper.
   When wie is sprinkled, glistens like a horse: loud hath he roared and shouted like the heights of heaven?
6 Thou, who hast thunder for thy weapon, with thy bolt hast shattered into pieces this broad massive cloud.
   To him the terrible, most meet for lofty praise, like bright thunderbolt of Indra, shatterer wrought of gold.
7 Agni, the seven tongues' deftest Sacrificer, him whom the Lord of riches, seated as High Priest;
   When wie is sprinkled, glistens like a horse: loud hath he roared and shouted like the heights of heaven?
8 Grant, Son of Strength, thou rich in friends, a refuge without a flaw this day to us thy praisers.
   To him the terrible, most meet for lofty praise, like bright thunderbolt of Indra, shatterer wrought of gold.
2 Never decaying, seizing his appropriate food, rapidly, eagerly through the dry wood he spreads.
   To him the terrible, most meet for lofty praise, like bright thunderbolt of Indra, shatterer wrought of gold.
3 Never, as it may seem, has a man who might a flaw this day to us thy praisers.
   To him the terrible, most meet for lofty praise, like bright thunderbolt of Indra, shatterer wrought of gold.
4 When the well-loved one seems to rest upon the hill, the thunderbolt of Indra, shatterer wrought of gold.
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   When wie is sprinkled, glistens like a horse: loud hath he roared and shouted like the heights of heaven?
5 Great is thy power, O Indra, we are thine. Fulfil, O Maghavan, the wish of this thy worshipper.
Centre art thou, Vaiguynara, of the people, sustaining men like a deep-founded pillar.
2 The forehead of the sky, earth's centre, Agni became the messenger of earth and heaven.
Vaisvanara, the Deities produced thee, a God, to be a light unto the Arya.
3 As in the Sun firm rays are set for ever, treasures are in Vaisvanara, in Agni.
Of all the riches in the hills, the waters, the herbs, among mankind, thou art the Sovran.
4 As the great World-halves, so are their Son's praises; skilled, as a man, to act, is he the Herald.
Vaisvanara, celestial, truly mighty, most manly One, hath many a youthful consort.
5 Even the lofty heaven, O Jatavedas Vaisvanara, hath not attained thy greatness.
Thou art the King of lands where men are settled, thou hast brought comfort to the Gods in battle.
6 Now will I tell the greatness of the Hero whom Prarti's sons follow as Vrtra's slayer:
Agni Vaisvanara struck down the Dasyu, cleave Sambara through and shattered down his fences.
7 Vaisvanara, dwelling by his might with all men, far-shining, holy mid the Bharadvajas,
Is lauded, excellent, with hundred praises by Purunitha, son of Satavani.

HYMN LX. Agni.
1 As 'twere Some goodly treasure Matarisvan brought, as a gift, the glorious Priest to Bhrigu.
Banner of sacrifice, the good Protector, child of two births, the swiftly moving envoy.
2 Both Gods and men obey this Ruler's order, Gods who are worshipped, men who yearn and worship.
As Priest he takes his seat ere break of morning, House-Lord, adorabe with men, Ordainer.
3 May our fair praise, heart-born, most recent, reach him whose tongue, e'en at his birth, is sweet as honey;
Whom mortal priests, men, with their strong endeavour, supplied with dainty viands, have created.
4 Good to mankind, the yearning Purifier hath among men been placed as Priest choice-worthy.
May Agni be our Friend, Lord of the Household, protector of the riches in the earth.
5 As such we Gotamas with hymns extol thee, O Agni, as the guardian Lord of riches,
Decking thee like a horse, the swift prizewinner. May he, enriched with prayer, come soon and early.

HYMN LXI Indra.
1 EVEN to him, swift, strong and high. exalted, I bring my song of praise as dainty viands,
My thought to him resistless, praise-deserving, prayers offered most especially to Indra.
2 Praise, like oblation, I present, and utter aloud my song, my fair hymn to the Victor.
For Indra, who is Lord of old, the singers have decked their lauds with heart and mind and spirit.
3 To him then with my lips mine adoration, winning heaven's light, most excellent, I offer,
To magnify with songs of invocation and with fair hymns the Lord, most bounteous Giver.
4 Even for him I frame a laud, as fashions the wright a chariot for the man who needs it,-
Praises to him who gladly hears our praises, a hymn well-formed, all-moving, to wise Indra.
5 So with my tongue I deck, to please that Indra, my hymn, as 'twere a horse, through love of glory,
To reverence the Hero, bounteous Giver, famed far and wide, destroyer of the castles.
6 Even for him hath Tvastar forged the thunder, most deftly wrought, celestial, for the battle,
Wherewith he reached the vital parts of Vrtra, striking-the vast, the mighty with the striker.
7 As soon as, at libations of his mother, great Visnu had drunk up the draught, he plundered.
The dainty cates, the cooked mess; but One stronger transfixed the wild boar, shooting through the mountain.
8 To him, to Indra, when he slew the Dragon, the Dames, too, Consorts of the Goda, wove praises.
The mighty heaven and earth hath he encompassed: thy greatness heaven and earth, combined, exceed not.
9 Yea, of a truth, his magnitude surpasseth the magnitude of earth, mid-air, and heaven.
Indra, approved by all men, self-resplendent, waxed in his home, loud-voiced and strong for battle.
10 Through his own strength Indra with bolt of thunder cut piece-meal Vrtra, drier up of waters.
He let the floods go free, like cows imprisoned, for glory, with a heart inclined to bounty.
11 The rivers played, through his impetuous splendour, since with his bolt he compassed them on all sides.
Using his might and favouring him who worshipped, he made a ford, victorious, for Turviti.
12 Vast, with thine ample power, with eager movement, against this Vrtra cast thy bolt of thunder.
Rend thou his joints, as of an ox, dissevered, with bolt oblique, that floods of rain may follow.
13 Sing with new lauds his exploits wrought aforetime, the deeds of him, yea, him who moveth swiftly,
When, hurling forth his weapons in the battle, he with impetuous wrath lays low the foe men.
14 When he, yea, he, comes forth the firm. Set mountains and the whole heaven and earth, tremble for terror.
May Nodhas, ever praising the protection of that dear Friend, gain quickly strength heroic.
15 Now unto him of these things hath been given what he who rules alone o'er much, eleceth.
Indra hath helped Etasa, Soma-presser, contending in the race of steeds with Sarya.
16 Thus to thee, Indra, yoker of Bay Coursers, the Gotamas have brought their prayers to please thee.
Besow upon them thought, decked with all beauty. May he, enriched with prayer, come soon and early.
HYMN LXII. Indra.
1. LIKE Angiras a gladdening laud we ponder to him who loveth song, exceeding mighty.
Let us sing glory to the far-famed Hero who must be praised with fair hymns by the singer.
2 Unto the great bring ye great adoration, a chant with praise to him exceeding mighty,
Through whom our sires, Angirases, singing praises and knowing well the places, found the cattle.
3 When Indra and the Angirases desired it, Sarama found provision for her offspring.
Brhaspati cleft the mountain, found the cattle: the heroes shouted with the kine in triumph.
4 Mid shout, loud shout, and roar, with the Navagvas, seven singers, hast thou, heavenly, rent the mountain;
Thou hast, with speeders, with Dasagvas, Indra, Sakra, with thunder rent obstructive Vala.
5 Praised by Angirases, thou, foe-destroyer, hast, with the Dawn, Sun, rays, dispelled the darkness.
Thou Indra, hast spread out the earths high ridges, and firmly fixed the region under heaven.
6 This is the deed most worthy of all honour, the fairest marvel of the Wonder-Worker,
That, nigh where heaven bends down, he made four rivers flow full with waves that carry down sweet water.
7 Unwearied, won with lauding hymns, he parted of old the ancient Pair, united ever.
In highest sky like Bhaga, he the doer of marvels set both Dames and earth and heaven.
8 Still born afresh, young Dames, each in her manner, unlike in hue, the Pair in alternation
Round heaven and earth from ancient time have travelled,
Night with her dark limbs, Dawn with limbs of splendour.
9 Rich in good actions, skilled in operation, the Son with might maintains his perfect friendship.
Thou in the raw cows, black of hue or ruddy, storest the ripe milk glossy white in colour.
10 Their paths, of old connected, rest uninjured; they with great might preserve the immortal statutes.
For many thousand holy works the Sisters wait on the haughty Lord like wives and matrons.
11 Thoughts ancient, seeking wealth, with adoration, with newest lauds have sped to thee, O Mighty.
As yearning wives cleave to their yearning husband, so cleave our hymns to thee, O Lord most potent.
12 Strong God, the riches which thy hands have holden from days of old have perished not nor wasted.
Splendid art thou, O Indra, wise, unbending:strengthen us with might, O Lord of Power.
13 O mighty Indra, Gotama's son Nodhas hath fashioned this new prayer to thee Eternal,
Sure leader, yoker of the Tawny Courser's. May he, enriched with prayer, come soon and early.

HYMN LXIII. Indra.
1. THOU art the Mighty One; when born, O Indra, with power thou terrifidst earth and heaven -
When, in their fear of thee, all firm-set mountains and monstrous creatures shook like dust before thee.
2 When thy two wandering Bays thou drawest hither, thy prayer laid within thine arms the thunder,
Wherewith, O Much-invoked, in will resistless, thou smitest foemen down and many a castle.
3 Faithful art thou, these thou defiest, Indra; thou art the Rhbus' Lord, heroic, victor.
Thou, by his side, for young and glorious Kutsa, with steed and car in battle slewest Susa,
4 That, as a friend, thou furtheredst, O Indra, when, Thundercrer,
In hue, the Pair in alternation
Dames and earth and heaven.
5 This doest thou, and art not harmed, O Indra, e'en in the anger of the strongest mortal.
Lay thou the race-course open for our horses: as with a club, slay, Thunderarmed 1 our foemen.
6 Hence men invoke thee, Indra, in the tumult of battle, in the light-bestowing conflict.
This aid of thine, O Godlike One, was ever to be implored in deeds of might in combat.
7 Warring for Purukutsa thou, O Indra, Thunder-armed I breakest down the seven castles;
Easily, for Sudis, like grass didst rend them, and out of need, King, bestowed gain to Puru.
8 O Indra, God who movest round about us, feed us with varied food plenteous as water-Food wherewithal, O Hero, thou bestowest vigour itself to flow to us for ever.
9 Prayers have been made by Gotamas, O Indra, addressed to thee, with laud for thy Bay Horses.
Bring us in noble shape abundant riches. May he, enriched with prayer, come soon and early.

HYMN LXIV. Maruts.
1. BRING for the manly host, wise and majestical, O Nodhas, for the Maruts bring thou a pure gift.
I deck my songs as one deft-handed, wise in mind prepares the water that hath power in solemn rites.
2 They spring to birth, the lofty Ones, the Bulls of Heaven, divine, the youth of Rudra, free from spot and stain;
The purifiers, shining brightly even as suns, awful of form like giants, scattering rain-drops down.
3 Young Rudras, demon-slayers, never growing old, they have waxed, even as mountains, irresistible.
They make all beings tremble with their mighty strength, even the very strongest, both of earth and heaven.
4 With glittering ornaments they deck them forth for show; for beauty on their breasts they bind their chains of gold.
The lances on their shoulders pound to pieces; they were born together, of themselves, the Men of Heaven.
5 Loud roarsers, giving strength, devourers of the foe, they make the winds, they make the lightnings with their powers.
The restless shakers drain the udders of the sky, and ever
wandering round fill the earth full with milk.
   6 The bounteous Maruts with the fatness dropping milk fill full the waters which avail in solemn rites.
   They lead, as 'twere, the Strong Horse forth, that it may rain: they milk the thundering, the never-failing spring.
   7 Mighty, with wondrous power and marvellously bright, selfstrong like mountains, ye glide swiftly on your way.
   Like the wild elephants ye eat the forests up when ye assume your strength among the bright red flames.
   8 Exceeding wise they roar like lions mightily, they, all-possessing, are beauteous as antelopes;
   Stirring the darkness with lances and spotted deer, combined as priests, with serpents' fury through their might.
   9 Heroes who march in companies, befriending man, with serpents' ire through strength, ye overthrow the firm; the forward the big clouds like wanderers on the way.
   10 Lords of all riches, dwelling in the home of wealth,
   Upon the seats, O Maruts, of your chariots, upon the cars stands lightning visible as light.
   11 They who with golden fellies make the rain increase drive archers, they have laid the arrow on their arms.
   Heroes, of powers infinite, armed with strong men's rings, the endowed with mighty vigour, singers loud of voice.
   12 The progeny of Rudra we invoke with prayer, the brisk, the Maruts with bright lances make all things to reel.
   Self-moving, brisk, unwearied, they o'erthrow the firm; the forward the big clouds like wanderers on the way.

HYMN LXVI. 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 Sindhuv, 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.

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 whose the life, like one's own son,
   To him lead all your ways: may we attain the kindled God as caws their home at eve.
   He drives the flames below as floods their swell: the rays rise up to the fair place of heaven.

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 greatness among all these other Gods.
   2. All men are joyful in thy power, O God, that living from the
1. MAY we, the pious, win much food by prayer, may Agni with fair light pervade each act,-
   He the observer of the heavenly laws of Gods, and of the race of mortal man.
   He who is germ of waters, germ of woods, germ of all things that move not and that move,-
   To him even in the rock and in the house: Immortal One, he cares for all mankind.

2. Agni, the Sage, the humble, who discerns like the cow's udder, the sweet taste of food, 
   Like a bliss-giver to be drawn to men, sits gracious in the middle of the house.
   Born in the dwelling like a lovely son, pleased, like a strong steed, he bears on the folk.
   What time the men and I, with heroes, call, may Agni then gain all through Godlike power.
   None breaks these holy laws of thine when thou hast granted audience to these chiefains here.
   This is thy boast, thou smotest with thy peers, and joined with heroes bravest off disgrace.
   Like the Dawn's lover, spreading light, well-known as hued like morn, may he remember me.
   They, bearing of themselves, unbar the doors: they all ascend to the fair place of heaven.

HYMN LXX. 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 men have served thee in many and sundry spots, parting, as 'twere, an aged father's wealth.
6. Like a brave archer, like one skilled and bold, a fierce avenger, so he shines in fight.

HYMN LXXI. Agni.
1. LOVING the loving One, as wives their husband, the sisters of one home have urged him forward,
   Bright-coloured, even, as the cows love morning, dark,
   Their audience to these chieftains here.
2. Our sires with lauds burst e'en the firmset fortress, yea, the Angirasas, with roar, the mountain.
   They made for us a way to reach high heaven, they found us day, light, day's sign, beams of morning.
3. They stablished order, made his service fruitful; then parting among the longing faithful,
   Not thirsting after aught, they come, most active, while with sweet food the race of Gods they strengthen.
4. Since Matarisvan, far-diffused, bath stirred him, and he in every house grown bright and noble,
   He, Bhrigu-like I hath gone as his companion, as on commission to a greater Sovran.
5. When man poured juice to Heaven, the mighty Father, he knew and freed himself from close embrace.
   The archer boldly shot at him his arrow, and the God threw his splendour on his Daughter.
6. Whoso, bath flames for thee within his dwelling, or brings the worship which thou lovest daily,
   Do thou of double might increase his substance: may he whom thou incitest meet with riches.
7. All sacrificial viands wait on Agni as the Seven mighty Rivers seek the ocean.
   Not by our brethren was our food discovered: find with the Gods care for us, thou who knowest.
8. When light bath filled the Lord of men for increase, straight from the heaven descends the limpid moisture.
   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.

HYMN LXXII. Agni.
1. BRIGHT, splendid, like Dawn's lover, he bath filled the two joined worlds as with the light of heaven.
   When born, with might thou hast encompassed them: Father of Gods, and yet their Son wast thou.
   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.
2. He bath been won, Herald who sits in light, making effectual all our holy works.
   Thou settest value on our cows and woods: all shall bring tribute to us to the light.

3. MEN yearn for children to prolong their line, and are not disappointed in their hope.
   They, bearing of themselves, unbar the doors: they all ascend to the fair place of heaven.
4. Strong is the thought of Law, the Law's behest; all works have they performed; he quickens all.
5. All truly share thy Godhead while they keep, in their accustomed ways, eternal Law.
6. Like a brave archer, like one skilled and bold, a fierce avenger, so he shines in fight.
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 
Onces revealed the powers of Rudra. 
The mortal band, discerning in the distance, found Agni 
standing in the lofty 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, offeringbears.
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.

HYMN LXXIII. Agni.
1. As forth to sacrifice we go, a hymn to a hymn let us say, 
Who hears us even when afar; 
2 Who, from of old, in carnage, when the people gathered, hath 
preserved 
His household for the worshipper. 
3 And let men say, Agni is born, e'en he who slayeth Vrtra, he 
Who winneth wealth in every fight. 
4 Him in whose house an envoy thou lovest to taste his offered 
gifts, 
And strengthenest his sacrifice, 
5 Him, Angiras, thou Son of Strength, all men call happy in his 
God, 
His offerings, and his sacred grass. 
6 Hitherward shalt thou bring these Gods to our laudation and 
to taste. 
These offered gifts, fair-shining One. 
7 When, Agni, on thine embassage thou goest not a sound is 
heard of steed or straining of thy car. 
8 Aided by thee uninjured, strong, one after other, goes he 
forth: 
Agni, the offerer forward steps. 
9 And splendid strength, heroic, high, Agni, thou grantest from 
the Gods, 
Thou God, to him who offers gifts.

HYMN LXXIV. Agni.
1. ACCEPT our loudest-sounding hymn, food most delightful 
to the Gods, 
Pouring our offerings in thy mouth. 
2 Now, Agni, will we say to thee, O wisest and best Afigiras, 
Our precious, much-availing prayer. 
3 Who, Agni, is thy kin, of men? who is thy worthy 
worshipper? 
On whom dependent? who art thou? 
4 The kinsman, Agni, of mankind, their well beloved Friend 
art thou, 
A Friend whom friends may supplicate. 
5 Bring to us Mitra, Varuna, bring the Gods to mighty 
sacrifice.
Bring them, O Agni, to thine home.

HYMN LXXVI. Agni.
1. How may the mind draw nigh to please thee, Agni? What hymn of praise shall bring us greatest blessing?
Or who hath gained thy power by sacrifices? or with what mind shall we bring thee oblations?
2 Come hither, Agni; sit thee down as Hotar; be thou who never wast deceived our leader.
May Heaven and Earth, the all-pervading, love thee: worship the Gods to win for us their favour.
3 Burn thou up all the Riksasas, O Agni; ward thou off curses from our sacrifices.
Bring hither with his Bays the Lord of Soma: here is glad welcome for the Bounteous Giver.
4 Thou Priest with lip and voice that bring us children hast been invoked. Here with the Gods be seated.
Thine is the task of Cleanser and Presenter: waken us, Wealth-bestower and Producer.
5 As with oblations of the priestly Manus thou worshippedst the Gods, a Sage with sages, So now, O truthfulest Invoker Agni, worship this day with joy-bestowing ladle.

HYMN LXXVII. Agni.
1. How shall we pay oblation unto Agni? What hymn, Godloved, is said to him refulgent?
Who, deathless, true to Law, mid men a herald, bringeth the Gods as best of sacrificers?
2 Bring him with reverence hither, most propitious in sacrifices, true to Law, the herald;
For Agni, when he seeks the Gods for mortals, knows them full well and worships them in spirit.
3 For he is mental power, a man, and perfect; he is the bringer, friend-like, of the wondrous.
The pious Aryan tribes at sacrifices address them first to him who doeth marvels.
4 May Agni, foe-destroyer, manliest Hero, accept with love our hymns and our devotion.
So may the liberal lords whose strength is strongest, urged by their riches, stir our thoughts with vigour.
5 Thus Agni Jatavedas, true to Order, hath by the priestly Gotamas been lauded. May he augment in them splendour and vigour: observant, as he lists, he gathers increase.

HYMN LXXVIII. Agni.
1. O JATAVEDAS, keen and swift, we Gotamas with sacred song exalt thee for thy glories' sake.
2 Thee, as thou art, desiring wealth Gotama worships with his song:
We laud thee for thy glories' sake.
3 As such, like Angiras we call on thee best winner of the spoil:
We laud thee for thy glories' sake.
4 Thee, best of Vrtra-slayers, thee who shakest off our Dasyu foes:
We laud thee for thy glories' sake.
5 A pleasant song to Agni we, sons of Rahugana, have sung:
We laud thee for thy glories' sake.

HYMN LXXIX. Agni.
1. HE in mid-air's expanse hath golden tresses; a raging serpent, like the rushing tempest:
Purely refulgent, knowing well the morning; like honourable dames, true, active workers.
2 Thy well-winged flashes strengthen in their manner, when the black Bull hath bellowed round about us.
With drops that bless and seem to smile he cometh: the waters fall, the clouds utter their thunder.
3 When he comes streaming with the milk of worship, conducting by direcstest paths of Order
Aryaman, Mitra, Varuna, Parijman fill the hide full where lies the nether press-stone.
4 O Agni, thou who art the lord of wealth in kine, thou Son of Strength,
Vouchsafe to us, O Jatavetlas, high renown.
5 He, Agni, kindled, good and wise, must be exalted in our song:
Shine, thou of many forms, shine radiantly on us.
6 O Agni, shining of thyself by night and when the morning breaks,
Burn, thou whose teeth are sharp, against the Raksasas.
7 Adorable in all our rites, favour us, Agni, with thine aid,
When the great hymn is chanted forth.
8 Bring to us ever-conquering wealth, wealth, Agni, worthy of our choice,
In all our frays invincible.
9 Give us, O Agni, through thy grace wealth that supporteth all our life,
Thy favour so that we may live.
10 O Gotama, desiring bliss present thy songs composed with care
To Agni of the pointed flames.
11 May the man fall, O Agni, who near or afar assaileth us:
Do thou increase and prosper us.
12 Keen and swift Agni, thousand-eyed, chaseth the Raksasas afar:
He singeth, herald meet for lauds.

HYMN LXXX. Indra.
1. THUS in the Soma, in wild joy the Brahman hath exalted thee:
Thou, mightiest It thunder-armed, hast driven by force he Dragon from the earth, lauding thine own imperial sway.
2 The mighty flowing Soma-draught, brought by the Hawk, hath gladdeneth thee,
That in thy strength, O Thunderer, thou hast struck down Vrtra from the floods, lauding thine own imperial sway.
3 Go forward, meet the foe, be bold; thy bolt of thunder is not checked.
Munliness, Indra, is thy might: stay Vrtra, make the waters thine, lauding thine own imperial sway.
4 Thou smostest Vrtra from the earth, smotest him, Indra, from
2 Thou, Hero, art a warrior, thou art giver of abundant spoil.

3 When war and battles are on foot, booty is laid before the bold.

4 Mighty through wisdom, as he lists, terrible, he hath waxed in strength.

5 He filled the earthly atmosphere and pressed against the lights in heaven.

6 May he who to the offerer gives the foeman's man-sustaining food,

7 He, righteous-hearted, at each time of rapture gives us herds of kine.

8 Refresh thee, Hero, with the juice outpoured for bounty and for strength.

9 These people, Indra, keep for thee all that is worthy of thy choice.

10 Indra hath smitten down the power of Vṛtra,-might with stronger might.

11 Yea, even this great Pair of Worlds trembled in terror at thy wrath,

12 But Vṛtra scared not Indra with his shaking or his thunder roar.

13 When with the thunder thou didst make thy dart and Vṛtra meet in war,

14 When at thy shout, O Thunder-armed, each thing both fixed and moving shook,

15 There is not, in our knowledge, one who passeth Indra in strength.

16 Still as of old, whatever rite Atharvan, Manus sire of all, Dadhyach performed, their prayer and praise united in that Indra meet, lauding his own imperial sway.

HYMN LXXXI. Indra.

1. THE men have lifted Indra up, the Vṛtra slayer, to joy and strength:

2 Thou, Hero, art a warrior, thou art giver of abundant spoil.

3 Strengthening e'en the feeble, thou aidest the sacrificer, thou givest the offerer ample wealth.

4 When war and battles are on foot, booty is laid before the bold.

5 Yoke thou thy wildly-rushing Bays. Whom wilt thou slay and whom enrich? Do thou, O Indra, make us rich.

6 Lord of Bay Steeds, strong-jawed, sublime, in joined hands for glory's sake hath grasped his iron thunderbolt.

7 None like thee ever hath been born, none, Indra, will be born like thee. Thou hast waxed mighty over all.

8 May Indra lend his aid to us. Deal forth -abundant is thy wealth-that in thy bounty I may share.

9 He filled the earthly atmosphere and pressed against the lights in heaven.

10 Refresh thee, Hero, with the juice outpoured for bounty and for strength.

11 We know thee Lord of ample store, to thee have sent our hearts' desires; be therefore our Protector thou.

12 These people, Indra, keep for thee all that is worthy of thy choice.

13 Discover thou, as Lord, the wealth of men who offer up no gifts: bring thou to us this wealth of theirs.

HYMN LXXXII. Indra.

1. GRACIOUSLY listen to our songs, Maghavan, be not negligent.

2 As thou hast made us full of joy and lettest us solicit thee, now, Indra, yoke thy two Bay Steeds.

3 Well have they eaten and rejoiced; the friends have risen and returned.

4 Thus praised, according to our wish come now with richly laden car. Now, Indra, yoke thy two Bay Steeds.

5 The stirring draughts of juice outpoured have made thee glad:

6 I'll in very truth ascend the powerful car that finds the kine,

7 The sages luminous in themselves have praised thee with their latest hymn. Now, Indra, yoke thy two Bay Steeds.

8 As thou hast made us full of joy and lettest us solicit thee, now, Indra, yoke thy two Bay Steeds.

9 Who thinks upon the well-filled bowl, the Tawny Coursers' harnesser. Now, Indra, yoke thy two Bay Steeds.

10 May Indra lend his aid to us. Deal forth -abundant is thy wealth-that in thy bounty I may share.

11 He, righteous-hearted, at each time of rapture gives us herds of kine.

12Refresh thee, Hero, with the juice outpoured for bounty and for strength.

13 We know thee Lord of ample store, to thee have sent our hearts' desires; be therefore our Protector thou.

14 These people, Indra, keep for thee all that is worthy of thy choice.

15 Discover thou, as Lord, the wealth of men who offer up no gifts: bring thou to us this wealth of theirs.
HYMN LXXXIII. Indra.
1. INDRA, the mortal man well guarded by thine aid goes foremost in the wealth of horses and of kine.
With ampest wealth thou fillest him, as round about the waters clearly seen afar fill Sindhu full.
2 The heavenly Waters come not nigh the priestly bowl: they but look down and see how far mid-air is spread:
The Deities conduct the pious man to them: like suitors they delight in him who loveth prayer.
3 Praiseworthy blessing hast thou laid upon the pair who with uplifted ladle serve thee, man and wife.
Unchecked he dwells and prospereth in thy law: thy power brings blessing to the sacrificer pouring gifts.
4 First the Angirases won themselves vital power, whose fires were kindled through good deeds and sacrifice.
The men together found the Pani's hoarded wealth, the cattle, and the wealth in horses and in kine.
5 Atharvan first by sacrifices laid the paths then, guardian of the Law, sprang up the loving Sun.
Usana Kavya straightway hither drove the kine. Let us with offerings honour Yama's deathless birth.
6 When sacred grass is trimmed to aid the auspicious work, or the hymn makes its voice of praise sound to the sky.
Where the stone rings as'twere a singer skilled in laud, --Indra in truth delights when these come near to him.

HYMN LXXXIV. Indra.
1. The Soma hath been pressed for thee, O Indra; mightiest, bold One, come.
May Indra-vigour fill thee full, as the Sun fills mid-air with rays.
2 His pair of Tawny Coursers bring Indra of unresisted might Hither to Rsis' songs of praise and sacrifice performed by men.
3 Slayer of Vrtra, mount thy car; thy Bay Steeds have been yoked by prayer.
May, with its voice, the pressing-stone draw thine attention hitherward.
4 This poured libation, Indra, drink, immortal, gladdening, excellent.
Streams of the bright have flowed to thee here at the seat of holy Law.
5 Sing glory now to Indra, say to him your solemn eulogies.
The drops poured forth have made him glad: pay reverence to his might supreme.
6 When, Indra, thou dost yoke thy Steeds, there is no better charioteer:
None hath surpassed thee in thy might, none with good steeds o'ertaken thee.
7 He who alone bestoweth on mortal man who offereth gifts,
The ruler of resistless power, is Indra, sure.
8 When will he trample, like a weed, the man who hath no gift for him?
When, verily, will Indra hear our songs of praise?
9 He who with Soma juice prepared amid the many honours thee,-
Verily Indra gains thereby tremendous might.
10 The juice of Soma thus diffused, sweet to the taste, the bright cows drink,
Who for the sake of splendour close to mighty Indra's side rejoice, good in their own supremacy.
11 Craving his touch the dappled kine mingle the Soma with their milk.
The milch-kine dear to Indra send forth his death-dealing thunderbolt, good in their own supremacy.
12 With veneration, passing wise, honouring his victorious might,
They follow close his many laws to win them due preeminence, good in their own supremacy.
13 With bones of Dadhyac for his arms, Indra, resistless in attack,
Struck nine-and-ninety Vrtras dead.
14 He, searching for the horse's head, removed among the mountains, found
At Suryanavan what he sought.
15 Then verily they recognized the essential form of Tvastar's Bull,
Here in the mansion of the Moon.
16 Who yokes to-day unto the pole of Order the strong and passionate steers of checkless spirit,
With shaft-armed mouths, heart-piercing, health-bestowing?
Long shall he live who richly pays their service.
17 Who fleeth forth? who suffereth? who feareth? Who knoweth Indra present, Indra near us?
Who sendeth benediction on his offspring, his household, wealth and person, and the People?
18 Who with poured oil and offering honours Agni, with ladle worships at appointed seasons?
To whom to the Gods bring oblation quickly? What offerer, God-favoured, knows him thoroughly?
19 Thou as a God, O Mightiest, verily blessest mortal man.
O Maghavan, there is no comforter but thou: Indra, I speak my words to thee.
20 Let not thy bounteous gifts, let not thy saving help fail us, good Lord, at any time;
And measure out to us, thou lover of mankind, all riches hitherward from men.

HYMN LXXXV. Maruts.
1. THEY who are glancing forth, like women, on their way, doers of mighty deeds, swift racers, Rudra's Sons,
The Maruts have made heaven and earth increase and grow: in sacrifices they delight, the strong and wild.
2 Grown to their perfect strength greatness have they attained; the Rudras have made their abode in heaven.
Singing their song of praise and generating might, they have put glory on, the Sons whom Prani bare.
3 When, Children of the Cow, they shine in bright attire, and on their fair limbs lay their golden ornaments,
They drive away each adversary from their path, and, following their traces, fatness floweth down,
4 When, mighty Warriors, ye who glitter with your spears, o'erthrowing with your strength e'en what is ne'er o'erthrown,
When, O ye Maruts, ye the host that send the rain, had
harnessed to your cars the thought-fleet spotted deer.
5 When ye have harnessed to your cars the spotted deer, urging
the thunderbolt, O Maruts, to the fray,
Forth rush the torrents of the dark stormy cloud, and
moisten, like a skin, the earth with water-floods.
6 Let your swift-gliding coursers bear you hitherward with
their fleet pinions. Come ye forward with your arms.
Sit on the grass; a wide scat hath been made for you: delight
yourselves, O Maruts, in the pleasant food.
7 Strong in their native strength to greatness have they grown,
stepped to the firmament and made their dwelling wide.
When Visnu saved the Soma bringing wild delight, the Maruts
sate like birds on their dear holy grass.
8 In sooth like heroes fain for fight they rush about, like
combatants fame-seeking have they driven in war.
Before the Maruts every creature is afraid: the men are like to
Kings, terrible to behold.
9 When Tyastar deft of hand had turned the thunderbolt,
golden, with thousand edges, fashioned more skilfully,
Indra received it to perform heroic deeds. Vrtra he slew, and
forced the flood of water forth.
10 They with their vigorous strength pushed the well up on
high, and clove the cloud in twain though it was passing
strong.
The Maruts, bounteous Givers, sending forth their voice, in the
wild joy of Soma wrought their glorious deeds.
11 They drive the cloud transverse directed hitherward, and
poured the fountain forth for thirsting Gotama.
Shining with varied light they come to him with help: they
with their might fulfilled the longing of the sage.
12 The shelters which ye have for him who lauds you, bestow
them threefold on the man who offers.
Extend the same boons unto us, ye Maruts. Give us, O Heroes,
wealth with noble offring.
HYMN LXXXVI. Maruts.
1. THE best of guardians hath that man within whose dwelling
place ye drink,
O Maruts, giants of the sky.
2 Honoured with sacrifice or with the worship of the sages'
hymns,
O Maruts, listen to the call.
3 Yea, the strong man to whom ye have vouchsafed to give a
sage, shall move
Into a stable rich in kine.
4 Upon this hero's sacred grass Soma is poured in daily rites:
Praise and delight are sung aloud.
5 Let the strong Maruts hear him, him surpassing all men:
strength be his
That reaches even to the Sun.
6 For, through the swift Gods' loving help, in many an autumn,
Maruts, we
Have offered up our sacrifice.
7 Fortunate shall that mortal be, O Maruts most adorable,
Whose offerings ye bear away.
8 O Heroes truly strong, ye know the toil of him who sings
your praise,
The heart's desire of him who loves.
9 O ye of true strength, make this thing manifest by your
greatness - strike
The demon with your thunderbolt.
10 Conceal the horrid darkness, drive far from us each
devouring fiend.
Create the light for which we long.

HYMN LXXXVII. Maruts.
1. LOUD Singers, never humbled, active, full of strength,
immovable, impetuous, manliest, best-beloved,
They have displayed themselves with glittering ornaments, a
few in number only, like the heavens with stars.
2 When, Maruts, on the steeps ye pile the moving cloud, ye are
like birds on whatsoever path it be.
Clouds everywhere shed forth the rain upon your cars. Drop
fatness, honey-hued, for him who sings your praise.
3 Earth at their racings trembles as if weak and worn, when on
their ways they yoke their cars for victory.
They, sportive, loudly roaring, armed with glittering spears,
shakers of all, themselves admire their mightiness.
4 Self-moving is that youthful band, with spotted steeds; thus it
hath lordly sway, endowed with power and might.
Truthful art thou, and blameless, searcher out of sin: so thou,
Strong Host, wilt be protector of this prayer.
5 We speak by our descent from our primeval Sire; our tongue,
when we behold the Soma, stirs itself.
When, shouting, they had joined Indra in toil of fight, then
only they obtained their sacrificial names.
6 Splendours they gained for glory, they who wear bright
rings; rays they obtained, and men to celebrate their praise.
Armed with their swords, impetuous and fearing naught, they
have possessed the Maruts' own beloved home.

HYMN LXXXVIII. Maruts.
1. COME hither, Maruts, on your lightning laden cars,
sounding with sweet songs, armed with lances, winged with
steeds.
Fly unto us with noblest food, like birds, O ye of mighty
power.
2 With their red-hued or, haply, tawny coursers which speed
their chariots on, they come for glory.
Brilliant like gold is he who holds the thunder. Earth have they
smitten with the chariot's felly.
3 For beauty ye have swords upon your bodies. As they stir
woods so may they stir our spirits.
For your sake, O ye Maruts very mighty and well-born, have
they set the stone, in motion.
4 The days went round you and came back O yearners, back,
to this prayer and to this solemn worship.
The Gotamas making their prayer with singing have pushed
the well's lid up to drink the water.
5 No hymn way ever known like this aforetime which Gotama
sang forth for you, O Maruts,
What time upon your golden wheels he saw you, wild boars
rushing about with tusks of iron.
6 To you this freshening draught of Soma rusheth, O Maruts,
like the voice of one who prayeth.
It rusheth freely from our hands as these. libations wont to flow.

HYMN LXXXIX. Visvedevas.
1. MAY powers auspicious come to us from every side, never deceived, unhindered, and victorious,
That the Gods ever may be with us for our gain, our guardians day by day unceasing in their care.
2 May the auspicious favour of the Gods be ours, on us descend the bounty of the righteous Gods.
The friendship of the Gods have we devoutly sought: so may the Gods extend our life that we may live.
3 We call them hither with a hymn of olden time, Bhaga, the friendly Daksa, Mitra, Aditi, Aryaman, Varuna, Soma, the Asvins. May Sarasvati, auspicious, grant felicity.
4 May the Wind waft to us that pleasant medicine, may Earth our Mother give it, and our Father Heaven,
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 Tarksya with uninjured fellies 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, and with our 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.

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.

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.
7 To him who keeps the law, both old and young, thou givest happiness,
And energy that he may live.
8 Guard us, King Soma, on all sides from him who threatens us: never let
The friend of one like thee be harmed.
9 With those delightful aids which thou hast, Soma, for the worshipper,-
Even with those protect thou us.
10 Accepting this our sacrifice and this our praise, O Soma, come,
And be thou nigh to prosper us.
11 Well-skilled in speech we magnify thee, Soma, with our sacred songs:
Come thou to us, most gracious One.
12 Enricher, healer of disease, wealth-finder, prospering our store, Be, Soma, a good Friend to us.
13 Soma, be happy in our heart, as milch-kine in the grassy meads,
As a young man in his own house.
14 O Soma, God, the mortal man who in thy friendship hath delight,
Him doth the mighty Sage befriended.
15 Save us from slanderous reproach, keep us., O Soma, from distress:
Be unto us a gracious Friend.
16 Soma, wax great. From every side may vigorous powers unite in thee:
Be in the gathering-place of strength.
17 Wax, O most gladdening Soma, great through all thy rays of light, and be
A Friend of most illustrious fame t6 prosper us.
18 In thee be juicy nutriments united, and powers and mighty foe-subduing vigour,
Waxing to immortality, O Soma: win highest glories for thyself in heaven.
19 Such of thy glories as with poured oblations men honour,
may they all invest our worship.
Wealth-giver, furtherer with troops of heroes, sparing the brave, come, Soma, to our houses.
20 To him who worships Soma gives the milchcow, a fleet steed and a man of active knowledge,
Skilled in home duties, meet for holy synod, for council meet,
a glory to his father.
21 Invincible in fight, saver in battles, guard of our camp,
winner of light and water,
Born amid hymns, well-housed, exceeding famous, victor, in thee will we rejoice, O Soma.
22 These herbs, these milch-kine, and these running waters, all these, O Soma, thou hast generated.
The spacious firmament hast thou expanded, and with the light thou hast dispelled the darkness.
23 Do thou, God Soma, with thy Godlike spirit, victorious,
Do ye, O Asvius, bring strength bither unto us.
24 These, O Soma, thou hast generated. The spacious firmament hast thou expanded, and with the light thou hast dispelled the darkness.
25 Do thou, God Soma, with thy Godlike spirit, victorious, win for us a share of riches.
Let none prevent thee: thou art Lord of valour. Provide for both sides in the fray for booty.

HYMN XCII. Dawn.
1. THESE Dawns have raised their banner; in the eastern half of the mid-air they spread abroad their shine light.
Like heroes who prepare their weapons for the war, onward they come bright red in hue, the Mother Cows.
2 Readily have the purple beams of light shot up; the Red Cows have they harnessed, easy to be yoked.
The Dawns have brought distinct perception as before: reduced, they have attained their fulgent brilliancy.
3 They sing their song like women active in their tasks, along their common path hither from far away,
Bringing refreshment to the liberal devotee, yea, all things to the worshipper who pours the juice.
4 She, like a dancer, puts her broidered garments on: as a cow yields her udder so she bares her breast.
Creating light for all the world of life, the Dawn hath laid the darkness open as the cows their stall.
5 We have beheld the brightness of her shining; it spreads and drives away the darksome monster.
Like tints that deck the Post at sacrifices, Heaven's Daughter hath attained her wondrous splendour.
6 We have o'erpast the limit of this darkness; Dawn breaking forth again brings clear perception.
She like a flatterer smiles in light for glory, and fair of face hath wakened to rejoice us.
7 The Gotamas have praised Heaven's radiant Daughter, the leader of the charm of pleasant voices.
Dawn, thou conferrest on us strength with offspring and men, conspicuous with kine and horses.
8 O thou who shinet forth in wondrous glory, urged onward by thy strength, auspicious Lady,
Dawn, may I gain that wealth, renowned and ample, in brave sons, troops of slaves, far-famed for horses.
9 Bending her looks on all the world, the Goddess shines, widely spreading with her bright eye westward.
Waking to motion every living creature, she understands the voice of each adorer.
10 Ancient of days, again again born newly, decking her beauty with the self-same raiment.
The Goddess wastes away the life of mortals, like a skilled hunter cutting birds in pieces.
11 She hath appeared discovering heaven's borders: to the far distance she drives off her Sister.
Diminishing the days of human creatures, the Lady shines with all her lover's splendour.
12 The bright, the blessed One shines forth extending her rays like kine, as a flood rolls his waters.
Never transgressing the divine commandments, she is beheld visible with the sunbeams.
13 O Dawn enriched with ample wealth, bestow on us the wondrous gift
Wherewith we may support children and children's sons.
14 Thou radiant mover of sweet sounds, with wealth of horses and of kine
Shine thou on us this day, O Dawn auspiciously.
15 O Dawn enriched with holy rites, yoke to thy car thy purple steeds,
And then bring thou unto us all felicities.
16 O Asvins wonderful in act, do ye unanimous direct
Your chariot to our home wealthy in kine and gold.
17 Ye who brought down the hymn from heaven, a light that giveth light to man,
Do ye, O Asvius, bring strength bither unto us.
18 Hither may they who wake at dawn bring, to drink Soma giveth light to man,
Wherewith we may support children and children's sons.
19 Such of thy glories as with poured oblations men honour,
20 To him who worships Soma gives the milchcow, a fleet steed and a man of active knowledge,
Skilled in home duties, meet for holy synod, for council meet,
a glory to his father.
21 Invincible in fight, saver in battles, guard of our camp,
winner of light and water,
Born amid hymns, well-housed, exceeding famous, victor, in thee will we rejoice, O Soma.
22 These herbs, these milch-kine, and these running waters, all these, O Soma, thou hast generated.
The spacious firmament hast thou expanded, and with the light thou hast dispelled the darkness.
23 Do thou, God Soma, with thy Godlike spirit, victorious, win for us a share of riches.
Let none prevent thee: thou art Lord of valour. Provide for both sides in the fray for booty.

HYMN XCIII. Agni-Sona.
1 AGNI and Soma, mighty Pair, graciously hearken to my call,
Accept in friendly wise my hymn, and prosper him who offers gifts.
2 The man who honours you to-day, Agni and Soma, with this hymn,
Bestow on him heroic strength, increase of kine, and noble steeds.
3 The man who offers holy oil and burnt oblations unto you, Agni and Soma, shall enjoy great strength, with offspring, all his life.
4 Agni and Soma, famed is that your, prowess wherewith ye stole the kine, his food, from Pani.
Ye caused the brood of Brsaya to perish; ye found the light, the single light for many.
5 Agni and Soma, joined in operation ye have set up the shining lights in heaven.
From curse and from reproach, Agni and Soma, ye freed the rivers that were bound in fetters.
6 One of you Mitarisvan brought from heaven, the Falcon rent the other from the mountain.
Strengthened by holy prayer Agni and Soma have made us ample room for sacrificing.
7 Taste, Agni, Soma, this prepared oblation; accept it, Mighty Ones, and let it please you.
Vouchsafe us good protection and kind favour: grant to the sacrificer health and riches.
8 Whoso with oil and poured oblation honours, with God-devoted heart, Agni and Soma,-
Protect his sacrifice, preserve him from distress, grant to the devoted heart, Agni and Soma,-
9 Invoked together, mates in wealth, AgniSoma, accept our hymns:
Together be among the Gods.
10 Agni and Soma, unto him who worships you with holy oil
Shine forth an ample recompense.
11 Agni and Sonia, be ye pleased with these oblations brought to you,
And come, together, nigh to us.
12 Agni and Soma, cherish well our horses, and let our cows be fat who yield oblations.
Grant power to us and to our wealthy patrons, and cause our holy rites to be successful.

HYMN XCIV. Agni
1 FOR Jatavedas worthy of our praise will we frame with our mind this eulogy as 'twere a car.
For good, in his assembly, is this care of ours. Let us not, in thy friendship, Agni, suffer harm.
2 The man for whom thou sacrificest prospereth, dwelleth without a foe, gaineth heroic might.
He waxeth strong, distress never approacheth him. Let us riot, in thy friendship, Agni, suffer harm.
3 May we have power to kindle thee. Fulfil our thoughts. In thee the Gods eat the presented offering,
Bring hither the Adityas, for we long for them. Let us not in thy friendship, Agni, suffer harm.
4 We will bring fuel and prepare burnt offerings, reminding thee at each successive festival.
Fulfil our thought that so we may prolong our lives. Let us not in thy friendship, Agni, suffer harm.
5 His ministers move forth, the guardians of the folk, protecting quadruped and biped with their rays.
Mighty art thou, the wondrous herald of the Dawn. Let us not in thy friendship, Agni, suffer harm.
6 Thou art Presenter and the chief Invoker, thou Director, Purifier, great High Priest by birth.
Knowing all priestly work thou perfectest it, Sage. Let us not in thy friendship, Agni, suffer harm.
7 Lovely of form art thou, alike on every side; though far, thou shinest brightly as if close at hand.
O God, thou seest through even the dark of night. Let us not in thy friendship, Agni, suffer harm.
8 Gods, foremost he his car who pours libations out, and let our hymn prevail o'er evil-hearted men.
Attend to this our speech and make it prosper well. Let us not in thy friendship, Agni, suffer harm.
9 Smite with thy weapons those of evil speech and thought, devouring demons, whether near or far away.
Then to the singer give free way for sacrifice. Let us not in thy friendship, Agni, suffer harm.
10 When to thy chariot thou hadst yoked two red steeds and two ruddy steeds, wind-sped, thy roar was like a bull's.
Thou with smoke-bannered flame attackest forest trees. Let us not in thy friendship, Agni, suffer harm.
11 Then at thy roar the very birds are terrified, when, eating-up the grass, thy sparks fly forth abroad.
Then it is easy for thee and thy car to pass. Let us not in thy friendship, Agni, suffer harm.
12 He hath the Power to soothe Mitra and Varuna: wonderful is the Maruts' wrath when they descend.
Be gracious; let their hearts he turned to us again. Let us not in thy friendship, Agni, suffer harm.
13 Thou art a God, thou art the wondrous Friend of Gods, the Vasu of the Vasus, fair in sacrifice.
Under, thine own most wide protection may we dwell. Let us not in thy friendship, Agni, suffer harm.
14 This is thy grace that, kindled in thine own abode, invoked with Soma thou soundest forth most benign,
Thou givest wealth and treasure to the worshipper. Let us not in thy friendship, Agni, suffer harm.
15 To whom thou, Lord of goodly riches, grantest freedom from every sin with perfect wholeness,
Whom with good strength thou quenkest, with children and wealth-may we be they, Eternal Being.
16 Such, Agni, thou who knowest all good fortune, God,
Lengthen here the days of our existence.
This prayer of ours may Varuna grant, and Mitra, and Aditi and Sindhu, Earth and Heaven.

HYMN XCV. Agni
1 FOR Jatavedas worthy of our praise will we frame with our mind this eulogy as 'twere a car.
For good, in his assembly, is this care of ours. Let us not, in thy friendship, Agni, suffer harm.
2 Tvastar's ten daughters, vigilant and youthful, produced this succession nourishes an infant.
Be gracious; let their hearts he turned to us again. Let us not in thy friendship, Agni, suffer harm.
3 May we have power to kindle thee. Fulfil our thoughts. In thee the Gods eat the presented offering,
Bring hither the Adityas, for we long for them. Let us not in thy friendship, Agni, suffer harm.
4 We will bring fuel and prepare burnt offerings, reminding thee at each successive festival.
Fulfil our thought that so we may prolong our lives. Let us not in thy friendship, Agni, suffer harm.
5 His ministers move forth, the guardians of the folk, protecting quadruped and biped with their rays.
Mighty art thou, the wondrous herald of the Dawn. Let us not in thy friendship, Agni, suffer harm.
6 Thou art Presenter and the chief Invoker, thou Director, Purifier, great High Priest by birth.
Knowing all priestly work thou perfectest it, Sage. Let us not in thy friendship, Agni, suffer harm.
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O God, thou seest through even the dark of night. Let us not in thy friendship, Agni, suffer harm.
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Thou givest wealth and treasure to the worshipper. Let us not in thy friendship, Agni, suffer harm.
15 To whom thou, Lord of goodly riches, grantest freedom from every sin with perfect wholeness,
Whom with good strength thou quenkest, with children and wealth-may we be they, Eternal Being.
16 Such, Agni, thou who knowest all good fortune, God,
Lengthen here the days of our existence.
This prayer of ours may Varuna grant, and Mitra, and Aditi and Sindhu, Earth and Heaven.
among mankind with native splendour.
3. Three several places of his birth they honour, in mid-air, in
the heaven, and in the waters.
Governing in the cast of earthly regions, the seasons hath he
established in their order.
4 Who of you knows this secret One? The Infant by his own
nature hath brought forth his Mothers.
The germ of many, from the waters' bosom he goes forth, wise
and great, of Godlike nature.
5 Visible, fair, he grows in native brightness uplifted in the lap
of waving waters.
When he was born both Tvastar's worlds were frightened: they
turn to him and reverence the Lion.
6 The Two auspicious Ones, like women, tend him: like
lowing cows they seek him in their manner.
He is the Lord of Might among the mighty; him, on the right,
they balm with their oblations.
7 Like Savitar his arms with might he stretches; awful, he
strives grasping the world's two borders.
He forces out from all a brilliant vesture, yea, from his
Mothers draws he forth new raiment.
8 He makes him a most noble form of splendour, decking him
in his home with milk and waters.
The Sage adorns the depths of air with wisdom . this is the
meeting where the Gods are worshipped.
9 Wide through the firmament spreads forth triumphant the
meeting where the Gods are worshipped.
The Sage adorns the depths of air with wisdom . this is the
meeting where the Gods are worshipped.
Guard of our folk, Father of earth and heaven. The Gods
possessed the wealth bestowing Agni.
10 In dry spots he makes stream, and course, and torrent, and
inundates the earth with floods that glisten.
All ancient things within his maw he gathers, and moves
among the new fresh-sprouting grasses.
11 Fed with our fuel, purifying Agni, so blaze to us
auspiciously for glory.
This prayer of ours may Varuna grant, and Mitra, and Aditi
and Sindhu, Earth and Heaven.

HYMN XCVI. Agni.
1. HE in the ancient way by strength engendered, lo! straight
hath taken to himself all wisdom.
The waters and the bowl have made him friendly. The Gods
possessed the wealth bestowing Agni.
2 At Ayu's ancient call he by his wisdom gave all this progeny
of men their being,
And, by refuglent light, heaven and the waters. The Gods
possessed the wealth bestowing Agni.
3 Praise him, ye Aryan folk, as chief performer of sacrifice
adored and ever toiling,
Well-tended, Son of Strength, the Constant Giver. The Gods
possessed the wealth bestowing Agni.
4 That Matarisvan rich in wealth and treasure, light-winner,
finds a pathway for his offispring.
Guard of our folk, Father of earth and heaven. The Gods
possessed the wealth bestowing Agni.
5 Night and Dawn, changing each the other's colour, meeting
together suckle one same Infant:

Golden between the heaven and earth he shineth. The Gods
possessed the wealth bestowing Agni.
6 Root of wealth, gathering-place of treasures, banner of
sacrifice, who grants the supplicant's wishes:
Preserving him as their own life immortal, the Gods possessed
the wealth-bestowing Agni.
7 Now and of old the home of wealth, the mansion of what is
born and what was born aforetime,
Guard of what is and what will be hereafter, - the Gods
possessed the wealth bestowing Agni.
8 May the Wealth-Giver grant us conquering riches; may the
Wealth-Giver grant us wealth with heroes.
May the Wealth-Giver grant us food with offspring, and length
of days may the Wealth-Giver send us.
9 Fed with our fuel, purifying Agni, so blaze to us auspiciously
for glory.
This prayer of ours may Varuna grant, and Mitra, and Aditi
and Sindhu, Earth and Heaven.

HYMN XCVII. Agni.
1. CHASING with light our sin away, O Agni, shine thou
wealth on us.
May his light chase our sin away.
2 For goodly fields, for pleasant homes, for wealth we sacrifice
to thee.
May his light chase our sin away.
3 Best praiser of all these be he; foremost, our chiefs who
sacrifice.
May his light chase our sin away.
4 So that thy worshippers and we, thine, Agni, in our sons may
live.
May his light chase our sin away.
5 As ever- conquering Agni's beams of splendour go to every
side,
May his light chase our sin away.
6 To every side thy face is turned, thou art triumphant
everywhere.
May his light chase our sin away.
7 O thou whose face looks every way, bear us past foes as in a
ship.
May his light chase our sin away.
8 As in a ship, convey thou us for our advantage o'er the flood.
May his light chase our sin away.

HYMN XCVIII. Agni.
1. STILL in Vaisvanara's grace may we continue: yea, he is
King supreme o'er all things living.
Sprung hence to life upon this All he looketh. Vaisvanara hath
rivalry with Surya.
2 Present in heaven, in earth, all-present Agni, - all plants that
grow on ground hath he pervaded.
May Agni, may Vaisvanara with vigour, present, preserve us
day and night from foemen.
3 Be this thy truth, Vaisvanara, to us-ward: let wealth in rich
abundance gather round us.
This prayer of ours may Varuna grant, and Mitra, and Aditi
and Sindhu, Earth and Heaven.

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HYMN XCIX. Agni.
1. FOR Jatavedas let us press the Soma: may he consume the wealth of the malignant.
May Agni carry us through all our troubles, through grief as in a boat across the river.

HYMN C. Indra.
1. MAY he who hath his home with strength, the Mighty, the King supreme of earth and spacious heaven,
Lord of true power, to he invoked in battles,-may Indra, girt by Maruts, be our succour.
2 Whose way is unattainable like Surya's: he in each fight is the strong Vrtra-slayer,
Mightiest with his Friends in his own courses. May Indra, girt by Maruts, be our succour.
3 Whose paths go forth in their great might resistless, forthmilking, as it were, heaven's genial moisture.
With manly strength triumphant, foe-subduer,-may Indra, girt by Maruts, be our succour.
4 Among Angirases he was the chiefest, a Friend with friends, mighty amid the mighty.
Praiser mid praisers, honoured most of singers. May Indra, girt by Maruts, be our succour.
5 Strong with the Rudras as with his own children, in manly battle conquering his foemen '
With his close comrades doing deeds of glory,-may Indra, girt by Maruts, be our succour.
6 Humbler of pride, exciter of the conflict, the Lord of heroes,
God invoked of many,
May he this day gain with our men the sunlight. May Indra, girt by Maruts, be our succour.
7 Refulgent in the Rudras' region he proceeds, and with the
Indra, to whom all beings turn their constant thought,-him girt by Maruts we invoke to be our Friend.
8 To him the Hero, on high days of prowess, heroes for help and booty shall betake them.
He hath found light even in the blinding darkness. May Indra, girt by Maruts, be our succour.
9 He with his left hand checketh even the mighty, and with his righthand gathereth up the booty.
Even with the humble he acquireth riches. May Indra, girt by Maruts, be our succour.
10 With hosts on foot and cars he winneth treasures: well is he known this day by all the people.
With manly might he conquereth those who hate him. May Indra, girt by Maruts, be our succour.
11 When in his ways with kinsmen or with strangers he speedeth to the fight, invoked of many,
For gain of waters, and of sons and grandsons, may Indra, girt by Maruts, be our succour.
12 Awful and fierce, fiend-slayer, thunder-wielder, with boundless knowledge, hymned by hundreds, mighty, 
In strength like Soma, guard of the Five Peoples, may Indra, girt by Maruts, be our succour.
13 Winning the light, hitherward roars his thunder like the terrific mighty voice of Heaven.
RICH gifts and treasures evermore attend him. May Indra, girt by Maruts, be our succour.
14 Whose home eternal through his strength surrounds him on every side, his laud, the earth and heaven,
May he, delighted with our service, save us. May Indra, girt by Maruts, be our succour.
15 The limit of whose power not Gods by Godhead, nor mortal men have reached, nor yet the Waters.
Both Earth and Heaven in vigour he surpasseth. May Indra, girt by Maruts, be our succour.
16 The red and tawny mare, blaze-marked, high standing, celestial who, to bring Rjasva riches,
Drew at the pole the chariot yoked with stallions, joyous, among the hosts of men was noted.
17 The Varsagiras unto thee, O Indra, the Mighty One, sing forth this laud to please thee,
Rjasva with his fellows, Ambarisa, Suradhys, Sahadeva, Bhayamana.
18 He, much invoked, hath slain Dasyus and Simyus, after his wont, and laid them low with arrows.
The mighty Thunderer with his fair-complexioned friends won the land, the sunlight, and the waters.
19 May Indra evermore be our protector, and unimperilled may we win the booty.
This prayer of ours may Varuna grant, and Mitra, and Aditi and Sindhu, Earth and Heaven.

HYMN CI. Indra.
1. SING, with oblation, praise to him who maketh glad, who with Rjrsavan drove the dusky brood away.
Fain for help, him the strong whose right hand wields the bolt, 
him girt by Maruts we invoke to be our Friend.
2 Indra, who with triumphant wrath smote Vyamsa down, and Sambara, and Pipru the unrighteous one;
Who extirpated Susna the insatiate, him girt by Maruts we invoke to be our Friend.
3 He whose great work of manly might is heaven and earth,
Rich gifts and treasures evermore attend him. May Indra, girt by Maruts we invoke to be our Friend.
4 He who is Lord and Master of the steeds and kine, honoured -the firm and sure- at every holy act;
Stayer even of the strong who pours no offering out, -him girt by Maruts we invoke to be our Friend.
5 He who is Lord of all the world that moves and breathes, 
Indra, whose law the rivers follow as they flow,-him girt by Maruts we invoke to be our Friend.
6 Whom cowards must invoke and valiant men of war,
For gain of waters, and of sons and grandsons, may Indra, girt by Maruts, be our succour.
7 Whom cowards must invoke and valiant men of war, 
For gain of waters, and of sons and grandsons, may Indra, girt by Maruts, be our succour.
12 Awful and fierce, fiend-slayer, thunder-wielder, with boundless knowledge, hymned by hundreds, mighty, 
In strength like Soma, guard of the Five Peoples, may Indra, girt by Maruts, be our succour.
13 Winning the light, hitherward roars his thunder like the terrific mighty voice of Heaven.
RICH gifts and treasures evermore attend him. May Indra, girt by Maruts, be our succour.
14 Whose home eternal through his strength surrounds him on every side, his laud, the earth and heaven,
May he, delighted with our service, save us. May Indra, girt by Maruts, be our succour.
15 The limit of whose power not Gods by Godhead, nor mortal men have reached, nor yet the Waters.
Both Earth and Heaven in vigour he surpasseth. May Indra, girt by Maruts, be our succour.
16 The red and tawny mare, blaze-marked, high standing, celestial who, to bring Rjasva riches,
Drew at the pole the chariot yoked with stallions, joyous, among the hosts of men was noted.
17 The Varsagiras unto thee, O Indra, the Mighty One, sing forth this laud to please thee,
Rjasva with his fellows, Ambarisa, Suradhys, Sahadeva, Bhayamana.
18 He, much invoked, hath slain Dasyus and Simyus, after his wont, and laid them low with arrows.
The mighty Thunderer with his fair-complexioned friends won the land, the sunlight, and the waters.
19 May Indra evermore be our protector, and unimperilled may we win the booty.
This prayer of ours may Varuna grant, and Mitra, and Aditi and Sindhu, Earth and Heaven.
HYMN CII. Indra.
1. To thee the Mighty One I bring this mighty hymn, for thy desire hath been gratified by my laud.
In Indra, yea in him victorious through his strength, the Gods have joyed at feast and when the Soma flowed.
2 The Seven Rivers bear his glory far and wide, and heaven and sky and earth display his comely form.
The Sun and Moon in change alternate run their course, that as the ancients possessed aforetime.
3 Maghavan, grant us that same car to bring us spoil, thy conquering car in which we joy in shock of fight.
Thou, Indra, whom our hearts praise highly in the war, grant may we win the booty.
4 Encourage thou our side in every fight: may we, with thee for our ally, conquer the foe's host.
Indra, bestow on us joy and felicity break down, O Maghavan, the vigour of our foes.
5 For here in divers ways these men invoking thee, holder of treasures, sing hymns to win thine aid.
Ascend the car that thou mayest bring spoil to us, for, Indra, thy fixt winneth the victory.
6 His arms win kine, his power is boundless in each act best, with a hundred helps waker of battle's din
Is Indra: none may rival him in mighty strength. Hence, eager for the spoil the people call on him.
7 Thy glory, Maghavan, exceeds a hundred yea, more than a hundred, than a thousand mid the folk,
The great bowl hath inspired thee boundlessly: so mayst thou slay the Vrtras breaker-down of forts!
8 Of thy great might there is a three counterpart, the three earths, Lord men and the three realms of light.
Above this whole world, Indra, thou hast waxen great: without a foe art thou, nature, from of old.
9 We invoke thee first among the Deities: thou hast become a mighty Conquer in fight.
May Indra fill with spirit this our singer's heart, and make our car impetuous, foremost in attack.
10 Thou hast prevailed, and hast not kept the booty back, in tripling battles in those of great account.
We make thee keen, the Mighty One, succour us: inspire us, Maghavan, when we defy the foe.

HYMN CIII. Indra.
1. THAT highest Indra-power of thine is distant: that which is here sages possessed aforetime.
This one is on the earth, in heaven the other, and both unite as flag with flag in battle.
2 He spread the wide earth out and firmly fixed it, smote with his thunderbolt and loosed the waters.
Maghavan with his puissance struck down Ahi, rent Rauhipa to death and slaughtered Vyarnsa.
3 Armed with his bolt and trusting in his prowess he wandered shattering the forts of Dasas.
Cast thy dart, knowing, Thunderer, at the Dasyu; increase the Aya's might and glory, Indra.
4 For him who thus hath taught these human races, Maghavan, bearing a fame-worthy title,
Thunderer, drawing nigh to slay the Dasyus, hath given himself the name of Son for glory.
5 See this abundant wealth that he possesses, and put your trust in Indra's hero vigour.
He found the cattle, and he found the horses, he found the plants, the forests and the waters.
6 To him the truly strong, whose deeds are many, to him the strong Bull let us pour the Soma.
The Hero, watching like a thief in ambush, goes parting the possessions of the godless.
7 Well didst thou do that hero deed, O Indra, in waking with thy bolt the slumbering Ahi.
in thee, delighted, Dames divine rejoiced them, the flying Maruts and all Gods were joyful.
8 As thou hast smitten Susna, Pipru, Vrtra and Kuyava, and Sambara's forts O Indra.
This prayer of ours may Varuna grant, and Mitra, and Aditi and Sindhu, Earth and Heaven.

HYMN CIV. Indra.
1. THE altar hath been made for thee to rest on: come like a paning courser and be seated.
Loosen thy flying Steeds, set free thy Horses who bear thee swiftly nigh at eve and morning.
2 These men have come to Indra for assistance: shall he not quickly come upon these pathways?
May the Gods quell the fury of the Dasa, and may they lead our folk to happy fortune.
3 He who hath only wish as his possession casts on himself, casts foam amid the waters.
Both wives of Kuyava in milk have bathed them: may they be drowned within the depth of Sipha.
4 This hath his kinship checked who lives beside us: with ancient streams forth speeds and rules the Hero, Anjasi, Kulis.
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.

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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 not us, Indra; do not thou forsaime 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.

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
Speed onward our oblations, God among the Gods, intelligent.
Mark this my woe, ye Earth and Heaven.
15. Varuna makes the holy prayer. To him who finds the path we pray.
He in the heart reveals his thought. Let sacred worship rise anew. Mark this my woe, ye Earth and Heaven.
16. That pathway of the Sun in heaven, made to be highly glorified,
Is not to be transgressed, O Gods. O mortals, ye behold it not.
Mark this my woe, ye Earth and Heaven.
17. Trta, when buried in the well, calls on the Gods to succour him.
That call of his Brhaspati heard and released him from distress.
Mark this my woe, ye Earth and Heaven.
18. A ruddy wolf beheld me once, as I was faring on my path.
He, like a carpenter whose back is aching crouched and slunk away. Mark this my woe, ye Earth and Heaven.
19. Through this our song may we, allied with Indra, with all our heroes conquer in the battle.
This prayer of ours may Varuna grant, and Mitra, and Aditi and Sindhu, Earth and Heaven.

HYMN CVI. Visvedevas.
1. CALL we for aid on Indra, Mitra, Varuna and Agni and the Marut host and Aditi.
Even as a chariot from a difficult ravine, bountiful Vasus, rescue us from all distress.
2. Come ye Adityas for our full prosperity, in conquests of the foe, ye Gods, bring joy to us.
Even as a chariot from a difficult ravine, bountiful Vasus, rescue us from all distress.
3. May the most glorious Fathers aid us, and the two Goddesses, Mothers of the Gods, who strengthen Law.
Even as a chariot from a difficult ravine, bountiful Vasus, rescue us from all distress.
4. To mighty Narasamsa, strengthening his might, to Pusan, ruler over men, we pray with hymns.
Even as a chariot from a difficult ravine, bountiful Vasus, rescue us from all distress.
5. Brhaspati, make us evermore an easy path: we crave what
boon thou hast for men in rest and stir.  
Like as a chariot from a difficult ravine, bountiful Vasus, 
rescue us from all distress.  
6 Sunk in the pit the Rsi Kutsa called, to aid, Indra the Vrtra-
slayer, Lord of power and might.  
Even as a chariot from a difficult ravine, bountiful Vasus, 
rescue us from all distress.  
7 May Aditi the Goddess guard us with the Gods: may the 
protecting God keep us with ceaseless care.  
This prayer of ours may Varuna grant, and Mitra, and Aditi 
and Sindhu, Earth and Heaven.  

HYMN CVIII. Indra-Agni.  
1. ON that most wondrous car of yours, O Indra and Agni,  
which looks round on all things living,  
Take ye your stand and come to us together, and drink 
libations of the flowing Soma.  
2 As vast as all this world is in its compass, deep as it is, with 
its far-stretching surface,  
So let this Soma be, Indra and Agni, made for your drinking 
till your soul be sated.  
3 For ye have won a blessed name together: yea, with one aim 
ye strove, O Vrtra-slayers.  
So Indra-Agni, seated here together, pour in, ye Mighty Ones, 
the mighty Soma.  
4 Both stand adorned, when fires are duly kindled, spreading 
the sacred grass, with lifted ladles.  
Drawn by strong Soma juice poured forth around us, come, 
Indra-Agni, and display your favour.  
5 The brave deeds ye have done, Indra and Agni, the forms ye 
have displayed and mighty exploits,  
The ancient and auspicious bonds of friendship,-for sake of 
these drink of the flowing Soma.  
6 As first I said when choosing you, in battle we must contend 
with Asuras for this Soma.  
So came ye unto this my true conviction, and drank libations 
of the flowing Soma.  
7 If in your dwelling, or with prince or Brahman, ye, Indra-
Agni, Holy Ones, rejoice you,  
Even from thence, ye mighty Lords, come hither, and drink 
libation of the flowing Soma.  
8 If with, the Yadus, Turvasas, ye sojourn, with Druhyus, 
Anus, Purus, Indra-Agni!
HYMN CX. Rbhus.

1. THE holy work I wrought before is wrought again: my sweetest hymn is sung to celebrate your praise.

Here, O ye Rbhus, is this sea for all the Gods: sate you with Soma offered with the hallowing word.

2 When, seeking your enjoyment onward from afar, ye, certain of my kinsmen, wandered on your way, Sons of Sudhanvan, after your long journeying, ye came unto the home of liberal Savitar.

3 Savitar therefore gave you immortality, because ye came proclaiming him whom naught can hide; And this the drinking-chalice of the Asura, which till that time was one, ye made to be fourfold.

4 When they had served with zeal at sacrifice as priests, they, mortal as they were, gained immortality. The Rbhus, children of Sudhanvan, bright as suns, were in a year's course made associate with prayers.

5 The Rbhus, with a rod measured, as twere a field, the single sacrificial chalice. wide of mouth, Lauaded of all who saw, praying for what is best, desiring glorious fame among Immortal Gods.

6 As oil in ladles, we through knowledge will present unto the Heroes of the firmament our hymn,-The Rbhus who came near with this great Father's speed, and rose to heaven's high sphere to cat the strengthening food.

7 Rbhu to us is Indra freshest in his might, Rbhu with powers was one, ye made to be fourfold.

5 The Rbhus, with a rod measured, as twere a field, the single sacrificial chalice. wide of mouth, Lauaded of all who saw, praying for what is best, desiring glorious fame among Immortal Gods.

6 As oil in ladles, we through knowledge will present unto the Heroes of the firmament our hymn,-The Rbhus who came near with this great Father's speed, and rose to heaven's high sphere to cat the strengthening food.

7 Rbhu to us is Indra freshest in his might, Rbhu with powers was one, ye made to be fourfold.

8 Out of a skin, O Rbhus, once ye formed a cow, and brought attacks of those who pour no offerings forth.

The Rbhus who came near with this great Father's speed, and rose to heaven's high sphere to cat the strengthening food.

7 Rbhu to us is Indra freshest in his might, Rbhu with powers was one, ye made to be fourfold.

8 Out of a skin, O Rbhus, once ye formed a cow, and brought attacks of those who pour no offerings forth.

The Rbhus who came near with this great Father's speed, and rose to heaven's high sphere to cat the strengthening food.

7 Rbhu to us is Indra freshest in his might, Rbhu with powers was one, ye made to be fourfold.

8 Out of a skin, O Rbhus, once ye formed a cow, and brought attacks of those who pour no offerings forth.

The Rbhus who came near with this great Father's speed, and rose to heaven's high sphere to cat the strengthening food.

7 Rbhu to us is Indra freshest in his might, Rbhu with powers was one, ye made to be fourfold.

8 Out of a skin, O Rbhus, once ye formed a cow, and brought attacks of those who pour no offerings forth.

The Rbhus who came near with this great Father's speed, and rose to heaven's high sphere to cat the strengthening food.

7 Rbhu to us is Indra freshest in his might, Rbhu with powers was one, ye made to be fourfold.

8 Out of a skin, O Rbhus, once ye formed a cow, and brought attacks of those who pour no offerings forth.

The Rbhus who came near with this great Father's speed, and rose to heaven's high sphere to cat the strengthening food.

7 Rbhu to us is Indra freshest in his might, Rbhu with powers was one, ye made to be fourfold.

8 Out of a skin, O Rbhus, once ye formed a cow, and brought attacks of those who pour no offerings forth.

The Rbhus who came near with this great Father's speed, and rose to heaven's high sphere to cat the strengthening food.

7 Rbhu to us is Indra freshest in his might, Rbhu with powers was one, ye made to be fourfold.

8 Out of a skin, O Rbhus, once ye formed a cow, and brought attacks of those who pour no offerings forth.

The Rbhus who came near with this great Father's speed, and rose to heaven's high sphere to cat the strengthening food.

7 Rbhu to us is Indra freshest in his might, Rbhu with powers was one, ye made to be fourfold.

8 Out of a skin, O Rbhus, once ye formed a cow, and brought attacks of those who pour no offerings forth.

The Rbhus who came near with this great Father's speed, and rose to heaven's high sphere to cat the strengthening food.

7 Rbhu to us is Indra freshest in his might, Rbhu with powers was one, ye made to be fourfold.

8 Out of a skin, O Rbhus, once ye formed a cow, and brought attacks of those who pour no offerings forth.

The Rbhus who came near with this great Father's speed, and rose to heaven's high sphere to cat the strengthening food.

7 Rbhu to us is Indra freshest in his might, Rbhu with powers was one, ye made to be fourfold.

8 Out of a skin, O Rbhus, once ye formed a cow, and brought attacks of those who pour no offerings forth.

The Rbhus who came near with this great Father's speed, and rose to heaven's high sphere to cat the strengthening food.

7 Rbhu to us is Indra freshest in his might, Rbhu with powers was one, ye made to be fourfold.
HYMN CXIII. Dawn.

1. This light is come, amid all lights the fairest; born is the brilliant, far-extending brightness. Night, sent away for Savitri's uprising, hath yielded up a birth-place for the Morning.

2. The Fair, the Bright is come with her white offspring; to her the Dark One hath resigned her dwelling. Akin, immortal, following each other, changing their colours both the heavens move onward.

3 Common, unending is the Sisters' pathway; taught by the Gods, alternately they travel. Fair-formed, of different hues and yet one-minded, Night and Dawn clash not, neither do they travel.

4 Bright leader of glad sounds, our eyes behold her; splendid in hue she hath unclosed the portals. She, stirring up the world, hath shown us riches: Dawn hath awakened every living creature.

5 Rich Dawn, she sets afoot the coiled-up sleeper, one for enjoyment, one for wealth or worship, Those who saw little for extended vision. All living creatures hath the Dawn awakened.

6 One to high sway, one to exalted glory, one to pursue his gain, and one his labour: All to regard their different vocations, all moving creatures hath the Dawn awakened.

7 We see her there, the Child of Heaven apparent, the young Maid, flushing in her shining raiment. Thou soyran Lady of all earthly treasure, flush on us here, auspicious Dawn, this morning.

8 She first of endless morns to come hereafter, follows the path of morns that have departed. Dawn, at her rising, urges forth the living him who is dead she wakes not from his slumber.

9 As thou, Dawn, hast caused Agni to be kindled, and with the Sun's eye hast revealed creation. And hast awakened men to offer worship, thou hast performed, for Gods, a noble service.

10 How long a time, and they shall be together,-Dawns that have shone and Dawns to shine hereafter? She yearns for former Dawns with eager longing, and goes forth gladly shining with the others.

11 Gone are the men who in the days before us looked on the rising of the earlier Morning. We, we the living, now behold her brightness and they come nigh who shall hereafter see her.

12 Foe-chaser, born of Law, the Law's protectress, joy-giver waker of all pleasant voices, Auspicious, bringing food for Gods' enjoyment, shine on us here, most bright, O Dawn, this morning.

13 From days eternal hath Dawn shone, the Goddess, and shows this light to-day, endowed with riches. So will she shine on days to come immortal she moves on in her own strength, undecaying.

14 In the sky's borders hath she shone in splendour: the Goddess hath thrown off the veil of darkness. Awakening the world with purple horses, on her well-harnessed chariot Dawn approaches.

15 Bringing all life-sustaining blessings with her, showing herself she sends forth brilliant lustre. Last of the countless mornings that have vanished, first of bright morns to come hath Dawn arisen.

16 Arise! the breath, the life, again hath reached us: darkness hath passed away and light approacheth. She for the Sun hath left a path to travel we have arrived where men prolong existence.

17 Singing the praises of refulgent Mornings with his hymn's
HYMN CXIV. Rudra.

1. To the strong Rudra bring we these our songs of praise, to him the Lord of Heros with the braided hair,
   That it be well with all our cattle and our men, that in this village all he healthy and well-fed.
2. Be gracious unto us, O Rudra, bring us joy: thee, Lord of Heros, thee with reverence will we serve.
   Whatever health and strength our father Manu won by sacrifice may we, under thy guidance, gain.
3. By worship of the Gods may we, O Bounteous One, O Rudra, gain thy grace, Ruler of valiant men.
   Come to our families, bringing them bliss: may we, whose heroes are uninjured, bring thee sacred gifts.
4. Hither we call for aid the wise, the wanderer, impetuous Rudra, perfecter of sacrifice.
5. Him with the braided hair we call with reverence down, the Father of the Maruts, hear our calling.
   May he, his hand filled full of sovran medicines, grant us protection, shelter, and a home secure.
6. To him the Maruts' Father is this hymn addressed, to strengthen Rudra's might, a song more sweet than sweet.
   Whatever health and strength our father Manu won by sacrifice may we, under thy guidance, gain.
7. O Rudra, harm not either great or small of us, harm not the growing boy, harm not the full-grown man.
   Slay not a sire among us, slay no mother here, and to our own dear bodies, Rudra, do not harm.
8. Harm us not, Rudra, in our seed and progeny, harm us not in the living, nor in cows or steeds,
   Slay not our heroes in the fury of thy wrath. Bringing oblations evermore we call to thee.
9. Even as a herdsman I have brought thee hymns of praise: O Father of the Maruts, give us happiness,
   Blessed is thy most favouring benevolence, so, verily, do we desire thy saving help.
10. Far be thy dart that killeth men or cattle: thy bliss be with us, O thou Lord of Heros,
    Be gracious unto us, O God, and bless us, and then vouchsafe us doubly-strong protection.
11. We, seeking help, have spoken and adored him: may Rudra,
    girl by Maruts, hear our calling.
   This prayer of ours may Varuna grant, and Mitra, and Aditi and Sindhu, Earth and Heaven.

HYMN CXV. Surya.

1. THE brilliant presence of the Gods hath risen, the eye of
   Mitra, Varuna and Agni.
   The soul of all that moveth not or moveth, the Sun hath filled
   the air and earth and heaven.
2. Like as a young man followeth a maiden, so doth the Sun the
   Dawn, refulgent Goddess:
   Where pious men extend their generations, before the
   Auspicious One for happy fortune.
3. Auspicious are the Sun's Bay-coloured Horses, bright,
   changing hues, meet for our shouts of triumph.
   Bearing our prayers, die sky's ridge have they mounted, and in
   a moment speed round earth and heaven.
4. This is the Godhead, this might of Surya: he hath withdrawn
   what spread o'er work unfinished.
   When he hath loosed his Horses from their station, straight
   over all Night spreadeth out her garment.
5. In the sky's lap the Sun this form assumeth that Varuna and
   Mitra may behold it.
   His Bay Steeds well maintain his power eternal, at one time
   bright and darksome at another.
6. This day, O Gods, while Surya is ascending, deliver us from
   trouble and dishonour.
   This prayer of ours may Varuna grant, and Mitra, and Aditi
   and Sindhu, Earth and Heaven.

HYMN CXVI. Asvins.

1. I TRIM like grass my song for the Nasatyas and send their
   lauds forth as the wind drives rain-clouds,
   Who, in a chariot rapid as an arrow, brought to the youthful
   Vimada a consort.
2. Borne on by rapid steeds of mighty pinion, or proudly
   trusting in the Gods' incitements.
   That stallion ass of yours won, O Nasatyas, that thousand in
   the race, in Yama's contest.
3. Yea, Asvins, as a dead man leaves his riches, Tugra left
   Bhujyu in the cloud of waters.
   Ye brought him back in animated vessels, traversing air,
   unwetted by the billows.
4. Bhujyu ye bore with winged things, Nasatyas, which for
   three nights, three days full swiftly travelled,
   To the sea's farther shore, the strand of ocean, in three cars,
   hundred-footed, with six horses.
5. Ye wrought that hero exploit in the ocean which giveth no
   support, or hold or station,
   What time ye carried Bhujyu to his dwelling, borne in a ship
   with hundred oars, O Asvins.
6. The white horse which of old ye gave Aghasva, Asvins, a
   gift to be his wealth for ever;-
   Still to be praised is that your glorious present, still to be
   famed is the braye horse of Pedu.
7. O Heroes, ye gave wisdom to Kaksivan who sprang from
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Pajra's line, who sang your praises.
Ye poured forth from the hoof of your strong charger a hundred jars of wine as from a strainer.
8 Ye warded off with cold the fire's fierce burning; food very rich in nourishment ye furnished.
Atri, cast downward in the cavern, Asvins ye brought, with all his people, forth to comfort.
9 Ye lifted up the well, O ye Nasatyas, and set the base on high to open downward.
Streams flowed for folk of Gotama who thirsted, like rain to fall on earth.
10 Ye from the old Cyavana, O Nasatyas, stripped, as 'twere mail, the skin upon his body,
Lengthened his life when all had left him helpless, Dasras! and made him lord of youthful maidens.
11 Worthy of praise and worth the winning, Heroes, is that your favouring succour O Nasatyas,
What time ye, knowing well his case, delivered Vandana from the pit like hidden treasure.
12 That mighty deed of yours, for gain, O Heroes, as thunder heraldeth the rain, I publish.
When, by the horse's head, Atharvan's offspring Dadhyac made known to you the Soma's sweetness.
13 In the great rite the wise dame called, Nasatyas, you, Lords of many treasures, to assist her.
Ye heard the weakling's wife, as 'twere an order, and gave to her a son Hiranyahasta.
14 Ye from the wolf's jaws, as ye stood together, set free the quail, O Heroes, O Nasatyas.
Ye, Lords of many treasures, gave the poet his perfect vision as he mourned his trouble.
15 When in the time of night, in Khela's battle, a leg was severed like a wild bird's pinion,
Straight ye gave Vispali a leg of iron that she might move what time the conflict opened.
16 His father robbed Rjasva of his eyesight who for the she-wolf slew a hundred wethers.
Ye gave him eyes, Nasatyas, Wonder-Workers, Physicians, that he saw with sight uninjured.
17 The Daughter of the Sun your car ascended, first reaching as it were the goal with coursers.
All Deities within their hearts assented, and ye, Nasatyas, are close linked with glory.
18 When to his house ye came, to Divodasa, hasting to Bharadvaja, O ye Asvins,
The car that came with you brought splendid riches: a porpoise and a bull were yoked together.
19 Ye, bringing wealth with rule, and life with offspring, life rich in noble heroes; O Nasatyas, Accordant came with strength to Jahn's children who offered you thrice every day your portion.
20 Ye bore away at night by easy pathways Jahusa compassed round on every quarter,
And, with your car that cleaves the toe asunder, Nasatyas never decaying! rent the mountains.
21 One morn ye strengthened Vaga for the battle, to gather spoils that might be told in thousands.
With Indra joined ye drove away misfortunes, yea foes of Prthusravas, O ye mighty.
22 From the deep well ye raised on high the water, so that Reakt'a's son, Sara, should drink it;
And with your might, to help the weary Sayu, ye made the barren cow yield milk, Nasatyas.
23 To Visvaka, Nasatyas! son of Krsna, the righteous man who sought your aid and praised you,
Ye with your powers restored, like some lost creature, his son Visnapu for his eyes to look on.
24 Asvins, ye raised, like Soma in a ladle Rebha, who for ten days and ten nights, fettered.
Had lain in cruel bonds, immersed and wounded, suffering sore affliction, in the waters.
25 I have declared your wondrous deeds, O Asvins: may this be mine, and many kine and heroes.
May I, enjoying lengthened life, still seeing, enter old age as 'twere the house I live in.

HYMN CXVII. Asvins.
1. ASVINS, your ancient priest invites you hither to gladden you with draughts of meath of Soma.
Our gift is on the grass, our song apportioned: with food and strength come hither, O Nasatyas.
2 That car of yours, swifter than thought, O Asvins, which drawn by brave steeds cometh to the people,
Whereon ye seek the dwelling of the pious,-come ye thereon to our abode, O Heroes.
3 Ye freed sage Atri, whom the Five Tribes honoured, from the strait pit, ye Heroes with his people,
Baffling the guiles of the malignant Dasyu, repelling them, ye Mighty in succession.
4 Rebha the sage, ye mighty Heroes, Asvins! whom, like a horse, vile men had sunk in water,-
Him, wounded, with your wondrous power ye rescued: your exploits of old time endure for ever.
5 Ye brought forth Vandana, ye Wonder-Workers, for triumph, like fair gold that hath been buried,
Like one who slumbered in destruction's bosom, or like the Sun when dwelling in the darkness.
6 Kaksivan, Pajra's son, must laud that exploit of yours, Nasatyas, Heroes, ye who wander!
When from the hoof of your strong horse ye showered a hundred jars of honey for the people.
7 To Krsna's son, to Visvaka who praised you, O Heroes, ye restored his son Visnapu.
To Ghosa, living in her father's dwelling, stricken in years, ye gave a husband, Asvins.
8 Rusati, of the mighty people, Asvins, ye gave to Syava of the line of Kanva.
This deed of yours, ye Strong Ones should be published, that ye gave glory to the son of Nrsad.
9 O Asvins, wearing many forms at pleasure, on Pedu ye bestowed a fleet-foot courser,
Strong, winner of a thousand spoils, resistless the serpent slayer, glorious, triumphant.

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10 These glorious things are yours, ye Bounteous Givers; prayer, praise in both worlds are your habitation.
O Asvins, when the sons of Paira call you, send strength with nourishment to him who knoweth.
11 Hymned with the reverence of a son, O Asvins ye Swift Ones giving booty to the singer, Glorified by Agastya with devotion, established Vispala again, Nasatyas.
12 Ye Sons of Heaven, ye Mighty, whither went ye, sought ye, for his fair praise the home of Kdvya.
When, like a pitcher full of gold, O Asvins, on the tenth day ye lifted up the buried?
13 Ye with the aid of your great powers, O Asvins, restored to youth the ancient man Cyavana.
The Daughter of the Sun with all her glory, O ye Nasatyas, chose your car to bear her.
14 Ye, ever-youthful Ones, again remembered Tugra, according to your ancient manner:
With horses brown of hue that flew with swift wings ye brought back Bhujyu from the sea of billows.
15 The son of Tugra had invoked you, Asvins; borne on he went uninjured through the ocean.
Ye with your chariot swift as thought, well-harnessed, carried him off, O Mighty Ones, to safety.
16 The quail had invoked you, O Asvins, when from the wolf's devouring jaws ye freed her.
With conquering car ye cleft the mountain's ridges: the offsping of Visvac ye killed with poison.
17 He whom for furnishing a hundred wethers to the she-wolf, his wicked father blinded,
To him, Rjasva, gave ye eyes, O Asvins; light to the blind ye sent for perfect vision.
18 To bring the blind man joy thus cried the she-wolf: O Asvins, O ye Mighty Ones, O Heroes,
For me Rjasva, like a youthful lover, hath. cut piecemeal one and a hundred wethers.
19 Great and weal-giving is your aid, O Asvins, ye, objects of all thought, made whole the cripple.
Purandhi also for this cause invoked you, and ye, O mighty, came to her with succours.
20 Ye, Wonder-Workers, filled with milk for Sayu the milkless cow, emaciated, barren;
And by your powers the child of Purumitra ye brought to Vimada to be his consort.
21 Ploughing and sowing barley, O ye Asvins, milking out food for men, ye Wonder-Workers, Busting away the Dasyu with your trumpet, ye gave far-spreading light unto the Arya.
22 Ye brought the horse's head, Asvins, and gave it unto Dadhyac the offsping of Atharvan.
True, he revealed to you, O WonderWorkers, sweet Soma, Tvastar's secret, as your girdle.
23 O Sages, evermore I crave your favour: be gracious unto all my prayers, O Asvins.
Grant me, Nasatyas, riches in abundance, wealth famous and accompanied with children.
24 With liberal bounty to the weakening's consorts ye, Heroes, gave a son Hiranyahasta;
And Syava, cut into three several pieces, ye brought to life again, O bounteous Asvins.
25 These your heroic exploits, O ye Asvins, done in the days of old, have men related.
May we, addressing prayer to you, ye Mighty, speak with brave sons about us to. the synod.

HYMN CXVIII. Asvins.
1. FLYING, with falcons, may your chariot, Asvins, most gracious, bringing friendly help, come hither:-
Your chariot, swifter than the mind of mortal, fleet as the wind, three-seated O ye Mighty.
2 Come to us with your chariot triple seated, three-wheeled, of triple form, that rolleth lightly.
Fill full our cows, give mettle to our horses, and make each hero son grow strong, O Asvins.
3 With your well-rolling car, descending swiftly, hear this the press-stone's song, ye Wonder-Workers.
How then have ancient sages said, O Asvins, that ye most swiftly come to stay affliction?
4 O Asvins, let your falcons bear you hither, yoked to your chariot, swift, with flying pinions,
Which, ever active, like the airy eagles, carry you, O Nasatyas, to the banquet.
5 The youthful Daughter of the Sun, delighting in you, ascended there your chariot, Heroes.
Borne on their swift wings let your beauteous horses, your birds of ruddy hue, convey you near us.
6 Ye raised up Vandana, strong WonderWorkers! with great might, and with power ye rescued Rebha.
From out the sea ye saved the son of Tugra, and gave his youth again unto Cyavana.
7 To Atri, cast down to the fire that scorched him, ye gave, O Asvins, strengthening thod and favour.
Accepting his fair praises with approval, ye gave his eyes again to blinded Kanva.
8 For ancient Sayti in his sore affliction ye caused his cow to swell with milk, O Asvins.
The quail from her great misery ye delivered, and a new leg for Vispala provided.
9 A white horse, Asvins, ye bestowed on Pedu, a serpent-slaying steed sent down by Indra,
Loud-neighing, conquering the foe, highmettled, firm-limbed and vigorous, winning thousand treasures.
10 Such as ye are, O nobly horn, O Heroes, we in our trouble call on you for succour.
Accepting these our songs, for our wellbeing come to us on your chariot treasure-laden.
11 Come unto us combined in love, Nasatyas come with the fresh swift vigour of the falcon.
Bearing oblations I invoke you, Asvins, at the first break of everlasting morning.

HYMN CXIX. Asvins.
1. HITHER, that I may live, I call unto the feast your
wondrous car, thought-swift, borne on by rapid steeds. With thousand banners, hundred treasures, pouring gifts, promptly obedient, bestowing ample room. 2 Even as it moveth near my hymn is lifted up, and all the regions come together to sing praise. 1 sweeten the oblations; now the helpers come. Urajani hath, O Asvins, mounted on your car. 3 When striving man with man for glory they have met, brisk, measureless, eager for victory in fight, Then verily your car is seen upon the slope when ye, O Asvins, bring some choice boon to the prince. 4 Ye came to Bhujyu while he struggled in the flood, with flying birds, self-yoked, ye bore him to his sires. Ye went to the far-distant home, O Mighty Ones; and famed is your great aid to Divodisa given. 5 Asvins, the car which you had yoked for glorious show your own two voices urged directed to its goal. Then she who came for friendship, Maid of noble birth, elected you as Husbands, you to be her Lords. 6 Rebha ye saved from tyranny; for Atri's sake ye quenched with cold the fiery pit that compassed him. Ye made the cow of Sayu stream refreshing milk, and Vandana was holpen to extended life. 7 Doers of marvels, skilful workers, ye restored Vandana, like a car, worn out with length of days. From earth ye brought the sage to life in wondrous mode; be your great deeds done here for him who honours you. 8 Ye went to him who mourned in a far distant place, him who was left forlorn by treachery of his sire. Rich with the light of heaven was then the help ye gave, and marvellous your succour when ye stood by him. 9 To you in praise of sweetness sang the honey-bee: Ausija calleth you in Soma's rapturous joy. Ye drew unto yourselves the spirit of Dadhyac, and then the horse's mate, his self-born host regarded, the horse's mate, the mother of the heifer. 10 A horse did ye provide for Pedu, excellent, white, O ye Asvins, conqueror of combatants, invincible in war by arrows, seeking heaven worthy of fame, like Indra, vanquisher of men.

HYMN CXX. Asvins. 1. ASVINS, what praise may win your grace? Who may be pleasing to you both? How shall the ignorant worship you? 2 Here let the ignorant ask the means of you who know-for none beside you knoweth aught - Not of a spiritless mortal man. 3 Such as ye: are, all-wise, we call you. Ye wise, declare to us this day accepted prayer. Loving you well your servant lauds you. 4 Simply, ye Mighty Ones, I ask the Gods of that wondrous oblation hallowed by the mystic word. Save us from what is stronger, fiercer than ourselves. 5 Forth go the hymn that shone in Ghosa Bhrigu's like, the song wherewith the son of Pajra worships you, Like some wise minister. 6 Hear ye the song of him who hastens speedily. O Asvins, I am he who sang your praise. Hither, ye Lords of Splendour, hither turn your eyes. 7 For ye were ever nigh to deal forth ample wealth, to give the wealth that ye had gathered up. As such, ye Vasus, guard us well, and keep us safely from the wicked wolf. 8 Give us not up to any man who hateth us, nor let our milch-cows stray, whose udders give us food, Far from our homes without their calves. 9 May they who love you gain you for their Friends. Prepare ye us for opulence with strengthening food, Prepare us for the food that floweth from our cows 10 I have obtained the horseless car of Asvins rich in sacrifice, And I am well content therewith. 11 May it convey me evermore: may the light chariot pass from men To men unto the Soma draught. 12 It holdeth slumber in contempt. and the rich who enjoyeth not: Both vanish quickly and are lost. HYMN CXXI, Indra. 1. WHEN Will men's guardians hasting hear with favour the song of Angiras's pious children? When to the people of the home he cometh he strideth to the sacrifice, the Holy. 2 He stablished heaven; he poured forth, skilful worker, the wealth of kine, for strength, that nurtures heroes, The Mighty One his self-born host regarded, the horse's mate, the mother of the heifer. 3 Lord of red dawns, he came victorious, daily to the Angirases' former invocation. His bolt and team hath he prepared, and stablished the heaven for quadrupeds and men two-footed. 4 In joy of this thou didst restore, for worship, the lowing company of hidden cattle. When the three-pointed one descends with onslaught he opens wide the doors that cause man trouble. 5 Thine is that milk which thy swift-moving Parents brought down, a strengthening genial gift for conquest; When the pure treasure unto thee they offered, the milk shed from the cow who streameth nectar. 6 There is he born. May the Swift give us rapture, and like the Sun shine forth from yonder dawning, Indu, even us who drank, whose toils are offerings, poured from the spoon, with praise, upon the altar. 7 When the wood-pile, made of good logs, is ready, at the Sun's worship to bind fast the Bullock, Then when thou shinest forth through days of action for the Car-borne, the Swift, tile Cattle-seeker. 8 Eight steeds thou broughtest down from mighty heaven, when fighting for the well that giveth splendour, That men might press with stones the gladdening yellow, strengthened with milk, fermenting, to exalt thee. 9 Thou hurledst forth from heaven the iron missile, brought by the Skilful, from the sling of leather, When thou, O Much-invoked, assisting Kutsa with endless
deadly darts didst compass Susna.
10 Bolt-armed, ere darkness overtook the sunlight, thou castest
at the veiling cloud thy weapon,
Thou rentest, out of heaven, though firmly knotted, the might
of Susna that was thrown around him.
11 The mighty Heaven and Earth, those bright expanes that
have no wheels, joyed, Indra, at thine exploit.
Vṛtra, the boar who lay amid the waters, to sleep thou sentest
with thy mighty thunder.
12 Mount Indra, lover of the men thou guardest, the well-
yoked horses of the wind, best bearers. The bolt which Kavya Usana erst gave thee, strong,
gladdening, Vṛtra-slaying, hath he fashioned *
13 The strong Bay Horses of the Sun thou stayedst: this Etasa
drew not the wheel, O Indra.
Casting them forth beyond the ninety rivers thou dravest down
into the pit the godless.
14 Indra, preserve thou us from this affliction Thunder-armed,
with thy mighty thunder.
Vrtra, the boar who lay amid the waters, to sleep thou sentest
have no wheels, joyed, Indra, at thine exploit.
May all in whom rest splendour and great riches obtain
refreshment in these sacrifices.
13 We will rejoice to drink the tenfold present when the
twelve five come bearing sacred viands.
What can he do whose steeds and reins are choicest? These,
the all-potent, urge brave men to conquest.
14 The sea and all the Deities shall give us him with the golden
draught we come to taste, so spake they.
May all in whom rest splendour and great riches obtain
refreshment in these sacrifices.
15 Four youthful sons of Masarsara vex me, three, of the king,
the conquering Ayavasa.
Now like the Sun, O Varuna and Mitra, your car hath shone,
long-shaped and reined with splendour.

HYMN CXXII. Visvadevas.
1. SAY, bringing sacrifice to bounteous Rudra, This juice for
drink to you whose wrath is fleeting!
With Dyaus the Asura's Heroes I have lauded the Maruts as
with prayer to Earth and Heaven.
2 Strong to exalt the early invocation are Night and Dawn who
show with varied aspect.
The Barren clothes her in wide-woven raiment, and fair Morn
shines with Surya's golden splendour.
3 Cheer us the Roamer round, who strikes at morning, the
Wind delight us, pourer forth of waters!
Sharpen our wits, O Parvata and Indra. May all the Gods
vouchsafe to us this favour.
4 And Ausija shall call for me that famous Pair who enjoy and
drink, who come to brighten.
Set ye the Offspring of the Floods before you; both Mothers of
the Living One who beameth.
5 For you shall Ausija call him who thunders, as, to win
Arjuna's assent, cried Ghosa.
I will invoke, that Pusan may be bounteous to you, the rich
munificence of Agni.
6 Hear, Mitra-Varuna, these mine invocations, hear them from
all men in the hall of worship.
Giver of famous gifts, kind hearer, Sindhu who gives fair
fields, listen with all his waters 1
7 Praised, Mitra, Varuna! is your gift, a hundred cows to the
Prksayamas and the Pajra.
Presented by car-famous Priyaratha, supplying nourishment,
they came directly.
8 Praised is the gift of him the very wealthy: may we enjoy it,
men with hero children:
His who hath many gifts to give the Pajras, a chief who makes
me rich in cars and horses.
9 The folk, O Mitra-Varuna, who hate you, who sinfully hating
pour you no libations,
Lay in their hearts, themselves, a wasting sickness, whereas
the righteous gaineth all by worship.
10 That man, most puissant, wondrously urged onward, famed
among heroes, liberal in giving,
Moveth a warrior, evermore undaunted in all encounters even
with the mighty.
11 Come to the man's, the sacrificer's calling: hear, Kings of
Immortality, joy-givers!
While ye who speed through clouds decree your bounty
largely, for fame, to him the chariot rider.
12 Vigour will we bestow on that adorer whose tenfold
draught we come to taste, so spake they.
May all in whom rest splendour and great riches obtain
refreshment in these sacrifices.
13 We will rejoice to drink the tenfold present when the
twelve five come bearing sacred viands.
What can he do whose steeds and reins are choicest? These,
the all-potent, urge brave men to conquest.
14 The sea and all the Deities shall give us him with the golden
draught we come to taste, so spake they.
May all in whom rest splendour and great riches obtain
refreshment in these sacrifices.
15 Four youthful sons of Masarsara vex me, three, of the king,
the conquering Ayavasa.
Now like the Sun, O Varuna and Mitra, your car hath shone,
long-shaped and reined with splendour.

HYMN CXXIII. Dawn.
1. THE Daksina's broad chariot hath been harnessed: this car
the Gods Immortal have ascended.
Fain to bring light to homes of men the noble and active
Godess hath emerged from darkness.
2 She before all the living world hath wakened, the Lofty One
who wins and gathers treasure.
Revived and ever young on high she glances. Dawn hath come
first unto our morning worship.
3 If, Dawn, thou Goddess nobly born, thou dealest fortune this
day to all the race of mortals,
May Savitar the God, Friend of the homestead, declare before
the Sun that we are sinless.
4 Showing her wonted form each day that passeth, spreading
the light she visiteth each dwelling.
Eager for conquest, with bright sheen she cometh. Her portion
is the best of goodly treasures.
5 Sister of Varuna, sister of Bhaga, first among all sing forth,
O Joyous Morning.
Weak be the strength of him who worketh evil - may we
subdue him with our car the guerdon.
6 Let our glad hymns and holy thoughts rise upward, for the
flames brightly burning have ascended.
The far-refulgent Mornings make apparent the lovely treasures
which the darkness covered.
7 The one departeth and the other cometh: unlike in hue day's,
halves march on successive.
One hides the gloom of the surrounding Parents. Dawn on her shining chariot is resplendent.
8 The same in form to-day, the same tomorrow, they still keep Varuna's eternal statute.
Blameless, in turn they traverse thirty regions, and dart across the spirit in a moment.
9 She who hath knowledge Of the first day's nature is born refulgent white from out the darkness.
The Maiden breaketh not the law of Order, day by day coming to the place appointed.
10 In pride of beauty like a maid thou goest, O Goddess, to the God who longs to win thee,
And smiling youthful, as thou shinnest brightly, before him thou discoverest thy bosom.
11 Fair as a bride embellished by her mother thou showest forth thy form that all may see it.
Blessed art thou O Dawn. Shine yet more widely. No other Dawns have reached what thou attainest.
12 Rich in kine, horses, and all goodly treasures, in constant operation with the sunbeams,
The Dawns depart and come again assuming their wonted forms that promise happy fortune.
13 Obedient to the rein of Law Eternal give us each thought that more and more shall bless us.
Shine thou on us to-day, Dawn, swift to listen. With us be riches and with chiefs who worship.

HYMN CXXIV. Dawn.
1. THE Dawn refulgent when the fire is kindled, and the Sun rising, far diffuse their brightness.
Savitar, God, hath sent us forth to labour, each quadruped, each biped, to be active.
2 Not interrupting heavenly ordinances, although she minisheth human generations.
The last of endless morns that have departed, the first of those that come, Dawn brightly shineth.
3 There in the eastern region she, Heaven's Daughter, arrayed in garments all of light, appeareth.
Truly she followeth the path of Order, nor faileth, knowing well, the heavenly quarters.
4 Near is she seen, as 'twere the Bright One's bosom: she sheweth sweet things like a new song-singer.
She cometh like a fly awaking sleepers, of all. returning dames most true and constant.
5 There in the east half of the watery region the Mother of the Cows hath shown her ensign.
Wider and wider still she spreadeth onward, and filleth full the laps of both heir Parents.
6 She, verily, exceeding vast to look on debarreth from her light nor kin nor stranger.
Proud of her spotless form she, brightly shiming, turneth not from the high nor fromon the humble.
7 She seeketh men, as she who hath no brother, mounting her car, as 'twere to gather riches.
Dawn, like a loving matron for her husband, smiling and well attired, unmaskst her beauty.
8 The Sister quitteth, for the elder Sister, her place, and having looked on her departeth.
She decks her beauty, shining forth with sunbeams, like women trooping to the festal meeting.
9 To all these Sisters who ere now have vanished a later one each day in course succeedeth.
So, like the past, with days of happy fortune, may the new Dawns shine forth on us with riches.
10 Rouse up, O Wealthy One, the liberal givers; let niggard traffickers sleep on unwakened:
Shine richly, Wealthy One, on those who worship, richly, glad. Dawn while wasting, on the singer.
11 This young Maid from the east hath shone upon us; she harnesseth her team of bright red oxen.
She will beam forth, the light will hasten hither, and Agni will be present in each dwelling.
12 As the birds fly forth from their resting places, so men with store of food rise at thy dawning.
Yea, to the liberal mortal who remaineth at home, O Goddess Dawn, much good thou bringest.
13 Praised through my prayer be ye who should be lauded. Ye have increased our wealth, ye Dawns who love us.
Gods, may we win by your good favour wealth to be told by hundreds and by thousands.

HYMN CXXV. Svanaya.
1. COMING at early morn he gives his treasure; the prudent one receives and entertains him.
Thereby increasing still his life and offspring, he comes with brave sons to abundant riches.
2 Rich shall he be in gold and kine and horses. Indra bestows on him great vital power,
Who stays thee, as thou comest, with his treasure, like game caught in the net, O early comer.
3 Longing, I came this morning to the pious, the son of sacrifice, with car wealth laden.
Give him to drink juice of the stalk that gladdens; prosper with pleasant hymns the Lord of Heroes.
4 Health-bringing streams, as milch-cows, flow to profit him who hath worshipped, him who now will worship.
To him who freely gives and fills on all sides full streams of fatness flow and make him famous.
5 On the high ridge of heaven he stands exalted, yea, to the Gods he goes, the liberal giver.
The streams, the waters flow for him with fatness: to him this guerdon ever yields abundance.
6 For those who give rich meeds are all these splendours, for those who give rich meeds suns shine in heaven.
The givers of rich meeds are made immortal; the givers of rich fees prolong their lifetime.
7 Let not the liberal sink to sin and sorrow, never decay the pious -chiefs who worship!
Let every man besides be their protection, and let affliction fall upon the niggard.

HYMN CXXVI. Bhavayaya.
1. WITH wisdom I present these lively praises of Bhavya
Pajras, who with your wains with your great kinsman, like milkers, and tree harnessed horses,
5 An earlier gift for you have I accepted eight cows, good coursers decked with pearly trappings.
Reeling in joy Kaksivan's sons and Pajra's have grounded the lead the long procession.
4 Forty bay horses of the ten cars' master before a thousand gained them when the days were closing.
Kine numbering sixty thousand followed after. Kaksivan hath he spread to heaven.
Of the lord's cows a thousand, I Kaksivan. His deathless glory gift-steeds I at once accepted;
2 A hundred necklets from the King, beseeching, a hundred thousand sacrifices.
For he, unconquered King, desiring glory, hath furnished me a dweller on the bank of Sindhu;
Whom, Bull with hair of flame the people must observe, the Priest of men,
Thee, wandering round as 't were the sky, who art the invoking singers' hymns;
Angirases, Singer, with hymns, thee, brilliant One! with sacrifices, call on thee best worshipper, the eldest of He, when the flame hath sprung forth from the holy oil, the Lord of fair rites, a God with form erected turning to the Gods, all, Strength, who knoweth all that live, as holy Singer, knowing all, who slayeth demon foes, slayeth the demons like an axe:
3 He with his shining glory blazing far and wide, he verily it is who makes his path clear.
3 In ordered course forthwith he traverses the earth, swift-swallowing, bellowing Steer, bearing the genial seed, bearing the seed and bellowing.
Observant with a hundred eyes the God is conqueror in the wood:
Agni, who hath his seat in broad plains here below, and in the

HYMN CXXVII Agni.
1. AGNI I hold as herald, the munificent, the gracious, Son of Strength, who knoweth all that live, as holy Singer, knowing all, Lord of fair rites, a God with form erected turning to the Gods, He, when the flame hath sprung forth from the holy oil, the offered fatness, longeth for it with his glow.
2 We, sacrificing, call on thee best worshipper, the eldest of Angirases, Singer, with hymns, thee, brilliant One! with singers' hymns;
Thee, wandering round as 't were the sky, who art the invoking Priest of men,
Whom, Bull with hair of flame the people must observe, the people that he speed them on.
3 He with his shining glory blazing far and wide, he verily it is who slayeth demon foes, slayeth the demons like an axe:
At whose close touch things solid shake, and what is stable yields like trees.
Subduing all, he keeps his ground and finches not, from the skilled archer finches not.
4 To him, as one who knows, even things solid yield: unrough fire-sticks heated hot he gives his gifts to aid. Men offer Agni gifts for aid.
He deeply piercing many a thing hews it like wood with fervent glow.
Even hard and solid food he crunches with his might, yea, hard and solid food with might.
5 Here near we place the sacrificial food for him who shines forth fairer in the night than in the day, with life then stronger than by day.
His life gives sure and firm defence as that one giveth to a son. The during fires enjoy things given and things not given, the during fires enjoy as food.
6 He, roaring very loudly like the Maruts' host, in fertile cultivated fields adorable, in desert spots adorable,
Accepts and eats our offered gifts, ensign of sacrifice by desert;
So let all, joying, love his path when he is glad, as men pursue a path for bliss.
7 Even as they who sarig forth hymns, addressed to heaven, the Blirgus with their prayer and praise invited him, the Blrgus rubbing, offering gifts.
For radiant Agni, Lord of all these treasures, is exceeding strong.
May he, the wise, accept the grateful coverings, the wise accept the coverings.
8 Thee we invoke, the Lord of all our settled homes, common to all, the household's guardian, to enjoy, bearer of true hymns, to enjoy.
Thee we invoke, the guest of men, by whose mouth, even as a sire's,
All these Immortals come to gain their food of life, oblations come to Gods as food.
9 Thou, Agni, most victorious with thy conquering strength, most Mighty One, art born for service of the Gods, like wealth for service of the Gods.
Most mighty is thine ecstasy, most splendid is thy mental power.
Therefore men wait upon thee, undecaying One, like vassals, undecaying One.
10 To him the mighty, conquering with victorious strength, to Agni walking with the dawn, who sendeth kine, be sung thy laud, to Agni sung;
As he who with oblation comes calls him aloud in every place.
Before the brands of fire he shouteth singerlike, the herald, kindler of the brands.
11 Agni, beheld by us in nearest neighbourhood, accordant with the Gods, bring us, with gracious love, great riches with thy gracious love.
Give us O Mightiest, what is great, to see and to enjoy the earth.
As one of awful power, stir up heroic might for those who praise thee, Bounteous Lord!

HYMN CXXVIII. Agni.
1. By Manu's law was born this Agni, Priest most skilled, born for the holy work of those who yearn therefore, yea, born for his own holy work.
All ear to him who seeks his love and wealth to him who strives for fame, Priest ne'er deceived, he sits in Ila's holy place, girt round in Ila's holy place.
2 We call that perfecter of worship by the path or sacrifice; with reverence rich in offerings, with worship rich in offerings. Through presentation of our food he grows not old in this his from;
The God whom Matarisvan brought from far away, for Manu brought from far away.
3 In ordered course forthwith he traverses the earth, swift-swallowing, bellowing Steer, bearing the genial seed, bearing the seed and bellowing.
Observant with a hundred eyes the God is conqueror in the wood:
Agni, who hath his seat in broad plains here below, and in the
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high lands far away.
4 That Agni, wise High-Priest, in every house takes thought for sacrifice and holy service, yea, takes thought, with mental power, for sacrifice. Disposer, he with mental power shows all things unto him who strives; Whence he was born a guest enriched with holy oil, born as Ordainer and as Priest.
5 When through his power and in his strong prevailing flames the Maruts' gladdening boons mingle with Agni's roar, boons gladdening for the active One, Then he accelerates the gift, and by the greatness of his wealth, Shall rescue us from overwhelming misery, from curse and overwhelming woe.
6 Vast, universal, good he was made messenger; the speeder with his right hand hath not loosed his hold, through love of fame not loosed his hold. Through love of fame, he with mental power shows all things unto him who strives: Whence he was born a guest enriched with holy oil, born as Ordainer and as Priest.

In all encounters strengthen thou our prayer to be a help to us. No enemy-whom thou smitest down subdueth thee, no enemy, whom thou smitest down.
5 Bow down the overwhelming pride of every foe with succour like to kindling-wood in fiercest flame, with mighty succour, Mighty One. Guide us, thou Hero, as of old, so art thou counted blameless still.
6 Thou drivest, as a Priest, all sins of man away, as Priest, in person, seeking us. Then he accelerates the gift, and by the greatness of his wealth, Shall rescue us from overwhelming misery, from curse and overwhelming woe.
7 That Agni hath been set most kind in camp of men, in sacrifice like a Lord victorious, like a dear Lord in sacred rites. His are the oblations of mankind when offered up at Ili's place. He shall preserve us from Varuna's chastisement, yea, from the great God's chastisement.
8 Agni the Priest they supplicate to grant them wealth: him, dear, most thoughtful, have they made their messenger, him, offering-bearer have they made, Beloved of all, who knoweth all, the Priest, the Holy one, the Sage- Him, Friend, for help, the Gods when they are fain for wealth, him, Friend, with hymns, when fain for wealth.

HYMN CXXIX Indra.
1. THE car which Indra, thou, for service of the Gods though it be far away, O swift One, bringest near, which, Blameless One, thou bringest near, Place swiftly nigh us for our help: be it thy will that it be strong.
Blameless and active, hear this speech of orderers, this speech of us like orderers.
2 Hear, Indra, thou whom men in every fight must call to show thy strength, for cry of battle with the men, with men of war for victory. He who with heroes wins the light, who with the singers gains the prize, Him the rich seek to gain even as a swift strong steed, even as a courser fleet and strong.
3 Thou, Mighty, pourest forth the hide that holds the rain, thou keepest far away, Hero, the wicked man, thou shuttest out the wicked man.
Indra, to thee I sing, to Dyaus, to Rudra glorious in himself, To Mitra, Varuna I sing a far-famed hymn to the kind God a far-famed hymn.
4 We. wish our Indra here that he may further you, the Friend, beloved of all, the very strong ally, in wars the very strong ally

HYMN CXXX. Indra.
1. Come to us, Indra, from afar, conducting us even as a lord of heroes to the gatherings, home, like a King, his heroes' lord. We come with gifts of pleasant food, with juice poured forth, invoking thee,
As sons invite a sire, that thou mayst get thee strength thee, bounteousest, to get thee strength.

10 Thou art our own, O Indra, with victorious wealth: let might accompany thee, the Strong, to give us aid, like Mitra, to give mighty aid.
O strongest saviour, helper thou, Immortal! of each warrior's car.
Hurt thou another and not us, O Thunder-armed, one who would hurt, O Thunder-armed!
11 Save us from injury, thou who art well extolled: ever the warder-off art thou of wicked ones, even as a God, of wicked ones;
Thou slayer of the evil fiend, saviour of singer such as I.
Good Lord, the Father made thee slayer of the fiends, made thee, good Lord, to slay the fiends.

When his power and in his strong prevailing flames the Maruts' gladdening boons mingle with Agni's roar, boons gladdening for the active One, Then he accelerates the gift, and by the greatness of his wealth, Shall rescue us from overwhelming misery, from curse and overwhelming woe.
6 Vast, universal, good he was made messenger; the speeder with his right hand hath not loosed his hold, through love of fame not loosed his hold.

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6 Vast, universal, good he was made messenger; the speeder with his right hand hath not loosed his hold, through love of fame not loosed his hold.
2 O Indra, drink the Soma juice pressed out with stones,
poured from the reservoir, as an ox drinks the spring, a very
thirsty bull the spring.
For the sweet draught that gladdens thee, for mightiest
freshening of thy strength.
Let thy Bay Horses bring thee hither as the Sun, as every day
they bring the Sun.
3 He found the treasure brought from heaven that lay
concealed, close-hidden, like the nestling of a bird, in rock,
enclosed in never-enfing rock.
Best Angiras, bolt-armed, he strove to win, as 'twere, the stall
of kine;
So Indra hath disclosed the food concealed, disclosed the
doors, the food that lay concealed.
4 Grasping his thunderbolt with both hands, Indra made its
edge most keen, for hurling, like a carving-knife for Ahi's
slaughter made it keen.
Endued with majesty and strength, O Indra, and with lordly
might,
Thou crashest down the trees, as when a craftsman fells,
crashest them down as with an axe.
5 Thou, Indra, without effort hast let loose the floods to run
their free course down,
like chariots, to the sea, like chariots showing forth their
strength.
They, reaching hence away, have joined their strength for one
eternal end,
Even as the cows who poured forth every thing for man, Yea,
poured forth all thing- for mankind.
6 Eager for riches, men have formed for thee this song, like as
a skilful craftsman fashioneth a car, so have they wrought thee
to their bliss;
Adorning thee, O Singer, like a generous steed for deeds of
might,
Yea, like a steed to show his strength and win the prize, that he
may bear each prize away.
7 For Puru thou hast shattered, Indra ninety forts, for Divodasa
thy boon servant with thy bolt, O Dancer, for thy worshipper.
For Atithigva he, the Strong, brought Sambara. from the
mountain down,
Distributing the mighty treasures with his strength, parting all
treasures with his strength.
8 Indra in battles help his Aryan worshipper, he who hath
hundred helps at hand in every fray, in frays that win the light
of heaven.
Plaguing the lawless he gave up to Manu's seed the dusky skin;
Blazing, 'twere, he burns each covetous man away, he burns,
the tyrannous away.
9 Waxed strong in might at dawn he tore the Sun's wheel off.
Bright red, he steals away their speech, the Lord of Power,
their speech he steals away from them,
As thou with eager speed, O Sage, hast come from far away to hel
As winning for thine own all happiness of men, winning all
happiness each day.
10 Lauded with our new hymns, O vigorous in deed, save us
with strengthening help, thou Shatterer of the Forts!

Thou, Indra, praised by Divodasa's clansmen, as heaven grows
great with days, shalt wax in glory.

HYMN CXXXI. Indra.
1. To Indra Dyaus the Asura hath bowed him down, to Indra
mighty Earth with wide-extending tracts, to win the light, with
wide-spread tracts.
All Gods of one accord have set Indra in front preeminent.
For Indra all libations must be set apart, all man's libations set
apart.
2 In all libations men with hero spirit urge the Universal One,
each seeking several light, each fain to win the light apart.
Thee, furthering like a ship, will we set to the chariot-pole of
strength,
As men who win with sacrifices Indra's thought, men who win
Indra with their lauds.
3 Couples desirous of thine aid are storming thee, pouring their
presents forth to win a stall of kine, pouring gifts, Indra,
seeking thee.
When two men seeking spoil or heaven thou bringest face to
face in war,
Thou showest, Indra, -then the bolt thy constant friend, the
Bull that ever waits on thee.
4 This thine heroic power men of old time have known,
wherewith thou breakest down, Indra, autumnal forts, breakest
them down with conquering might.
Thou hast chastised, O Indra, Lord of Strength, the man who
worships not,
And made thine own this great earth and these water-floods;
with joyous heart these waterfloods.
5 And they have bribed far this hero-might when thou, O
Strong One, in thy joy helpest thy suppliants, who sought to
win thee for their Friend.
Their battle-cry thou madest sound victorious in the shocks of
war.
One stream after another have they gained from thee, eager for
glory have they gained.
6. Also this morn may he be well inclined to us, mark at our
call our offerings and our song of praise, our call that we may
win the light.
As thou, O Indra Thunder-armed, wilt, as the Strong One, slay
the foe,
Listen thou to the prayer of me a later sage, hear thou a later
sage's prayer.
7 O Indra, waxen strong and well-inclined to us, thou very
mighty, slay the man that is our foe, slay the man, Hero! with
thy bolt.
Slay thou the man who injures us: hear thou, as readiest, to
hear.
Far be malignity, like mischief on the march, afar be all
malignity.

HYMN CXXXII. Indra.
1. HELPED, Indra Maghavan, by thee in war of old, may we
subdue in fight the men who strive with us, conquer the men
who war with us.
This day that now is close at hand bless him who pours the

Soma juice.
In this our sacrifice may we divide the spoil, showing our
strength, the spoil of war.
2 In war which wins the light, at the freegiver’s call, at due
oblation of the early-rising one, oblation of the active one,
Indra slew, even as we know—whom each bowed head must
reverence.
May all thy bounteous gifts be gathered up for us, yea, the
good gifts of thee the Good.
3 This food glows for thee as of old at sacrifice, wherein they
made thee choosier of the place, for thou chosest the place of
sacrifice.
Speak thou and make it known to us they see within with
beams of light.
Indra, indeed, is found a seeker after spoil, spoil-seeker for his
own allies.
4 So now must thy great deed be lauded as of old, when for the
Angirases thou openest the stall, openedst, giving aid, the
stall.
In the same manner for us here fight thou and be victorious:
To him who pours the juice give up the lawless man, the
lawless who is wroth with us.
5 When with wise plan the Hero leads the people forth, they
conquer in the ordered battle, seeking fame, press, eager,
onward seeking fame.
To him in time of need they sing for life with offspring and
with strength.
Their hymns with Indra find a welcome place of rest: the
hymns go forward to the Gods.
6 Indra and Parvata, our champions in the fight, drive ye away
each man who fain would war with us, drive him far from us
with the bolt.
Welcome to him concealed afar shall he the lair that he hath
found.
So may the Render rend our foes on every side, rend them, O
Hero, everywhere.

HYMN CXXXIII. Indra.
1. WITH sacrifice I purge both earth and heaven: I burn up
great she-fiends who serve not Indra,
Where throttled by thy hand the foes were slaughtered, and in
the pit of death lay pierced and mangled.
2 O thou who castest forth the stones crushing the sorceresses' heads,
Break them with thy wide-spreading foot, with thy wide-
spreading mighty foot.
3 Do thou, O Maghavan, beat off these sorceresses' daring strength.
Cast them within the narrow pit. within the deep and narrow
pit.
4 Of whom thou hast ere now destroyed thrice-fifty with thy
fierce attacks.
That deed they count a glorious deed, though small to thee, a
glorious deed.
5 O Indra, crush and bray to bits the fearful fiery-weaponed fiend:
Strike every demon to the ground.
6 Tear down the mighty ones. O Indra, hear thou us. For
heaven hath glowed like earth in fear, O under-armed, as
dreading fierce heat, Thunder-armed!
Most Mighty mid the Mighty Ones thou speedest with strong
bolts of death,
Not slaying men, unconquered Hero with the brave, O Hero,
with the thrice-seven brave.
7 The pourer of libations gains the home of wealth, pouring his
gift conciliates hostilities, yea, the hostilities of Gods.
Pouring, he strives, unchecked and strong, to win him riches
thousandfold.
Indra gives lasting wealth to him who pours forth gifts, yea,
wealth he gives that long shall last.

HYMN CXXXIV. Vayu.
1. Vayu, let fleet-foot coursers bring thee speedily to this our
feast, to drink first of the juice we pour, to the first draught of
Soma juice.
May our glad hymn, discerning well, uplifted, gratify thy
mind.
Come with thy team-drawn car, O Vayu, to the gift, come to
the sacrificer's gift.
2 May the joy-giving drops, O Vayu gladden thee, effectual,
well prepared, directed to the heavens, strong, blent with milk
and seeking heaven;
That aids, effectual to fulfil, may wait upon our skilful power.
Associate teams come hitherward to grant our prayers. they
shall address the hymns we sing.
3 Two red steeds Vayu yokes, Vayu two purple steeds, swift-
fooled, to the chariot, to the pole to draw, most able, at the
pole, to draw.
Wake up intelligence, as when a lover wakes his sleeping love.
Illumine heaven and earth, make thou the Dawns to shine, for
glory make the Dawns to shine.
4 For thee the radiant Dawns in the fardistant sky broaden their
lovely gannents forth in wondrous beams, bright-coloured in
their new-born beams.
For thee the nectar-yielding Cow pours all rich treasures forth
as milk.
The Marut host hast thou engendered from the womb, the
Maruts from the womb of heaven.
5 For thee the pure bright quickly-flowing Soma-drops, strong
in their heightening power, hasten to mixthemselves, hasten to
the water to be mixed.
To thee the weary coward prays for luck that he may speed
away.
Thou by thy law protectest us from every world, yea, from the
world of highest Gods.
6 Thou, Vayu, who hast none before thee, first of all hast right
to drink these offerings of Soma juice, hast right to drink the
juice out-poured,
Yea, poured by all invoking tribes who free themselves from
taint of sin,
For thee all cows are milked to yield the Soma-milk, to yield
the butter and the milk.

HYMN CXXXV. Vayu, Indra-Vayu.
1. STREWN is the sacred grass; come Vayu, to our feast, with team of thousands, come, Lord of the harnessed team, with hundreds, Lord of harnessed steeds! The drops divine are lifted up for thee, the God, to drink them first. The juices rich in sweets have raised them for thy joy, have raised themselves to give thee strength.
2 Purified by the stones the Soma flows for thee, clothed with its lovely splendours, to the reservoir, flows clad in its refulgent light.
3 For thee the Soma is poured forth, thy portioned share mid. Gods and men.
Drive thou thy horses, Vayu, come to us with love, come well-inclined and loving us.
3 Come thou with hundreds, come with thousands in thy team to this our solemn rite, to taste the sacred food, Vayu, to taste the offerings.
This is thy seasonable share, that comes co-radiant with the Sun.
Brought by attendant priests pure juice is offered up, Vayu, pure juice is offered up.
4 The chariot with its team of horses bring you both, to guard us and to taste the well-appointed food, Vayu, to taste the offerings!
Drink of the pleasant -flavoured juice the first draught is assigned to you.
O Vayu, with your splendid bounty come ye both, Indra, with bounty come ye both.
May our songs bring you hither to our solemn rites: these Soma juices pressed for you in waters here, borne by attendant priests, are oficredup to you: bright, Vayu, are they offered up.
Swift through the strainer have they flowed, and here are shed for both ofyou, Soma-drops, fain for you, over the wether's fleece, Somas over the wether's fleece.
7 O Vayu, pass thou over all the,slumbers, and where the press-stone rings enter ye both that house, yea, Indra, go ye both within.
The joyous Maiden is beheld, the butter flows. With richly laden team come to our solemn rite, yea, Indra, come ye to the rite.
8 Ride hither to the offering of the pleasant juice, the holy Fig-tree which victorious priests surround: victorious be they still for us.
At once the cows yield milk, the barleymeal is dressed. For thee, O Vayu, never shall the cows grow thin, never for thee shall they be dry.
9 These Bulls of thine, O Vayu with the arm of strength, who swiftly fly within the current of thy stream, the Bulls increasing in their might, Horseless, yet even through the waste swift-moving, whom no shout can stay, Hard to be checked are they, like sunbeams, in their course. hard to be checked by both the hands.
HYMN CXXXVI. Mitra-Varuna.
1. BRING adoration ample and most excellent, hymn, offerings, to the watchful Twain, the bountiful, your sweetest to the bounteous Ones.
Sovrans adored with streams of oil and praised at every sacrifice.
Their high imperial might may nowhere be assailed, ne'er may their Godhead be assailed.
2 For the broad Sun was seen a path more widely laid, the path of holy law hath been maintained with rays, the eye with Bhaga's rays of light.
Firm-set in heaven is Mitra's home, and Aryaman's and Varuna's.
Thence they give forth great vital strength which merits praise, high power of life that men shall praise.
3 With Aditi the luminous, the celestial, Upholder of the people, come ye day by day, ye who watch sleepless, day by day.
Resplendent might have ye obtained, Adityas, Lords of liberal gifts.
Movers of men, mild both, are Mitra, Varuna, mover of men is Aryaman.
4 This Soma be most sweet to Mitra, Varuna: he in the drinking-feasts, shall have a share thereof, sharing, a God, among the Gods.
May all the Gods of one accord accept it joyfully to-day. Therefore do ye, O Kings, accomplish what we ask, ye Righteous Ones, whate'er we ask.
5 Whoso, with worship serves Mitra and Varuila, him guard ye carefully, uninjured, from distress, guard from distress the liberal man.
Aryaman guards him well who acts uprightly following his law,
Who beautifies their service with his lauds, who makes it beautiful with songs of praise.
6 Worship will I proress to lofty Dyaus, to Heaven and Earth, to Mitra and to bounteous Varuna, the Bounteous, the Compassionate.
Praise Indra, praise thou Agni, praise Bhaga and heavenly Aryaman.
Long may we live and have attendant progeny, have progeny with Soma's help.
7 With the Gods' help, with Indra still beside us, may we be held self-splendid with the Maruts.
May Agni, Mitra, Varuna give us shelter this may we gain, we and our wealthy princes.
HYMN CXXXVII. Mitra-Varuna.
1. WITH stones have we pressed out: O come; these gladdening drops are blent with milk, these Soma-drops which gladden you.
Come to us, Kings who reach to heaven, approach us, coming hitherward.
These milky drops are yours, Mitra and Varuna, bright Soma juices blended with milk.
2 Here are the droppings; come ye nigh the Soma-droppings blended with curd, juices expressed and blended with curd.
Now for the wakening of your Dawn together with the Sun-God’s rays, juice waits for Mitra and for Varuna to drink, fair juice for drink, for sacrifice.
3 As ’twere a radiant-coloured cow, they milk with stones the stalk for you, with stones they milk the Soma-plant.
May ye come nigh us, may ye turn hither to drink the Soma juice.
The men pressed out this juice, Mitra and Varuna, pressed out this Soma for your drink.

HYMN CXXXVIII. Pusan.
1. STRONG Pusan’s majesty is lauded evermore, the glory of his lordly might is never faint, his song of praise is never faint. Seeking felicity I laud him nigh to help, the source, of bliss, Who, Vigorous one, hath drawn to him the hearts of all, drawn them, the Vigorous One, the God.
2. Thee, then, O Pusan, like a swift one on his way, I urge with lauds that thou mayst make the foemen flee, drive, camel-like, our foes afar.
As I, a man, call thee, a God, giver of bliss, to be my Friend, So make our loudly-chanted praises glorious, in battles make them glorious.
3 Thou, Pusan, in whose friendship they who sing forth praise enjoy advantage, even in wisdom, through thy grace, in wisdom even they are advanced.
So, after this most recent course, we come to thee with prayers for wealth.
Not stirred to anger, O Wide-Ruler, come to us, come thou to us in every fight.
4 Not stirred to anger, come, Free-giver, nigh to us, to take this gift of ours, thou who hast goats for steeds, Goat-borne! their gift who long for fame.
So, Wonder-Worker! may we turn thee hither with effectual lauds.
I slight thee not, O Pusan, thou Replendent One: thy friendship may not be despised.

HYMN CXXXIX. Visvedevas.
1. HEARD be our prayer! In thought I honour Agni first: now straightway we elect this heavenly company, Indra and Vayu we elect.
For when our latest thought is raised and on Vivasvan centred well,
Then may our holy songs go forward on their way, our songs as ’twere unto the Gods.
2 As there ye, Mitra, Varuna, above the true have taken to yourselves the untrue with your mind, with wisdom’s mental energy,
So in the seats wherein ye dwell have we beheld the Golden One,
Not with our thoughts or spirit, but with these our eyes, yea, with the eyes that Soma gives.
3 Asvins, the pious call you with their hymns of praise, sounding their loud song forth to you, these living men, to their oblations, living men.
All glories and all nourishment, Lords of all wealth! depend on you.
The fellies of your golden chariot scatter drops, Mighty Ones! of your golden car.
4 Well is it known, O Mighty Ones: ye open heaven; for you the chariot-steeds are yoked for morning rites, unw swimming steeds for morning rites,
We set you on the chariot-scats, ye Mighty, on the golden car.
Ye seek mid-air as by a path that leads aright, as by a path that leads direct.
5 O Rich in Strength, through your great power vouchsafe us blessings day and night.
The offerings which we bring to you shall never fail, gifts brought by us shall never fail.
6 These Soma-drops, strong Indra! drink for heroes, poured, pressed out by pressing-stones, are welling forth for thee, for thee the drops are welling forth.
They shall make thy heart to give, to give wealth great and wonderful.
Thou who acceptest praise come glorified by hymns, come thou to us benevolent.
7 Quickly, O Agni, hear us: magnified by us thou shalt speak for us to the Gods adorable, to the Kings adorable:
When, O ye Deities, ye gave that Milch-cow to the Angirases, They milked her: Aryaman, joined with them, did the work: he knoweth her as well as I.
8 Ne’er may these manly deeds of yours for us grow old, never may your bright glories fall into decay, never before our time decay.
What deed of yours, new every age, wondrous, surpassing man, rings forth,
Whatever, Maruts! may be difficult to gain, grant us, what’er is hard to gain.
9 Dadhyac of old, Anigiras, Priyamedha these, and Kanva, Atri, Manu knew my birth, yea, those of ancient days and Manu knew.
Their long line stretcheth to the Gods, our birth-connexions are with them.
To these, for their high station, 1 bow down with song, to Indra, Agni, bow with song.
10 Let theInvoker bless: let offerers bring choice gifts; Brhaspati the Friend doth sacrifice with Steers, Steers that have many an excellence.
Now with our ears we catch the sound of the press-stone that rings afar.
The very Strong hath gained the waters by himself, the strong gained many a resting-place.
11 O ye Eleven Gods whose home is heaven, O ye Eleven who make earth your dwelling,
Ye who with might, Eleven, live in waters, accept this sacrifice, O Gods, with pleasure.
HYMN CXL. Agni.
1 To splendid Agni seated by the altar, loving well his home, I bring the food as twere his place of birth.
2 Child of a double birth he grasps at triple food; in the year's course what he hath swallowed grows anew. 
He, by another's mouth and tongue a noble Bull, with other, as an elephant, consumes the trees.
3 The pair who dwell together, moving in the dark bestir themselves: both parents hasten to the babe, 

HYMN CXLI. Agni.
1 YEA, verily, the fair effulgence of the God for glory was established, since he sprang from strength.

When he inclines thereto successful is the hymn: the songs of sacrifice have brought him as they flow
2 Wonderful, rich in nourishment, he dwells in food; next, in the seven auspicious Mothers is his home.
Thirdly, that they might drain the treasures of the Bull, the maidens brought forth him for whom the ten provide.
3 What time from out the deep, from the Steer's wondrous form, the Chiefs who had the power produced him with their strength;
When Matarisvan rubbed forth him who lay concealed, for mixture of the sweet drink, in the days of old.
4 When from the Highest Father he is brought to us, amid the plants he rises hungry, wondrously.
As both together join to expedite his birth, most youthful he is born resplendent in his light.
5 Then also entered he the Mothers, and in them pure and uninjured he increased in magnitude.
As to the first he rose, the vigorous from of old, so now he runs among the youngest lowest ones.
6 Therefore they choose him Herald at the morning rites, pressing to him as unto Bhaga, pouring gifts, 
When, much-praised, by the power and will of Gods, he goes at all times to his mortal worshipper to drink.
7 What time the Holy One, wind-urged, hath risen up, serpent-like winding through the dry grass unrestrained, 
Dust lies upon the way of him who burneth all, black-winged and pure of birth who follows sundry paths.
8 Like a swift chariot made by men who know their art, he with his red limbs lifts himself aloft to heaven.
Thy worshippers become by burning black of hue: their strength flies as before a hero's violence.
9 By thee, O Agni, Varuna who guards the Law, Mitra and Aryaman, the Bounteous, are made strong; 
For, as the felly holds the spokes, thou with thy might pervading hast been born encompassing them round.
10 Agni, to him who toils and pours libations, thou, Most Youthful! sendest wealth and all the host of Gods.
Thee, therefore, even as Bhaga, will we set anew, young Child of Strength, most wealthy! in our battle-song.

HYMN CXLI. Agni.
1. VFA, verily, the fair effulgence of the God for glory was established, since he sprang from strength.
2 Thou dealest forth, Tanunapat, sweet sacrifice enriched with oil,
Brought by a singer such as I who offers gifts and toils for thee.
3 He wondrous, sanctifying, bright, sprinkles the sacrifice with mead,
Thrice, Narasamsa from the heavens, a God mid Gods adorabile.
4 Agni, besought, bring hitherward Indra the Friend, the Wonderful,
For this my hymn of praise, O sweet of tongue, is chanted forth to thee.
5 The ladle-holders strew trimmed grass at this well-ordered sacrifice;
A home for Indra is adorned, wide, fittest to receive the Gods.
6 Thrown open be the Doors Divine, unfailing, that assist the rite,
High, purifying, much-desired, so that the Gods may enter in.
7 May Night and Morning, hymned with lauds, united, fair to look upon,
Strong Mothers of the sacrifice, seat them together on the grass.
8 May the two Priests Divine, the sage, the sweet-voiced lovers of the hymn,
Complete this sacrifice of ours, effectual, reaching heaven today.
9 Let Hotri pure, set among Gods, amid the Maruts Bhirati, Ila, Sarasvati, Mahi, rest on the grass, adorabile.
10 May Tvastar send us genial dew abundant, wondrous, rich in gifts,
For increase and for growth of wealth, Tvastar our kinsman and our Friend.
11 Vanaspati, give forth, thyself, and call the Gods to sacrifice.
May Agni, God intelligent, speed our oblation to the Gods.
12 To Vayu joined with Pusan, with the Maruts, and the host of Gods,
To Indra who inspires the hymn cry Glory! and present the gift.
13 Come hither to enjoy the gifts prepared with cry of Glory! Come,
O Indra, hear their calling; they invite thee to the sacrifice.

HYMN CXLIII. Agni.
1. To Agni I present a newer mightier hymn, I bring my words and song unto the Son of Strength,
Who, Offspring of the Waters, bearing precious things sits on the earth, in season, dear Invoking Priest.
2 Soon as he sprang to birth that Agni was shown forth to the earth, in season, dear Invoking Priest.

HYMN CXLIV. Agni.
1. THE Priest goes forth to sacrifice, with wondrous power sending aloft the hymn of glorious brilliancy.
He moves to meet the ladies turning to the right, which are the first to kiss the place where he abides.
2 To him sang forth the flowing streams of Holy Law, encompassed in the home and birth-place of the God.
He, when he dwelt extended in the waters' lap, absorbed those Godlike powers for which he is adored.
3 Seeking in course altern to reach the selfsame end the two copartners strive to win this beauteous form.
Like Bhaga must he be duly invoked by us, as he who drives the car holds fast the horse's reins.
4 He whom the two copartners with observance tend, the pair who dwell together in the same abode,
By night as in the day the grey one was born young, passing untouched by eld through many an age of man.
5 Him the ten fingers, the devotions, animate: we mortals call on him a God to give us help.
He speeds over the sloping surface of the land: new deeds hath he performed with those who gird him round.
6 For, Agni, like a herdsman, thou by thine own might rulest o'er all that is in heaven and on the earth;
And these two Mighty Ones, bright, golden closely joined, rolling them round are come unto thy sacred grass.
7 Agni, accept with joy, be glad in this our prayer, joy-giver, self-sustained, strong, born of Holy Law!
For fair to see art thou turning to every side, pleasant to look on as a dwelling filled with food.

HYMN CXLV. Agni.
1. Ask ye of him for he is come, he knoweth it; he, full of wisdom, is implored, is now implored.
With him are admonitions and with him commands: he is the Lord of Strength, the Lord of Power and Might.
2 They ask of him: not all learn by their questioning what he, the Sage, hath grasped, as 'were, with his own mind.
Forgetting not the former nor the later word, he goeth on, not...
careless, in his mental power.

3 To him these ladles go, to him these racing mares: he only will give ear to all the words I speak.

All-speeding, victor, perfecter of sacrifice, the Babe with flawless help hath mustered vigorous might.

4 Whate'er he meets he grasps and then runs farther on, and straightway, newly born, creeps forward with his kin. He stirs the wearied man to pleasure and great joy what time the longing gifts approach him as he comes.

5 He is a wild thing of the flood and forest: he hath been laid upon the highest surface.

He hath declared the lore of works to mortals, Agni the Wise, for he knows Law, the Truthful.

HYMN CXLVI. Agni.

1. I LAUD the seven-rayed, the triple-headed, Agni all-perfect in his Parents' bosom,
Sunk in the lap of all that moves and moves not, him who hath filled all luminous realms of heaven.

2. As a great Steer he grew to these his Parents; sublime lie stands, untouched by eld, far-reaching. He plants his footsteps on the lofty ridges of the broad earth: his red flames lick the udder.

3. Coming together to their common youngling both Cows, fairshaped, spread forth in all directions, Measuring out the paths that must be travelled, entrusting all desires to him the Mighty.

4. The prudent sages lead him to his dwelling, guarding with varied skill the Ever-Youthful. Longing, they turned their eyes unto the River: to these the Sun of men was manifested.

5. Born noble in the regions, aim of all men's eyes to be implored for life by great and small alike, Far as the Wealthy One hath spread himself abroad, he is the Sire all-visible of this progeny.

HYMN CXLVII. Agni.

1. How, Agni, have the radiant ones, aspiring, endued thee with the vigour of the living, So that on both sides fostering seed and offspring, the Gods may joy in Holy Law's fulfilment?

2. Mark this my speech, Divine One, thou, Most Youthful! offered to thee by him who gives most freely. One hates thee, and another sings thy praises: I thine adorer laud thy form, O Agni.

3. Thy guardian rays, O Agni, when they saw him, preserved blind Mamateya from affliction. Lord of all riches, he preserved the pious the foes who fain would harm them did no mischief.

4. The sinful man who worships not, O Agni, who, offering not, harms us with double-dealing. Be this in turn to him a heavy sentence may he distress himself by his revilings.

5. Yea, when a mortal knowingly, O Victor, injures with double tongue a fellow-mortal, From him, praised Agni! save thou him that lauds thee: bring us not into trouble and affliction.

HYMN CXLVIII. Agni.

1. WHAT Matarisvan, piercing, formed by friction, Herald of all the Gods, in varied figure, Is he whom they have set mid human houses, gay-hued as light and shining forth for beauty.

2. They shall not harm the man who brings thee praises: such as I am, Agni my help approves me. All acts of mine shall they accept with pleasure, laudation from the singer who presents it.

3. Him in his constant seat men skilled in worship have taken and with praises have established. As, harnessed to a chariot fleet-foot horses, at his command let bearers lead him forward.

4. Wondrous, full many a thing he chews and crunches: he shines amid the wood with spreading brightness. Upon his glowing flames the wind blows daily, driving them like the keen shaft of an archer.

5. Him, whom while yet in embryo the hostile, both skilled and fain to harm, may never injure, Men blind and sightless through his splendour hurt not: his never-failing lovers have preserved him.

HYMN CXLIX. Agni.

1. HITHER he hastens to give, Lord of great riches, King of the mighty, to the place of treasure, lie pressing-stones shall serve him speeding near us.

2. As Steer of men so Steer of earth and heaven by glory, he whose streams all life hath drunken. Who hasting forward rests upon the altar.

3. He who hath lighted up the joyous castle, wise Courser like the Steed of cloudy heaven, Bright like the Sun, with hundredfold existence.

4. He, doubly born, hath spread in his effulgence through the three luminous realms, through all the regions, Best sacrificing Priest where waters gather.

5. Priest doubly born, he through his love of glory hath in his keeping all things worth the choosing, The man who brings him gifts hath noble offspring.

HYMN CL. Agni.

1. AGNI, thy faithful servant I call upon thee with many a gift, As in the keeping of the great inciting God; 2 Thou who ne'er movest thee to aid the indolent, the godless man, Him who though wealthy never brings an offering.

3. Splendid, O Singer, is that man, mightiest of the great in heaven. Best sacrificing Priest where waters gather.

5. Priest doubly born, he through his love of glory hath in his keeping all things worth the choosing, The man who brings him gifts hath noble offspring.

HYMN CL. Mitra and Varuna.

1. HEAVEN and earth trembled at the might and voice of him, whom, loved and Holy One, helper of all mankind, The wise who longed for spoil in fight for kine brought forth with power, a Friend, mid waters, at the sacrifice.

2. As these, like friends, have done this work for you, these prompt servants of Purumilha Soma-offerer,
Give mental power to him who sings the sacred song, and hearken, Strong Ones, to the master of the house.

3 The folk have glorified your birth from Earth and Heaven, to be extolled, ye Strong Ones, for your mighty power.

Ye, when ye bring to singer and the rite, enjoy the sacrifice performed with holy praise and strength.

4 The people prospers, Asuras! whom ye dearly love: ye, Righteous Ones, proclaim aloud the Holy Law.

That efficacious power that comes from lofty heaven, ye bind unto the work, as to the pole an ox.

5 On this great earth ye send your treasure down with might: unstained by dust, the crowding kine are in the stalls.

Here in the neighbourhood they cry unto the Sun at morning and at evening, like swift birds of prey.

6 The flames with curling tresses serve your sacrifice, whereto ye sing the song, Mitra and Varuna.

Send down of your free will, prosper our holy songs: ye are sole Masters of the singer's hymn of praise.

7 Whoso with sacrifices toiling brings you gifts, and worships, sage and priest, fulfilling your desire,-

To him do ye draw nigh and taste his sacrifice. Come well-inclined to us unto our songs and prayer.

8 With sacrifices and with milk they deck you first, ye Righteous Ones, as if through stirrings of the mind.

To you they bring their hymns with their collected thought, while ye with earnest soul come to us gloriously.

9 Rich strength of life is yours: ye, Heroes, have obtained through your surpassing powers rich far-extending might.

Not the past days conjoined with nights, not rivers, not the Papis have attained your Godhead and your wealth.

HYMN CLII. Mitra-Varuna.

1. THE robes which ye put on abound with fatness: uninterrupted courses are your counsels.

All falsehood, Mitra-Varuna! ye conquer, and closely cleave unto the Law Eternal.

2 This might of theirs hath no one comprehended. True is the crushing word the sage hath uttered.

The fearful four-edged bolt smites down the three-edged, and those who hate the Gods first fall and perish.

3 The Footless Maid precedeth footed creatures. Who marketh, Mitra-Varuna, this your doing?

The Babe Unborn supporteth this world's burthen, filleth Law and overcometh falsehood.

4 Him whose three places that are filled with sweetness,

dwelling-place, long, far extended.

Him who alone with triple step hath measured this common striding, dwelling on the mountains,

3 Let the hymn lift itself as strength to Visnu, the Bull far-striding dwelling-places where there are many-horned and nimble oxen,

meath in Visnu's highest footstep.

For there springs, close akin to the Wide-Strider, the well of devotion to the Gods are happy.

5 May I attain to that his well-loved mansion where men have their habitation.

3 O Mitra-Varuna, Aditi the Milch-cow streams for the rite, for folk who bring oblation,

When in the assembly he who worships moves you, like to a human priest, with gifts presented.

4 So may the kine and heavenly Waters pour you sweet drink in families that make you joyful.

Of this may he, the ancient House-Lord, give us. Enjoy, drink of the milk the cow provideth.

HYMN CLIV. Visnu

1. I WILL declare the mighty deeds of Visnu, of him who measured out the earthly regions.

Who propped the highest place of congregation, thrice setting down his footstep, widely striding.

2 For this his mighty deed is Visnu lauded, like some wild beast, dread, prowling, mountain-roaming;

He within whose three wide-extended paces all living creatures

devoted to the Gods are happy.

5 May I attain to that his well-loved mansion where men devoted to the Gods are happy.

For there springs, close akin to the Wide-Strider, the well of meath in Visnu's highest footstep.

6 Fain would we go unto your dwelling-places where there are

For mightily, there, shineth down upon us the widely-striding Bull's sublimest mansion.

HYMN CLV. Visnu-Indra

1. To the great Hero, him who sets his mind thereon, and Visnu, praise aloud in song your draught of juice,-

Gods ne'er beguiled, who borne as 'twere by noble steed, have stood upon the lofty ridges of the hills.

2 Your Soma-drinker keeps afar your furious rush, Indra and Visnu, when ye come with all your might.

That which hath been directed well at mortal man, bow-armed Krsnu's arrow, ye turn far aside.

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3 These offerings increase his mighty manly strength: he brings both Parents down to share the genial flow. He lowers, though a son, the Father's highest name; the third is that which is high in the light of heaven.  
4 We laud this manly power of him the Mighty One, preserver, inoffensive, bounteous and benign; His who strode, widely pacing, with three stepping forth over the realms of earth for freedom and for life.  
5 A mortal man, when he beholds two steps of him who looks upon the light, is restless with amaze. But his third step doth no one venture to approach, no, nor the feathered birds of air who fly with wings.  
6 He, like a rounded wheel, hath in swift motion set his ninety racing steeds together with the four. Developed, vast in form, with those who sing forth praise, a youth, no more a child, he cometh to our call.

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.

HYMN CLVII. 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.

HYMN CLVIII. Asvins.  
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HYMN CLIX. Heaven and Earth.  
1. I PRAISE with sacrifices mighty Heaven and Earth at festivals, the wise, the Strengtheners of Law. Who, having Gods for progeny, conjoined with Gods, through wonder-working wisdom bring forth choicest boons.  
2 With invocations, on the gracious Father's mind, and on the Mother's great inherent power I muse. Prolific Parents, they have made the world of life, and for their brood all round wide immortality.  
3 These Sons of yours well skilled in work, of wondrous power, brought forth to life the two great Mothers first of all. To keep the truth of all that stands and all that moves, ye guard the station of your Son who knows no guile.  
4 They with surpassing skill, most wise, have measured out the Twins united in their birth and in their home. They, the refulgent Sages, weave within the sky, yea, in the depths of sea, a web for ever new.  
5 This is to-day the goodliest gift of Savitar: this thought we have when now the God is furthering us. On us with loving-kindness Heaven and Earth bestow riches and various wealth and treasure hundredfold!
1. THESE, Heaven and Earth, bestow prosperity on all, sustainers of the region, Holy Ones and wise, Two Bowls of noble kind: between these Goddesses the God, the fulgent Sun, travels by fixed decree.

2. Widely-capacious Pair, mighty, that never fail, the Father and the Mother keep all creatures safe: The two world-halves, the spirited, the beautiful, because the Father hath clothed them in goodly forms.

3. Son of these Parents, he the Priest with power to cleanse, Sage, sanctifies the worlds with his surpassing power. Thereto for his bright milk he milked through all the days the party-coloured Cow and the prolific Bull.

4. Among the skilful Gods most skilled is he, who made the two world-halves which bring prosperity to all; Who with great wisdom measured both the regions out, and stabilized them with pillars that shall ne'er decay.

5. As Tvastar thus had spoken, Let us slay these men who have concealed himself among the Consorts of the Gods.

HYMN CLXIL Rbhus.

1. WHY hath the Best, why hath the Youngest come to us? Upon what embassy comes he? What have we said? We have not blamed the chalice of illustrious birth. We, Brother Agni, praised the goodness of the wood.

2. The chalice that is single make ye into four: thus have the Gods commanded; therefore am I come.

If, O Sudhanvan's Children, ye will do this thing ye shall participate in sacrifice with Gods.

3. What to the envoy Agni in reply ye spake, A courser must be made, a chariot fashioned here, A cow must be created, and the Twain made young. When we have done these things, Brother, we turn to you.

4. When thus, O Rbhus, ye had done ye questioned thus, Whither went he who came to us a messenger?

5. Extolled in song, O Heaven and Earth, bestow on us, ye mighty Pair, great glory and high lordly sway, Whereby we may extend ourselves ever over the folk; and send us strength that shall deserve the praise of men.

HYMN CLXIL The Horse.

1. SLIGHT us not Varuna, Aryaman, or Mitra, Rbhuksan, Indra, Ayu, or the Maruts, When we declare amid the congregation the virtues of the strong Steed, God-descended.

2. What time they bear before the Courser, covered with trappings and with wealth, the grasped oblation, The dappled goat goeth straightforward, bleating, to the place dear to Indra and to Pusan.

3. Dear. to all Gods, this goat, the share of Pusan, is first led for the regions of the Gods, the Charger with his prancing steed.

4. Forth, for the regions of the Gods, the Charger with his prancing steed.

5. Invoker, ministering priest, atoner, fire-kindler Soma-presser, sage, reciter, With this well ordered sacrifice, well finished, do ye fill full the channels of the rivers.

6. The hewers of the post and those who carry it, and those who carve the knob to deck the Horse's stake; Those who prepare the cooking-vessels for the Steed,-may the approving help of these promote our work.

7. Forth, for the regions of the Gods, the Charger with his smooth back is come my prayer attends him.

8. May the fleet Courser's halter and his heel-ropes, the headstall and the girths and cords about him. And the grass put within his mouth to bait him,-among the Gods, too, let all these be with thee.

9. What part of the Steed's flesh the fly hath eaten, or is left sticking to the post or hatchet.

10. One downward to the water drives the crippled cow, another trims the flesh brought on the carving-board.

11. On the high places ye have made the grass for man, and water in the valleys, by your skill, O Men.

Rbhus, ye iterate not to-day that act of yours, your sleeping in the house of him whom naught can hide.

12. As, compassing them round, ye glided through the worlds, where had the venerable Parents their abode?

Ye laid a curse on him who raised his arm at you: to him who spake aloud to you ye spake again.

13. When ye had slept your fill, ye Rbhus, thus ye asked, O thou whom naught may hide, who now hath wakened us? The goat declared the hound to be your wakener. That day, in a full year, ye first unclosed our eyes.

14. The Maruts move in heaven, on earth this Agni; through the mid-firmament the Wind approaches.

Varuna comes in the sea's gathered waters, O Sons of Strength, desirous of your presence.

15. THESE, Heaven and Earth, bestow prosperity on all, sustainers of the region, Holy Ones and wise, Two Bowls of noble kind: between these Goddesses the God, the fulgent Sun, travels by fixed decree.

16. Widely-capacious Pair, mighty, that never fail, the Father and the Mother keep all creatures safe: The two world-halves, the spirited, the beautiful, because the Father hath clothed them in goodly forms.

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too, may all this be with thee.

10 Food undigested steaming from his belly, and any odour of raw flesh remaining,
This let the immolators set in order and dress the sacrifice with perfect cooking.
11 What from thy body which with fire is roasted, when thou art set upon the spit, distil,
Let not that lie on earth or grass neglected, but to the longing Gods let all be offered.
12 They who observing that the Horse is ready call out and say, the smell is good; remove it;
And, craving meat, await the distribution, -may their approving say, the smell is good; remove it;
13 The trial-fork of the flesh-cooking caldron, the vessels out of which the broth is sprinkled,
The warming-pots, the covers of the dishes, hooks, carving-boards,-all these attend the Charger.
14 The starting-place, his place of rest and rolling, the ropes wherewith the Charger's feet were fastened,
The water that he drank, the food he tasted, -among the Gods, too, may all these attend thee.
15 Let not the fire, smoke-scented, make thee crackle, nor glowing caldron smell and break to pieces.
Offered, beloved, approved, and consecrated,-such Charger do the Gods accept with favour.
16 The robe they spread upon the Horse to clothe him, the upper covering and the golden trappings,
The halters which restrain the Steed, the heel-ropes,-all these, as grateful to the Gods, they offer.
17 If one, when seated, with excessive urging hath with his heel or with his whip distressed thee,
All these thy woes, as with the oblations' ladle at sacrifices, with my prayer I banish.
18 The four-and-thirty ribs of the, Swift Charger, kin to the Gods, the slayer's hatchet pierces.
Cut ye with skill, so that the parts be flawless, and piece by piece declaring them dissect them.
19 Of Tvastar's Charger there is one dissector,-this is the custom-two there are who guide him.
Such of his limbs as I divide in order, these, amid the balls, in fire I offer.
20 Let not thy dear soul burn thee as thou comest, let not the hatchet linger in thy body.
Let not a greedy clumsy immolator, missing the joints, mangle thy limbs unduly.
21 No, here thou diest not, thou art not injured: by easy paths they, the Steeds, have reached the heavenly causeway.
22 May this Steed bring us all-sustaining riches, wealth in good kine,good horses, manly offspring.
Freedom from sin may Aditi vouchsafe us: the Steed with our oblations gain us lordship!

HYMN CLXIII. The Horse.
1. WHAT time, first springing into life, thou neighedst,
proceeding from the sea or upper waters,
Limbs of the deer hadst thou, and eagle pinions. O Steed, thy birth is nigh and must be lauded.
2 This Steed which Yama gave hath Trita harnessed, and him, the first of all, hath Indra mounted.
His bridle the Gandharva grasped. O Vasus, from out the Sun ye fashioned forth the Courser.
3 Yama art thou, O Horse; thou art Aditya; Trita art thou by secret operation.
Thou art divided thoroughly from Soma. They say thou hast three bonds in heaven that hold thee.
4 Three bonds, they say, thou hast in heaven that bind thee, three in the waters, three within the ocean.
To me thou seernest Varuna, O Courser, there where they say is thy sublimest birth-place.
5 Here-, Courser, are the places where they groomed thee, here are the traces of thy hoofs as winner.
Here have I seen the auspicious reins that guide thee, which those who guard the holy Law keep safely.
6 Thyself from far I recognized in spirit,-a Bird that from below flew through the heaven.
I saw thy head still soaring, striving upward by paths unsoiled by dust, pleasant to travel.
7 Here I beheld thy form, matchless in glory, eager to win thee food at the Cow's station.
When'er a man brings thee to thine enjoyment, thou swallowest the plants most greedy eater.
8 After thee, Courser, come the car, the bridegroom, the kine come after, and the charm of maidens.
Full companies have followed for thy friendship: the pattern of thy vigour Gods have copied.
9 Horns made of gold hath he: his feet are iron: less fleet than he, though swift as thought, is Indra.
The Gods have come that they may taste the oblation of him who mounted, first of all, the Courser.
10 Symmetrical in flank, with rounded haunches, mettled like heroes, the Celestial Courser
Put forth their strength, like swans in lengthened order, when they, the Steeds, have reached the heavenly causeway.
11 A body formed for flight hast thou, O Charger; swift as the wind in motion is thy spirit.
Thy horns are spread abroad in all directions: they move with restless beat in wildernesses.
12 The strong Steed hath come forward to the slaughter, pondering with a mind directed God-ward.
The goat who is his kin is led before him the sages and the singers follow after.
13 The Steed is come unto the noblest mansion, is come unto his Father and his Mother.
This day shall he approach the Gods, most welcome: then he declares good gifts to him who offers.

HYMN CLXIV. Visvedevas.
1. OF this benignant Priest, with eld grey-coloured, the brother midmost of the three is lightning.
The third is he whose back with oil is sprinkled. Here I behold
Forth from his head the Cows draw milk, and, wearing his securely founded station.

Their good gifts sought of men are ranged in order due, and various in their form move for the Lord who guides.

10 Bearing three Mothers and three Fathers, single he stood who wears all shapes in three directions.

4 Who hath beheld him as he sprang to being, seen how the boneless One supports the bony?

5 Unripe in mind, in spirit undiscerning, I ask of these the Gods' established places; For up above the yearling Calf the sages, to form a web, their own seven threads have woven.

3 The seven who on the seven-wheeled car are mounted have names of the seven Cows are treasured.

2 Seven to the one-wheeled chariot yoke the Courser; bearing seven names the single Courser draws it.

Three-naved the wheel is, sound and undecaying, whereon are resting all these worlds of being.

3 The seven who on the seven-wheeled car are mounted have horses, seven in tale, who draw them onward.

Seven Sisters utter songs of praise together, in whom the names of the seven Cows are treasured.

4 Who hath beheld him as he sprang to being, seen how the boneless One supports the bony?

Where is the blood of earth, the life, the spirit? Who may approach the man who knows, to ask it?

5 Unripe in mind, in spirit undiscerning, I ask of these the Gods' established places; For up above the yearling Calf the sages, to form a web, their own seven threads have woven.

1 Let him who knoweth presently declare it, this lovely Bird's securely founded station.

8 The Mother gave the Sire his share of Order: with thought, at first, she wedded him in spirit.

She, the coy Dame, was filled with dew prolific: with adoration men approached to praise her.

10 Bearing three Mothers and three Fathers, single he stood who wears all shapes in three directions.

11 Formed with twelve spokes, by length of time, unweakened, rolls round the heaven this wheel of during Order.

Herein established, joined in pairs together, seven hundred Sons and twenty stand, O Agni.

12 They call him in the farther half of heaven the Sire five-footed, of twelve forms, wealthy in watery store.

These others say that he, God with far-seeing eyes, is mounted on the lower seven-wheeled, six-spoked car.

13 Upon this five-spoked wheel revolving ever all living creatures rest and are dependent.

14 The wheel revolves, unwasting, with its felly: ten draw it, yoked to the far-stretching car-pole.

The Sun's eye moves encompassed by the region: on him dependent rest all living creatures.

15 Of the co-born they call the seventh single-born; the six twin pairs are called Rsis, Children of Gods.

Their good gifts sought of men are ranged in order due, and various in their form move for the Lord who guides.
firmly stablished in the midst of houses.
Living, by offerings to the Dead he moveth Immortal One, the brother of the mortal.
31 I saw the Herdsman, him who never stumbles, approaching by his pathways and departing.
He, clothed with gathered and diffusive splendour, within the worlds continually travels.
32 He who hath made him cloth not comprehend him: from him who saw him surely is he hidden.
He, yet enveloped in his Mother's bosom, source of much life, hath sunk into destruction.
33 Dyaus is my Father, my begetter: kinship is here. This great earth is my kin and Mother.
Between the wide-spread world-halves is the birth-place: the Father laid the Daughter's germ within it.
34 I ask thee of the earth's extremest limit, where is the centre of the world, I ask thee. I ask thee of the Stallion's seed prolific, I ask of highest heaven where Speech abideth.
35 This altar is the earth's extremest limit; this sacrifice of ours is the world's centre.
The Stallion's seed prolific is the Soma; this Brahman highest heaven where Speech abideth.
36 Seven germs unripened yet are heaven's prolific, seed: their functions they maintain by Visnu's ordinance.
Endued with wisdom through intelligence and thought, they compass us about present on every side.
37 What thing I truly am I know not clearly: mysterious, fettered in my mind I wander.
When the first-born of holy Law approached me, then of this speech I first obtain a portion.
38 Back, forward goes he, grasped by strength inherent, the Immortal born the brother of the mortal
Ceaseless they movelnopposite directions: men mark the one, and fail to mark the other.
39 Upon what syllable of holy praise-song, as twere their highest heaven, the Gods repose them,-
Who knows not this, what will he do with praise-song? But they who know it well sit here assembled.
40 Forunate 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.

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 greatest 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 Vṛtra 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.
9 Nothing, O Maghavan, stands firm before thee; among the Gods not one is found thine equal. None born or springing into life comes nigh thee.
Do what thou hast to do, exceeding mighty?
10 Mine only be transcendent power, whatever I, daring in my spirit, may accomplish.
For I am known as terrible, O Maruts I, Indra, am the Lord of what I ruined.
11 Now, O ye Maruts, hath your praise rejoiced me, the glorious hymn which ye have made me, Heroes!
For me, for Indra, champion strong in battle, for me, yourselves, as lovers for a lover.
12 Here, truly, they send forth their sheen to meet me, wearing their blameless glory and their vigour.
When I have seen you, Matuts, in gay splendour, ye have delighted me, so now delight me.
13 Who here hath magnified you, O ye Maruts? speed forward, O ye lovers, to your lovers.
Ye Radiant Ones, assisting their devotions, of these my holy rites he ye ye regardful.
14 To this hath Minya's wisdom brought us, so as to aid, as aids the poet him who worships.
Bring hither quick! On to the sage, ye Maruts! These prayers for you the singer hath recited.
15 May this your praise, may this your song, O Maruts, sung by the poet, Mana's son, Mandarya,
Bring offspring for ourselves with food to feed us. May we find strengthening food in full abundance!

HYMN CLXVI. Maruts.

1. Now let us publish, for the vigorous company the herald of the Strong One, their primeval might.
With fire upon your way, O Maruts loud of voice, with battle, Mighty Ones, achieve your deeds of strength.
2. Bringing the pleasant mæth as 'twere their own dear son, they sport in sportive wise gay at their gatherings.
The Rudras come with succour to the worshipper; self-strong they fail not him who offers sacrifice.
3. To whomsoever, bringer of oblations, they immortal guardians, have given plenteous wealth,
For him, like loving friends, the Maruts bringing bliss bedew the regions round with milk abundantly.
4. Ye who with mighty powers have stirred the regions up, your coursers have sped forth directed by themselves.
All creatures of the earth, all dwellings are afraid, for brilliant is your coming with your spears advanced.
5. When they in dazzling rush have made the mountains roar, and shaken heaven's high back in their heroic strength,
Each sovran of the forest fears as ye drive near, aid the shrubs fly before you swift as whirling wheels.
6. Terrible Maruts, ye with ne'er diminished host, with great benevolence fulfil our heart's desire.
Where'er your lightning bites armed with its gory teeth it crunches up the cattle like a well-aimed dart.
7. Givers of during gifts whose bounties never fail, free from ill-will, at sacrifices glorified,
They sing their song aloud that they may drink sweet juice: well do they know the Hero's first heroic deeds.
8. With castles hundredfold, O Maruts, guard ye well the man whom ye have loved from ruin and from sin,-
The man whom ye the fierce, the Mighty ones who roar, preserve from calumny by cherishing his seed.
9. O Maruts, in your cars are all things that are good: great powers are set as 'twere in rivalry therein.
Rings are upon your shoulders when ye journey forth: your axle turns together both the chariot wheels.
10. Held in your manly arms are many goodly things, gold chains are on your chests, and glistening ornaments,
Deer-skins are on their shoulders, on their fellies knives: they spread their glory out as birds spread out their wings.
11. Mighty in mightiness, pervading, passing strong, visible from afar as 'tware with stars of heaven,
Lovely with pleasant tongues, sweet singers with their mouths, the Maruts, joined with Indra, shout forth all around.
12. This is your majesty, ye Maruts nobly born, far as the sway of Adid your bounty spreads.
Even Indra by desertion never disannuls the boon bestowed by you upon the pious man.
13. This is your kinship, Maruts, that, Immortals, ye were oft in olden time regardful of our call,
Having vouchsafed to man a hearing through this prayer, by wondrous deeds the Heroes have displayed their might.
14. That, O ye Maruts, we may long time flourish through your abundant riches, O swift movers,
And that our men may spread in the encampment, let me complete the rite with these oblations.
15. May this your laud, may this your song, O Maruts, sung by the poet, Mana's son, Mandarya,
Bring offspring for ourselves with food to feed us. May we find strengthening food in full abundance!

HYMN CLXVII. Indra. Maruts.

1. A THOUSAND are thy helps for us, O Indra: a thousand, Lord of Bay's, thy choice refreshments.
Wealth of a thousand sorts hast thou to cheer us: may precious goods come nigh to us in thousands.
2. May the most sapient Maruts, with protection, with best boons brought from lofty heaven, approach us,
Now when their team of the most noble horses speeds even on the sea's extremest limit.
3. Close to them clings one moving in seclusion, like a man's wife, like a spear carried rearward,
Well grasped, bright, decked with gold there is Vak also, like

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to a courtly, eloquent dame, among them.
4 Far off the brilliant, never-weary Maruts cling to the young
Maid as a joint possession.
The fierce Gods drive not Rodasi before them, but wished for
her to grow their friend and fellow.
5 When chose immortal Rodasi to follow- she with loose
tresses and heroic spirit-
She climbed her servant's chariot, she like Surya with cloud-
like motion and refulgent aspect.
6 Upon their car the young men set the Maiden wedded to
glory, mighty in assemblies,
When your song, Maruts, rose, and, with oblation, the Soma-
pourer sang his hymn in worship.
7 I will declare the greatness of these Maruts, their real
greatness, worthy to be lauded,
How, with them, she though firm, strong-minded, haughty,
travels to women happy in their fortune.
8 Mitra and Varuna they guard from censure: Aryaman too,
thieves for the weal of both the worlds.
9 None of us, Maruts, near or at a distance, hath ever reached
the limit of your vigour.
They in courageous might still waxing boldly have compassed
round their foemen like an ocean.
10 May we this day be dearest friends of Indra, and let us call
on him in fight to-morrow.
So were we erst. New might attend us daily! So be with us!
Rbhuksan of the Heroes!
11 May this your laud, may this your song, O Maruts, sung by
the poet, Mana's
son, Mandarya,
Bring offspring for ourselves with food to feed us. May we
find strengthening food in full abundance.

HYMN CLXVIII. Maruts.
1. SWIFT gain is his who hath you near at every rite: ye
welcome every song of himwho serves the Gods.
So may I turn you hither with fair hymns of praise to give great
succour for the weal of both the worlds.
2 Surrounding, as it were, self-born, self-powerful, they spring
to life the shakers-down of food and light;
Like as the countess undulations of the floods, worthy of praise
when near, like bullocks and like kine.
3 They who, like Somas with their well-grown stalks pressed
out, imbibed within the heart, dwell there in friendly wise.
Upon their shoulders rests as 'twere a warrior's spear and in
their hand they hold a dagger and a ring.
4 Self-yoked they have descended lightly from the sky. With
your own lash, Immortals, urge yourself's to speed.
Unstained by dust the Maruts, mighty in their strength, have
cast down e'en firm things, armed with their shining spears.
5 Who among you, O Maruts armed with lightning-spears,
moveth you by himself, as with the tongue his jaws?
Ye rush from heaven's floor as though ye sought for food, on
many errands like the Sun's diurnal Steed.
6 Say where, then, is this mighty region's farthest bound,
where, Maruts, is the lowest depth that ye have reached,
When ye cast down like chaff the firmly stablished pile, and
from the mountain send the glittering water-flood?
7 Your winning is with strength, dazzling, with heavenly light,
with fruit mature, O Maruts, fall of plenteousness.
Auspicious is your gift like a free giver's meed, victorious,
spreading far, as of immortal Gods.
8 The rivers roar before your chariot fellies when they are
uttering the voice of rain-clouds.
The lightnings laugh upon the earth beneath them, what time
the Maruts scatter forth their fatness.
9 Prani brought forth, to fight the mighty battle, the glittering
army of the restless Maruts.
Nurtured together they begat the monster, and then looked
round them for the food that strengthens.
10 May this your laud, may this your song O Maruts, sung by
the poet Mana's son,
Mandarya,
Bring offspring for ourselves with food to feed us. May we
find strengthening food in full abundance.

HYMN CLXX. Indra. Maruts.
1. As, Indra, from great treason thou protectest, yea, from great
treachery these who approach us,
So was the conqueror of the Maruts grant us their
blessings, for they are thy dearest.
2 The various doings of all mortal people by thee are ordered,
in thy wisdom, Indra.
The host of Marutg goeth forth exulting to win the light-
bestowing spoil of battle.
3 That spear of thine sat firm for us, O Indra: the Maruts set
their whole dread power in motion.
E'en Agni shines resplendent in the brush-wood: the viands
hold him as floods hold an island.
4 Vouchsafe us now that opulence, O Indra, as guerdon won
by mightiest donation.
May hymns that please thee cause the breast of Vayu to swell
with the mead's refreshing sweetness.
5 With thee, O Indra, are most bounteous riches that further
every one who lives uprightly.
Now may these Maruts show us loving-kindness, Gods who of
old were ever prompt to help us.
6 Bring forth the Men who rain down boons, O Indra: exert
thee in the great terrestrial region;
For their broad-chested speckled deer are standing like a
King's armies on the field of battle.
7 Heard is the roar of the advancing Maruts, terrific, glittering,
and swiftly moving,
Who with their rush o'erthrow as 'twere a sinner the mortal
who would fight with those who love him
8 Give to the Manas, Indra with Maruts, gifts universal, gifts
cattle foremost.
Thou, God, art praised with Gods who must be lauded. May
we find strengthening food in full abundance.

HYMN CLXIX. Indra.
1. NAUGHT is to-day, to-morrow naught. Who comprehends
the mystery?
We must address ourselves unto another's thought, and lost is then the hope we formed.
2 The Maruts are thy brothers. Why, O Indra, wouldst thou take our lives?
Agree with them in friendly wise, and do not slay us in the fight.
3 Agastya, brother, why dost thou neglect us, thou who art our friend?
We know the nature of thy mind. Verity thou wilt give us naught.
4 Let them prepare the altar, let them kindle fire in front: we two
Here will spread sacrifice for thee, that the Immortal may observe.
5 Thou, Lord of Wealth, art Master of all treasures, thou, Lord
of friends, art thy friends' best supporter.
O Indra, speak thou kindly with the Maruts, and taste oblations in their proper season.

HYMN CLXXI. Maruts.
1. To you I come with this mine adoration, and with a hymn I crave the Strong Ones' favour
A hymn that truly makes you joyful, Maruts. Suppress your anger and unyoke your horses.
2 Maruts, to you this laud with prayer and worship, formed in the mind and heart, ye Gods, is offered.
Come ye to us, rejoicing in your spirit, for ye are they who make our prayer effective.
3 The Maruts, praised by us, shall show us favour; Maghavan, lauded, shall be most propitious.
Maruts, may all our days that are to follow be very pleasant, lovely and triumphant.
4 I fled in terror from this mighty Indra, my body trembling in alarm, O Maruts.
Oblations meant for you had been made ready; these have we set aside: for this forgive us.
5 By whom the Manas recognize the day-springs, by whose strength at the dawn of endless mornings,
Give us, thou Mighty, glory with Maruts. fierce with the fierce, the Strong who givest triumph.
6 Do thou, O Indra, guard the conquering Heroes, and rid thee of thy wrath against the Maruts,
With them, the wise, victorious and bestowing. May we find strengthening food in full abundance.

HYMN CLXXII. Maruts.
1. WONDERFUL let your coming be, wondrous with help, ye Bounteous Ones,
Maruts, who gleam as serpents gleam.
2 Far be from us, O Maruts, ye free givers, your impetuous shaft;
Far from us be the stone ye hurl.
3 O Bounteous Givers, touch ye not, O Maruts, Trnskanda's folk;
Lift ye us up that we may live.

HYMN CLXXIII. Indra.
1. THE praise-song let him sing forth bursting bird-like: sing we that hymn which like heaven's light expandeth,
That the milk-giving cows may, unimpeded call to the sacred grass the Gods' assembly.
2 Let the Bull sing with Bulls whose toil is worship, with a loud roar like some wild beast that hungered.
Praised God! the glad priest brings his heart's devotion; the holy youth presents twofold oblation.
3 May the Priest come circling the measured stations, and with him bring the earth's autumnal fruitage.
Let the Horse neigh led near, let the Steer bellow: let the Voice go between both worlds as herald,
4 To him we offer welcomest oblations, the pious bring their strength-inspiring praises.
May Indra, wondrous in his might, accept them, car-borne and swift to move like the Nasatyas.
5 Praise thou that Indra who is truly mighty, the car-borne Warrior, Maghavan the Hero;
Stronger in war than those who fight against him, borne by strong steeds, who kills enclosing darkness;
6 Him who surpasses heroes in his greatness: the earth and heavens suffice not for his girdles.
Indra endues the earth to be his garment, and, God-like, wears the heaven as 'twere a frontlet.
7 Thee, Hero, guardian of the brave in battles, who roamest in the van,-to draw thee hither,
Indra, the hosts agree beside the Soma, and joy, for his great actions, in the Chieftain.
8 Libations in the sea to thee are pleasant, when thy divine Floods come to cheer these people.
To thee the Cow is sum of all things grateful when with the wish thou seekest men and princes.
9 So may we in this One be well befriended, well aided as it were through praise of chieftains,
That Indra still may linger at our worship, as one led swift to work, to hear our praises.
10 Like men in rivalry extolling princes, our Friend be Indra, wielder of the thunder.
Like true friends of some city's lord within them held in good rule with sacrifice they help him.
11 For every sacrifice makes Indra stronger, yea, when he goes around angry in spirit;
As pleasure at the ford invites the thirsty, as the long way brings him who gains his object.
12 Let us not here contend with Gods, O Indra, for here, O Mighty One, is thine own portion,
The Great, whose Friends the bounteous Maruts honour, as with a stream, his song who pours oblations.
13 Addressed to thee is this our praise, O Indra: Lord of Bay Steeds, find us hereby advancement.
So mayst thou lead us on, O God, to comfort. May we find strengthening food in full abundance.

HYMN CLXXIV. Indra.
1. THOU art the King of all the Gods, O Indra: protect the
men, O Asura, preserve us. 
Thou Lord of Heroes, Maghavan, our savior, art faithful, very 
rich, the victory-giver.
2 Indra, thou humblest tribes that spake with insult by 
breaking down seven autumn forts, their refuge. 
Thou stirrest, Blameless! billowy floods, and gavest his foe a 
prey to youthful Purukutsa.
3 With whom thou drivest troops whose lords are heroes, and 
bringest daylight now, much worshipped Indra, 
With them guard lion-like wasting active Agni to dwell in our 
tilled fields and in our homestead. 
4 They through the greatness of thy spear, O Indra, shall, to thy 
praise, rest in this earthly station. 
To lose the floods, to seek, for kine, the battle, his Bays he 
mounted boldly seized the booty.
5 Indra, bear Kutsa, him in whom thou joyest: the dark-red 
horses of the Wind are docile. 
Let the Sun roll his chariot wheel anear us, and let the 
Thunderer go to meet the foemen.
6 Thou Indra, Lord of Bays, made strong by impulse, hast slain 
the vexers of thy friends, who give not. 
They who beheld the Friend beside the living were cast aside 
by thee as they rode onward.
7 Indra, the bard sang forth in inspiration: thou madest earth a 
covering for the Dasa. 
Maghavan made the three that gleam with moisture, and to his 
home brought Kuyavac to slay him. 
8 These thine old deeds new bards have sung, O Indra. Thou 
conqueredst, boundest many tribes for ever. 
Like castles thou hast crushed the godless races, and bowed the 
godless scorner's deadly weapon. 
9 A Stormer thou hast made the stormy waters flow down, O 
Indra, like the running rivers. 
When o'er the flood thou broughtest them, O Hero, thou 
kepest Turvaga and Yadu safely.
10 Indra, mayst thou be ours in all occasions, protector of the 
men, most gentle-hearted, 
Giving us victory over all our rivals. May we find 
strengthening food in full abundance.
1. IF, Indra, thou hast given that gracious hearing where with thou helpest 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 ear 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.

HYMN CLXXIX. Rati.
The deified object of this omitted hymn is said to be Rati or Love, and its Rsis or authors are Lopamudra, Agastya, and a disciple. Lopamudra is represented as inviting the caresses of her aged husband Agastya, and complaining of his coldness and neglect. Agastya responds in stanza 3, and in the second half of stanza 4 the disciple or the poet briefly tells the result of the dialogue. Stanza 5 is supposed to be spoken by the disciple who has overheard the conversation, but its connexion with the rest of the hymn is not very apparent. In stanza 6 'toiling with strong endeavour' is a paraphrase and not a translation of the original khanamanah khanitraib (ligonibus fodiens) which Sayana explains by 'obtaining the desired result by means of lauds and sacrifices.'
M. Bergaigne is of opinion that the hymn has a mystical meaning, Agastya being identifiable with the celestial Soma whom Lopamudra, representing fervent Prayer, succeeds after long labour in drawing down from his secret dwelling place. See La Religion Véduque, ii. 394 f.
1 Through many autumns have I toiled and laboured, at night and morn, through age-inducing dawns.
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 spouses.
3 Victorious with the men, Hero in battles, Indra, who hearsthe singer's supplication,
Will bring his ear 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.

HYMN CLXXX. Asvins.
The prayer is that the Sister may convey you, all praised, to our dwelling.
9 'The fire, burning the people, does not approach quickly (by day): the naked (Rakasas approach) not Agni by night; the giver of fuel, and the giver of food, he, the upholder (of the rite), is born, overcoming enemies by his might.'

1. LIGHTLY your coursers travel through the regions when round thesea of air your car is flying.
Your golden fellows scatter drops of moisture: drinking the sweetness ye attend the Mornings.
Ye as ye travel overtake the Courser who flies apart, the Friend of man, most holy.
The prayer is that the Sister may convey you, all praised, meath-drinkers! to support and strengthen.
3 Ye have deposited, matured within her, in the raw cow the first milk of the milch-cow,
Which the bright offerer, shining like a serpent mid trees, presents to you whose form is perfect.
4 Ye made the fierce heat to be full of sweetness for Atri at his wish, like streaming water.
Fire-offering thence is yours, O Asvins, Heroes: your car-wheels speed to us like springs of honey.
5 Like Tugra's ancient son may I, ye Mighty, bring you to give your gifts with milk-oblations.
Your greatness compasseth Earth, Heaven, and Waters: decayed for you is sorrow's net, ye Holy.
6 When, Bounteous Ones, ye drive your yoked team downward, ye send, by your own natures, understanding.
Swift as the wind let the prince please and feast you: he, like a pious man, gains strength for increase.
7 For verily we truthful singers praise you the niggard trafficker is here excluded.
Now, even now do ye O blameless Advins, ye Mighty, guard

5Aided 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.
the man whose God is near him.
8 You of a truth day after day, O Asvins, that he might win the very plenteous torrent, Agastya, famous among mortal heroes, roused with a thousand lauds like sounds of music.
9 When with the glory of your car ye travel, when we go speeding like the priest of mortals, And give good horses to sacrificers, may we, Nasatyas! gain our share of riches.
10 With songs of praise we call to-day, O Asvins, that your new chariot, for our own well-being, That circles heaven with never-injured fellies. May we find strengthening food in full abundance.

HYMN CLXXXI. Asvins
1. WHAT, dearest Pair, is this in strength and riches that ye as Priests are bring from the waters? This sacrifice is your glorification, ye who protect mankind and give them treasures.
2 May your pure steeds, rain-drinkers, bring you hither, swift as the tempest, your celestial cursers,
Rapid as thought, with fair backs, full of vigour, resplendent in their native light, O Asvins.
3 Your car is like a torrent rushing downward: may it come nigh, broad-seated, for our welfare,-
Car holy, strong, that ever would be foremost, thought-swift, which ye, for whom we long, have mounted.
4 Here sprung to life, they both have sung together, with bodies free from stain, with signs that mark them;
One of you Prince of Sacrifice, the Victor, the other counts as Heaven's auspicious offspring.
5 May your car-seat, down-gliding, golden-coloured, according to your wish approach our dwellings.
Men shall feed full the bay steeds of the other, and, Asvins they with roars shall stir the regions.
6 Forth comes your strong Bull like a cloud of autumn, sending abundant food of liquid sweetness.
Let them feed with the other's ways and vigour: the upper streams have come and do us service.
7 Your constant song hath been sent forth, Disposers! that flows threefold in mighty strength, O Asvins.
Thus lauded, give the suppliant protection moving or resting hear mine invocation.
8 This song of bright contents for you is swelling in the men's hall where three-fold grass is ready.
Your strong rain-cloud, ye Mighty Ones, hath swollen, honouring men as 'twere with milk's outpouring.
9 The prudent worshipper, like Pusan, Asvins! praises you as he praises Dawn and Agni,
When, singing with devotion, he invokes you. May we find strengthening food in full abundance.

HYMN CLXXXII. Asvins.
1. THIS was the task. Appear promptly, ye prudent Ones. Here is the chariot drawn by strong steeds: be ye glad.
Heart-stirring, longed for, succourers of Vispala, here are Heaven's Sons whose sway blesses the pious man.

2 Longed for, most Indra-like, mighty, most Marut-like, most wonderful in deed, car-borne, best charioteers, Bring your full chariot hither heaped with liquid sweet: thereon, ye Mvins, come to him who offers gifts.
3 What make ye there, ye Mighty? Wherefore linger ye with folk who, offering not, are held in high esteem?
Pass over them; make ye the niggard's life decay: give light unto the singer eloquent in praise.
4 Crunch up on. every side the dogs who bark at us: slay ye our foes, O Asvins this ye understand.
Make wealthly every word of him who praises you: accept with favour, both Nasatyas, this my laud.
5 Ye made for Tugra's son amid the water-floods that animated ship with wings to fly withal, Whereon with God-devoted mind ye brought him forth, and fled with easy flight from out the mighty surge.
6 Four ships most welcome in the midst of ocean, urged by the Asvins, save the son of Tugra, Him who was cast down headlong in the waters, plunged in the thick inevitable darkness.
7 What tree was that which stood fixed in surrounding sea to which the son of Tugra supplicating clung?
Like twigs, of which some winged creature may take hold, ye, Asvins, bore him off safely to your renown.
8 Welcome to you be this the hymn of praises uttered by Manas, O Nasatyas, Heroes.
From this our gathering where we offer Soma. May we find strengthening food in full abundance.

HYMN CLXXXIII. Asvins.
1. MAKE ready that which passes thought in swiftness, that hath three wheels and triple seat, ye Mighty, Whereon ye seek the dwelling of the pious, whereon, threefold, ye fly like birds with pinions.
2 Light rolls your easy chariot faring earthward, what time, for food, ye, full of wisdom, mount it.
May this song, wondrous fair, attend your glory: ye, as ye travel, wait on Dawn Heaven's Daughter.
3 Ascend your lightly rolling car, approaching the worshipper who turns him to his duties,-
Whereon ye come unto the house to quicken man and his offspring, O Nasatyas, Heroes.
4 Let not the wolf, let not the she-wolf harm you. Forsake me not, nor pass me by or others.
Here stands your share, here is your hymn, ye Mighty: yours are these vessels, full of pleasant juices.
5 Gotama, Purumilha, Atri bringing oblations all invoke you for protection.
Like one who goes strait to the point directed, ye Nasatyas, to mine invocation.
6 We have passed o'er the limit of this darkness: our praise hath been bestowed on you, O Asvins.
Come hitherward by paths which Gods have travelled. May we find strengthening food in full abundance.

HYMN CLXXXIV Asvins.
1. LET us invoke you both this day and after the priest is here
with lauds when morn is breaking:

Nasatyas, wheresome'er ye be, Heaven's Children, for him who is more liberal than the godless.

2 With us, ye Mighty, let yourselves be joyful, glad in our stream of Soma slay the niggards.

3 Graciously hear my hymns and invitations, marking, O Heroes, with your cars my longing.

3 Nasatyas, Pusans, ye as Gods for glory arranged and set in order Surya's bridal.

Your giant steeds move on, sprung from the waters, like ancient times of Varuna the Mighty.

4 Your grace be with us, ye who love sweet juices: further the hymn sung by the poet Mana,

When men are joyful in your glorious actions, to win heroic strength, ye Bounteous Givers.

5 This praise was made, O liberal Lords, O Asvins, for you with fair adornment by the Manas.

Come to our house for us and for our children, rejoicing, O Nasatyas, in Agastya.

6 We have passed o'er the limit of this darkness: our praise hath been/bestowed on you, O Asvins.

Come hitherward by paths which Gods have travelled. may we find strengthening food in full abundance.

HYMN CLXXXV. Heaven and Earth.

1. WHETHER of these is elder, whether later? How were they born? Who knoweth it, ye sages?

These of themselves support all things existing: as on a car the Day and Night roll onward.

2 The Twain uphold, though motionless and footless, a widespread offspring having feet and moving.

Like your own fon upon his parents' bosom, protect us, Heaven and earth, from fearful danger.

3 I call for Aditi's unrivalled bounty, perfect, celestial, deathless, meet for worship.

Produce this, ye Twain Worlds, for him who lauds you. Protect us, Heaven and Earth, from fearful danger.

4 May we be close to both the Worlds who suffer no pain, Parents of Gods, who aid with favour, Both mid the Gods, with Day and Night alternate. Protect us, Heaven and Earth, from fearful danger.

5 Faring together, young, with meeting limits, Twin Sisters lying in their Parents' bosom, Kissing the centre of the world together. Protect us, Heaven and Earth, from fearful danger.

6 Duly I call the two wide seats, the mighty, the general Parents, with the God's protection. Who, beautiful to look on, make the nectar. Protect us, Heaven and Earth, from fearful danger.

7 Wide, vast, and manifold, whose bounds are distant, these, reverent, I address at this our worship, The blessed Pair, victorious, all-sustaining. Protect us, Heaven and Earth, from fearful danger.

8 What sin we have at any time committed against the Gods, our friend, our house's chieftain, Therof may this our hymn be expiation. Protect us, Heaven and Earth, from fearful danger.

9 May both these Friends of man, who bless, preserve me, may they attend me with their help and favour.

Enrich the man more liberal than the godless. May we, ye Gods, be strong with food rejoicing.

10 Endowed with understanding, I have uttered this truth, for all to hear, to Earth and Heaven.

Be near us, keep us from reproach and trouble. Father and Mother, with your help preserve us.

11 Be this my prayer fulfilled, O Earth and Heaven, wherewith, Father and Mother, I address you.

Nearest of Gods be ye with your protection. May we find strengthening food in full abundance.

HYMN CLXXXVI. Visvedevas.

1. LOVED of all men, may Savitar, through praises offered as sacred food, come to our synod, That you too, through-our hymn, ye ever-youthful, may gladden, at your visit, all our people.

2 To us may all the Gods come trooped together, Aryaman, Mitra, Varuna concordant,

That all may be promoters of our welfare, and with great might preserve our strength from slackness.

3 Agni I sing, the guest you love most dearly: the Conqueror through our lauds is friendly-minded.

That he may be our Varuna rich in glory and send food like a prince praised by the godly.

4 To you I seek with reverence, Night and Morning, like a cow good to milk, with hope to conquer, Preparing on a common day the praise. song with milk of various hues within this udder.

5 May the great Dragon of the Deep rejoice us: as one who nourishes her young comes Sindhu,

With whom we will incite the Child of Waters whom vigorous course swift as thought bring hither.

6 Moreover Tvastar also shall approach us, one-minded with the princes at his visit.

Hither shall come the Vrtra-slayer Indra, Ruler of men, as strongest of the Heroes.

7 Him too our hymns delight, that yoke swift horses, like mother cows who lick their tender youngling.

To him our songs shall yield themselves like spouses, to him the most delightful of the Heroes.

8 So may the Maruts, armed with mighty weapons, rest here on heaven and earth with hearts in concord,

As Gods whose cars have dappled steeds like torrents, destroyers of the foe allies of Mitra.

9 They hasten on to happy termination their orders when they are made known by glory.

As on a fair bright day the arrow flieth o'er all the barren soil their missiles sparkle.

10 Incline the Asvins to show grace, and Pusan, for power and might have they, their own possession.

Friendly are Visnu, Vata, and Rbhuksan so may I bring the Gods to make us happy.

11 This is my reverent thought of you, ye Holy; may it inspire
you, make you dwell among us,—
Thought, toiling for the Gods and seeking treasure. May we
find strengthening food in full abundance.

HYMN CLXXXVII. Praise of Food.
1. Now will I glorify Food that upholds great strength,
By whose invigorating power Trita rent Vrtra limb from limb.
2 O pleasant Food, O Food of meath, thee have we chosen for
our own,
So be our kind protector thou.
3 Come hitherward to us, O Food, auspicious with auspicious
help,
Health-bringing, not unkind, a dear and guileless friend.
4 These juices which, O Food, are thine throughout the regions
are diffused.
like winds they have their place in heaven.
5 These gifts of thine, O Food, most sweet to taste,
These savours of thy juices work like creatures that have
mighty necks.
6 In thee, O Food, is set the spirit of great Gods.
Under thy flag brave deeds were done he slew the Dragon with
thy help.
7 If thou be gone unto the splendour of the clouds,
Even from thence, O Food of meath, prepared for our
enjoyment, come.
8 Whatever morsel we consume from waters or from plants of
earth, O Soma, wax thou fat thereby.
9 What Soma, we enjoy from thee in milky food or barley-
brew, Vatapi, grow thou fat thereby.
10 O Vegetable, Cake of meal, he wholesome, firm, and
strengthening: Vatapi, grow thou fat thereby.
11 O Food, from thee as such have we drawn forth with lauds,
like cows, our sacrificial gifts,
From thee who banquetest with Gods, from thee who
banquetest with us.

HYMN CLXXXVIII. April
1. WINNER of thousands, kindled, thou shinest a God with
Gods to-day.
Bear out oblations, envoy, Sage.
2 Child of Thyself the sacrifice is for the righteous blent with
meath,
Presenting viands thousandfold.
3 Invoked and worthy of our praise bring Gods whose due is
sacrifice:
Thou, Agni, givest countless gifts.
4 To seat a thousand Heroes they eastward have strewn the
grass with might,
Whereon, Adityas, ye shine forth.
5 The sovran all-imperial Doors, wide, good, many and
manifold,
Have poured their streams of holy oil.
6 With gay adornment, fair to see, in glorious beauty shine
they forth:
Let Night and Morning rest them here.
7 Let these two Sages first of all, heralds divine and eloquent,
Perform for us this sacrifice.

HYMN CXC. Brhaspati.
1. GLORIFY thou Brhaspati, the scatheless, who must be
praised with hymns, sweet-tongued and mighty,
To whom as leader of the song, resplendent, worthy of lauds,
both Gods and mortals listen.
2 On him wait songs according to the season even as a stream
of pious men set moving.
Brhaspati-for helaid out the expanses- was, at the sacrifice,
vast Matarisvan.
3 The praise, the verse that offers adoration, may he bring
forth, as the Sun sends his arms out,
He who gives daily light through this God's wisdom, strong as
a dread wild beast, and inoffensive.
4 His song of praise pervades the earth and heaven - let the
wise worshipper draw it, like a courser.
These of Brhaspati, like hunters' arrows, go to the skies that
change their hue like serpents.
5 Those, God, who count thee as a worthless bullock, and,
wealthy sinners, live on thee the Bounteous,-
On fools like these no blessing thou bestowest: Brhaspati, thou
punishest the spiteful.
6 Like a fair path is he, where grass is pleasant, though hard to
win, a Friend beloved most early.
those who unharmed by enemies behold us, while: they would
make them bare, stood closely compassed.
7 He to whom songs of praise go forth like torrents, as rivers
eddying under banks flow sea-ward-
Brhaspati the wise, the eager, closely looks upon both, the
waters and the vessel.
8 So hath Brhaspati, great, strong and mighty, the God
exceeding powerful, been brought hither.
May he thus lauded give us kine and horses. May we find
strengthening food in full abundance.

1. VENOMOUS, slightly venomous, or venomous aquatic
worm, -
Both creatures, stinging, unobserved, with poison have
infected me.
2 Coming, it kills the unobserved; it kills them as it goes away,
It kills them as it drives them off, and bruising bruises them to
death.
3 Sara grass, Darbha, Kusara, and Sairya, Munja, Virana,
Where all these creatures dwell unseen, with poison have
infected me.
4 The cows had settled in their stalls, the beasts of prey had
sought their lairs,
Extinguished were the lights of men, when things unseen
infected me.
5 Or these, theserpientes, are observed, like lurking thieves at
evening time.
Seers of all, themselves unseen: be therefore very vigilant.

6 Heaven is your Sire, your Mother Earth, Soma your Brother,
Aditi
Your Sister: seeing all, unseen, keep still and dwell ye happily.
7 Biters of shoulder or of limb, with needle-stings, most
venomous,
Unseen, whatever ye may be, vanish together and be gone.
8 Slayer of things unseen, the Sun, beheld of all, mounts,
eastward, up,
Consuming all that are not seen, and evil spirits of the night.
9 There hath the Sun-God mounted up, who scorches much
and everything.
Even the Aditya from the hills, all-seen, destroying things
unseen.
10 I hang the poison in the Sun, a wine-skin in a vintner's
house,
He will not die, nor shall we die: his path is far: he whom Bay
Horses bear hath turned thee to sweet meath.
11 This little bird, so very small, hath swallowed all thy poison
up.
She will not die, nor shall we die: his path is far: he whom Bay
Horses bear hath turned thee to sweet meath.
12 The three-times-seven bright sparks of fire have swallowed
up the poison's strength.
They will not die, nor shall we die: his path is far: he whom Bay
Horses bear hath turned thee to sweet meath.
13 Of ninety rivers and of nine with power to stay the venom's
course,-
The names of all I have secured: his path is far: he whom Bay
Horses bear hath turned thee to sweet meath.
14 So have the peahens three-times-seven, so have the maiden
Sisters Seven
Carried thy venom far away, as girls bear water in their jars.
15 The poison-insect is so small; I crush the creature with a
stone.
I turn the poison hence away, departed unto distant lands.
16 Forth issuing from the mountain's side the poison-insect
spake and said:
The scorpion's venom hath no strength Scorpion, thy venom is
but weak.
End of THE FIRST BOOK
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, adorabel:
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 protestest 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! Vatra-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
thou, 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.

HYMN II. Agni.
1. WITH sacrifice exalt Agni who knows all life; worship him
'with oblation and the song of praise,
Well kindled, nobly fed; heaven's Lord, Celestial Priest, who
labours at the pole where deeds of might are done.
2 At night and morning, Agni, have they called to thee, like
milch-kine in their stalls lowing to meet their young.
As messenger of heaven thou lightest all night long the families
of men. Thou Lord of precious boons.
3 Him have the Gods established at the region's base, doer of
wondrous deeds, Herald of heaven and earth;
Like a most famous car, Agni the purely bright, like Mitra, to be
glorified among the folk.
4 Him have they set in his own dwelling, in the vault, like the
Moon waxing, fulgent, in the realm of air.
Bird of the firmament, observant with his eyes, guard of the place
as 'twere, looking to Gods and men.
5 May he as Priest encompass all the sacrifice. men throng to him
with offerings and with hymns of praise.
Raging with jaws of gold among the growing plants, like heaven
with all the stars, he quickens earth and sky.
6 Such as thou art, brilliantly kindled for our weal, a liberal giver,
send us riches in thy shine,
For our advantage, Agni, God, bring Heaven and Earth hither that
they may taste oblation brought by man.
7 Agni, give us great wealth, give riches thousandfold. unclose to
us, like doors, strength that shall bring renown.
Make Heaven and Earth propitious through the power of prayer,
and like the sky's bright sheen let mornings beam on us.
8 Enkindled night by night at every morning's dawn, may he
shine forth with red flame like the realm of light,-
Agni adored in beauteous rites with lauds of men, fair guest of
living man and King of all our folk.
9 Song chanted by us men, O Agni, Ancient One, has swelled
unto the deathless Gods in lofty heaven-
A milch-cow yielding to the singer in the rites wealth manifold,
in hundreds, even as he wills.
10 Agni, may we show forth our valour with the steed or with the
power of prayer beyond all other men;
And over the Five Races let our glory shine high like the realm of
light and unsurpassable.
11 Such, Conqueror! be to us, be worthy of our praise, thou for
whom princes nobly born exert themselves;
Whose sacrifice the strong seek, Agni, when it shines for never-
falling offspring in thine own abode.
12 Know of all that lives, O Agni may we both, singers of
praise and chiefs, be in thy keeping still.
Help us to wealth exceeding good and glorious, abundant, rich in
children and their progeny.
13 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.

HYMN III. Apris.
1. AGNI is set upon the earth well kindled; he standeth in
the presence of all beings.
Wise, ancient, God, the Priest and Purifier, let Agni serve the
Gods for he is worthy.
2 May Narasamsa lighting up the chambers, bright in his majesty
through threefold heaven,
Steeping the gift with oil diffusing purpose, bedew the Gods at
chiefest time of worship.
3 Adored in heart, as is thy right, O Agni, serve the Gods first to-
day before the mortal.
Bring thou the Marut host. Ye men do worship to Indra seated on
the grass, eternal.
4 O Grass divine, increasing, rich in heroes, strewn for wealth' sake, well laid upon this altar,-
On this bedewed with oil sit ye, O Vasus, sit all ye Gods, ye Holy, ye Adityas.
5 Wide be the Doors, the Goddesses, thrown open, easy to pass,
invoked, through adorations,
Let them unfold, expansive, everlasting, that sanctify the class
famed, rich in heroes.
6 Good work for us, the glorious Night and Morning, like female
weavers, waxen from aforetime,
Yielders of rich milk, interweave in concert the long-extended
thread, the web of worship.
7 Let the two heavenly Heralds, first, most wise, most fair,
present oblation duly with the sacred verse,
Worshipping God at ordered seasons decking them at three high
places at the centre of the earth.
8 Sarasvati who perfects our devotion, Ila divine, Bharati all
surpassing,-
Three Goddesses, with power inherent, seated, protect this holy
Grass, our flawless refuge!
9 Born is the pious hero swift of hearing, like gold in hue, well
formed, and full of vigour.
May Tvastar lengthen our line and kindred, and may they reach
the place which Gods inhabit.
10 Vanaspati shall stand anear and start us, and Agni with his arts
prepare oblation.
Let the skilled heavenly Immolator forward unto the Gods the
offering thrice anointed.
11 Oil has been mixt: oil is his habitation. In oil he rests: oil is his
proper province.
Come as thy wont is: O thou Steer, rejoice thee; bear off the
oblation duly consecrated.

HYMN IV. Agni.
1. FOR you I call the glorious refulgent Agni, the guest of men,
rich in oblations
Whom all must strive to win even as a lover, God among godly
people, Jatavedas.
2 Bhrgus who served him in the home of waters set him of old in
houses of the living.
Over all worlds let Agni be the Sovran, the messenger of Gods
with rapid coursers.
3 Among the tribes of men the Gods placed Agni as a dear Friend
when they would dwell among them.
Against the longing nights may he shine brightly, and show the
offerer in the house his vigour.
4 Sweet is his growth as of one's own possessions; his look when
rushing fain to burn is lovely.
He darts his tongue forth, like a harnessed courser who shakes his
flowing tail, among the bushes.
5 Since they who honour me have praised my greatness,-he gave,
as 'twere, his hue to those who love him.
Known is he by his bright delightful splendour, and waxing old
renews his youth for ever.
6 Like one aghast, he lighteth up the forests; like water down the
chariot ways he roareth.
On his black path he shews in burning beauty, marked as it were
the heaven that smiles through vapour.
7 Around, consuming the broad earth, he wanders, free roaming
like an ox without a herdsman,-
Agni refulgent, burning up the bushes, with blackened lines, as
through the earth he seasoned.
8 I, in remembrance of thine ancient favour have sung my hymn
in this our third assembly.
O Agni, give us wealth with store of heroes and mighty strength
in food and noble offspring.
9 May the Grtsamadas, serving in secret, through thee, O Agni, overcome their neighbours, Rich in good heroes and subduing foemen. That vital power give thou to chiefs and singers.

HYMN V. Agni.
1. HERALD and teacher was he born, a guardian for our patrons' help,
   Earner by rites of noble wealth. That Strong One may we grasp and guide;
2 In whom, Leader of sacrifice, the seven reins, far extended, meet;
   Who furthers, man-like, eighth in place, as Cleanser, all the work divine.
3 When swift he follows this behest, bird-like he chants the holy prayers.
   He holds all knowledge in his grasp even as the felly rounds the wheel.
4 Together with pure mental power, pure, as Director, was he born.
   Skilled in his own unchanging laws he waxes like the growing boughs.
5 Clothing them in his hues, the kine of him the Leader wait on him.
   Is he not better than the Three, the Sisters who have come to us?
6 When, laden with the holy oil, the Sitster [sic] by the Mother stands,
   The Priest delights in their approach, as corn at coming of the rain.
7 For his support let him perform as ministrant his priestly task;
   Yea, song of praise and sacrifice: we have bestowed, let us obtain.
8 That so this man well skilled, may pay worship to all the Holy Ones.
   And, Agni, this our sacrifice which we have here prepared, to thee.

HYMN VI. Agni.
1. AGNI, accept this flaming brand, this waiting with my prayer on thee:
   Hear graciously these songs of praise.
2 With this hymn let us honour thee, seeker of horses, Son of Strength,
   With this fair hymn, thou nobly born.
3 As such, lover of song, with songs, wealth-lover, giver of our wealth!
   With reverence let us worship thee.
4 Be thou for us a liberal Prince, giver and Lord of precious things.
   Drive those who hate us far away.
5 Such as thou art, give rain from heaven, give strength which no man may resist:
   Give food exceeding plentiful.
6 To him who lauds thee, craving help, most youthful envoy!
   through our song.
   Most holy Herald! come thou nigh.
   7 Between both races, Agni, Sage, well skilled thou passest to and fro,
   As envoy friendly to mankind.
   8 Befriend us thou as knowing all. Sage, duly worship thou the Gods,
   And seat thee on this sacred grass.

HYMN VII. Agni.
1. VASU, thou most youthful God, Bharata, Agni, bring us wealth,
   Excellent, splendid, much-desired.
2 Let no malignity prevail against us, either God's or man's.
   Save us from this and enmity.
3 So through thy favour may we force through all our enemies a way,
   As 'twere through streaming water-floods.
4 Thou, Purifier Agni, high shinest forth, bright, adorable,
   When worshipped with the sacred oil.
5 Ours art thou, Agni, Bharata, honoured by us with barren cows,
   With bullocks and with kine in calf.
6 Wood-fed, bedewed with sacred oil, ancient, Invoker,
   The Son of Strength, the Wonderful.

HYMN VIII. Agni.
1. Now praise, as one who strives for strength, the harnessing of Agni's car,
   The liberal, the most splendid One;
2 Who, guiding worshippers aright, withers, untouched by age, the foe:
   When worshipped fair to look upon;
3 Who for his glory is extolled at eve and morning in our homes,
   Whose statute is inviolate;
4 Who shines refulgent like the Sun, with brilliance and with fiery flame,
   Decked with imperishable sheen.
5 Him Atri, Agni, have our songs Strengthened according to his sway:
   All glories hath he made his own.
6 May we with Agni's, Indra's help, with Soma's, yea, of all the Gods,
   Uninjured dwell together still, and conquer those who fight with us.

HYMN IX. Agni.
1. ACCUSTOMED to the Herald's place, the Herald hath seated him, bright, splendid, passing mighty,
   Whose foresight keeps the Law from violation, excellent, pure-tongued, bringing thousands, Agni.
2 Envoy art thou, protector from the foeman, strong God, thou leadest us to higher blessings.
   Refalgent, be an ever-heedful keeper, Agni, for us and for our seed offspring.
3 May we adore thee in thy loftiest birthplace, and, with our praises, in thy lower station. The place whence thou issued forth I worship: to thee well kindled have they paid oblations. 4 Agni, best Priest, pay worship with oblation; quickly commend the gift to be presented; For thou art Lord of gathered wealth and treasure: of the bright song of praise thou art inventor. 5 The twofold opulence, O Wonder-Worker, of thee new-born each day never decreases. Enrich with food the man who lauds thee, Agni: make him the lord of wealth with noble offspring. 6 May he, benevolent with this fair aspect, best sacrificer, bring the Gods to bless us. Sure guardian, our protector from the foemen, shine, Agni, with thine affluence and splendour.

HYMN X. Agni.
1. AGNI, first, loudly calling, like a Father, kindled by man upon the seat of worship. Clothed in his glory, deathless, keen of insight, must be adorned by all, the Strong, the Famous. 2 May Agni the resplendent hear my calling through all my songs, Immortal, keen of insight. Dark steeds or ruddy draw his car, or carried in sundry ways he makes them red of colour. 3 On wood supine they got the well-formed Infant: a germ in various-fashioned plants was Agni; And in the night, not compassed round by darkness, he dwells exceeding wise, with rays of splendour. 4 With oil and sacred gifts I sprinkle Agni who makes his home in front of all things living. Broad, vast, through vital power o'er all expanded, conspicuous, strong with all the food that feeds him. 5 I pour to him who looks in all directions: may he accept it with a friendly spirit. Agni with bridegroom's grace and lovely colour may not be touched when all his form is fury. 6 By choice victorious, recognize thy portion: with thee for envoy may we speak like Manu. Obtaining wealth, I call on perfect Agni who with an eloquent tongue dispenses sweetness.

HYMN XI. Indra.
1. HEAR thou my call, O Indra; be not needless: thine may we be for thee to give us treasures; For these presented viands, seeking riches, increase thy strength like streams of water flowing. 2 Floods great and many, compassed by the Dragon, thou bastest swell and settest free, O Hero. Strengthened by songs of praise thou rentest piecemeal the Dasa, him who deemed himself immortal. 3 For, Hero, in the lauds wherein thou joyedst, in hymns of praise, O Indra, songs of Rudras, These streams in which is thy delight approach thee, even as the brilliant ones draw near to Vayu. 4 We who add strength to thine own splendid vigour, laying within thine arms the splendid thunder-

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With us mayst thou, O Indra, waxen splendid, with Surya overcome the Dasa races. 5 Hero, thou slewest in thy valour Ahi concealed in depths, mysterious, great enchanter, Dwelling enveloped deep within the waters, him who checked heaven and stayed the floods from flowing. 6 Indra, we laud thy great deeds wrought aforetime, we laud thine exploits later of achievement; We laud the bolt that in thine arms lies eager; we laud thy two Bay Steeds, heralds of Surya. 7 Indra, thy Bay Steeds showing forth their vigour have sent a loud cry out that droppeth fatness. The earth hath spread herself in all her fulness: the cloud that was about to move hath rested. 8 Down, never ceasing, hath the rain-cloud settled: bellowing, it hath wandered with the Mothers. Swelling the roar in the far distant limits, they have spread wide the blast sent forth by Indra. 9 Indra hath hurled down the magician Vrtra who lay beleaguering the mighty river. Then both the heaven and earth trembled in terror at the strong Hero's thunder when he bellowed. 10 Loud roared the mighty Hero's bolt of thunder, when he, the Friend of man, burnt up the monster, And, having drunk his fill of flowing Soma, baffled the guileful Danava's devices. 11 Drink thou, O Hero Indra, drink the Soma; let the joy-giving juices make thee joyful. They, filling both thy flanks, shall swell thy vigour. The juice that satisfies hath helped Indra. 12 Singers have we become with thee, O Indra: may we serve duly and prepare devotion. Seeking thy help we meditate thy praises: may we at once enjoy thy gift of riches. 13 May we be thine, such by thy help, O Indra, as swell thy vigour while they seek thy favour. Give us, thou God, the riches that we long for, most powerful, with stare of noble children. 14 Give us a friend, give us an habitation; Indra, give us the company of Maruts, And those whose minds accord with theirs, the Vayus, who drink the first libation of the Soma. 15 Let those enjoy in whom thou art delighted. Indra, drink Soma for thy strength and gladness. Thou hast exalted us to heaven, Preserver, in battles, through the lofty hymns that praise thee. 16 Great, verily, are they, O thou Protector, who by their songs of praise have won the blessing. They who strew sacred grass to be thy dwelling, helped by thee have got them strength, O Indra. 17 Upon the great Trikadruka days, Hero, rejoicing thee, O Indra, drink the Soma. Come with Bay Steeds to drink of libation, shaking the drops from out thy beard, contented. 18 Hero, assume the might wherewith thou clavest Vrtra piecemeal, the Danava Aurnavabha.
Thou hast disclosed the light to light the Arya: on thy left hand, O Indra, sank the Dasyu.

19 May we gain wealth, subduing with thy succour and with the Arya, all our foes, the Dasyus.

Our gain was that to Trta of our party thou gavest up Tvastar's son Visvarupa.

20 He cast down Arbuda what time his vigour was strengthened by libations poured by Trta.

Indra sent forth his whirling wheel like Surya, and aided by the Angirases rent Vala.

21 Now let that wealthy Cow of thine, O Indra, yield in return a boon to him who lauds thee.

Give to thy praisers: let not fortune fail us. Loud may we speak, with brave men, in the assembly.

HYMN XII. Indra.

1. HE who, just born, chief God of lofty spirit by power and might became the Gods' protector,

Before whose breath through greatness of his valour the two worlds trembled, He, O men, is Indra.

2 He who fixed fast and firm the earth that staggered, and set at rest the agitated mountains,

Who measured out the air's wide middle region and gave the heaven support, He, men, is Indra.

3 Who slew the Dragon, freed the Seven Rivers, and drove the kine forth from the cave of Vala,

Begat the fire between two stones, the spoiler in warriors' battle, He, O men, is Indra.

4 By whom this universe was made to tremble, who chased away the humbled brood of demons,

Who, like a gambler gathering his winnings seized the foe's riches, He, O men, is Indra.

5 Of whom, the Terrible, they ask, Where is He? or verily they say of him, He is not.

He sweeps away, like birds, the foe's possessions. Have faith in him, for He, O men, is Indra.

6 Stirrer to action of the poor and lowly, of priest, of suppliant who sings his praises;

Who, fair-faced, favours him who presseth Soma with stones made ready, He, O men, is Indra.

7 He under whose supreme control are horses, all chariots, and the villages, and cattle;

He who gave being to the Sun and Morning, who leads the waters, He, O men, is Indra.

8 To whom two armies cry in close encounter, both enemies, the stronger and the weaker;

Whom two invoke upon one chariot mounted, each for himself, He, O ye men, is Indra.

9 Without whose help our people never conquer; whom, battling, they invoke to give them succour;

He of whom all this world is but the copy, who shakes things moveless, He, O men, is Indra.

10 He who hath smitten, ere they knew their danger, with his hurled weapon many grievous sinners;

Who pardons not his boldness who provokes him, who slays the Dasyti, He, O men, is Indra.

11 He who discovered in the fortieth autumn Sambara as he dwelt among the mountains;

Who slew the Dragon putting forth his vigour, the demon lying there, He, men, is Indra.

12 Who with seven guiding reins, the Bull, the Mighty, set free the Seven great Floods to flow at pleasure;

Who, thunder-armed, rent Rauhina in pieces when scaling heaven, He, O ye men, is Indra.

13 Even the Heaven and Earth bow down before him, before his very breath the mountains tremble.

Known as the Soma-drinker, armed with thunder, who wields the bolt, He, O ye men, is Indra.

14 Who aids with favour him who pours the Soma and him who brews it, sacrificer, singer.

Whom prayer exalts, and pouring forth of Soma, and this our gift, He, O ye men, Is Indra.

15 Thou verily art fierce and true who sendest strength to the man who brews and pours libation.

So may we evermore, thy friends, O Indra, speak loudly to the synod with our heroes.

HYMN XIII. Indra.

1. THE Season was the parent, and when born therefrom it entered rapidly the floods wherein it grows.

Thence was it full of sap, streaming with milky juice: the milk of the plant's stalk is chief and meet for lauds.

2 They come trooping together bearing milk to him, and bring the way is common for the downward streams to flow. Thou who didst these things first art worthy of our lauds.

3 One priest announces what the institutor gives: one, altering the forms, zealously plies his task,

The third corrects the imperfections left by each. Thou who didst these things first art worthy of our lauds.

4 Dealing out food unto their people there they sit, like wealth to him who comes, more than the back can bear.

Greedily with his teeth he eats the master's food. Thou who didst these things first art worthy of our lauds.

5 Thou hast created earth to look upon the sky: thou, slaying the forms, zealously plies his task,

Thee, such, a God, the Gods have quickened with their lauds,

6 Thou givest increase, thou dealest to us our food: thou even as a steed with waters: meet for praise art thou.

7 Thou didst these things first art worthy of our lauds.

The way is common for the downward streams to flow. Thou who didst these things first art worthy of our lauds.

8 Who broughtest Narmara with all his wealth, for sake of the villages, and cattle;

Thou hast disclosed the light to light the Arya: on thy left hand, O Indra, sank the Dasyu.

9 Thou hast made the matchless lightnings of the sky,-vast, mighty help. Worthy of lauds art thou.

Thee, such, a God, the Gods have quickened with their lauds,

10 He who fixed fast and firm the earth that staggered, and set at rest the agitated mountains,

Who didst these things first art worthy of our lauds.

11 Even the Heaven and Earth bow down before him, before his very breath the mountains tremble.

Known as the Soma-drinker, armed with thunder, who wields the bolt, He, O ye men, is Indra.

12 Who with seven guiding reins, the Bull, the Mighty, set free the Seven great Floods to flow at pleasure;

Who, thunder-armed, rent Rauhina in pieces when scaling heaven, He, O ye men, is Indra.

13 Even the Heaven and Earth bow down before him, before his very breath the mountains tremble.

Known as the Soma-drinker, armed with thunder, who wields the bolt, He, O ye men, is Indra.

14 Who aids with favour him who pours the Soma and him who brews it, sacrificer, singer.

Whom prayer exalts, and pouring forth of Soma, and this our gift, He, O ye men, Is Indra.

15 Thou verily art fierce and true who sendest strength to the man who brews and pours libation.

So may we evermore, thy friends, O Indra, speak loudly to the synod with our heroes.
10 All banks of rivers yielded to his manly might; to him they gave, to him, the Strong, gave up their wealth. The six directions hast thou fixed, a five-fold view: thy victories reached afar. Worthy of lauds art thou. 11 Meet for high praise, O Hero, is thy power, that with thy single wisdom thou obtainest wealth, The life-support of conquering Jatusthira. Indra, for all thy deeds, worthy of lauds art thou. 12 Thou for Turviti heldest still the flowing floods, the river-stream for Vayya easily to pass Didst raise the outcast from the depths, and gavest fame unto the halt and blind. Worthy of lauds art thou. 13 Prepare thyself to grant us that great bounty, O Vasu, for abundant is thy treasure. Snatch up the wonderful, O Indra, daily. Loud may we speak, with heroes, in assembly.

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 arrow, 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.

HYMN XV. Indra.
1. Now, verily, will I declare the exploits, mighty and true, of him the True and Mighty. In the Trikadrukas 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 courser's. 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. Give to thy praisers: let not fortune fail us. Loud may we speak, with brave men, in assembly.

HYMN XVI. Indra.
1. To him, your own, the best among the good, I bring eulogy, To drink of this the Bull, for this he willeth. 2 Without whom naught exists, Indra the Lofty One; in whom
alone all powers heroic are combined.
The Soma is within him, in his frame vast strength, the thunder
in his hand and wisdom in his head.
3 Not by both worlds is thine own power to be surpassed, nor
may thy car be stayed by mountains or by seas.
None cometh near, O Indra, to thy thunderbolt, when with
swift steeds thou fliest over many a league.
4 For all men bring their will to him the Resolute, to him the
Holy One, to him the Strong they cleave.
Pay worship with oblation, strong and passing wise. Drink
thou the Soma, Indra, through the mighty blaze.
5 The vessel of the strong flows forth, the flood of meath, unto
the Strong who feeds upon the strong, for drink,
Strong are the two Adhvaryus, strong are both the stones. They
press the Soma that is strong for him the Strong.
6 Strong is thy thunderbolt, yea, and thy car is strong; strong
are thy Bay Steeds and thy weapons powerful.
Thou, Indra, Bull, art Lord of the strong gladdening drink. with
the strong Soma, Indra, satisfy thyself.
7 I, bold by prayer, come near thee in thy sacred rites, thee like
a saving ship, thee shouting in the war.
Verily he will hear and mark this word of ours: we will pour
Indra forth as 'twere a spring of wealth.
8 Turn thee unto us ere calamity come nigh, as a cow full of
pasture turns her to her calf.
Lord of a Hundred Powers, may we once firmly cling to thy
fair favours even as husbands to their wives.
9 Now let that wealthy Cow of thine, O Indra, yield in return a
boon to him who lauds thee.
Give to thy praisers: let not fortune fail us. Loud may we
speak, with heroes, in assembly.

HYMN XVII. Indra.

1. LIKE the Angirases, sing this new song forth to him, for, as
in ancient days, his mighty powers are shown,
When in the rapture of the Soma he unclosed with strength the
solid firm-shut stables of the kine.
2 Let him be even that God who, for the earliest draught
measuring out his power, increased his majesty;
Hero who fortified his body in the wars, and through his
greatness set the heaven upon his head.
3 Thou didst perform thy first great deed of hero might what
time thou showedst power, through prayer, before this folk.
Hurled down by thee the car-borne Lord of Tawny Steeds, the
congregated swift ones fled in sundry ways.
4 He made himself by might Lord of all living things, and
strong in vital power waxed great above them all.
He, borne on high, o'erspread with light the heaven and earth,
and, sewing up the turbid darkness, closed it in.
5 He with his might made firm the forward-bending hills, the
downward rushing of the waters he ordained.
Fast he upheld the earth that nourisheth all life, and stayed the
heaven from falling by his wondrous skill.
6 Fit for the grasping of his arms is what the Sire hath
fabricated from all kind of precious wealth.
The thunderbolt, wherewith, loud-roaring, he smote down, and
striking him to death laid Krivi on the earth.
7 As she who in her parents' house is growing old, I pray to
thee as Bhaga from the seat of all.
Grant knowledge, mete it out and bring it to us here: give us
the share wherewith thou makest people glad.
8 May we invoke thee as a liberal giver thou givest us, O
Indra, strength and labours.
Help us with manifold assistance, Indra: Mighty One, Indra,
make us yet more wealthy.
9 Now may that wealthy Cow of thine, O Indra, give in return
a boon to him who lauds thee.
Give to thy praisers: let not fortune fail us. Loud may we
speak, with heroes, in assembly.

HYMN XVIII. Indra.

1. THE rich new car hath been equipped at morning; four
yokes it hath, three whips, seven reins to guide it:
Ten-sided, friendly to mankind, light-winner, that must be
urged to speed with prayers and wishes.
2 This is prepared for him the first, the second, and the third
time: he is man's Priest and Herald.
Others get offspring of another parent he goeth, as a noble
Bull, with others.
3 To Indra's car the Bay Steeds have I harnessed, that new
well-spoken words may bring him hither.
Here let not other worshippers detain thee, for among us are
many holy singers.
4 Indra, come hitherward with two Bay Coursers, come thou
with four, with six when invited.
Come thou with eight, with ten, to drink the Soma. Here is the
juice, brave Warrior: do not scorn it.
5 O Indra, come thou hither having harnessed thy car with
twenty, thirty, forty horses.
Come thou with fifty well trained coursers, Indra, sixty or
seventy, to drink the Soma.
6 Come to us hitherward, O Indra, carried by eighty, ninety, or
an hundred horses.
This Soma juice among the Sunahotras hath been poured out,
in love, to glad thee, Indra.
7 To this my prayer, O Indra, come thou hither: bind to thy
car's pole all thy two Bay Coursers.
Thou art to be invoked in many places Hero, rejoice thyself in
this libation.
8 Ne'er be my love from Indra disunited still may his liberal
Milch-cow yield us treasure.
Thou art to be invoked in many places Hero, rejoice thyself in
this libation.
9 Now may that wealthy Cow Of thine, O Indra, give in return
a boon to him who lauds thee.
Give to thy praisers: let not fortune fail us. Loud may we
speak, with heroes, in assembly.

HYMN XIX. Indra.

1. DRAUGHTS of this sweet juice have been drunk for
rapture, of the wise Soma-presser's offered dainty,
Wherein, grown mighty in the days aforetime, Indra hath
found delight, and men who worship.
2 Cheer'd by this meath Indra, whose hand yields thunder,
Indra the Vrtra-slayer, Fort-destroyer, scattered the Dasa
head of the wicked Dasa.

He, self-reliant, mighty and triumphant, brought low the dear
man, best Wonder-Worker.

He verily, the God, the glorious Indra, hath raised him up for
crushed even Asna's ancient powers.

Stealing away the mornings with the sunlight, he, lauded,
strengthened their prayer and made their goings prosper.

Indra whom the Angirases' praise delighted,
worships, of the living mortal.

May he, implored, fulfil the prayer for plenty of him who
men prospered and were mighty.

With laud and song let me extol that Indra in whom of old
dresser of oblations.

One who will further with his aid the singer, the toiler, praiser,
Friend, be men's auspicious keeper,
to thee with right devotion.

Active art thou, the liberal man's defender, his who draws near
to men who love thee truly,
from one like thee amid the Heroes.

Well skilled in song, thoughtful in spirit, seeking great bliss
we power to thee- regard us, Indra-

Give to thy praisers: let not fortune fail us. Loud may we
speak, with heroes, in assembly.

HYMN XXI.

1. To him the Lord of all, the Lord of wealth, of light; him who
is Lord for ever, Lord of men and tilth,
Him who is Lord of horses, Lord of kin,of floods, to Indra, to
the Holy bring sweet Soma juice.

2 To him the potent One, who conquers and breaks down, the
Victor never vanquished who disposes all,
The mighty-voiced, the rider, unassailable, to Indra
everconquering speak your reverent prayer.

3 Still Victor, loved by mortals, ruler over men, o'erthrower,
warrior, he hath waxen as he would;
Host-gatherer, triumphant, honoured mid the folk. Indra's
heroic deeds will I tell forth to all.

4 The strong who never yields, who slew the furious fiend, the
depth, the vast, of wisdom unattainable;
Who speeds the good, the breaker-down, the firm, the vast,-
Indra whose rites bring joy hath made the light of Dawn.

5 By sacrifice the yearning sages sending forth their songs
found furtherance from him who speeds the flood.
In Indra seeking help with worship and with hymn, they drew
him to themselves and won them kine and wealth.

6 Indra, bestow on us the best of treasures, the spirit of ability
and fortune;
Increase of riches, safety of our bodies, charm of sweet speech,
and days of pleasant weather.

HYMN XXII. Indra.

1. At the Trikadrukas the Great and Strong hath drunk drink
blent with meal. With Visnu hath he quaffed the poured out
Soma juice, all that he would.
That hath so heightened him the Great, the Wide, to do his
mighty work.
So may the God attain the God, true Indu Indra who is true.

2 So he resplendent in the battle overcame Krivi by might. He
with his majesty hath filled the earth and heaven, and waxen
strong.
One share of the libation hath he swallowed down: one share
he left.
So may the God attend the God, true Indu Indra who is true.

3 Brought forth together with wisdom and mighty power thou
grewest great; with hero deeds subduing the malevolent, most
swift in act;
Giving prosperity, and lovely wealth to him who praiseth thee.
So may the God attend the God, true Indu Indra who is true.

4 This, Indra, was thy hero deed, Dancer, thy first and ancient
work, worthy to be told forth in heaven,
What time thou sentest down life with a God's own power,
freeing the floods.
All that is godless may he conquer with his might, and, Lord of Hundred Powers, find for us strength and food.

HYMN XXIII. Brahmanaspati.
1. WE call thee, Lord and Leader of the heavenly hosts, the wise among the wise, the famousest of all,
The King supreme of prayers, O Brahmanaspati: hear us with help; sit down in place of sacrifice.

2 Brhaspati, God immortal! verily the Gods have gained from thee, the wise, a share in holy rites.
As with great light the Sun brings forth the rays of morn, so thou alone art Father of all sacred prayer.

3 When thou hast chased away revilers and the gloom, thou mountest the refugent car of sacrifice;
The awful car, Brhaspati, that quells the foe, slays demons, cleaves the stalk of kine, and finds the light.

4 Thou leadest with good guidance and preservest men; distress o'ertakes not him who offers gifts to thee.
Thou art our keeper, wise, preparer of our paths: we, for thy care, thou keepest Brahmanaspati.

5 No sorrow, no distress from any side, no foes, no creatures double-tongued have overcome the man,- Thou drivest all seductive fiends away from him whom, careful guard, thou keepest Brahmanaspati.

6 Thou art our protector, wise, preparer of our paths: we, for thy service, sing to thee with hymns of praise.
Brhaspati, whoever lays a snare for us, him may his evil fate, precipitate, destroy.

7 Him, too, who threatens us without offence of ours, the evil-minded, arrogant, rapacious man,- Him turn thou from our path away, Brhaspati: give us fair access to this banquet of the Gods.

8 Thee as protector of our bodies we invoke, thee, saviour, as the comforter who loveth us.
Strike, O Brhaspati, the Gods' revilers down, and let not the unrighteous come to highest bliss.

9 Through thee, kind -prosperer, O Brahmanaspati, may we obtain the wealth of Men which all desire: And all our enemies, who near or far away prevail against us, crush, and leave them destitute.

10 With thee as our own rich and liberal ally may we, Brhaspati, gain highest power of life.
Let not the guileful wicked man be lord of us:-still may we prosper, singing goodly hymns of praise.

11 Strong, never yielding, hastening to the battle-cry, consumer of the foe, victorious in the strife,
Thou art sin's true avenger, Brahmanaspati, who tamest e'en the fierce, the wildly passionate.

12 Whoso with mind ungodly seeks to do us harm, who, deeming him a man of might mid lords, would slay,- Let not his deadly blow reach us, Brhaspati; may we humiliate the strong ill-doer's wrath.

13 The mover mid the spoil, the winner of all wealth, to be invoked in fight and reverently adored,
Brhaspati hath overthrown like cars of war all wicked enemies who fain would injure us.

14 Burn up the demons with thy fiercest flaming brand, those who have scorned thee in thy manifested might.
Show forth that power that shall deserve the hymn of praise: destroy the evil speakers, O Brhaspati.

15 Brhaspati, that which the foe deserves not which shines among the folk effectual, splendid, That, Son of Law I which is with might refugent-that treasure wonderful bestow thou on us.

16 Give us not up to those who, foes in ambuscade, are greedy for the wealth of him who sits at ease,
Who cherish in their heart abandonment of Gods. Brhaspati, no further rest shall they obtain.

17 For Tvastar, he who knows each sacred song, brought thee to life, preeminent o'er all the things that be.
Guilt-scourger, guilt-avenger is Brhaspati, who slays the spoiler and upholds the mighty Law.

18 The mountain, for thy glory, cleft itself apart when, Angiras! thou openedst the stall of kine.
Thou O Brhaspati, with Indra for ally didst hurl down water-floods which gloom had compa-sed round.

19 O Brahmanaspati, be thou controller of this our hymn and prosper thou our children. All that the Gods regard with love is blessed. Loud may we speak, with heroes, in assembly.

HYMN XXIV. Brahmanaspati.
1. BE pleased with this our offering, thou who art the Lord; we will adore thee with this new and mighty song.
As this thy friend, our liberal patron, praises thee, do thou, Brhaspati, fulfill our hearts' desire.

2 He who with might bowed down the things that should be bowed, and in his fury rent the holds of Sambara: Who overthrew what shook not, Brahmapaspati,-he made his way within the mountain stored with wealth.

3 That was a great deed for the Godliest of the Gods: strong things were loosened and the firmly fixed gave way. He drove the kine forth and cleft Vala through by prayer, dispelled the darkness and displayed the light of heaven.

4 The well with mouth of stone that poured a flood of meath, which Brahmapaspati hath opened with his might- All they who see the light have drunk their fill thereat: together they have made the watery fount flow forth.

5 Ancient will be those creatures, whatso'er they be; with moons, with autumns, doors unclose themselves to you.
Effortless they pass on to perfect this and that, appointed works which Brahmanaspati ordained.

6 They who with much endeavour searching round obtained the Panis' noblest treasure hidden in the cave,- Those sages, having marked the falsehoods, turned them back whence they had come, and sought again to enter in.

7 The pious ones when they had seen the falsehoods turned them back, the sages stood again upon the lofty ways.
Cast down with both their arms upon the rock they left the kindled fire, and said, No enemy is he.

8 With his swift bow, strung truly, Brahmanaspati reaches the
mark whate'er it be that he desires.
Excellent are the arrows wherewithal he shoots, keen-eyed to
look on men and springing from his ear.
9 He brings together and he parts, the great High Priest;
extolled is he, in battle Brahmanspati.
When, gracious, for the hymn he brings forth food and wealth,
the glowing Sun untroubled sends forth fervent heat.
10 First and preeminent, excelling all besides are the kind gifts
of liberal Brhaspati.
These are the boons of him the Strong who should be loved,
whereby both classes and the people have delight.
11 Thou who in every way supreme in earthly power,
rejoicing, by thy mighty strength hast waxen great,-
He is the God spread forth in breadth against the Gods: he,
Brahmanaspati, encompasseth this All.
12 From you, twain Maghavans, all truth proceedeth: even the
waters break not your commandment.
Come to us, Brahmanspati and Indra, to our oblation Iiie
yoked steeds to fodder.
13 The sacrificial flames most swiftly hear the call: the priest
of the assembly gaineth wealth for hymns.
Hating the stern, remitting at his will the debt, strong in the
effect when he would do a mighty deed.
14 The wrath of Brahmanspati according to his will had full
scope of fight is Brahmanspati.
Rejoicing, by thy mighty strength hast waxen great,-
Blest with the happiness of Gods he prospers well, whomever
Brahmanaspati takes for his friend.
1. HE lighting up the flame shall conquer enemies: strong shall
he be who offers prayer and brings his gift.
He with his seed spreads forth beyond another's seed,
whomever Brahmanspati takes for his friend.
2. With heroes he shall overcome his hero foes, and spread his
wealth by kine wise by himself is be.
His children and his children's children
grow in strength, whomever Brahmanspati takes for his
friend.
3 He, mighty like a raving river's billowy flood, as a bull
conquers oxen, overcomes with strength.
Like Agni's blazing rush he may not be restrained, whomever
Brahmanaspati takes for his friend.
4 For him the floods of heaven flow never failing down: first
with the heroes he goes forth to war for kine.
He slays in unabated vigour with great might, whomever
Brahmanaspati takes for his friend.
5 All roaring rivers pour their waters down for him, and many
a flawless shelter hath been granted him.
Blest with the happiness of Gods he prospers well, whomever
Brahmanaspati takes for his friend.

HYMN XXVI. Brahmanspati.
1. THE righteous singer shall o'errange his enemies, and he
who serves the Gods subdue the godless man.
The zealous man shall vanquish the invincible, the worshipper
share the food of him who worships not.
2. Worship, thou hero, chase the arrogant afar: put on
auspicious courage for the fight with foes.
Prepare oblation so that thou mayst have success. we crave the
favouring help of Brahmanspati.
3 He with his folk, his house, his family, his sons, gains booty
for himself, and, with the heroes, wealth,believing
Who with oblation and a true heart serves Brahmanspati the
Father of the Gods.
4 Whoso hath honoured him with offerings rich in oil, him
Brahmanaspati leads forward on his way,
Saves him from sorrow, frees him from his enemy, and is his
wonderful deliverer from woe.

HYMN XXVII. Adityas.
1. THESE hymns that drop down fatness, with the ladle I ever
offer to the Kings Adityas.
May Mitra, Aryanian, and Bhaga hear us, the mighty Varuna
Daksa, and Amsa.
2 With one accord may Aryaman and Mira and Varuna this
day accept this praise-song-Adityas bright and pure as streams of water, free from all guile
and falsehood, blameless, perfect.
3 These Gods, Adityas, vast, profound, and faithful, with many
eyes, fain to deceive the wicked,
Looking within behold the good and evil near to the Kings is
even the thing most distant.
4 Upholding that which moves and that which moves not,
Adityas, Gods, protectors of all being,
Provident, guarding well the world of spirits, true to eternal
Law, the debt-exactors.
5 May I, Adityas, share in this your favour which, Aryaman,
brings profit e'en in danger.
Under your guidance, Varuna and Mitra, round troubles may I
pass, like rugged places.
6 Smooth is your path, O Aryaman and Mitra; excellent is it,
Varuna, and thornless.
Thereon, Adityas, send us down your blessing: grant us a
shelter hard to be demolished.
7 Mother of Kings, may Aditi transport us, by fair paths
Aryaman, beyond all hatred.
May we uninjured, girt by many heroes, win Varuna's and
Mitra's high protection.
8 With their support they stay three earths, three heavens; three
are their functions in the Gods' assembly.
Mighty through Law, Adityas, is your greatness; fair is it,
Aryaman, Varuna, and Mitra.
9 Golden and splendid, pure like streams of water, they hold
aloft the three bright heavenly regions.
Ne'er do they slumber, never close their eyelids, faithful, far-
ruling for the righteous mortal.
HYMN XXVIII. Varuna

1. THIS laud of the self-radiant wise Aditya shall be supreme
   o'er all that is in greatness.
2. Having extolled thee, Varuna, with thoughtful care may we
   have high fortune in thy service,

HYMN XXIX. Visvedeva

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

HYMN XXX. Indra and Others.

1. THE streams unceasing flow to Indra, slayer of Ahi, Savitar,
   God, Law's fulfiller,
was about to cast his bolt at Vṛtra.
Cutting their paths according to his pleasure day after day flow
to their goal the rivers.
3 Aloft he stood above the airy region, and against Vṛtra shot
his deadly missile.
Enveloped in a cloud he rushed upon him. Indra subdued the
foe with sharpened weapons.
4 As with a bolt, Brhaspati, fiercely flaming, piercing thou
Vṛkṣadvārasya, the Asura's heroes.
Even as in time of old with might thou slewest, so slay even
now our enemy, O Indra.
5 Cast down from heaven on high thy bolt of thunder
wherewith in joy thou smitest dead the foeman.
For gain of children make us thine, O Indra, of many children's
children and of cattle.
6 Whomso ye love, his power ye aid and strengthen; ye Twain
are the rich worshipper's advancement.
Graciously favour us, Indra and Soma; give us firm standing in
this time of danger.
7 Let it not vex me, tire me, make me slothful, and never let us
say, Press not the Soma;
For him who cares for me, gives gifts, supports me, who
comes with kine to me who pour libations.
8 Sarasvati, protect us: with the Maruts allied thou boldly
conquerest our foemen.
While Indra does to death the daring chieftain of Sandikas
exulting in his prowess.
9 Him who waylays, yea, him who would destroy us, aim at
him, pierce him with thy sharpened weapon.
Brhaspati, with arms thou slayest foemen O King, give up the
spoiler to destruction.
10 Perform, O Hero, with our valiant heroes the deeds heroic
which thou hast to finish.
Long have they been inflated with presumption: slay them, and
bring us hither their possessions.
11 I craving joy address with hymn and homage your heavenly
host, the company of Maruts,
That we may gain wealth with full store of heroes, each day
more famous, and with troops of children.

HYMN XXXI. Visvedevas.
1. HELP, Varuna and Mitra, O ye Twain allied with Vasus,
Rudras, and Adityas, help our car,
That, as the wild birds of the forest from their home, our
horses may fly forth, glad, eager for renown.
2 Yea, now ye Gods of one accord speed on our car what time
among the folk it seeks an act of might;
When, hastening through the region with the stamp of hoofs, our
swift steeds trample on the ridges of the earth.
3 Or may our Indra here, the Friend of all mankind, coming
from heaven, most wise, girt by the Marut host,
Accompany, with aid untroubled by a foe, our car to mighty
gain, to win the mead of strength.
4 Or may this Tvastar, God who rules the world with power,
one-minded with the Goddesses speed forth our car;
Ilā and Bhaga the celestial, Earth and Heaven, Pusan,
Purandhi, and the Asvins, ruling Lords.
5 Or, seen alternate, those two blessed Goddesses, Morning
and Night who stir all living things to act:
While with my newest song I praise you both, O Earth, that
from what moves not ye may spread forth threefold food.
6 Your blessing as a boon for suppliants we desire: the Dragon
of the Deep, and Aja-Ekapad,
Trīta, Rbhusan, Savitar shall joy in us, and the Floods' swift
Child in our worship and our prayer.
7 These earnest prayers I pray to you, ye Holy: to pay you
honour, living men have formed them,
May they win, as a car-horse might the goal, your notice.

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, Gungū, her, Raka, her, Sarasvati, Indrani
to mine aid I call, and Vartunani for my weal.

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,
with plenteous milk, full, inexhaustible.
2 With the most saving medicines which thou givest, Rudra,
may I attain a hundred winters.
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, swifthearting, yield us to this evil purpose.

6 They gleam with armlets as the heavens are decked with resplendent, terrible like wild beasts in their strength,

7 They drip like horses in the racings of swift steeds; with the stream's rapid cars they hasten on their way.

Maruts with helms of gold, ye who make all things shake, con e with your spotted deer, one-minded, to our food.

4 They have bestowed of Mitra all that live, to feed, they who for evermore cause their swift drops to flow;

Whose steeds are spotted deer, whose riches never fail, like horses in full speed, bound to the pole in work.

5 With brightly-flaming kine whose udders swell with milk, idth glittering lances on your unobstructed paths,

O Maruts, of one mind, like swans who seek their nests, come to the rapturous enjoyment of the meath.

6 To these our prayers, O Maruts, come unanimously, come ye to our libations like the praise of men.

Make it swell like a mare, in udder like a cow, and for the singer grace the song with plenteous strength.

7 Give us a steed, O Maruts mighty in the car; prevailing prayer that brings remembrance day by day;

Food to your praisers, to your bard in deeds of might give winning wisdom, power uninjured, unsurpassed.

8 When the bright-chested Maruts, lavish of their gifts, bind at the time bliss their horses to the cars,

Then, as the milk-chest Maruts, lavish of their gifts, bind at the time bliss their horses to the cars,

9 Where is that gracious hand of thine, O Rudra, the hand that with bright gold decorations:

23 May Rudra's missile turn aside and spare us, the great wrath of Godhead.
2 To him let us address the song well-fashioned, forth from the heart. Shall he not understand it?
3 Some floods unite themselves and others join them: die sounding rivers fill one common storehouse.
4 The never-sullen waters, youthful Maidens, carefully decking, wait on him the youthful.
5 To him three Dames are offering food to feed him, Goddesses to the God whom none may injure.
6 Here was the horse's birth; his was the sunlight. Save thou our princes from the oppressor's onslaught.
7 He, in whose mansion is the teeming Milch-cow, swells the Gods' nectar and cats noble viands.
8 He who in waters with his own pure Godhead shines widely, law-abiding, everlasting.
9 The Waters' Son hath risen, and clothed in lightning ascended up unto the curled cloud's bosom;
And bearing with them his supremest glory the Youthful Ones, gold-coloured, move around him.
10 Golden in form is he, like gold to look on, his colour is like gold, the Son of Waters.
When he is seated fresh from golden birthplace those who present their gold give food to feed him.
11 This the fair name and this the lovely aspect of him the Waters' Son increase in secret.
Whom here the youthful Maidens together kindle, his food is sacred oil of golden colour.
12 Him, nearest Friend of many, will we worship with sacrifice. and reverence and oblation.
I make his back to shine, with chips provide him; I offer food and with my songs exalt him.
13 The Bull hath laid his own life-germ Within them. He sucks them as an infant, and they kiss him.
He, Son of Waters, of unfading colour, hadi entered here as in another's body.
14 While here he dwelleth in sublimest station, resplendent with the rays that never perish,
The Waters, bearing oil to feed their offspring, flow, Youthful Ones, in wanderings about him.
15 Agni, I gave good shelter to the people, and to the princes goodly preparation.
Blessed is all that Gods regard with favour. Loud may we speak, with heroes, in assembly.

HYMN XXXVI Various Gods.
1. WATER and milk hath he endued, sent forth to thee: the men have drained him with the filters and the stones.
Drink, Indra, from the Hotar's bowlfirst right is thine-Soma hallowed and poured with Vasat and Svaha.
2 Busied with sacrifice, with spotted deer and spears, gleaming upon your way with ornaments, yea, our Friends,
Sitting on sacred grass, ye Sons of Bharata, drink Soma from the Potar's bowl, O Men of heaven.
3 Come unto us, ye swift to listen: as at home upon the sacred grass sit and enjoy yourselves.
And, Tvastar, well-content be joyful in the juice with Gods and Goddesses in gladsome company.
4 Bring the Gods hither, Sage, and offer sacrifice: at the three altars seat thee willingly, O Priest.
Accept for thy delight the proffered Soma meath: drink from the Kindler's bowl and fill thee with thy share.
5 This is the strengthener of thy body's manly might: strength, victory for all time are placed within thine arms.
Pressed for thee, Maghavan, it is offered unto thee: drink from the chalice of this Brahman, drink thy fill.
6 Accept the sacrifice; mark both of you, my call: the Priest hath seated him after the ancient texts.
My prayer that bids them come goes forth to both the Kings: drink ye the Soma meath from the Director's bowl.

HYMN XXXVII. Various Gods.
1. Enjoy thy fill of meath out of the Hotar's cup: Adhvaryus he desires a full draught poured for him.
Bring it him: seeking this he gives. Granter of Wealth, drink Soma with the Rtus from the Hotar's cup.
2 He whom of old I called on, him I call on now. He is to be invoked; his name is He who Gives,
Here brought by priests is Soma meath. Granter of Wealth, drink Soma with the Rtus from the Potar's cup.
3 Fat may the horses be wherewith thou specdest on: Lord of grass sit and enjoy yourselves.
4 Bring the Gods hither, Sage, and offer sacrifice: at the three altars seat thee willingly, O Priest.

HYMN XXXVIII. Savitar.
1. UPRISEN is Savitar, this God, to quicken, Priest who neglects not this most constant duty.
To the Gods, verily, he gives rich treasure, and blesses him who calls them to the banquet.

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Having gone up on high, the God broadhanded spreads his arms widely forth that all may mark him.
Even the waters bend them to his service: even this wind rests in the circling region.
Though borne by swift steeds he will yet unyoke them: e'en the fleet chariot hath he stayed from going.
He hath checked e'en their haste who glide like serpents. Night closely followed Savitar's dominion.
What was spread out she weaves afresh, re-weaving: the skilful leaves his labour half-completed.
He hath arisen from rest, and parted seasons: Savitar hath approached, God, holy-minded.
Through various dwellings, through entire existence, savitar's commandment.
The Mother gives her Son the goodliest portion, and Savitar hast sped to meet his summons.
He comes again, unfolded, fain for conquest: at home was he, the love of all things moving.
Each man hath come leaving his evil doings, after the Godlike Savitar's commandment.
Wild beasts spread through desert places seeking their watery share which thou hast set in waters.
The woods are given to the birds. These statutes of the God Savitar none disobeyeth.
Even the waters bend them to his service: even this wind rests in the circling region.
All Good may come to us and wealth be gathered, may we be saved, as ye were chariot wheels at dawn, ye Mighty.
Like two pressed stones for this same purpose; come, Lord of riches grant us riches.
HYMN XX Asvins.
1. SING like the two press-stones for this same purpose; come like two misers to the tree of treasure;
2. Moving at morning like two chr-borne heroes, like to a pair of goats ye come electing;
3. Like to a pair of horns come first to usward, like to a pair of hoofs with rapid motion;
4. Bear us across the rivers like two vessels, save us as ye were yokes, naves, spokes and fellies.
5. Like two hands most helpful to the body, and guide us like two feet to what is precious.
6. Come like two hands give ye us increasing vigour; like heaven and earth constrain the airy regions.
7. Welcome them, O ye Heroes, and come bither. Loud may we speak. with brave men, in assembly.

HYMN XLI. Various Deities.
1. O VAYU, come to us with all the thousand chariots that are thine,
2. Drawn by thy team, O Vayu, come; to thee is offered this, the pure.
3. Moving at morning like two chr-borne heroes, like to a pair of goats ye come electing;
4. Like to a pair of horns come first to usward, like to a pair of hoofs with rapid motion;
5. Like two pressed stones for this same purpose; come like two misers to the tree of treasure;
6. Moving at morning like two chr-borne heroes, like to a pair of goats ye come electing;
7. Welcome them, O ye Heroes, and come bither. Loud may we speak. with brave men, in assembly.

HYMN XL. Soma and Pusan.
1 SOMA and Pusan, Parents of all riches, Parents of earth and Parents of high heaven,
2 At birth of these two Gods all Gods are joyful: they have caused darkness, which we hate, to vanish.
3 Soma and Pusan, urge your chariot hither, the seven-wheeled car that measures out the region,
4 One in the heaven on high hath made his dwelling, on earth and in the firmament the other.
5 One of you Twain is Parent of all creatures, the Parents of high heaven,
6 May Pusan stir our thought, the all-impelling, may Soma and Pusan, aid my thought with favour: with you may we o'ercome in all encounters.
7 Soma and Pusan, urge your chariot hither, the seven-wheeled car that measures out the region,
8 These prayers of ours exalting you, O Asvins, have the GritSamadas, for a laud, made ready.
9 Him whose high law not Varuna nor Indra, not Mitra, Aryaman, nor Rudra breaketh,
10 May they who strengthen bliss, and thought and wisdom,
11 May they who strengthen bliss, and thought and wisdom,
12 Listen ye here to this my call.

HYMN XXI. Offering to Soma and Pusan.
1 O VAYU, come to us with all the thousand chariots that are thine,
2 At birth of these two Gods all Gods are joyful: they have caused darkness, which we hate, to vanish.
3 Soma and Pusan, urge your chariot hither, the seven-wheeled car that measures out the region,
4 One in the heaven on high hath made his dwelling, on earth and in the firmament the other.
5 One of you Twain is Parent of all creatures, the Parents of high heaven,
6 May Pusan stir our thought, the all-impelling, may Soma and Pusan, aid my thought with favour: with you may we o'ercome in all encounters.
7 Soma and Pusan, urge your chariot hither, the seven-wheeled car that measures out the region,
8 These prayers of ours exalting you, O Asvins, have the GritSamadas, for a laud, made ready.
9 Him whose high law not Varuna nor Indra, not Mitra, Aryaman, nor Rudra breaketh,
10 May they who strengthen bliss, and thought and wisdom,
supremest home,
The thousand-pillared, firmly-based.
6 Fed with oblation, Sovran Kings, Adityas, Lords of liberal
gifts.
They wait on him whose life is true.
7 With kine, Nasatyas, and with steeds, come, Asvins, Rudras,
to the house
That will protect its heroes well;
8 Such, wealthy Gods! as none afar nor standing nigh to us
may harm,
Yea, no malicious mortal foe.
9 As such, O longed-far Asvins, lead us on to wealth of varied
sort,
Wealth that shall bring us room and rest.
10 Verily Indra, conquering all, driveth e'en mighty fear away,
For firm is he and swift to act.
11 Indra be gracious unto us: sin shall not reach us afterward,
And good shall be before us still.
12 From all the regions of the world let Indra send security,
The foe-subduer, swift to act.
13 O all ye Gods, come hitherward: hear this mine invocation,
Yourselves upon this sacred grass.
14 Among the gunahotras strong for you is this sweet
gladdening draught.
Drink ye of this delightsome juice.
15 Ye Martus led by Indra, Gods with Pri§an for your
bounteousest,
Hear all of you this call of mine.
16 Best Mother, best of Rivers, best of Goddesses, Sarasvati,
We are, as `twere, of no repute and dear Mother, give thou us
renown.
17 In thee, Sarasvati, divine, all generations have their stay.
Be, glad with Sunahotra's sons: O Goddess grant us progeny.
18 Enriched with sacrifice, accept Sarasvati, these prayers of
ours,
Thoughts which GrtSamadas beloved of Gods bring, Holy
One, to thee.
19 Ye who bless sacrifice, go forth, for verily we choose you
both,
And Agni who conveys our gifts.
20 This our effectual sacrifice, reaching the sky, shall Heaven
and Earth
Present unto the Gods to-day.
21 In both your laps, ye guileless Ones, the Holy Gods shall sit
them down
To-day to drink the Soma here.

HYMN XLII Kapinjala.
1. TELLING his race aloud with cries repeated, he sends his
voice out as his boat a steersman.
O Bird, be ominous of happy fortune from no side may
calamity befall thee.
2. Let not the falcon kill thee, nor the eagle let not the arrow-
bearing archer reach thee.
Still crying in the region of the Fathers, speak here auspicious,
bearing joyful tidings.
3. Bringing good tidings, Bird of happy omen, call thou out
loudly southward of our dwellings,
So that no thief, no sinner may oppress us. Loud may we
speak, with heroes, in assembly.

HYMN XLIII. Kapinjala.
1. HERE on the right sing forth chanters of hymns of praise,
even the winged birds that in due season speak.
He, like: a Sama-chanter utters both the notes, skilled in the
mode of Trstup and of Gayatri.
2. Thou like the chanter-priest chantest the Sama, Bird; thou
singest at libations like a Brahman's son.
Even as a vigorous horse when he comes near the mare,
announce to us good fortune, Bird, on every side, proclaim in
all directions happy luck, O Bird.
3. When singing here, O Bird, announce good luck to us, and
when thou seittest still think on us with kind thoughts.
When flying off thou singest thou art like a lute. With brave
sons in assembly may we speak aloud.
End of BOOK TWO
HYMN I. Agni.
1. THOU, Agni, who wilt have the strong, hast made me the Soma's priest, to worship in assembly.
Thou shinnest to the Gods, I set the pressstones. I toil; be joyful in thyself, O Agni.
2 East have we turned the rite; may the hymn aid it. With wood and worship shall they honour Agni.
From heaven the synods of the wise have learnt it: c'en for the quick and strong they seek advancement.
3 The Prudent, he whose will is pure, brought welfare, allied by birth to Heaven and Earth in kinship.
The Gods discovered in the midst of waters beautiful Agni with the Sisters' labour.
4 Him, Blessed One, the Seven strong Floods augmented, him white at birth and red when waxen mighty.
As mother mares run to their new-born you ling, so at his birth the Gods wondered at Agni.
5 Spreading with radiant limbs throughout the region, purging his power with wise purifications,
Robing himself in light, the life of waters, lie spreads abroad his high and perfect glories.
6 He sought heaven's Mighty Ones, the unconsuming, the unimpaired, not clothed and yet not naked.
Then they, ancient and young, who dwell together, Seven sounding Rivers, as one germ received him.
7 His piles, assuming every form, are scattered where flow sweet waters, at the spring of fatness;
There stood the milch-kine with full-laden udders, and both paired Mighty Mothers of the Wondrous.
8 Carefully cherished, Son of Strength, thou shoncst assuming lasting and refulgent beauties.
Robing himself in light, the life of waters, lie spreads abroad his high and perfect glories.
9 From birth he knew even his Father's bosom, he set his voices and his streams in motion;
Knew him who moved with blessed Friends in secret, with the young Dames of heaven. He stayed not hidden.
10 He nursed the Infant of the Sire and Maker: alone the Babe sucked many a teeming bosom.
Guard, for the Bright and Strong, the fellow-spouses friendly to men and bound to him in kinship.
11 The Mighty One increased in space unbounded; full many a glorious flood gave strength to Agni.
Friend of the house, within the lap of Order lay Agni, in the Sister Rivers' service.
12 As keen supporter where great waters gather, light-shedder whom the brood rejoice to look on;
He who begat, and will beget, the dawnlights, most manly, Child of Floods, is youthful Agni.
13 Him, varied in his form, the lovely Infant of floods and plants the blessed wood hath gendered.
Gods even, moved in spirit, came around him, and served him at his birth, the Strong, the Wondrous.
14 Like brilliant lightnings, mighty luminaries accompany the light-diffusing Agni,
Waxen, as 'twere in secret, in his dwelling, while in the boundless stall they milk out Amrta.
15 I sacrificing serve thee with oblations and crave with longing thy good-will and friendship.
Grant, with the Gods, thy grace to him who lauds thee, protect us with thy rays that guard the homestead.
16 May we, O Agni, thou who leadest wisely, thy followers and masters of all treasures,
Strong in the glory of our noble offspring, subdue the godless when they seek the battle.
17 Ensign of Gods hast thou become, O Agni, joy-giver, knower of all secret wisdom.
Friend of the homestead, thou hast lightened mortals: carborne thou goest to the Gods, fulfilling.
18 Within the house hath sate the King immortal of mortals, filling full their sacred synods.
Bedewed with holy oil he shineth widely, Agni, the knower of all secret wisdom.
19 Come unto us with thine auspicious friendship, come speeding, Mighty, with thy mighty succours.
Grant us abundant wealth that saves from danger, that brings a good repute, a glorious portion.
20 To thee who art of old these songs, O Agni, have I declared, the ancient and the later.
These great libations to the Strong are offered: in every birth is Jatavedas stablished.
21 Stablished in every birth is Jatavedas, kindled perpetual by the Visvamitras.
May we rest ever in the loving-kindness, in the auspicious grace of him the Holy.
22 This sacrifice of ours do thou, O Mighty, O truly Wise, bear to the Gods rejoicing.
Grant us abundant food, thou priestly Herald, vouchsafe to give us ample wealth, O Agni.
23 As holy food, Agni, to thine invoker give wealth in cattle,
HYMN II. Agni.

1. To him, Vaisvanara, who strengthens Holy Law, to Agni we present our praise like oil made pure.
   With thoughtful insight human priests bring him anear, our Herald from of old, as an axe forms a car.
2. He made the heaven and earth resplendent by his birth: Child of two Mothers he was meet to be implored, Agni, oblation-bearer, gracious, ever-young, infallible, rich in radiant light, the guest of men.
3. Within the range of their surpassing power, by might, the Gods created Agni with inventive thought.
   I, eager to win strength, address him, like a steed, resplendent with his brilliance, with his ample light.
4. Eager to gain, we crave from him the friendly God strength confident, choiceworthy meet to be extolled:
   The Bhrug's bounty, willing, strong with sages' lore, even Agni shining forth with light that comes from heaven.
5. For happiness, men, having trimmed the sacred grass, set Agni glorious for his strength before them here;
   Yea, with raised ladles, him bright, dear to all the Gods, perfecting aims of works, Rudra of solemn rites.
6. Around thy dwelling-place, O brightly-shining Priest, are men splendid, gold-haired, excellently bright,
   For new prosperity we seek to Agni, him whose course is traversesthe common way again.
7. Sing, Agni, for long life to us and noble sons: teem thou with strength, serene, high praise and holy, sage and true to Law.
8. The Mighty One, Lord of the people and their guest, the leader of their thoughts, devoted Friend of priests,
   Hath entered heaven and earth that show in varied form: the Sage whom many love rejoiceth in his might.
9. Agni the God resplendent, giver of great joy, hath on his lovely car compassed the lands with, might.
   He drives the chariot of the lofty ordinance: Agni most active, is the great High Priest of Gods.
10. I celebrate thy glories, O Vaisvanara, wherewith thou, O head of heaven, whom none may turn aside-to him the Powerful with mighty prayer we seek.
11. By his great skill the Sage alone hath brought to pass a great deed, mightier than Vaisvanara's wondrous acts.
   Agni sprang into being, magnifying both his Parents, Heaven and Earth, rich in prolific seed.

HYMN III. Agni.

1. To him who shines afar, Vaisvanara, shall bards give precious things that he may go on certain paths:
   For Agni the Immortal serves the Deities, and therefore never breaks their everlasting laws.
2. He, wondrous envoy, goes between the earth and heaven, firm seated as the Herald, great High Priest of men.
   He compassethwith rays the lofty dwelling-place, Agni, sent forward by the Gods, enriched with prayer.
3. Sages shall glorify Agni with earnest thoughts, ensign of sacrifice, who fills the synod full:
   In whom the singers have stored up their holy acts to him the worshipper looks for joy and happiness.
4. The Sire of sacrifice, great God of holy bards, Agni, the measure and the symbol of the priests,
   Hath entered heaven and earth that show in varied form: the Sage whom many love rejoiceth in his might.
5. Bright Agni with the bright car, Lord of green domains, Vaisvanara dweller in the floods, who finds the light, Pervading, swift and wild, encompassed round with powers, him very glorious have the Gods established here.
6. Agni, together with the Gods and Manu's folk by thought extending sacrifice in varied form,
   Goes, car-borne, to and fro with those who crown each rite, the fleet, the Household Friend, who turns the curse aside.
7. Sing, Agni, for long life to us and noble sons: teem thou with plenty, shine upon us store of food.
   Increase the great man's strength, thou ever-vigilant: thou, longing for the Gods, knowest their hymns full well.
8. The Mighty One, Lord of the people and their guest, the leader of their thoughts, devoted Friend of priests,
   Our solemn rites' announcer, Jatavedas, men with worship ever praise, with urgings for their weal.
9. Agni the God resplendent, giver of great joy, hath on his lovely car compassed the lands with, might.
   Let us with pure laudations in his house approach the high laws of the nourisher of multitudes.
10. I celebrate thy glories, O Vaisvanara, wherewith thou, O farsighted God, has found the light.
   Thou fallestst at thy birth both worlds, the earth and heaven: all this, O Agni, hast thou compassed of thyself.
11. By his great skill the Sage alone hath brought to pass a great deed, mightier than Vaisvanara's wondrous acts.
   Agni sprang into being, magnifying both his Parents, Heaven and Earth, rich in prolific seed.

HYMN IV Apris.

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1. BE friendly with each kindled log of fuel, with every flash bestow the boon of riches.

Bring thou the Gods, O God, unto our worship: serve, well-inclined, as Friend thy friends, O Agni.

2 Agni whom daily Varuna and Mitra the Gods bring thrice a day to this our worship, Tanunapat, enrich with meath our service that dwells with holy oil, that offers honour.

3 The thought that bringeth every boon proceedeth to worship first the Priest of the libation, That we may greet the Strong One with our homage. Urged, may he bring the Gods, best Sacrificer.

4 On high your way to sacrifice was made ready; the radiant flames went upward to the regions.

Full in the midst of heaven the Priest is seated: siewe the sacred grass where Gods may rest them.

5 Claiming in mind the seven priests' burntoblations, inciting all, they came in settled order.

To this our sacrifice approach the many who show in hero beauty at assemblies.

6 Night and Dawn, lauded, hither come together, both smiling, different are their forms in colour,

That Varuna and Mitra may accept us, and Indra, girt by Maruts, with his glories.

7. I crave the grace of heaven's two chief Invokers: the seven swift steeds joy in their wonted manner.

These speak of truth, praising the truth eternal, thinking on Order as the guards of Order.

8 May Bharati with all her Sisters, Ila accordant with the Gods, with mortalls Agni,

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

9 Well pleased with us do thou O God, O Tvastar, give ready issue to our procreant vigour,

Whence springs the hero, powerful, skilled in action, lover of Gods, adjuster of the press-stones.

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

11 Come thou to us, O Agni, duly kindled, together with the potent Gods and Indra.

On this our grass sit Aditi, happy Mother, and let our Hail delight the Gods Immortal.

HYMN V. Agni.

1. AGNI who shines against the Dawns is wakened. The holy Singer who precedes the sages.

With far-spread lustre, kindled by the pious, the Priest hath thrown both gates of darkness open.

2 Agni hath waxen mighty by laudations, to be adored with hymns of those who praise him.

Loving the varied shows of holy Order at the first flush of dawn he shines as envoy.

3 Amid men's homes hath Agni been established, fulfilling with the Law, Friend, germ of waters.

Loved and adored, the height he hath ascended, the Singer, object of our invocations.

4 Agni is Mitra when enkindled duly, Mitra as Priest, Varuna, Jatavedas;

Mitra as active minister, and House-Friend, Mitra of flowing rivers and of mountains.

5 The Earth's, the Bird's dear lofty place he guardeth, he guardeth in his might the course of Surya,

Guardeth the Seven-headed in the centre, guardeth sublime the Deities enjoyment.

6 The skilful God who knows all forms of knowledge made for himself a fair form, meet for worship.

This Agni guards with care that never ceases the Sonia's skin, the Bird's place rich in fatness.

7 Agni hath entered longingly the longing shrine rich with fatness, giving easy access.

Resplendent, pure, sublime and purifying, again, again he renovates his Mothers.

8 Born suddenly, by plants he grew to greatness, when tender shoots with holy oil increased him,

Like waters lovely when they hasten downward may Agni in his Parents' lap protect us.

9 Extolled, the Strong shone forth with kindled fuel to the earth's centre, to the height of heaven.

May Agni, Friend, adorable Matarisvan, as envoy bring the Gods unto our worship.

10 Best of all luminaries lofty Agni supported with his flame the height of heaven,

When, far from Bhrgus, Matarisvan kindled the oblation-bearer where he lay in secret.

11 As holy food, Agni to thine invoker give wealth in cattle, lasting, rich in marvels.

To us be born a son and spreading offspring. Agni, be this thy gracious will to us-word.

HYMN VI. Agni.

1. URGED on by deep devotion, O ye singers, bring, pious ones, the God-approaching ladle.

Borne onward to the right it travels eastward, and, filled with oil, to Agni bears oblation.

2 Thou at thy birth didst fill both earth and heaven, yea, Most Adorable, thou didst exceed them.

Even through the heaven's and through the earth's expanses let thy swift seventongued flames roll on, O Agni.

3 Both Heaven and Earth and Gods who should be worshipped establish thee as Priest for every dwelling,

Whenever human families, God-devoted, bringing oblations; laud thy splendid lustre.

4 Firm in the Gods' home is the Mighty seated, between vast Heaven and Earth the well-beloved-

Those Cows who yield, unharmed, their nectar, Spouses of the Far-Strider, everyyoung, united.

5 Great are the deeds of thee, the Great, O Agni: thou by thy power hast spread out earth and heaven.

As soon as thou wast born thou wast an envoy, thou, Mighty One, was Leader of the people.

6 Bind to the pole with cords of holy Order the long-maned ruddy steeds who sprinkle fatness.
RIG VEDA – BOOK THREE

Bring hither, O thou God, all Gods together: provide them noble worship, Jatavedas.
7 Even from the sky thy brilliant lights shone hither: still hast thou beamed through many a radiant morning,
That the Gods praised their joyous Herald's labour eagerly burning, Agni, in the forests.
8 The Gods who take delight in air's wide region, or those the dwellers in heaven's realm of brightness,
Or those, the Holy, prompt to hear, our helpers, who, carbome,
turn their horses hither, Agni--
9 With these, borne on one ear, Agni, approach us, or borne on many, for thy steeds are able.
Bring, with their Dames, the Gods, the Three and-Thirty, after thy Godlike nature, and be joyful.
10 He is the Priest at whose repeated worship even wide Heaven
and Earth sing out for increase.
They fair and true and holy coming forward stand at his sacrifice
who springs from Order.
11 As holy food, Agni, to thine invoker give wealth in cattle,
lasting, rich in marvels.
To us be born a son and spreading offspring. Agni, be this thy gracious will to usward.

HYMN VII.
1. THE seven tones risen from the white-backed viand have made
their way between the pair of Mothers.
Both circumjacent Parents come together to yield us length of
days they hasten forward.
2 The Male who dwells in heaven hath Mares and Milchkine: he
came to Goddesses who bring sweet treasure.
To thee safe resting in the seat of Order the Cow alone upon her
way proceedeth.
3 Wise Master, wealthy finder-out of riches, he mounted those
who may with case be guided.
He, dark-backed, manifold with varied aspect, hath made them
burst forth from their food the brush-wood.
4 Strength-giving streams bear hither him eternal, fain to support
the mighty work. of Tvastar.
He, flashing in his home with all his members, hath entered both
the worlds as they were single.
5 They know the red Bull's blessing, and are joyful under the
flaming-coloured Lord's dominion:
They who give shine from heaven with fair effulgence, whose
lofty song like Ila must be honoured.
6, Ye whom religious men have firmly planted; thou Forest
ADORING singer utters.
With song the wise and skilful consecrate him: his voice the God-
men-frequented synod.
5 Sprung up he rises in the days' fair weather, increasing in the
intelligence upraise him.
Contemplative in mind and God-adoring, sages of high
life his glory waxeth greater.
4 Well-robed, enveloped he is come, the youthful: springing to
life his glory waxeth greater.

HYMN VIII Sacrificial Post.
1. GOD-SERVING men, O Sovran of the Forest, with heavenly
meath at sacrifice anoint thee.
Grant wealth to us when thou art standing upright as when
reposing on this Mother's bosom.
2 Set up to eastward of the fire enkindled, accepting prayer that
wastes not, rich in hero.
Driving far from us poverty and famine, lift thyself up to bring us
great good fortune.
3 Lord of the Forest, raise. thyself up on the loftiest spot of earth.
Give splendour, fixt and measured well, to him who brings the
sacrifice.
4 Well-robed, enveloped he is come, the youthful: springing to
life his glory waxeth greater.
Contemplative in mind and God-adoring, sages of high
intelligent upraise him.
5 Sprung up he rises in the days' fair weather, increasing in the
men-frequented synod.
With song the wise and skilful consecrate him: his voice the God-
adoring singer utters.
6, Ye whom religious men have firmly planted; thou Forest
Sovran whom the axe hath fashioned:-
Let those the Stakes divine which here are standing be fain to
grant us wealth with store of children.
7 O men who lift the ladles up, these hewn and planted in the
ground,
Bringing a blessing to the field, shall bear our precious gift to
Gods.
8 Adityas, Rudras, Vasus, careful leaders, Earth, Heaven, and
Prthivi and Air's mid-region,
Accordant Deities shall bless our worship and make our
sacrifice's ensign lofty.
9 Like swan's that flee in lengthened line, the Pillars have come to
us arrayed in brilliant colour.
They, lifted up on high, by sages, eastward, go forth as Gods to
the God's dwelling-places.
10 Those Stakes upon the earth with rings that deck them seem to
the eye like horns of horned creatures;
Or, as upraised by priests in invocation, let them assist us in the
rush to battle.
11 Lord of the Wood, rise with a hundred branches. with
thousand branches may we rise to greatness,
Thou whom this hatchet, with an edge well whetted for great
felicity, hath brought before us.
HYMN IX.
1. WE as thy friends have chosen thee, mortals a God, to be our help,
The Waters' Child, the blessed, the resplendent One, victorious and beyond compare.
2 Since thou delighting in the woods hast gone unto thy mother streams,
Not to be scorned, Agni, is that return of thine when from afar thou now art here.
3 O'er pungent smoke host thou prevailed, and thus art thou benevolent.
Some go before, and others round about thee sit, they in whose friendship thou hast place.
4 Him who had passed beyond his foes, beyond continual pursuits, Him the unerring Ones, observant, found in floods, couched like a lion in his lair.
5 Him wandering at his own free will, Agni here hidden from our view,
Him Matarisvan brought to us from far away produced by friction, from the Gods.
6 O Bearer of Oblations, thus mortals received thee from the Gods,
Whilst thou, the Friend of man, guardest each sacrifice with thine own power, Most Youthful One.
7 Amid thy wonders this is good, yea, to the simple is it clear,
When gathered round about thee, Agni, lie the herds where thou art kindled in the morn.
8 Offer to him who knows fair rites, who burns with purifying glow,
Swift envoy, active, ancient, and adorable: serve ye the God attentively.
9 Three times a hundred Gods and thrice a thousand, and three times ten and nine have worshipped Agni,
For him spread sacred grass, with oil bedewed him, and established him as Priest and Sacrificer.

HYMN X. Agni.
1. THEE Agni, God, Imperial Lord of all mankind, do mortal men
With understanding kindle at the sacrifice.
2 They laud thee in their solemn rites, Agni, as Minister and Priest,
Shine forth in thine own home as guardian of the Law.
3 He, verily, who honours thee with fuel, Knower of all life, He, Agni! wins heroic might, he prospers well.
4 Ensign of sacrifices, he, Agni, with Gods is come to us,
Decked by the seven priests, to him who bringeth gifts.
5 To Agni, the Invoking Priest, offer your best, your lofty speech,
To him Ordainer-like who brings the light of songs.
6 Let these our hymns make Agni grow, whence, meet for laud,
he springs to life,
To mighty strength and great possession, fair to see.
7 Best Sacrificer, bring the Gods, O Agni, to the pious man:
A joyful Priest, thy splendour drive our foes afar.
8 As such, O Purifier, shine on us heroic glorious might:
Be nearest Friend to those who laud thee, for their weal.
9 So, wakeful, versed in sacred hymns, the holy singers kindly thee.
Oblation-bearer, deathless, cherisher of strength.

HYMN XI. Agni.
1. AGNI is Priest, the great High Priest of sacrifice, most swift in act:
He knows the rite in constant course.
2 Oblation-bearer, deathless, well inclined, an eager messenger, Agni comes nigh us with the thought.
3 Ensign of sacrifice from of old, Agni well knoweth with his thought
To prosper this man's aim and hope.
4 Agni, illustrious from old time, the Son of Strength who knows all life,
The Gods have made to their Priest.
5 Infallible is Agni, he who goes before the tribes of men,
A chariot swift and ever new.
6 Strength of the Gods which none may harm, subduing all his enemies,
Agni is mightiest in fame.
7 By offering sacred food to him the mortal worshipper obtains.
A home from him whose light makes pure.
8 From Agni, by our hymns, may we gain all things that bring happiness,
Singers of him who knows all life.
9 O Agni, in our deeds of might may we obtain all precious things:
The Gods are centred all in thee.

HYMN XII. Indra-Agni.
1. MOVED, Indra-Agni, by our hymn, come to the juice, the precious dew:
Drink ye thereof, impelled by song.
2 O Indra-Agni, with the man who lauds you comes the wakening rite:
So drink ye both this juice assured.
3 Through force of sacrifice I choose Indra-Agni who love the wise:
With Sorna let these sate them here.
4 Indra and Agni I invoke, joint-victors, bounteous, unsubdued, Foe-slayers, best to win the spoil.
5 Indra and Agni, singers skilled in melody hymn you, bringing lauds:
I choose you for the sacred food.
6 Indra and Agni, ye cast down the ninety forts which DAsas held,
Together, with one mighty deed.
7 To Indra-Agni eeverent thoughts go forward from the holy task
Along the path of sacred Law.
8 O Indra-Agni, powers are yours, and dwellings and delightful food
Good is your readiness to act.
9 Indra and Agni, in your deeds of might ye deck heaven's lucid realms:
Famed is that hero strength of yours.

HYMN XIII. Agni.
1. To Agni, to this God of yours I sing aloud with utmost power.
May he come to us with the Gods, and sit, best Offerer, on the grass.
2 The Holy, whose are earth and heaven, and succour waits upon his strength;
Him men who bring oblations laud, and they who wish to gain, for grace.
3 He is the Sage who guides these men, Leader of sacred rites is he.
Him your own Agni, serve ye well, who winneth and bestoweth wealth.
4 So may the gracious Agni grant most goodly shelter for our use;
Whence in the heavens or in the floods he shall pour wealth upon our lands.
5 The singers kindle him, the Priest, Agni the Lord of tribes of men,
Resplendent and without a peer through his own excellent designs.
6 Help us, thou Brahman, best of all invokers of the Gods in song.
Beam, Friend of Maruts, bliss on us, O Agni, a most liberal God.
7 Yea, grant us treasure thousandfold with children and with nourishment,
And, Agni, splendid hero strength, exalted, wasting not away.

HYMN XIV. Agni.
1 THE pleasant Priest is come into the synod, true, skilled in sacrifice, most wise, Ordainer.
Agni, the Son of Strength, whose car is lightning, whose hair is flame, hath shown on earth his lustre.
2 To thee I offer reverent speech: accept it: to thee who markest it, victorious, faithful!
Bring, thou who knowest, those who know, and seat thee amid the sacred grass, for help, O Holy.
3 The Two who show their vigour, Night and Morning, by the wind's paths shall haste to thee O Agni.
When men adorn the Ancient with oblations, these seek, as on two chariot-seats, the dwelling.
4 To thee, strong Agni! Varuna and Mitra and all the Maruts sang a song of triumph,
What time unto the people's lands thou cam'st, spreading them as the Sun of men, with lustre.
5 Approaching with raised hands and adoration, we have this day fulfilled for thee thy longing.
Worship the Gods with most devoted spirit, a Priest with no unfriendly thought, O Agni.
6 For, Son of Strength, from thee come many succours, and powers abundant that a God possesses.
Agni, to us with speech that hath no falsehood grant riches, real, to be told in thousands.
7 Whatever, God, in sacrifice we mortals have wrought is all for thee, strong, wise of purpose!
Be thou the Friend of each good chariot's master. All this enjoy thou here, immortal Agni.

HYMN XV. Agni.
1. RESPLENDENT with thy wide-extending lustre, dispel the terrors of the fiends who hate us
May lofty Agni be my guide and shelter, the easily-invoked, the good Protector.
2 Be thou To us, while now the morn is breaking, be thou a guardian when the Sun hath mounted..
Accept, as men accept a true-born infant, my laud, O Agni nobly born in body.
3 Bull, who beholdest men, through many mornings, among the dark ones shine forth red, O Agni.
Lead us, good Lord, and bear us over trouble: Help us who long, Most Youthful God, to riches.
4 Shine forth, a Bull invincible, O Agni, winning by conquest all the forts and treasures,
Thou Jatavedas who art skilled in guiding, the chief high saving sacrifice's Leader.
5 Lighting Gods hither, Agni, wisest Singer, bring thou to us many and flawless shelters.
Bring vigour, like a car that gathers booty: bring us, O Agni, beauteous.
6 Swell, O thou Bull and give those powers an impulse, e'en Earth and Heaven who yield their milk in plenty,
Shining, O God, with Gods in clear effulgence. Let not a mortal's evil will obstruct us.
7 Agni, as holy food to thine invoker, give wealth in cattle, lasting, rich in marvels.
To us be born a son and spreading ofrspring. Agni, be this thy gracious will to us-ward.

HYMN XVI. Agni.
1. THIS Agni is the Lord of great felicity and hero Strength; Lord of wealth in herds of kine; Lord of the battles with the foe.
2 Wait, Maruts, Heroes, upon him the Prosperer in whom is bliss-increasing wealth;
Who in fights ever conquer evil-hearted men, who overcome the enemy.
3 As such, O Agni, deal us wealth and hero might, O Bounteous One!
Most lofty, very glorious, rich in progeny, free from disease and full of power.
4 He who made all that lives, who passes all in might, who orders service to the Gods,
He works among the Gods, he works in hero strength, yea, also in the praise of men.
5 Give us not up to indigence, Agni, nor want of hero sons, Nor, Son of Strength, to lack of cattle, nor to blame. Drive thou our enemies away.
6 Help us to strength, blest Agni! rich in progeny, abundant, in our sacrifice.
Flood us with riches yet more plenteous, bringing weal, with high renown, most Glorious One!

HYMN XVII. Agni.
1. DULY enkindled after ancient customs, bringing all treasures, he is balmed with unguents,-
Flame-haired, oil-clad, the purifying Agni, skilled in fair rites, to bring the Gods for worship.
2 As thou, O Agni, skilful Jatavedas, hast sacrificed as Priest of Earth, of Heaven, 
So with this offering bring the Gods, and prosper this sacrifice today as erst for Manu. 
3 Three are thy times of life, O Jatavedas, and the three mornings are thy births, O Agni. 
With these, well-knowing, grant the Gods' kind favour, and help in stir aid stress the man who worships. 
4 Agni most bright and fair with song we honour, yea, the adorbable, O Jatavedas. 
Thee, envoy, messenger, oblation-bearer, the Gods have made centre of life eternal. 
5 That Priest before thee, yet more skilled in worship, established of old, healthgiver by his nature,- 
After his custom offer, thou who knowest, and lay our sacrifice where Gods may taste it. 

HYMN XVIII. Agni. 
1. AGNI, be kind to us when we approach thee good as a friend to friend, as sire and mother. 
The races of mankind are great oppressors burn up malignity that strives against us. 
2 Agni, burn up the unfriendly who are near us, burn thou the foeeman's curse who pays no worship. 
Burn, Vasu, thou who markest well, the foolish: let thine eternal nimble beams surround thee. 
3 With fuel, Agni, and with oil, desireous, mine offering I present for strength and conquest, 
With prayer, so far as I have power, adoring-this hymn divine to gain a hundred treasures. 
4 Give with thy glow, thou Son of Strength, when lauded, great vital power to those who toil to serve thee. 
Give richly, Agni, to the Visvamitras in rest and stir. Oft have we decked thy body. 
5 Give us, O liberal Lord, great store of riches, for, Agni, such art thou when duly kindled. 
Thou in the happy singer's home bestowest, amply with arms extended, things of beauty. 

HYMN XIX. Agni. 
1. Aow, quick, sage, infallible, all-knowing, I choose to be our Priest at this oblation. 
In our Gods' service he, best skilled, shall worship: may he obtain us boons for strength and riches. 
2 Agni, to thee I lift the oil-fed ladle, bright, with an offering, bearing our oblation. 
From the right hand, choosing the Gods' attendance, he with rich presents hath arranged the worship. 
3 Of keenest spirit is the man thou aidest give us good offspring, thou who givest freely. 
In power of wealth most rich in men, O Agni, of thee, the Good, may we sing forth fair praises. 
4 Men as they worship thee the God, O Agni, have set on thee full many a brilliant, aspect. 
So bring Most Youthful One, the Gods' asserrigly, the Heavenly Host which thou to-day shalt honour. 
5 When Gods anoint thee Priest at their oblation, and seat thee for thy task as Sacrificer, 
O Agni, be thou here our kind defender, and to ourselves vouchsafe the gift of glory. 

HYMN XX. Agni. 
1. WITH lauds at break of morn the priest invoketh Agni, 
Dawn, Dadhikras, and both the Asvins. 
With one consent the Gods whose light is splendid, longing to taste our sacrifice, shall hear us. 
2 Three are thy powers, O Agni, three thy stations, three are thy tongues, yea, many, Child of Order! 
Three bodies hast thou which the Gods delight in: with these protect our hymns with care unceasing. 
3 O Agni, many are the names thou bearest, immortal, God, Divine, and Jatavedas. 
And many charms of charmers, All-Inspirer! have they laid in thee, Lord of true attendants! 
4 Agni, like Bhaga, leads the godly people, he who is true to Law and guards the seasons. 
Ancient, all-knowing, he the Vrtra-slayer shall bear the singer safe through every trouble. 
5 I call on Savitar the God, on Morning, Brhaspati, and Dadhikras, and Agni, 
On Varuna and Mitra, on the Asvins, Bhaga, the Vasus, Rudras and Adityas. 

HYMN XXI. Agni. 
1. SET this our sacrifice among the Immortals: be pleased with these our presents, Jatavedas. 
O Priest, O Agni, sit thee down before us, and first enjoy the these our presents, Jatavedas. 
2 For thee, O Purifier, flow the drops of fatness rich in oil. 
O Priest, O Agni, sit thee down before us, and first enjoy the drops of oil and fatness. 
3 Agni, Most Excellent! for thee the Sage are drops that drip with oil. 
Thou art enkindled as the best of Seers. Help thou the sacrifice. 
4 To thee, O Agni, mighty and resistless, to thee stream forth the drops of oil and fatness. 
With great light art thou come, O praised by poets! Accept our offering, O thou Sage. 
5 Fatness exceeding rich, extracted from the midst,-this as our gift we offer thee. 
Excellent God, the drops run down upon thy skin. Deal them to each among the Gods. 

HYMN XXII. Agni. 
1. THIS is that Agni whence the longing Indra took the pressed Soma deep within his body. 
Winner of spoils in thousands, like a courser, with praise art thou exalted, Jatavedas. 
2 That light of thine in heaven and earth, O Agni, in plants, O Holy One, and in the waters, 
Wherewith thou hast spread wide the air's mid-region-bright is that splendour, wavy, man-beholding. 
3 O Agni, to the sea of heaven thou goest: thou hast called hither Gods beheld in spirit.
The waters, too, come hither, those up yonder in the Sun's
realm of light, and those beneath it.
4 Let fires that dwell in mist, combined with those that have
their home in floods,
Guiltless accept our sacrifice, great viands free from all
disease.
5 Agni, as holy food to thine invoker give wealth in cattle,
lasting, rich in marvels.
To us be born a son and spreading offspring. Agni, be this thy
gracious will to us-ward.

HYMN XXIII. Agni.
1. RUBBED into life, well stablished in the dwelling, Leader
of sacrifice, the Sage, the youthful,
Here in the wasting fuel Jatavedas, eternal, hath assumed
of sacrifice, the Sage, the youthful,
2 Both Bharatas, Devasravas, Devavata, have strongly rubbed
to life effectual Agni.
O Agni, look thou forth with ample riches: be, every day,
3 Him nobly born of old the fingers ten produced, him whom
his Mothers counted dear.
Praise Devavata's Agni, thou Devasravas, him who shall be the
people's Lord.
4 He set thee in the earth's most lovely station, in Ila's place, in
days of fair bright weather.
On man, on Apaya, Agni! on the rivers Drasadvati, Sarasvati,
shine richly.
5 Agni, as holy food to thine invoker give wealth in cattle,
lasting, rich in marvels.
To us be born a son and spreading offspring Agni, be this thy
gracious will to us-ward

HYMN XXIV. Agni.
1. AGNI, subdue opposing bands, and drive our enemies away.
Invincible, slay godless foes: give splendour to the worshipper.
2 Lit with libation, Agni, thou, deathless, who callest Gods to
life, strengthening food, preparing it for nectar.
3 With splendour, Agni, Son of Strength, thou who art
light, whose promises are true,
4 He set thee in the earth's most lovely station, in Ila's place, in
days of fair bright weather.
On man, on Apaya, Agni! on the rivers Drasadvati, Sarasvati,
shine richly.
5 Agni, as holy food to thine invoker give wealth in cattle,
lasting, rich in marvels.
To us be born a son and spreading offspring Agni, be this thy
gracious will to us-ward

HYMN XXV. Agni.
1. REVERING in our heart Agni Vaisvanara, the finder of the
light, whose promises are true,
The liberal, gladsome, car-borne God we Kusikas invoke him
with oblation, seeking wealth with songs.
2 That Agni, bright, Vaisvanara, we invoke for help, and
Matarisvan worthy of the song of praise;
3 Age after age Vaisvanara, neighing like a horse, is kindled
with the women by the Kusikas.
May Agni, he who wakes among Immortal Gods, grant us
heroic strength and wealth in noble steeds.
4 Let them go forth, the strong, as flames of fire with might.
Gathered for victory they have yoked their spotted deer.
5 The Maruts, Friends of men, are glorious as the fire: their
mighty and resplendent succour we implore.
Those storming Sons of Rudra clothed in robes of rain, boon-
givers of good gifts, roar as the lions roar.
6 We, band on band and troop following troop, entreat with
fair lauds Agni's splendour and the Maruts' might,
7 Agni am I who know, by birth, all creatures. Mine eye is
butter, in my mouth is nectar.
I am light threefold, measurer of the region exhaustless heat
am I, named burnt-oblation.
8 Bearing in mind a thought with light accordant, he purified
the Sun with three refinings;
By his own nature gained the highest treasure, and looked
abroad over the earth and heaven.
9 The Spring that fails not with a hundred streamlets, Father
Gods gracious to all men,-
Lord through his strength, splendid through adorations.
4 Come to the sacrifice, Agni and Indra come to the offerer's
house who hath the Soma.
Come, friendly-minded, Gods, to drink the Soma.
5 In the floods' home art thou enkindled, Agni, O Jatavedas,
Son of Strength, eternal,
Exalting with thine help the gatheringplaces.

HYMN XXVI. Agni.
1. IN ladle dropping oil your food goes in oblation up to
heaven,
Goes to the Gods in search of bliss.
2 Agni I laud, the Sage inspired, crowner of sacrifice through
song,
3 O Agni, if we might obtain control of thee the potent God,
Then should we overcome our foes.
4 Kindled at sacrifices he is Agni, hallower, meet for praise, With flame for hair: to him we seek.
5 Immortal Agni, shining far, enrobed with oil, well worshipped, bears
The gifts of sacrifice away.
6 The priests with ladles lifted up, worshipping here with holy thought,
Have brought this Agni for our aid.
7 Immortal, Sacrificer, God, with wondrous power he leads the way,
Urging the great assembly on.
8 Strong, he is set on deeds of strength. In sacrifices led in front,
As Singer he completes the rite.
9 Excellent, he was made by thought. The Germ of beings have I gained,
Yea, and the Sire of active strength.
10 Thee have I stablished, Excellent, O strengthened by the sage's prayer,
Thee, Agni, longing, nobly bright.
11 Agni, the swift and active One, singers, at time of sacrifice, Eagerly kindle with their food.
12 Agni the Son of Strength who shines up to the heaven in solemn rites,
The wise of heart, I glorify.
13 Meet to be lauded and adored, showing in beauty through the dark,
Agni, the Strong, is kindled well.
14 Agni is kindled as a bull, like a horsebearer of the Gods:
Men with oblations worship him.
15 Thee will we kindle as a bull, we who are Bulls ourselves, O Bull.
Thee, Agni, shining mightily.

HYMN XXVIII. Agni.
1. AGNI who knowest all, accept our offering and the cake of meal,
At dawn's libation, rich in prayer!
2 Agni, the sacrificial cake hath been prepared and dressed for thee:
Accept it, O Most Youthful God.
3 Agni, enjoy the cake of meal and our oblation three days old:
Thou, Son of Strength, art stablished at our sacrifice.
4 Here at the midday sacrifice enjoy thou the sacrificial cake,
wise, Jatavedas!
Agni, the sages in assemblies never minish the portion due to thee the Mighty.
5 O Agni, at the third libation takewith joy the offered cake of sacrifice, thou, Son of Strength.
Through skill in song bear to the Gods our sacrifice, watchful and fraught with riches, to Immortal God.
6 O waxing Agni, knower, thou, of all, accept our gifts, the cake,
And that prepared ere yesterday.

HYMN XXIX. Agni.
1. HERE is the gear for friction, here tinder made ready for the spark.
Bring thou the Matron: we will rub Agni in ancient fashion forth.
2 In the two fire-sticks Jatavedas lieth, even as the well-set germ in pregnant women,
Agni who day by day must be exalted by men who watch and worship with oblations.
3 Lay this with care on that which lies extended: straight hath she borne the Steer when made prolific.
With his red pillar-radiant is his splendour -in our skilled task is born the Son of Ila.
4 In Ila's place we set thee down, upon the central point of earth,
That, Agni Jatavedas, thou mayst bear our offerings to the Gods.
5 Rub into life, ye men, the Sage, the guileless, Immortal, very wise and fair to look on.
O men, bring forth the most propitious Agni, first ensign of the sacrifice to eastward.
6 When with their arms they rub him straight he shineth forth like a strong courser, red in colour, in the wood.
Bright, checkless, as it were upon the Atvins' path, lie passeth by the stones and burneth up the grass.
7 Agni shineth forth when born, observant, mighty, the bountiful, the Singar praised by sages;
Whom, as adorable and knowing all things, Gods set at solemn rites as offeringbearer.
8 Set thee, O Priest, in, thine own place, observant: lay down the sacrifice in the home of worship.
Thou, dear to Gods, shalt serve them with oblation: Agni, give long life to the sacrificer.
9 Raise ye a mighty smoke, my fellow-workers! Ye shall attain to wealth without obstruction.
This Agni is the battle-winning Hero by whom the Gods have overcome the Dasyus.
10 This is thine ordered place of birth whence sprung to life thou shonest forth.
Knowing this, Agni, sit thee down, and prosper thou the songs we sing.
11 As Germ Celestial he is called Tanunapat, and Narasamsa born diffused in varied shape.
Formed in his Mother he is Matarisvan, and he hath, in his course, become the rapid flight of wind.
12 With strong attrition rubbed to life, laid down with careful hand, a Sage,
Agni, make sacrifices good, and for the pious bring the Gods.
13 Mortals have brought to life the God Immortal, the Conqueror with mighty jaws, unfailling.
The sisters ten, unwedded and united, together grasp the Babe, the new-born Infant.
14 Served by the seven priests, he shone forth from ancient time, when in his Mother's bosom, in her lap, he glowed.
Giving delight each day he closeth not his eye, since from the Asura's body hewas brought to life.
15 Even as the Maruts, onslaughts who attack the foe, those born the first of all knew the full power of prayer.
The Kusikas have made the glorious hymn ascend, and, each
for him who followeth thy Law the mountains and heaven and
forth alone destroying Vṛtras.
4 For, overthrowing what hath ne'er been shaken, thou goest
thou graspest them, are but a handful.
E'en these two boundless worlds to thee, O Indra, what time
speakest truth as Vṛtra's slayer.
5 Yea, Much-invoked! in safety through thy glories alone thou
earth stand as if firmly stablished.
6 Forthwith thy Bay steeds down the steep, O Indra, forth,
thou unto the Soma, wise and knowing all.
7 The man to whom thou givest as Provider enjoys domestic
wisdom comes from thee, O Indra.
8 Thou, Indra, Much-invoked! didst crush to pieces Kunaru
things undivided.
9 Thou hast established in her seat, O Indra, the level earth,
may we be winners of abundant riches. May Indra be our
souls, and strength that wins the booty.
10 He who withheld the kine, in silence I yielded in fear before
bounty skill extend it.
11 Indra alone filled full the earth and heaven, the Pair who
be firm, O Indra; aid friends to
crushed. Slay them from under, crush them and subdue them. Slay,
May we be winners of abundant riches. May Indra be our
be firm, O Indra; aid friends to

12 Surya transgresses not the ordered limits set daily by the
the Red's great children should be honoured.

13 Men gladly in the course of night would look on the broad
and goodly works of Indra.

14 A mighty splendour rests upon her bosom: bearing ripe
be firm, O Indra; aid friends to

15 Barring the way they come. Be firm, O Indra; aid friends to

16 A cry is beard from enemies most near us: against them

17 Root up the race of Raksasas, O Indra rend it in front and

18 When borne by strong Steeds for our weal, O Leader, thou

19 Bestow on us resplendent wealth. O Indra let us enjoy thine

20 With kine and horses satisfy this longing with very splendid

21 Lord of the kine, burst the kine's stable open: cows shall be

22 Call we on Maghavan, auspicious Indra, best Hero in this

23 Lord's approach through sacrifices.

1 The friends who offer Soma long to find thee: they pour

2 Not far for thee are mid-air's loftiest regions: start hither,

3 Agni was born trembling with tongue that flickered, so that

4 Conquering bands upon the Warrior waited: they recognized

5 The sages freed them from their firmbuilt prison: the seven

6 As we, O Priest observant, have elected thee this day, what
time the solemn sacrifice began,

7 What once thou didst in might when mortals vexed thee,-

8 The Bull hath propped the heaven and air's mid-region. By

9 Thou hast established in her seat, O Indra, the level earth,

10 He who withheld the kine, in silence I yielded in fear before

11 Indra alone filled full the earth and heaven, the Pair who

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5 The sages freed them from their firmbuilt prison: the seven

6 As we, O Priest observant, have elected thee this day, what
time the solemn sacrifice began,
All holy Order's pathway they discovered he, full of knowledge, shared these deeds through worship.
6 When Sarama had found the mountain's fissure, that vast and ancient place she plundered thoroughly. 
In the floods' van she led them forth, light-footed: she who well knew came first unto their lowing.
7 Longing for friendship came the noblest singer: the hill poured forth its treasure for the pious.
The Hero with young followers fought and conquered, and straightway Angiras was singing praises,
8 Peer of each noble thing, yea, all excelling, all creatures doth he know, he slayeth Susna. 
Our leader, fair for war, singing from heaven, as Friend he saved his lovers from dishonour.
9 They sate them down with spirit fair for booty, making with hymns a way to life eternal.
And this is still their place of frequent session, whereby they sought to gain the months through Order.
10 Drawing the milk of ancient seed prolific, they joyed as they beheld their own possession.
Their shout of triumph heated earth and heaven. When the kine showed, they bade the heroes rouse them.
11 Indra drove forth the kine, that Vrtra-slayer, while hymns of praise rose up and gifts were offered.
For him the Cow, noble and far-extending, poured pleasant juices, bringing oil and sweetness.
12 They made a mansion for their Father, deftly provided him a great and glorious dwelling;
With firm support parted and stayed the Parents, and, sitting, fixed him there erected, mighty.
13 What time the ample chalice had impelled him, swift waxing, vast, to pierce the earth and heaven,-
Him in whom blameless songs are all united: all powers invincible belong to Indra.
14 I crave thy powers, I crave thy mighty friendship: full many a team goes to the Vrtra-slayer.
Great is the laud, we seek the Princes' favour. Be thou, O Maghavan, our guard and keeper.
15 He, having found great, splendid, rich dominion, sent life and motion to his friends and lovers.
Indra who shone together with the Heroes begot the song, the Soma to delight thee, Indra;
16 Vast, the House-Friend, he set the waters flowing, all-lucid, widely spread, that move together.
By the wise cleansings of the meath made holy, through days, and nights they speed the swift streams onward.
17 To thee proceed the dark, the treasure-holders, both of them sanctified by Surya's bounty.
The while thy ovely storming Friends, O Indra, fail to attain the measure of thy greatness.
18 Be Lord of joyous songs, O Vrtra-slayer, Bull dear to all, who gives the power of living.
Come unto us with thine auspicious friendship, hastening, Mighty One, with mighty succours.
19 Like Angiras I honour him with worship, and renovate old song for him the Ancient.
Chase thou the many godless evil creatures, and give us, Maghavan, heaven's light to help m.
20 Far forth are spread the purifying waters conveys thou us across them unto safety.
Save us, our Charioteer, from harm, O Indra, soon, very soon, make us win spoil of cattle.
21 His kine their Lord hath shown, e'en Vrtra's slayer, through the black hosts he passed with red attendants.
Teaching us pleasant things by holy Order, to, us hath he thrown open all his portals.
22 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.

HYMN XXXII. Indra
1. DRINK thou this Soma, Indra, Lord of Soma; drink thou the draught of noonday which thou lovest.
Puffing thy cheeks, impetuous, liberal Giver, here loose thy two Bay Horses and rejoice thee.
2 Quaff it pure, meal-blent, mixt with milk, O Indra; we have poured forth the Soma for thy rapture.
Knit with the prayer-fulfilling band of Maruts, yea, with the Rudras, drink till thou art sated;
3 Those who gave increase to thy strength and vigour; the Maruts singing forth thy might, O Indra.
Drink thou, O fair of cheek, whose hand wields thunder, with Rudras banded, at our noon libation.
4 They, even the Maruts who were there, excited with song the meath-created strength of Indra.
By them impelled to act he reached the vitals Of Vrtra, though he deemed that none might wound him.
5 Pleased, like a man, with our libation, Indra, drink, for enduring hero might, the Soma.
Lord of Bays, moved by sacrifice come hither: thou with the Swift Ones stirrest floods and waters.
6 When thou didst loose the streams to run like racers in the swift contest, having smitten Vrtra
With flying weapon where he lay, O Indra, and, godless, kept the Goddesses encompassed.
7 With reverence let us worship mighty Indra, great and sublime, eternal, every youthful,
Whose greatness the dear world-halfes 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, slighest. Ahi showing his strength when couched around the waters.
Then may lie safely bear us over trouble, as in a ship, when decisive day will I laud Indra; I have brought forth a song when longing seized me: ere the time and days yet recent.

Him magnified by ancient songs and praises, by lauds of later O Worshipful, with worship help our worship, for worship with the flowing Soma.

12 Sacrifice, Indra, made thee wax so mighty, the dear oblation of thine the earth was shadowed. The heaven itself attained not to thy greatness when with one weapon he slew Vrtra, him who stayed our currents.

13 With sacrifice and wish have I brought Indra; still for new help I called unto the River.

Not the deep-flowing flood, O Much-invoked One! not hills to rejoice him, hither. For man the days' bright ensign he illumined, and found the light for his joy and gladness.

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 invocate him.

15 Full is his chalice: Glory! Like a pourer I have filled up the vessel for his drinking. Savitar, God, the lovely-handed, led us, and at his sending down Vrtra, him who stayed our currents.

16 Not the deep-flowing flood, O Much-invoked One! not hills that compass thee about restrain thee, The Strong who listens, who gives aid in battles, who slays the Vrtras, wins and gathers riches.

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.

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. Impelled by prayer and waxen great in body, he hath filled with lightnings hath o'ercome the Dasa.

2 I stimulate thy zeal, the Strong, the Hero decking my song of doing many hero exploits. He in his strength, with all-surpassing prowess, through wondrous arts crushed the malignant Dasyus.

3 Leading, his band Indra encompassed Vrtra; weak grew the wily leader of enchanters. He who burns fierce in forests slaughtered Vyamsa, and made the Milch-kine of the nights apparent.

4 Indra, light-winner, days' Creator, conquered, victorious, hostile bands with those who loved him. He in his strength, with all-surpassing prowess, through wondrous arts crushed the malignant Dasyus.

5 Linger a little at my friendly bidding rest, Holy Ones, a moment in your journey. These holy songs he taught the bard who gaised him, and widely spread these Dawns' resplendent colour.

6 Indra who wields the thunder dug our channels: he smote down Vrtra, him who stayed our currents. They laud the mighty acts of him the Mighty, the many glorious deeds performed by Indra.

7 That hero deed of Indra must be lauded for ever that he rent Ahi in pieces. In hymns, O bard, show us thy loving kindness. Humble us not mid men. To thee be honour!

8 Never forget this word of thine, O singer, which future generations shall reecho. Bow lowly down; be easy to be traversed stay, Rivers, with your floods below our axles. Our flood may not be stayed when urged to motion. I crave your favour who deserve our worship.

9 List quickly, Sisters, to the bard who cometh to you from far away with car and wagon. And never may the pair of Bulls, harmless and sinless, waste away. Space may not be stayed when urged to motion. I crave your favour who deserve our worship.

10 Yea, we will listen to thy words, O singer. With wain and car from far away thou comest. Bow lowly down; be easy to be traversed stay, Rivers, with your floods below our axles. I crave your favour who deserve our worship.

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.

12 The warrior host, the Bharatas, fared over the singer won the favour of the Rivers. I crave your favour who deserve our worship.

13 So let your wave bear up the pins, and ye, O Waters, spare the thongs; And never may the pair of Bulls, harmless and sinless, waste away. I crave your favour who deserve our worship.

HYMN XXXIV. Indra.

1. FORT-RENDER, Lord of Wealth, dispelling foemen, Indra with lightnings hath o'ercome the Dasa. Hyarmed by prayer and waxen great in body, he hath filled earth and heaven, the Bounteous Giver.

2 I stimulate thy zeal, the Strong, the Hero decking my song of praise forth; Immortal. For man the days' bright ensign he illumined, and found the light for his joy and gladness.

3 Leading, his band Indra encompassed Vrtra; weak grew the wily leader of enchanters. He who burns fierce in forests slaughtered Vyamsa, and made the Milch-kine of the nights apparent.

4 Indra, light-winner, days' Creator, conquered, victorious, hostile bands with those who loved him. He in his strength, with all-surpassing prowess, through wondrous arts crushed the malignant Dasyus.

5 Forward to fiercely falling blows pressed Indra, herolike doing many hero exploits. These holy songs he taught the bard who gaised him, and widely spread these Dawns' resplendent colour.

6 They laud the mighty acts of him the Mighty, the many glorious deeds performed by Indra. Wise singers glorify with chanted praises these his achievements in Vivasvan's dwelling.

7 Lord of the brave, Indra who rules the people gave freedom to the Gods by might and battle. They laud the mighty acts of him the Mighty, the many glorious deeds performed by Indra.

8 Excellent, Conqueror, the victory-giver, the winner of the light and Godlike Waters, He who hath won this broad earth and this heaven, -in Indra they rejoice who love devotions.
9 He gained possession of the Sun and Horses, Indra obtained
the Cow who feedeth many.
Treasure of gold he won; he smote the Dasyus, and gave
protection to the Aryan colour.
10 He took the plants and days for his possession; he gained
the forest trees and air's mid-region.
Vala he cleft, and chased away opponents: thus was he tamer
of the overweening.
11 Call we on Maghavan, auspicious Indra, 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.

HYMN XXXV Indra.
1. MOUNT the Bay Horses to thy chariot harnessed, and come
to us like Vayu with his coursers.
Thou, hastening to us, shalt drink the Soma. Hail, Indra. We
have poured it for thy rapture.
2 For him, the God who is invoked by many, the two swift Bay
Steeds to the pole I harness,
That they in fleet course may bring Indra hither, e'en to this
sacrifice arranged completely.
3 Bring the strong Steeds who drink the warm libation, and,
Bull of Godlike nature, be thou gracious.
Let thy Steeds eat; set free thy Tawny Horses, and roasted
grain like this consume thou daily.
4 Those who are yoked by prayer I harness, fleet friendly Bays
who take their joy together.
Mounting thy firm and easy car, O Indra, wise and all-knowing
come thou to the Soma.
5 No other worshippers must stay beside them thy Bays, thy
vigorous and smooth-backed Coursers.
Pass by them all and hasten onward hither: with Soma pressed
vigorous and smooth-backed Coursers.
6 As floods according to their stream flow onward, so to the
sea, as borne on cars, the waters.
Vaster is Indra even than his dwelling, what time the stalk
milked out, the Soma, fills him.
7 Eager to mingle with the sea, the rivers carry the well-
pressed Soma juice to Indra.
They drain the stalk out with their arms, quick-banded, and
cleanse it with a stream of mead and filters.
8 Like lakes appear his flanks filled full with Soma: yea, he
contains libations in abundance.
When Indra had consumed the first sweet viands, he, after
slaying Vrtra, claimed the Soma.
9 The Maruts, they with whom thou sharedst Soma, Indra, who
made thee strong and were thine army,-
With these accordant, eagerly desirous drink thou this Soma
with the tongue of Agni.
10 Drink, Indra, of the juice by thine own nature, or by the
tongue of Agni, O thou Holy.
Accept the sacrificial gift, O Sakra, from the Adhvaryu's hand
or from the Hotar's.
11 Call we on Maghavan, auspicious Indra, 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.

HYMN XXXVI. Indra.
1. WITH constant succours, fain thyself to share it, make this
oblation which we bring effective.
Grown great through strengthening gifts at each libation, he
hath become renowned by mighty exploits.
2 For Indra were the Somas erst- discovered, whereby he grew
strong-jointed, vast, and skilful.
Indra , take quickly these presented juices: drink of the strong,
that which the strong have shaken.
3 Drink and wax great. Thine are the juices, Indra, both Somas
of old time and these we bring thee.
Even as thou drankest, Indra, earlier Somas, so drink to-day, a
new guest, meet for praises.
4 Great and impetuous, mighty-voiced in battle, surpassing
power is his, and strength resistless.
Him the broad earth hath never comprehended when Somas
cheered the Lord of Tawny Coursers.
5 Mighty and strong he waxed for hero exploit: the Bull was
furnished a Sage's wisdom.
Indra is our kind Lord; his steers have vigour; his cows are
many with abundant offspring.
6 As floods according to their stream flow onward, so to the
sea, as borne on cars, the waters.
Vaster is Indra even than his dwelling, what time the stalk
milked out, the Soma, fills him.
7 Eager to mingle with the sea, the rivers carry the well-
pressted Soma juice to Indra.
They drain the stalk out with their arms, quick-banded, and
cleanse it with a stream of mead and filters.
8 Like lakes appear his flanks filled full with Soma: yea, he
contains libations in abundance.
When Indra had consumed the first sweet viands, he, after
slaying Vrtra, claimed the Soma.
9 Then bring thou hither, and let none prevent it: we know thee
well, the Lord of wealth and treasure.
That splendid gift which is thine own, O Indra, vouchsafe to
us, Lord of the Tawny Coursers.
10 O Indra, Maghavan, impetuous mover, grant us abundant
wealth that brings all blessings.
Give us a hundred autumns for our lifetime: give us, O fair-
checked Indra, store of heroes.
11 Call we on Indra, Maghavan, 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.

HYMN XXXVII. Indra.
1. O INDRA, for the strength that slays Vrtra and conquers in
the fight,
We turn thee hitherward to us.
2 O Indra, Lord of Hundred Powers, may those who praise
thee hitherward.
Direct thy spirit and thine eye.
3 O Indra, Lord of Hundred Powers, with all our songs we
invoke
Thy names for triumph over foes.
4 We strive for glory through the powers immense of him
whom many praise,
Of Indra who supports mankind.
5 For Vrtra's slaughter I address Indra whom many invoke,
To win us booty in the wars.
6 In battles be victorious. We seek thee, Lord of Hundred
Powers,
Indra, that Vrtra may be slain.
7 In splendid combats of the hosts, in glories where the fight is
won.
Indra, be victor over foes.
8 Drink thou the Soma for our help, bright, vigilant, exceeding
strong,
O Indra, Lord of Hundred Powers.
9 O Satakratu, powers which thou mid the Five Races hast
displayed-
These, Indra, do I claim of thee.
10 Indra, great glory hast thou gained. Win splendid fame
which none may mar
We make thy might perpetual.
11 Come to us either from anear, Or, Sakra, come from far
away.
Indra, wherever be thy home, come to us thence, O Thunder-
armed.

HYMN XXXVIII. Indra.
1. HASTING like some strong courser good at drawing, a
thought have I imagined like a workman.
Pondering what is dearest and most noble, I long to see the
sages full of wisdom.
2 Ask of the sages' mighty generations firm-minded and
devout they framed the heaven.
These are thy heart-sought strengthening directions, and they
have come to be sky's upholders.
3 Assuming in this world mysterious natures, they decked the
heaven and earth for high dominion,
Measured with measures, fixed their broad expanses, set the
great worlds apart held firm for safety.
4 Even as he mounted up they all adorned him: self-luminous
he travels clothed in splendour.
That is the Bull's, the Asura's mighty figure: he, omniform,
hoof, in the cow's place of pasture.
5 Where as a Friend with friendly men, Navagvas, with heroes,
Killing the darkness at the light's foundation, the Couple newly
born attain their beauty.
4 Not one is found among them, none of mortals, to blame our
sires who fought to win the cattle.
Their strengtheners was Indra the Majestic he spread their stalls
of kin the Wonder-Worker.
5 Where as a Friend with friendly men, Navagvas, with heroes,
heavenly blessing keep your guard around us.
6 Indra found meath collected in the milch-cow, by foot and
hoof, in the cow's place of pasture.
That which lay secret, hidden in the waters, he held in his right
hand, the rich rewarder.
7 He took the light, discerning it from darkness: may we be far
removed from all misfortune.
These songs, O Soma-drinker, cheered by Soma, Indra, accept
from thy most zealous poet.
8 Let there be light through both the worlds for worship: may
we be far from most overwhelming evil.
Great woe comes even from the hostile mortal, piled up; but
good at rescue are the Vasus.
9 Call we on Indra, Maghavan, 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.

HYMN XXXIX. Indra.
1. To Indra from the heart the hymn proceedeth, to him the
Lord, recited, built with praises;
The wakening song sung forth in holy synod: that which is
born for thee, O Indra, notice.
2 Born from the heaven e'en in the days aforetime, wakening,
sting aloud in holy synod,
Auspicious, clad in white and shining raiment, this is the
ancient hymn of our forefathers.
3 The Mother of the Twins hath borne Twin Children: my
tongue's tip raised itself and rested silent.
4 Not one is found among them, none of mortals, to blame our
sires who fought to win the cattle.
Their strengtheners was Indra the Majestic he spread their stalls
of kin the Wonder-Worker.
5 Where as a Friend with friendly men, Navagvas, with heroes,
on his knees he sought the cattle.
There, verily with ten Dasagvas Indra found the Sun lying
hidden in the darkness.
6 Indra found meath collected in the milch-cow, by foot and
hoof, in the cow's place of pasture.
That which lay secret, hidden in the waters, he held in his right
hand, the rich rewarder.
7 He took the light, discerning it from darkness: may we be far
removed from all misfortune.
These songs, O Soma-drinker, cheered by Soma, Indra, accept
from thy most zealous poet.
8 Let there be light through both the worlds for worship: may
we be far from most overwhelming evil.
Great woe comes even from the hostile mortal, piled up; but
good at rescue are the Vasus.
9 Call we on Maghavan, auspicious Indra, 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.

HYMN XL. Indra.
1. THEE, Indra, we invoke, the Bull, what time the Soma is
expressed.
So drink thou of the savoury juice.
2 Indra, whom many laud, accept the strength-conferring Soma
juice.
Quaff, pour down drink that satisfies.
3 Indra, with all the Gods promote our wealth-bestowing
sacrifice,
Thou highly-lauded Lord of men.
4 Lord of the brave, to thee proceed these drops of Soma juice
expressed,
The bright drops to thy dwelling-place.
5 Within thy belly, Indra, take juice, Soma the most excellent:
Thine are the drops celestial.
6 Drink our libation, Lord of hymns: with streams of meath
thou art bedewed
Our glory, Indra, is thy gift.
7 To Indra go the treasures of the worshipper, which never fail:
8 From far away, from near at hand, O Vrtra-slayer, come to
us:
Accept the songs we sing to thee.
9 When from the space between the near and far thou art
invoked by us,
Thence, Indra. come thou hitherward.

HYMN XLI. Indra.
1. INVOKED to drink the Soma juice, come with thy Bay
Steeds, Thunder-armed
Come, Indra, hitherward to me.
2 Our priest is seated, true to time; the grass is regularly
strewn;
The pressing-stones were set at morn.
3 These prayers, O thou who hearest prayer are offered: seat
thee on the grass.
Hero, enjoy the offered cake.
4 O Vrtra-slayer, be thou pleased with these libations, with
these hymns,
Song-loving Indra, with our lauds.
5 Our hymns caress the Lord of Strength, vast, drinker of the
Soma's juice,
Indra, as mother-cows their calf.
6 Delight thee with the juice we pour for thine own great
munificence:
Yield not thy singer to reproach.
7 We, Indra, dearly loving thee, bearing oblation, sing thee
hymns
Thou, Vasu, dearly love us.
8 O thou to whom thy Bays are dear, loose not thy Horses far
from us:
Here glad thee, Indra, Lord divine.
9 May long-maned Coursers, dropping oil, bring thee on swift
car hitherward,
Indra, to seat thee on the grass.

HYMN XLII. Indra.
1. COME to the juice that we have pressed, to Sorna, Indra,
bleat with milk:
Come, favouring us, thy Bay-drawn car!
2 Come, Indra, to this gladdening drink, placed on the grass,
pressed out with stones:
Wilt thou not drink thy fill thereof?
3 To Indra have my songs of praise gone forth, thus rapidly
sent hence;
To turn him to the Soma-draught.
4 Hither with songs of praise we call Indra to drink the Soma
juice:
Will he not come to us by lauds?
5 Indra, these Somas are expressed. Take them within thy
belly, Lord
Of Hundred Powers, thou Prince of Wealth.
6 We know thee winner of the spoil, and resolute in battles,
Sage!
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.

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.

HYMN XLIV. Indra.
1. May this delightsome Soma be expressed for thee by tawny
stones.
Thou, Indra, knowing, thinking, Lord of Tawny Steeds, above shine.

2 In love thou madest Usas glow, in love thou madest Surya golden-coloured car.

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

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.

5 Indra disclosed, The bright, the well-loved thunderbolt, girt with the bright, Indra disclosed, disclosing the Soma juice pressed out by tawny stones, with tawny steeds drive forth the kine.

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 Vṛtra, burst the cloud, brake the strongholds and drive 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.

HYMN XLVI. Indra.

1. OF thee, the Bull, the Warrior, Sovran Ruler, joyous and fierce, ancient and ever youthful,
The undecaying One who wields the thunder, renowned and great, great are the exploits, Indra.

2 Great art thou, Mighty Lord, through manly vigour, O fierce One, gathering spoil, subduing others, Thyself alone the universe's Sovran: so send forth men to combat and to rest them.

3 He hath surpassed all measure in his brightness, yea, and the Gods, for none may be his equal.

Impetuous Indra in his might excedeth wide vast mid-air and heaven and earth together.

4 To Indra, even as rivers to the ocean, flow forth from days of old the Soma juices;

To him wide deep and mighty from his birth-time, the well of holy thoughts, all-comprehending.

5 The Soma, Indra, which the earth and heaven bear for thee as a mother bears her infant,
This they send forth to thee, this, vigorous Hero! Adhvaryus purify for thee to drink of.

HYMN XLVII. Indra.

1. DRINK, Indra, Marut-girt, as Bull, the Soma, for joy, for rapture even as thou listest.

Pour down the flood of meath within thy belly: thou from of old art King of Soma juices.

2 Indra, accordant, with the banded Maruts, drink Soma, Hero, as wise Vṛtra-slayer.

Slay thou our foes, drive away assailants and make us safe on every side from danger.

3 And, drinker at due seasons, drink in season, Indra, with friendly Gods, our pressed-out Soma.

The Maruts following, whom thou madest sharers, gave thee the victory, and thou slewest Vṛtra.

4 Drink Soma, Indra, banded with the Maruts who, Maghavan, strengthened thee at Ahi's slaughter, 'Gainst Sambara, Lord of Bays! in winning cattle, and now rejoice in thee, the holy Singers.

5 The Bull whose strength hath waxed, whom Maruts follow, free-giving Indra, the celestial Ruler, Mighty, all-conquering, the victory-giver, him let us call to grant us new protection.

HYMN XLVIII. Indra.

1. SOON as the young Bull sprang into existence he longed to taste the pressed-out Soma's liquor.

Drink thou thy fill, according to thy longing, first, of the goodly mixture blent with Soma.

2 That day when thou wast born thou, fain to taste it, drankest goodly mixture blent with Soma.

Drink thou thy fill, according to thy longing, first, of the taste the pressed-out Soma's liquor.

3 And desiring food he came unto his Mother, and on her breast for thee in thy mighty Father's dwelling.

That milk thy Mother first, the Dame who bare thee, poured the plant's milk which the mountains nourish.

4 Fierce, quickly conquering, of surpassing vigour, he framed his body even as he listed.

E'en from his birth-time Indra conquered Tvastar, bore off the Soma and in beakers drank it.

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

HYMN XLIX. Indra.

1. GREAT Indra will I laud, in whom all people who drink the Soma have attained their longing;
Whom, passing wise, Gods, Heaven and Earth, engendered, formed by a Master's hand, to crush the Vṛtras.

2 Whom, most heroic, borne by Tawny Coursers, verily none subdueth in the battle;
Who, reaching far, most vigorous, hath shortened the Dasyu's life with Warriors bold of spirit.
3 Victor in fight, swift mover like a warhorse, pervading both worlds, rainer down of blessings,
To he invoked in war like Bhaga, Father, as 'twere, of hymns, fair, prompt to hear, strength-giver.
4 Supporting heaven, the high back of the region, his car is Vayu with his team of Vasus.
Illumining the nights, the Sun's creator, like Dhisana he deals forth strength and riches.
5 Call we on Maghavan, auspicious Indra, 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 treasure.

HYMN L. Indra.
1. LET Indra drink, All-hail! for his is Soma,-the mighty Bull come, girt by Maruts, hither.
   Far-reaching, let him fill him with these viands, and let our offering sate his body's longing.
2 I yoke thy pair of trusty Steeds for swiftness, whose faithful service from of old thou lovest.
   Here, fair of cheek! let thy Bay Coursers place thee: drink of this lovely well-effused libation.
3 With milk they made Indra their good Preserver, lauding for his body's longing.
   Swift, winner of the booty, breaker-down of forts, faithful and of Hundred Powers, strong, Hero, like the sea,
4 To Indra from all sides go forth my songs of praise, the Lord Immortal One, whose praise each day is sung aloud.
   Him who hath waxen great, invoked with beauteous songs, supporter of mankind, of Indra meet for lauds;
5 Let roasted corn of our midday libation, and sacrificial cake
   send us cattle in abundance.
4 With kine and horses satisfy this longing with very splendid bounty still extend it.
Seeking the light, with hymns to thee, O Indra, the Kusikas have brought their gift, the singers.
5 Call we on Maghavan, auspicious Indra, 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.

HYMN LI. Indra.
1. HIGH hymns have sounded forth the praise of Maghavan, supporter of mankind, of Indra meet for lauds;
   Him who hath waxen great, invoked with beauteous songs, Immortal One, whose praise each day is sung aloud.
2 To Indra from all sides go forth my songs of praise, the Lord of Hundred Powers, strong, Hero, like the sea,
   Swift, winner of the booty, breaker-down of forts, faithful and ever-glorious, finder of the light.
3 Where battle's spoil is piled the singer winneth praise, for Indra taketh care of matchless worshippers.
   He in Vivasvan's dwelling findeth his delight: praise thou the ever-conquering slayer of the foe.
4 Thee, valorous, most heroic of the heroes, shall the priests glorify with songs and praises.
   Full of all wondrous power he goes to conquest: worship is his, sole Lord from days aforeset.
5 Abundant are the gifts he gives to mortals: for him the earth bears a rich store of treasures.
   The heavens, the growing plants, the living waters, the forest trees preserve their wealth for Indra.
6 To thee, O Indra, Lord of Bays, for ever are offered prayers and songs: accept them gladly.
   As Kinsman think thou of some fresh assistance; good Friend, give strength and life to those who praise thee.
7 Here, Indra, drink thou Soma with the Maruts, as thou didst drink the juice beside Saryata.
   Under thy guidance, in thy keeping, Hero, the singers serve, skilled in fair sacrifices.
8 So eagerly desirous drink the Soma, our juice, O Indra, with thy friends the Maruts,
   Since at thy birth all Deities adorned thee for the great fight, O thou invoked of many.
9 He was your comrade in your zeal, O Maruts: they, rich in noble gifts, rejoiced in Indra.
   With them together let the Vrtra-slayer drink in his home the worshipper's libation.
10 So, Lord of affluent gifts, this juice hath been pressed for thee with strength
   Drink of it, thou who loveth song.
11 Incline thy body to this juice which suits thy Godlike nature well:
   May it cheer thee who loveth it.
12 Brave Indra, let it work through both thy flanks, and through thy head by prayer,
   And through thine arms, to prosper us.

HYMN LII. Indra.
1. INDRA, accept at break of day our Soma mixt with roasted corn,
   With groats with cake, with eulogies.
2 Accept, O Indra, and enjoy the well-dressed sacrificial cake:
   Oblations are poured forth to thee.
3 Consume our sacrificial cake, accept the songs of praise we sing,
   As he who woes accepts his bride.
4 Famed from of old, accept the cake at our libation poured at dawn,
   For great, O Indra, is thy power.
5 To thee, O Indra, Lord of Bays, for ever are offered prayers
   And through thine arms, to prosper us.
6 To thee, O Indra, Lord of Bays, for ever are offered prayers and songs: accept them gladly.
   As Kinsman think thou of some fresh assistance; good Friend, give strength and life to those who praise thee.
7 Here, Indra, drink thou Soma with the Maruts, as thou didst drink the juice beside Saryata.
   Under thy guidance, in thy keeping, Hero, the singers serve, skilled in fair sacrifices.
8 So eagerly desirous drink the Soma, our juice, O Indra, with thy friends the Maruts,
   Since at thy birth all Deities adorned thee for the great fight, O thou invoked of many.
9 He was your comrade in your zeal, O Maruts: they, rich in noble gifts, rejoiced in Indra.
   With them together let the Vrtra-slayer drink in his home the worshipper's libation.
10 So, Lord of affluent gifts, this juice hath been pressed for thee with strength
   Drink of it, thou who loveth song.
11 Incline thy body to this juice which suits thy Godlike nature well:
   May it cheer thee who loveth it.
12 Brave Indra, let it work through both thy flanks, and through thy head by prayer,
   And through thine arms, to prosper us.
HYMN LIII. Indra, Parvata, Etc.

1. ON a high car, O Parvata and Indra, bring pleasant viands, with brave heroes, hither. Enjoy the gifts, Gods, at our sacrifices wax strong by hymns, rejoice in our oblation.

2. Stay still, O Maghavan, advance no farther. a draught of well-pressed Soma will I give thee. With sweetest song I grasp, O Mighty Indra, thy garment's hem as a child grasps his father's.

3. Adhvaryu, sing we both; sing thou in answer: make we a laud acceptable to Indra. Upon this sacrificer's grass he seated: to Indra shall our eulogy be uttered.

4. A wife, O Maghavan is home and dwelling: so let thy Bay Steeds yoked convey thee hither. Whenever we press out for thee the Soma, let Agni as our Herald speed to call thee.

5. Depart, O Maghavan; again come hither: both there and here thy goat is Indra, Brother, Where thy tall chariot hath a place to rest in, and where thou loosest thy loud-neighing Courser.

6. Thou hast drunk Soma, Indra, turn thee homeward; thy joy is in thy home, thy racy Consort; Where thy tall chariot hath a place to rest in, and thy strong Courser is set free with guerdon.

7. Bounteous are these, Angirases, Virupas: the Asura's Heroes and the Sons of Heaven. They, giving store of wealth to Visvamitra, prolong his life through countless Soma-pressings.

8. Maghavan weareth every shape at pleasure, effecting magic changes in his body. Holy One, drinker out of season, coming thrice, in a moment, through fit prayers, from heaven.

9. The mighty sage, God-born and God-incited, who looks on men, restrained the billyow river. When Visvamitra was Sudas's escort, then Indra through the Kusikas grew friendly.

10. Like swans, prepare a song of praise with pressing-stones, glad in your hymns with juice poured forth in sacrifice. Ye singers, with the Gods, sages who look on men, ye Kutikas drink up the Soma's savoury meath.

11. Come forward, Kusikas, and be attentive; let loose Sudas's gift, the gift of Jamadagnis, hath lowed with mighty voice dispelling famine.

12. Praises to Indra have I sung, sustainer of this earth and earth's choicest place perform his worship.

13. The Visvamitras have sung forth this prayer to Indra Thunder-aimed:

14. Among the Kikatas what do thy cattle? They pour no milky draught, they heat no caldron. Bring thou to us the wealth of Pramaganda: give up to us, O Maghavan, the low-born.

15. Sasarpri, the gift of Jamadagnis, hath lowed with mighty voice dispelling famine.

The Daughter of the Sun hath spread our glory among the Gods, imperishable, deathless.

16. Sasarpri brought glory speedily to these, over the generations of the Fivefold Race; Daughter of Paksa, she bestows new vital power, she whom the ancient Jamadagnis gave to me. Strong be the pair of oxen, firm the axles, let not the pole slip nor the yoke be broken.

17. May Indra, keep the yoke-pins from decaying: attend us, thou whose fellies are uninjured.

18. O Indra, give our bodies strength, strength to the bulls who draw the wains, Strength to our seed and progeny that they may live, for thou art he who giveth strength.

19. Enclose thee in the heart of Khayar timber, in the car wrought of Sinsapa put firmness. Show thyself strong, O Axle, fixed and strengthened: throw us not from the car wherein we travel.

20. Let not this sovran of the wood leave us forlorn or injure us. Safe may we be until we reach our homes and rest us and unyoke.

21. With various aids this day come to us, Indra, with best aids speed us, Maghavan, thou Hero. Let him who hath us fall headlong downward: him whom we hate let vital breath abandon.

22. He heats his very axe, and then cuts a mere Semal blossom off. O Indra, like a caldron cracked and seething, so he pours out foam.

23. Men notice not the arrow, O ye people; they bring the red beast deeming it a bullock. A sluggish steed men run not with the courser, nor ever lead an ass before a charger.

24. These men, the sons of Bharata, O Indra, regard not severance or close connexion. They urge their own steed as it were another's, and take him, swift as the bow's string, to battle.

HYMN LIV. Visvedevas.

1. To him adorable, mighty, meet for synods, this strengthening hymn, unceasing, have they offered. May Agni hear us with his homely splendours, hear us, Eternal One, with heavenly lustre.

2. To mighty Heaven and Earth I sing forth loudly: my wish goes out desirous and well knowing Both, at whose laud in synods, showing favour, the Gods rejoice them with the living mortal.

3. O Heaven and Earth, may your great law he faithful: he ye our leaders for our high advantage. To Heaven and Earth I offer this my hommage, with food, O Agni, as I pray for riches.

4. Yea, holy Heaven and Earth, the ancient sages whose word was ever true had power to find you; And brave men in the fight where heroes conquer, O Earth, have known you well and paid you honour.

5. What pathway leadeth to the Gods? Who knoweth this of a truth, and who will now declare it?
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RIG VEDA – BOOK THREE

Seen are their lowest dwelling-places only, but they are in remote and secret regions.

6 The Sage who looketh on mankind hath viewed them bedewed, rejoicing in the seat of Order.

They make a home as for a bird, though parted, with one same will finding themselves together.

7 Partners though parted, with far-distant limits, on one firm place both stand for ever watchful,

And, being young for evermore, as sisters, speak to each other names that are united.

8 All living things they part and keep asunder; though bearing up the mighty Gods they reel not.

One All is Lord of what is fixed and moving, that walks, that flies, this multiform creation.

9 Afar the Ancient from of old I ponder, our kinship with our mighty Sire and Father:-

Singing the praise whereof the Gods by custom stand on the spacious far-extended pathway.

10 This laud, O Heaven and Earth, to you I utter: let the kind-hearted hear, whose tongue is Agni,

Young, Sovran Rulers, Varuna and Mitra, the wise and very hearted hear, whose tongue is Agni,

10 This laud, O Heaven and Earth, to you I utter: let the kind-hearted hear, whose tongue is Agni,

Young, Sovran Rulers, Varuna and Mitra, the wise and very hearted hear, whose tongue is Agni,

11 The fair-tongued Savitar, the golden-handed, comes thrice

Young, Sovran Rulers, Varuna and Mitra, the wise and very hearted hear, whose tongue is Agni,

11 The fair-tongued Savitar, the golden-handed, comes thrice

Young, Sovran Rulers, Varuna and Mitra, the wise and very hearted hear, whose tongue is Agni,

12 Deft worker, skiful-handed, helpful, holy, may Tvastar,

Complete and perfect safety. Bear to the Gods this song of praise, and send us, then, Savitar,

12 Deft worker, skiful-handed, helpful, holy, may Tvastar,

Complete and perfect safety. Bear to the Gods this song of praise, and send us, then, Savitar,

13 Borne on their flashing car, the spear-armed Maruts, the nimble Youths of Heaven, the Sons of Order,

The Holy, and Sarasvati, shall hear us: ye Mighty, give us nimble Youths of Heaven, the Sons of Order,

13 Borne on their flashing car, the spear-armed Maruts, the nimble Youths of Heaven, the Sons of Order,

The Holy, and Sarasvati, shall hear us: ye Mighty, give us nimble Youths of Heaven, the Sons of Order,

14 To Visnu rich in marvels, songs And praises shall go as singers on the road of Bhaga:-

The Chieftain of the Mighty Stride, whose Mothers, the many young Dames, never disregard him.

15 Indra, who rules through all his powers heroic, hath with his majesty filled earth and heaven.

Lord of brave hosts, Fort-crusher, Vrtra-slayer, gather thou up and bring us store of cattle.

16 My Sires are the Nasatyas, kind tokensmen: the Asvins' kinship is a glorious title.

For ye are they who give us store of riches: ye guard your gift uncheated by the bounteous.

17 This is, ye Wise, your great and glorious title, that all ye Deities abide in Indra,

Friend, Much-invoked! art thou with thy dear Rbhus: fashion ye this our hymn for our advantage.

18 Aryaman, Aditi deserve our worship: the laws of Varuna remain unbroken.

The lot of childlessness remove ye from us, and let our course be rich in kine and offspring.

19 May the Gods' envoy, sent to many a quarter, proclaim us sinless for our perfect safety.

May Earth and Heaven, the Sun, the waters, hear us, and the wide firmament and constellations.

20 Hear us the mountains which distil the rain-drops, and, resting firm, rejoice in freshening moisture.

May Aditi with the Adityas hear us, and Maruts grant us their auspicious shelter.

21 Soft be our path for ever, well-provisioned: with pleasant meath, O Gods, the herbs besprinkle.

Safe be my bliss, O Agni, in thy friendship: may I attain the seat of foodful riches,

22 Enjoy the offering: beam thou strength upon us; combine thou for our good all kinds of glory.

Conquer in battle, Agni, all those foemen, and light us every day with loving kindness.

HYMN LV. Visvedevas.

1. AT the first shining of the earliest Mornings, in the Cow's home was born the Great Eternal.

Now shall the statutes of the Gods be valid. Great is the Gods' supreme and sole dominion -

2 Let not the Gods here injure us, O Agni, nor Fathers of old time who know the region,

Nor the sign set between two ancient dwellings. Great is the Gods' supreme and sole dominion.

3 My wishes fly abroad to many places: I glance back to the ancient sacrifices.

Let us declare the truth when fire is kindled. Great is the Gods' supreme and sole dominion.

4 King Universal, born to sundry quarters, extended through the wood be lies on couches.

One Mother rests: another feeds the Infant. Great is the Gods' supreme and sole dominion.

5 Lodged in old plants, he grows again in younger, swiftly within the newly-born and tender.

Though they are unimpregned, he makes them fruitful. Great is the Gods' supreme and sole dominion.

6 Now lying far away, Child of two Mothers, he wanders unrestrained, the single youngling.

These are the laws of Varuna and Mitra. Great is the Gods' supreme and sole dominion.

7 Child of two Mothers, Priest, sole Lord in synods, he still precedes while resting as foundation.

They who speak sweetly bring him sweet addresses. Great is the Gods' supreme and sole dominion.

8 As to a friendly warrior when he battles, each thing that comes anear is seen to meet him.

The hymn commingles with the cow's oblation. Great is the Gods' supreme and sole dominion.

9 Deep within these the hoary envoy pierceth; mighty, he goeth to the realm of splendour,

And looketh on us, clad in hoary beauty. Great is the Gods' supreme and sole dominion.

10 Visnu, the guardian, keeps the loftiest station, upholding supreme and sole dominion -

11 Ye, variant Pair, have made yourselves twin beauties: one of the Twain is dark, bright shines the other;
And yet these two, the dark, the red, are Sisters. Great is the Gods' supreme and sole dominion.

12 Where the two Cows, the Mother and the Daughter, meet and give suck yielding their lordly nectar, I praise them at the seat of law eternal. Great is the Gods' supreme and sole dominion.

13 Loud hath she lowed, licking the other's youngling. On what world hath the Milch-cow laid her udder? This Ila streameth with the milk of Order. Great is the Gods' supreme and sole dominion.

14 Earth weareth beauties manifold: uplifted, licking her Calf of eighteen months, she standeth. Well-skilled I seek the seat of law eternal. Great is the Gods' supreme and sole dominion.

15 Within a wondrous place the Twain are treasured: the one is manifest, the other hidden. One common pathway leads in two directions. Great is the Gods' supreme and sole dominion.

16 Let the milch-kine that have no calves storm downward, yielding rich nectar, streaming, unexhausted, Those who are ever new and fresh and youthful. Great is the Gods' supreme and sole dominion.

17 What time the Bull bellows in other regions, another herd receives the genial moisture; For he is Bhaga, King, the earth's Protector. Great is the Gods' supreme and sole dominion.

18 Let us declare the Hero's wealth in horses, O all ye folk: of this the Gods have knowledge. Sixfold they bear him, or by fives are harnessed. Great is the Gods' supreme and sole dominion.

19 Tvastar the God, the omniform. Creator, begets and feeds mankind in various manner. His, verily, arc all these living creatures. Great is the Gods' supreme dominion.

20 The two great meeting Bowls hath he united: each of the Pair is laden with his treasure. Great is the Gods' supreme and sole dominion.

21 Yea, and on this our earth the All-Sustainer dwells like a supreme and sole dominion. The Hero is renowned for gathering riches. Great is the Gods' supreme and sole dominion.

22 Rich in their gifts for thee are herbs and waters, and earth brings all her wealth for thee, O Indra. May we as friends of thine share goodly treasures. Great is the Gods' supreme and sole dominion.

HYMN LVI. Visvedevas.
1. MY thought with fine discernment hath discovered the Cow who wanders free without a herdsman, Her who hath straightway poured me food in plenty: Indra and Agni therefore are her praise-
2. Indra and Pusan, deft of hand and mighty, well-pleased have received the genial moisture; For he is Bhaga, King, the earth's Protector. Great is the Gods' supreme and sole dominion.

23 Fixing with thought, at sacrifice, the press-stones, I bid the fair-handed Kings Varuna, Mitra; And spacious Heaven and Earth, yea, and the Waters, solicit wealth that Savitar may send us.

24 Three are the bright realms, best, beyond attainment, and three, the Asura's Heroes, rule as Sovrans, Holy and vigorous, never to be injured. Thrice may the Gods from heaven attend our synod.

HYMN LVII. Visvedevas.
1. NOT men of magic skill, not men of wisdom impair the Gods' first steadfast ordinances. Ne'er may the earth and heaven which know not malice, nor the fixed hills, be bowed by sage devices.

2. One, moving not away, supports six burthens: the Cows proceed to him the true, the Highest. Near stand three Mighty Ones who travel swiftly: two are concealed from sight, one is apparent.

3. The Bull who wears all shapes, the triple-breasted, three-uddered, with a brood in many places, Ryleth majestic with his triple aspect, the Bull, the Everlasting Ones' impregn.er.

4. When nigh them, as their tracer he observed them: he called aloud the dear name of Adityas. The Goddesses, the Waters, stayed to meet him: they who were wandering separate enclosed him.

5. Streams! the wise Gods have thrice three habitations. Child of three Mothers, he is Lord in synods. Three are the holy Ladies of the Waters, thrice here from heaven supreme in our assembly.

6. Do thou, O Savitar, from heaven thrice hither, three times a day, send down thy blessings daily. Send us, O Bhaga, triple wealth and treasure; cause the two worlds to prosper us, Preserver!

7. Savitar thrice from heaven pours down abundance, and the fair-handed Kings Varuna, Mitra; And spacious Heaven and Earth, yea, and the Waters, solicit wealth that Savitar may send us.

8. Three are the bright realms, best, beyond attainment, and three, the Asura's Heroes, rule as Sovrans, Holy and vigorous, never to be injured. Thrice may the Gods from heaven attend our synod.

HYMN LVIII. Asvins.
1. THE Ancient's Milch-cow yields the things we long for: the Son of Daksina travels between them. She with the splendid chariot brings refulgence. The praise of Usas hath awoke the Asvins.

2. They bear you hither by well-ordered statute: our sacred offerings rise as if to parents.
HYMN LX. Mitra.
1. MITRA, when speaking, stirreth men to labour: Mitra sustaineth both the earth and heaven.
Mitra beholdeth men with eyes that close not. To Mitra bring, with holy oil, oblation.
2 Foremost be he who brings thee food, O Mitra, who strives to keep thy sacred Law, Aditya.
He whom thou hastel ne'er is slain or conquered, on him, from near or far, falls no affliction.
3 joying in sacred food and free from sickness, with knees bent lowly on the earth's broad surface, Following closely the Aditya's statute, may we remain in Mitra's gracious favour.
4 Auspicious and adorable, this Mitra was born with fair dominion, King, Disposer.
May we enjoy the grace of him the Holy, yea, rest in his propitious loving-kindness.
5 The great Aditya, to be served with worship, who stirreth men, is gracious to the singer. To Mitra, him most highly to be lauded, offer in fire oblation that he loveth.
6 The gainful grace of Mitra, God, supporter of the race of man, Gives splendour of most glorious fame.
7 Mitra whose glory spreads afar, he who in might surpasses heaven, Surpasses earth in his renown.
8 All the Five Races have repaired to Mitra, ever strong to aid, For he sustaineth all the Gods.
9 Mitra to Gods, to living men, to him who strews the holy grass, Gives food fulfilling sacred Law.

HYMN LXI. Usas.
1. O Usas, strong with strength, endowed with knowledge, accept the singer's praise, O wealthy Lady.
Thou, Goddess, ancient, young, and full of wisdom, movest, all-bounteous! as the Law ordaineth.
2 Shine forth, O Morning, thou auspicious Goddess, on thy bright car awaking pleasant voices.
Let docile horses of far-reaching splendour convey thee hitherward, the goldencoloured.
3 Thou, Morning, turning thee to every creature, standest on high as ensign of the Immortal.
To one same goal ever and ever wending now, like a wheel, O newly-born, roll hi ther.
4 Letting her reins drop downward, Morning cometh, the wealthy Dame, the Lady of the dwelling; Bringing forth light, the Wonderful, the Blessed hath spread her from the bounds of earth and heaven.
5 Hither invoke the radiant Goddess Morning, and bring with reverence your hymn to praise her.
She, dropping sweet, hath set in heaven her brightness, and, fair to look on, hath beamed forth her splendour.
6 From heaven, with hymns, the Holy One was wakened: brightly to both worlds came the wealthy Lady.
To Morning, Agni, when she comes refulgent, thou goest forth soliciting fair riches.
7 On Law's firm base the speeder of the Mornings, the Bull, hath entered mighty earth and heaven.
Great is the power of Varuna and Mitra, which, bright, hath spread in every place its splendour.

HYMN LXII. Indra and Others.
1. YOUR well-known prompt activities aforetime needed no impulse from your faithful servant.
Where, Indra-Varuna, is now that glory wherewith ye brought support to those who loved you?
2 This man, most diligent, seeking after riches, incessantly invokes you for your favour.
Accordant, Indra-Varuna, with Maruts, with Heaven and Earth, hear ye mine invocation.
3 O Indra-Varuna, ours be this treasure ours be wealth, Maruts, with full store of heroes.
May the Varutris with their shelter aid us, and Bharati and Hotri with the Mornings.
4 Be pleased! with our oblations, thou loved of all Gods, Brhaspati:
Give wealth to him who brings thee gifts.
5 At sacrifices, with your hymns worship the pure Brhaspati-
I pray for power which none may bend-
6 The Bull of men, whom none deceive, the wearer of each shape at will,
Brhaspati Most Excellent.
7 Divine, resplendent Pusan, this our newest hymn of eulogy, By us is chanted forth to thee.

8 Accept with favour this my song, be gracious to the earnest thought,
Even as a bridegroom to his bride.
9 May he who sees all living things, see, them together at a glance,-
May lie, may Pusan be our help.
10 May we attain that excellent glory of Savitar the God:
So May he stimulate our prayers.
11 With understanding, earnestly, of Savitar the God we crave
Our portion of prosperity.
12 Men, singers worship Savitar the God with hymn and holy rites,
Urged by the impulse of their thoughts.
13 Soma who gives success goes forth, goes to the gathering place of Gods,
To seat him at the seat of Law.
14 To us and to our cattle may Soma give salutary food,
To biped and to quadruped.
15 May Soma, strengthening our power of life, and conquering our foes,
In our assembly take his seat.
16 May Mitra-Varuna, sapient Pair, bedew our pasturage with oil,
With meath the regions of the air.
17 Far-ruling, joyful when adored, ye reign through majesty of might,
With pure laws everlastingly.
18 Lauded by Jamadagni's song, sit in the place of holy Law:
Drink Soma, ye who strengthen Law.

End of BOOK 3
HYMN I. Agni.
1. THEE, Agni, have the Gods, ever of one accord, sent hither
down, a God, appointed messenger, yea, with their wisdom
sent thee down.
The Immortal, O thou Holy One, mid mortal men, the God-
devoted God, the wise, have they brought forth, brought forth
the omnipresent God-devoted Sage.
2 As such, O Agni, bring with favour to the Gods thy Brother
Varuna who loveth sacrifice,
True to the Law, the Aditya who supporteth men, the King,
supporter of mankind.
3 Do thou, O Friend, turn hither him who is our Friend, swift
as a wheel, like two car-steeds in rapid course, Wondrous! to
us in rapid course.
O Agni, find thou grace for us with Varuna, with Maruts who
illumine all.
Bless us, thou Radiant One, for seed and progeny, yea, bless
us, O thou Wondrous God.
4 Do thou who knowest Varuna, O Agni, put far away from us
the God's displeasure.
Best Sacrificer, brightest One, refulgent remove thou far from
us all those who hate us.
5 Be thou, O Agni, nearest us with succour, our closest Friend
while now this Morn is breaking.
Reconcile to us Varuna, be bounteous enjoy the gracious juice;
be swift to hear us.
6 Excellent is the glance, of brightest splendour, which the
auspicious God bestows on mortals-
The God's glance, longed-for even as the butter, pure, heated,
of the cow, the milch-cow's bounty.
7 Three are those births, the true, the most exalted, eagerly
longed-for, of the God, of Agni.
He came invested in the boundless region, pure, radiant,
friendly, mightily resplendent.
8 This envoy joyeth in all seats of worship, borne on his
golden car, sweet-tongued Invoker:
Lovely to look on, with red steeds, effulgent, like a feast rich
in food, joyous for ever.
9 Allied by worship, let him give man knowledge: by an
extended cord they lead him onward.
He stays, effectual in this mortal's dwelling, and the God wins
a share in his possessions.
10 Let Agni -for he knows the way- conduct us to all that he
enjoys of God-sent riches,
What all the Immortals have prepared with wisdom, Dyaus,
Sire, Begetter, raining down true blessings.
11 In houses first he sprang into existence, at great heaven's
base, and in this region's bosom;
Footless and headless, both his ends concealing, in his Bull's
lair drawing himself together.
12 Wondrously first he rose aloft, defiant, in the Bull's lair, the
home of holy Order,
Longed-for, young, beautiful, and far-resplendent: and
sevendear friends sprang up unto the Mighty.
13 Here did our human fathers take their places, fain to fulfil
the sacred Law of worship.
Forth drive they, with loud call, Dawn's teeming Milch-kine
bid in the mountainstable, in the cavern.
14 Splendidly were they when they had rent the mountain:
others, around, shall tell forth this their exploit.
They sang their song, prepared to free the cattle: they found
the light; with holy hymns they worshipped.
15 Eager, with thought intent upon the booty, the men with
their celestial speech threw open.
The solid mountain firm, compact, enclosing, confining Cows,
the stable full of cattle.
16 The Milch-cow's earliest name they comprehended: they
found the Mother's thrice-seven noblest titles.
This the bands knew, and sent forth acclamation:with the
Bull's sheen the Red One was apparent.
17 The turbid darkness fled, the heaven was sp, endid! up rose
the bright beam of celestial Morning.
Surya ascended to the wide expanses, beholding deeds of men
both good and evil.
18 Then, afterwards they looked around, awakened, when first
they held that Heaven allotted treasure.
Now all the Gods abide in all their dwellings. Varuna, Mitra,
be the prayer effective.
19 I will call hither brightly-beaming Agni, the Herald, all-
supporting, best at worship.
He hath disclosed, like the milch cows' pure udder, the Sorria's
juice when cleansed and poured from beakers.
20 The freest God of all who should be worshipped, the guest
who is received in all men's houses,
Agni who hath secured the Gods' high favour,-may he be
gracious, to us Jatavedas.

HYMN II. Agni.
1. THE, Faithful One, Immortal among mortals, a God among
the Gods, appointed envoy,
Priest, best at worship, must shine forth in glory. Agni shall be
raised high with man's oblations.
2 Born for us here this day, O Son of Vigour, between both
races of born beings, Agni,
Thou farest as an envoy, having harnessed, Sublime One! thy
strong-muscled radiant stallions.
3 I laud the ruddy steeds who pour down blessing, dropping
oil, flecest through the thoualit of Order.
Yoking red horses to and fro thou goest between you Deities
and mortal races.
4 Aryaman, Mitra, Varuna, and Indra with Visnu, of the Gods,
Maruts and Asvins-
These, Agni, with good car and steeds, bring hither, most
bountiful, to folk with fair oblations.
5 Agni, be this our sacrifice eternal, with brave friends, rich in
kine and sheep and horses,
Rich, Asura! in sacred food and children, in full assembly,
wealth broad-based and during.
6 The man who, sweating, brings for thee the fuel, and makes
his head to ache, thy faithful servant,-
Agni, to him be a self-strong Protector guard him from all who
seek to do him mischief.
7 Who brings thee food, though thou hast food in plenty,
welcomes his cheerful guest and speeds him onward,
Who kindles thee devoutly in his dwelling, to him be wealth
secure and freely giving.
8 Whoso sings praise to thee at eve or morning, and, with
oblation, doth the thing thou lovest,-
In his own home, even as a gold-girl courser, rescue him from
distress, the bounteous giver.
9 Whoso brings gifts to thee Immortal, Agni, and doth thee
service with uplifted ladle,-
Let him not, sorely toiling, lose his riches; let not the sinner's
wickedness enclose him.
10 Whose well-wrought worship thou acceptest, Agni, thou
God a mortal's gift, thou liberal Giver,-
Dear be his sacrifice to thee, Most Youthful! and may we
strengthen him when he adores thee.
11 May he who knows distinguish sense and folly of men, like
straight and crooked backs of horses.
Lead us, O God, to wealth and noble offspring: keep penury
afar and grant us plenty.
12 This Sage the Sages, ne'er deceived, commanded, setting
him down in dwellings of the living.
Hence mayst thou, friendly God, with rapid footsteps bear the
Gods, wonderful, fair to look on.
13 Good guidance hast thou for the priest, O Agni, who,
Youngest God! with outpoured Soma serves thee.
Ruler of men, thou joyous God, bring treasure splendid and
plentiful to aid the toiler.
14 Now all that we, thy faithful servants, Agni, have done with
feet, with hands, and with our bodies,
The wise, with toil, the holy rite have guided, as those who
frame a car with manual cunning.
15 May we, seven sages first in rank, engender, from Dawn the
Mother, men to be ordinances.
May we, Angirases, be sons of Heaven, and, radiant, burst the
wealth-containing mountain.
16 As in the days of old our ancient Fathers, speeding the work
of holy worship, Agni,
Sought pure light and devotion, singing praises; they cleft the
ground and made red Dawns apparent.
17 Gods, doing holy acts, devout, resplendent, melting like
ore their human generations.
Enkindling Agni and exalting Indra, they came encompassing
the stall of cattle.
18 Strong One! he marked them-and the Gods before them-like
herds of cattle in a foodful pasture.
There they moaned forth their strong desire for mortals, to aid
the True, the nearest One, the Living.
19 We have worked for thee, we have laboured nobly-bright
Dawns have shed their light upon our worship-
Adding a beauty to the perfect Agni, and the God's beauteous
eye that shines for ever.
20 Agni, Disposer, we have sung these praises to thee the
Wise: do thou accept them gladly.
Blaze up on high and ever make us richer. Give us great
wealth, O thou whose boons are many.

HYMN III. Agni.
1. WIN, to assist you, Rudra, Lord of worship, Priest of both
worlds, effectual
Sacrificer,
Agni, invested with his golden colours, before the thunder
strike and lay you senseless.
2 This shrine have we made ready for thy coming, as the fond
dame attires her for her husband.
Performer of good work, sit down before us, invested while
these flames incline to meet thee.
3 A hymn, O Priest, to him who hears, the gentle, to him who
looks on men, exceeding gracious,
A song of praise sing to the God Immortal, whom the stone,
presser of the sweet juice, worships.
4 Even as true knower of the Law, O Agni, to this our solemn
rite he thou attentive.
When shall thy songs of festival be sung thee? When is thy
friendship shown within our dwelling?
5 Why this complaint to Varuna, O Agni? And why to
Heaven? for what is our transgression?
How wilt thou speak to Earth and bounteous Mitra? What wilt
thou say to Aryaman and Bhaga?
6 What, when thou blazest on the lesser altars, what to the
mighty Wind who comes to bless us,
True, circumambient? what to Earth, O Agni, what wilt thou
say to man-destroying Rudra?
7 How to great Pusan who promotes our welfare, - to honoured
Rudra what, who gives oblations?
What sin of ours to the far-striding Visnu, what, Agni, wilt
thou tell the Lofty Arrow.
8 What wilt thou tell the truthful band of Maruts, how answer
the great Sun when thou art questioned?
Before the Free, before the Swift, defend us: fulfil heaven's
work, all-knowing Jatavedas.
9 I crave the cow's true gift arranged by Order: though raw, she
hath the sweet ripe juice, O Agni.
Though she is black of hue with milk she teemeth, nutritious,
brightly shining, all-sustaining.
10 Agni the Bull, the manly, hath been sprinkled with oil upon his back, by Law eternal.
He who gives vital power goes on unswerving. Prsnī the Bull hath milked the pure wiite udder.
11 By Law the Angirases cleft the rock asunder, and sang their hymns together with the cattle.
Bringing great bliss the men encompassed Morning: light was apparent at the birth of Agni.
12 By Law the Immortal Goddesses the Waters, with meath-rich waves, O Agni, and uninjured,
Like a strong courser lauded in his running, sped to flow onward swiftly and for ever.
13 Go never to the feast of one who harms us, the treacherous neighbour or. unworthy kinsman.
Punish us not for a false brother's trespass. Let us riot feel the might of friend or foeman.
14 O Agni, keep us safe with thy protection, loving us, honoured God! and ever guarding.
Beat thou away, destroy severe affliction slav e'en the demon when he waxes mighty.
15 Through these our songs of praise be gracious, Agni;
moved by ourprayers, O Hero, touch our viands.
Accept, O Angiras, these our devotions, and let the praise which Gods desire address thee.
16 To thee who knowest, Agni, thou Disposer, all these wise secret speeches have I uttered,
Sung to thee, Sage, the charming words of wisdom, to thee, O Singer, with. my thoughts and Praises.

HYMN IV. Agni.
1. PUT forth like a wide-spreading net thy vigour; go like a mighty King with his attendants.
Thou, following thy swift net, shootest arrows: transfix the fiends with darts that burn most fiercely.
2 Forth go in rapid flight thy whirling weapons: follow them closely, glowing in thy fury.
Spread with thy tongue the winged flames, O Agni; unfettered, cast thy firebrands all around thee.
3 Send thy spies forward, flecest thy motion; be, ne'er deceived, the guardian of this people
From him who, near or far, is bent on evil, and let no trouble sent from thee o'come us.
4 Rise up, O Agni, spread thee out before us: burn down our foes, thou who hast sharpened arrows.
Him, blazing Agni! who hath worked us mischief, consume thou utterly like dried-up stubble.
5 Rise, Agni, drive off those who fight against us: make manifest thine own celestial vigour.
Slacken the strong bows of the demondriven: destroy our foemen whether kin or stranger.
6 Most Youthful God, he knoweth well thy favour who gave an impulse to this high devotion.
All fair days and magnificence of riches hast thou beamed forth upon the good man's portals.
7 Blest, Agni, be the man, the liberal giver, who with his lauds and regular oblation
Is fain to please thee for his life and dwelling. May all his days be bright: be this his longing.
8 I praise thy gracious favour: sing in answer. May this my song sing like a loved one with thee.
Lords of good steeds and cars may we adorn thee, and day by day vouchsafe thou us dominion.
9 Here of free choice let each one serve thee richly, resplendent day by day at eve and morning.
So may we honour thee, content and joyous, passing beyond the glories of the people.
10 Whoso with good steeds and fine gold, O Agni, comes nigh thee on a car laden with treasure,
His Friend art thou, yea, thou art his Protector whose joy it is to entertain thee duly.
11 Through words and kinship I destroy the mighty: this power I have from Gotama my father.
Mark thou this speech of ours, O thou Most Youthful, Friend of the House, exceeding wise, Invoker.
12 Knowing no slumber, speedy and propitious, alert and ever friendly, most unwearied,
May thy protecting powers, unerring Agni, taking their places here, combined, preserve us.
13 Thy guardian rays, O Agni, when they saw him, preserved blind Mamateya from affliction.
Lord of all riches, he preserved the pious: the fees who fair would harm them did no mischief
14 Aided by thee with thee may we be wealthy, may we gain strength with thee to guide us onward.
Fulfil the words of both, O Ever Truthful: straightway do this, thou God whom power emboldens.
15 O Agni, with this fuel will we serve thee; accept the laud we sing to thee with favour
Destroy the cursing Raksasas: preserve us, O rich in friends, from guile and scorn and slander.

HYMN V. Agni.
1. How shall we give with one accord oblation to Agni, to Vaisvanara the Bounteous?
Great light, with full high growth hath he uplifted, and, as a pillar bears the roof, sustains it.
2 Reproach not him who, God and selfreliant, vouchsafed this bounty unto me a mortal,-
Deathless, discerner, wise, to me the simple, Vaisvanara most manly, youthful Aini.
3 Sharp-pointed, powerful, strong, of boundless vigour, Agni who knows the lofty hymn, kept secret
As the lost milch-cow's track, the doubly Mighty,-he hath declared to me this hidden knowledge.
4 May he with sharpened teeth, the Bounteous Giver, Agni, consume with flame most fiercely glowing.
Those who regard not Varuna's commandments and the dear steadfast laws of sapient Mitra.
5 Like youthful women without brothers, straying, like dames who hate their lords, of evil conduct,
They who are full of sin, untrue, unfaithful, they have engendered this abysmal station.
6 To me, weak, innocent, thou, luminous Agni, bast boldly given as 'twere a heavy burthen,
This Prsthā hymn, profound and strong and mighty, of seven elements, and with offered dainties.

7 So may our song that purifies, through wisdom reach in a moment him the Universal, Established on the height, on earth's best station, above the beauteous grassy skin of Prṣni.  
8 Of this my speech what shall I utter further? They indicate the milk stored up in secret When they have thrown as 'twere the cows' stalls open. The Bird protects earth's best and well-loved station.  
9 This is the Great Ones' mighty apparition which from of old the radiant Cow hath followed. This, shining brightly in the place of Order, swift, hasting on in secret, she discovered.

10 He then who shone together with his Parents remembered Prṣni's fair and secret treasure, Which, in the Mother Cow's most lofty station, the Bull's tongue, of the flame bent forward, tasted.  
11 With reverence I declare the Law, O Agni; what is, comes by thine order, Jatavedas. Of this, whate'er it be, thou art the Sovran, yea, all the wealth that is in earth or heaven.

12 What is our wealth therefrom, and what our treasure? Tell us O Jatavedas, for thou knowest, What is our best course in this secret passage: we, unapproached, have reached a place far distant.  
13 What is the limit, what the rules, the guerdon? Like fleet-foot coursers speed we to the contest. When will the Goddesses, the Immortal's Spouses, the Dawns, spread over us the Sun-God's splendour?  
14 Unsatisfied, with speech devoid of vigour, scanty and frivolous and inconclusive, Wherefore do they address thee here, O Agni? Let these who have no weapons suffer sorrow.  
15 The majesty of him the Good, the Mighty, aflame, hath shone for glory in the dwelling.

HYMN VI. Agni.

1. PRIEST of our rite, stand up erect, O Agni, in the Gods' service best of sacrificers, For over evei y thought thou art the Ruler: thou furtherest e'en the wisdom of the pious.  
2 He was set down mid men as Priest unerring, Agni, wise, welcome in our holy synods. Like Savitar he hath lifted up his splendour, and like a builder raised his smoke to heaven.  
3 The glowing ladle, filled with oil, is lifted; choosing Gods' service to the right he circles. Eager he rises like the new-wrought pillar which, firmly set and fixed, anoints the victims.  
4 When sacred grass is strewn and Agni kindled, the Adhvaryu rises to, his task rej o cing. Agni the Priest, like one who tends the cattle, goes three times round, as from of old he wills it.  
5 Agni himself, the Priest, with measured motion, goes round, with sweet speech, cheerful, true to Order. His fulgent flames run forth like vigorous horses; all creatures are affrighted when he blazes.  
6 Beautiful and auspicious is thine aspect, O lovely Agni, terrible when spreading. Thy splendid are not covered by the darkness: detraction leaves no stain upon thy body.  
7 Naught hindered his production, Bounteous Giver: his Mother and his Sire were free to send him. Then as Friend benevolent, refulgent, Agni shone forth in human habitations.  
8 He, Agni, whom the twice-five sisters, dwelling together, in the homes of men engendered, Bright like a spear's tooth, wakened in the morning, with powerful mouth and like an axe well-sharpened.  
9 These thy Bay Coursers, Agni, dropping fatness, ruddy vigorous, speeding straightly forward, And red steeds, wonderful, of mighty muscle, are to this service of the Gods invited:  
10 These brightly-shining games of thine, O Agni, that move for ever restless, allsubduing. Like falcons hasting eagerly to the quarry, roar loudly like the army of the Maruts.  
11 To thee, O flaming God, hath prayer been offered. Let the priest laud thee: give to him who worships.

HYMN VII. Agni.

1. HERE by ordainers was this God appointed first Invoker, best at worship, to be praised at rites: Whom Apnavana, and the Bhṛgus caused to shine bright-coloured in the wood, spreading from home to home.  
2 When shall thy glory as a God, Agni, be suddenly shown forth. For mortal men have held thee fast, adorable in all their homes,  
3 Seeing thee faithful to the Law, most sapient, like the starry heaven, Illumining with cheerful ray each solemn rite in every house.  
4 Vivasvan's envoy living men have taken as their ensign, swift, The ruler over all mankind, moving like Bhṛgu in each home.  
5 Him the intelligent have they placed duly as Invoking Priest, Welcome, with sanctifying flame, best worshipper, with sevenfold might;  
6 In his Eternal Mothers, in the wood, concealed and unapproached, Kempt secret though his flames are bright seeking on all sides, quickly found.  
7 That as food spreads forth in this earthly udder, Gods may rejoice them in the home of Order, Great Agni, served with reverence and oblation, flies ever to the sacrifice, the Faithful.  
8 Bird of each rite, skilled in an envoy's duties, knowing both worlds and that which lies between them,
Thou goest from of old a willing Herald, knowing full well
heaven's innermost recesses.
9 Bright God, thy path is black: light is before thee: thy
moving splendour is the chief of wonders.
When she, yet unimpregnate, hath conceived thee, even when
newly born thou art an envoy.
10 Yet newly born, his vigour is apparent when the wind
blows upon his fiery splendour,
His sharpened tongue he layeth on the brushwood, and with his
teeth e'en solid food consumeth.
11 When he hath borne off food with swift flame swiftly,
strong Agni makes himself a speedy envoy,
Follows the rustling of the wind, consuming, and courser-like,
speeds, drives the swift horse onward.

HYMN VIII. Agni.
1. YOUR envoy who possesses all, Immortal, bearer of your
gifts,
Best worshipper, I woo with song.
2 He, Mighty, knows the gift of wealth, he knows the deep
recess of heaven:
He shall bring hitherward the Gods.
3 He knows, a God himself, to guide Gods to the righteous in
his home:
He gives e'en treasures that we love.
4 He is the Herald: well-informed, he doth his errand to and
fro,
Knowing the deep recess of heaven.
5 May we be they who gratify Agni with sacrificial gifts,
Who cherish and enkindle him.
6 Illustrious for wealth are they, and hero deeds, victorious,
Who have served Agni reverently.
7 So unto us, day after day, may riches crave by many come,
And power and might spring up for us.
8 That holy Singer in his strength shoots forth his arrows
swifter than
The swift shafts of the tribes of men.

HYMN IX. Agni.
1. AGNI, show favour: great art thou who to this pious man art
come,
To seat thee on the sacred grass.
2 May he the Immortal, Helper, bard to be deceived among
mankind,
Become the messenger of all.
3 Around the altar is he led, welcome Chief Priest at solemn
rites,
Or as the Potar sits him down.
4 Agni in fire at sacrifice, and in the house as Lord thereof,
And as a Brahman takes his seat.
5 Thou comest as the guide of folk who celebrate a sacrifice,
And to oblations brought by men.
6 Thou servest as his messenger whose sacrifice thou loveth
well,
To bear the mortal's gifts to heaven.
7 Accept our solemn rite; be pleased, Angiras, with our
sacrifice:
Give ear and listen to our call.
8 May thine inviolable car, wherewith thou guardest those who
give,
Come near to us from every side.

HYMN X. Agni.
1. This day with praises, Agni, we bring thee that which thou
loveth.
Right judgment, like a horse, with our devotions.
2 For thou hast ever been the Car-driver, Agni, of noble
Strength, lofty sacrifice, and rightful judgment.
3 Through these our praises come thou to meet us, bright as the
sunlight,
O Agni, well disposed, with all thine aspects.
4 Now may we serve thee singing these lauds this day to thee,
Agni.
Loud as the voice of Heaven thy blasts are roaring.
5 just at this time of the day and the night thy look is the
sweetest .
It shineth near us even as gold for glory.
6 Spotless thy body, brilliant as gold, like clarified butter:
This gleams like gold on thee, O Self. dependent.
7 All hate and mischief, yea, if committed, Agni, thou turnest,
Holy One, from the man who rightly worships.
8 Agni, with you Gods, prosperous be our friendships and
kinships.
Be this our bond here by this place, thine al tar.

HYMN XI. Agni.
1. THY blessed majesty, victorious Agni, shines brightly in the
neighbourhood of Surya.
Splendid to see, it shows even at nighttime, and food is fair to
look on in thy beauty.
2 Agni, disclose his thought for him who singeth, the well,
Strong God! while thou art praised with fervour.
Vouchsafe to us that powerful hymn, O Mighty, which,
Radiant One! with all the Gods thou loveth.
3 From thee, O Agni, springs poetic wisdom, from thee come
thoughts and hymns of praise that prosper;
From thee flows wealth, with heroes to adorn it, to the true-
hearted man who gives oblation.
4 From thee the hero springs who wins the booty, bringer of
help, mighty, of real courage.
From thee comes wealth, sent by the Gods, bliss-giving; Agni,
from thee the fleet impetuous charger.
5 Immortal Agni, thee whose voice is pleasant, as first in rank,
as God, religious mortals
Invite with hymns; thee who removest hatred, Friend of the
Home, the household's Lord, unerring.
6 Far from us thou removest want and sorrow, far from us all
ill-will when thou protectest.
Son of Strength, Agni, blest is he at evening, whom thou as
God attendest for his welfare.

HYMN XII. Agni.
1. WHOSE enkindles thee, with lifted ladle, and thrice this day
offers thee food, O Agni,  
May he excel, triumphant through thy splendours, wise  
through thy mental power, O Jatavedas.  
2 Whoso with toil and trouble brings thee fuel, serving the  
majesty of mighty Agni,  
He, kindling thee at evening and at morning, prospers, and  
comes to wealth, and slays his foesmen.  
3 Agni is Master of sublime dominion, Agni is Lord of  
strength and lofty riches.  
Straightway the self-reliant God, Most Youthful, gives  
treasures to the mortal who adores him.  
4 Most Youthful God, whatever sin, through folly, we here, as  
human beings, have committed,  
In sight of Aditi make thou us sinless remit, entirely, Agni, our  
offences.  
5 Even in the presence of great sin, O Agni, free us from  
prison of the Gods or mortals.  
Never may we who are thy friends be injured: grant health and  
strength unto our seed and offspring.  
6 Even as ye here, Gods Excellent and Holy, have loosed the  
cow that by the foot was tethered,  
So also set us free from this affliction long let our life, O Agni,  
be extended.  

HYMN XIII. Agni.  
1. AGNI hath looked, benevolently-minded, on the wealth-  
giving spring of radiant Mornings.  
Come, Asvins, to the dwelling of the pious: Surya the God is  
rising with his splendour.  
2 Savitar, God, hath spread on high his lustre, waving his flag  
lke a spoil-seeking hero.  
Their stablished way go Varuna and Mitra, what time they  
make the Sun ascend the heaven.  
3 Him whom they made to drive away the darkness, Lords of  
sure mansions, constant to their object,  
Him who beholds the universe, the Sun-God, seven strong and  
youthful Coursers carry onward.  
4 Spreading thy web with mightiest Steeds thou comest,  
rending apart, thou God, the black-hued mantle.  
The rays of Surya tremulously shining sink, like a hide, the  
darkness in the waters.  
5 How is it that, unbound and unsupported, he falleth not  
although directed downward?  
By what self-power moves he? Who liath seen it? He guards  
the vault of heaven, a close-set pillar?  

HYMN XIV. Agni.  
1. THE God hath looked, even Agni Jatavedas, to meet the  
Dawns refulgent in their glories.  
Come on your chariot, ye who travel widely, come to this  
sacrifice of ours, Nasatyas.  
2 Producing light for all the world of creatures, God Savitar  
hath raised aloft his banner.  
Making his presence known by sunbeams, Surya hath filled the  
firmament and earth and heaven.  
3 Red Dawn is come, riding with brightness onward,  
distinguished by her beams, gay-hued and mighty.  
Dawn on her nobly-harnessed car, the Goddess, awaking men  
to happiness, approacheth.  
4 May those most powerful steeds and chariot bring you, O  
Asvins, hither at the break of morning.  
Here for your draught of meath are Soma juices: at this our  
sacrifice rejoice, ye Mighty.  
5 How is it that, unbound and unsupported, he falleth not  
although directed downward?  
By what self-power moves he? Who hath seen it? He guards  
the vault of heaven, a close-set pillar?  

HYMN XV. Agni.  
1. AGNI the Herald, like a horse, is led forth at our solemn  
rite,  
God among Gods adorable.  
2 Three times unto our solemn rite comes Agni like a  
charioteer,  
Bearing the viands to the Gods.  
3 Round the oblations hath he paced, Agni the Wise, the Lord  
of Strength,  
Giving the offerer precious boons.  
4 He who is kindled eastward for Srnjaya, Devavata's son,  
Resplendent, tamer of the foe.  
5 So mighty be the Agni whom the mortal hero shall  
command,  
With sharpened teeth and bountiful.  
6 Day after day they dress him, as they clean a horse who wins  
the prize.  
Dress the red Scion of the Sky.  
7 When Sahadeva's princely son with two bay horses thought  
of me,  
Summoned by him I drew not back.  
8 And truly those two noble bays I straightway took when  
offered me,  
From Sahadeva's princely son.  
9 Long, O ye Asvins, may he live, your care, ye Gods, the  
princely son.  
Of Sahadeva, Somaka.  
10 Cause him the youthful prince, the son of Sahadeva, to  
enjoy  
Long life, O Asvins, O ye Gods.  

HYMN XVI. Indra.  
1. IMPETUOUS, true, let Maghavan come hither, and let his  
Tawny Coursers speed to reach us.  
For him have we pressed juice exceeding potent: here, praised  
with song, let him effect his visit.  
2 Unyoke, as at thy journey's end, O Hero, to gladden thee  
today at this libation.  
Like Usana, the priest a laud shall utter, a hymn to thee, the  
Lord Divine, who markest.  
3 When the Bull, quaffing, praises our libation, as a sage  
paying holy rites in secret,  
Seven singers here from heaven hath he begotten, who e'en by  
day have wrought their works while singing.
4 When heaven's fair light by hymns was made apparent (they made great splendour shine at break of morning),
He with his succour, best of Heroes, scattered the blinding darkness so that men saw clearly.
5 Indra, Impetuous One, hath waxed immensely: he with his vastness hath filled earth and heaven.
E'en beyond this his majesty extendeth who hath exceeded all the worlds in greatness.
6 Sakra who knoweth well all human actions hath with his eager Friends let loose the waters.
They with their songs cleft e'en the mountain open and willingly disclosed the stall of cattle.
7 He smote away the floods' obstructer, Vrtra; Earth, conscious, lent her aid to speed thy thunder.
Thou sentest forth the waters of the ocean, as Lord through power and might, O daring Hero.
8 When, Much-invoked! the water's rock thou cleftest, Sarama showed herself and went before thee.
Hymned by Angirases, bursting the cowstalls, much strength thou foundest for us as our leader.
9 Come, Maghavan, Friend of Man, to aid the singer imploring thee in battle for the sunlight.
Speed him with help in his triprayed invokings: down sink the sorcerer, the prayerless Dasyu.
10 Come to our home resolved to slay the Dasyu: Kutsa longed eagerly to win thy friendship.
Alike in form ye both sate in his dwelling the faithful Lady was in doubt between you.
11 Thou comest, fain to succour him, with Kutsa,-a goad that masters both the Wind-God's horses,
That, holding the brown steeds like spoil for capture, the sage may on the final day be present.
12 For Kutsa, with thy thousand, thou at day-break didst hurl down greedy Susna, foe of harvest.
Quickly with Kutsa's friend destroy the Dasyus, and roll the chariot-wheel of Sarya near us.
13 Thou to the son of Vidathin, Rjsvan, gavest up mighty Mrgaya and Pipru.
Thou smotest down the swarthy fifty thousand, and rentest forts as age consumes a garment.
14 What time thou sittest near the Sun thy body, thy form, Immortal One, is seen expanding:
Thou a wild elephant with might invested. like a dread lion as thou wieldest weapons.
15 Wishes for wealth have gone to Indra, longing for him in war for light and at libation,
Eager for glory, labouring with praiselongs: he is like home, like sweet and fair nutrition.
16 Call we for you that Indra, prompt to listen, him who hath done so much for men's advantage;
Who, Lord of envied bounty, to a singer like me brings quickly booty worth the capture.
17 When the sharp-pointed arrow, O thou Hero, flieth mid any conflict of the people,
When, Faithful One, the dread encounter cometh, then be thou the Protector of our body.
18 Further the holy thoughts of Vamadeva be thou a guileless Friend in fight for booty.
We come to thee whose providence protects us: wide be thy sway for ever for thy singer.
19 O Indra, with these men who love thee truly, free givers, Maghavan, in every battle,
May we rejoice through many autumns, quelling our foes, as days subdue the nights with splendour.
20 Now, as the Bhrgus wrought a car, for Indra the Strong, the Mighty, we our prayer have fashioned,
That he may, ne'er withdraw from us his friendship, but be our bodies' guard and strong defender.
21 Now, Indra! lauded, glorified with praises, let power swell.
High like rivers for the singer.
For thee a new hymn, Lord of Bays, is fashioned. May we, carborne, through song be victors ever.

HYMN XVII. Indra.
1. GREAT art thou, Indra; yea, the earth, with gladness, and heaven confess to thee thine high dominion.
Thou in thy vigour having slaughtered Vrtra didst free the floods arrested by the Dragon.
2 Heaven trembled at the birth of thine effulgence; Earth trembled at the fear of thy displeasure.
The stedfast mountains shook in agitation . the waters flowed, and desert spots were flooded.
3 Hurling his bolt with might he cleft the mountain, while, putting forth his strength, he showed his vigour.
He slaughtered Vrtra with his bolt, exulting, and, their lord slain, forth flowed the waters swiftly.
4 Thy Father Dyaus esteemed himself a hero: most noble was the work of Indra's Maker,
His who begat the strong bolt's Lord who roareth, immovable like earth from her foundation.
5 He who alone o'erthrows the world of creatures, Indra the peoples' King, invoked of many-
Verily all rejoice in him, extolling the boons which Maghavan the God hath sent them.
6 All Soma juices are his own for ever, most gladdening draughts are ever his, the Mighty,
Thou ever wast the Treasure-Lord of treasures: Indra, thou lettest all folk share thy bounty.
7 Moreover, when thou first wast born, O Indra, thou struckest terror into all the people.
Thou, Maghavan, rentest with thy bolt the Dragon who lay against the waterfloods of heaven.
8 The ever-slaying, bold and furious Indra, the bright bolt's Lord, infinite, strong and mighty,
Who slayeth Vrtra and acquireth booty, giver of blessings, Maghavan the bounteous:
9 Alone renowned as Maghavan in battles, he frighteneth away assembled armies.
He bringeth us the booty that he winneth may we, well-loved, continue in his friendship.
10 Renowned is he when conquering and when slaying: 'tis he who winneth cattle in the combat.
When Indra hardeneth his indignation all that is fixed and all that moveth fear him.
11 Indra hath won all kine, all gold, all horses, Maghavan, he who breaketh forts in pieces; Most manly with these men of his who help him, dealing out wealth and gathering the treasure.

12 What is the care of Indra for his Mother, what cares he for the Father who begat him? His care is that which speeds his might in conflicts, like wind borne onward by the clouds that thunder.

13 Maghavan makes the settled man unsettled: he scatters dust that he hath swept together,
Breaking in pieces like Heaven armed with lightning:
Maghavan shall enrich the man who lauds him.

14 He urged the chariot-wheel of Surya forward: Etasa, speeding on his way, he rested.
Him the black undulating cloud bedeweth, in this mid-air's depth, at the base of darkness,
15 As in the night the sacrificing priest.

16 Eager for booty, craving strength and horses, we-singers stir Indra, the strong, for friendship,
Who gives the wives we seek, whose succour fails not, to hasten, like a pitcher to the fountain.

17 Be thou our guardian, show thyself our kinsman, watching and blessing those who pour the Soma;
As Friend, as Sire, most fatherly of fathers giving the supplicant vital strength and freedom.

18 Be helping Friend of those who seek thy friendship, give life, when lauded, Indra, to the singer.
For, Indra, we the priests have paid thee worship, exalting thee with these our sacrifices.

19 Alone, when Indra Maghavan is lauded, he slayeth many ne'er-resisted Vrtras.
Him in whose keeping is the well-loved singer never do Gods or mortals stay or hinder.

20 E'en so let Maghavan, the loud-voiced Indra, give us true blessings, foeless, men's upholder.
King of all creatures, give us glory amply, exalted glory due to him who lauds thee.

21 Now, Indra! lauded, glorified with praises, let power 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.

HYMN XVIII. Indra and Others.
1. THIS is the ancient and accepted pathway by which all Gods have come into existence.
Hereby could one be born though waken mighty. Let him not, otherwise, destroy his Mother.

2 Not this way go I forth: hard is the passage. Forth from the side obliquely will I issue.
Much that is yet undone must I accomplish; one must I combat and the other question.

3 He bent his eye upon the dying Mother: My word I now withdraw. That way I follow.
In Tvastar's dwelling India drank the Soma, a hundredweight of juice pressed from the mortar.

4 What strange act shall he do, he whom his Mother bore for a thousand months and many autumns?

No peer hath he among those born already, nor among those who shall be born hereafter.

5 Deeming him a reproach, his mother hid him, Indra, endowed with all heroic valour.
Then up he sprang himself, assumed his vesture, and filled, as soon as born, the earth and heaven.

6 With lively motion onward flow these waters, the Holy Ones, shouting, as 'twere, together.
Ask them to. tell thee what the floods are saying, what girdling rock the waters burst asunder.

7 Are they addressing him with words of welcome? Will the floods take on them the shame of Indra?
With his great thunderbolt my Son hath slaughtered Vrtra, and set these rivers free to wander.

8 I cast thee from me, mine,-thy youthful mother: thee, mine own offspring, Kusava hath swallowed.
To him, mine infant, were the waters gracious. Indra, my Son, rose up in conquering vigour.

9 Thou art mine own, O Maghavan, whom Vyamsa struck to the ground and smote thy jaws in pieces.
But, smitten through, the mastery thou wonnest, and with thy bolt the Dasas' head thou crushedst.

10 The Heifer hath brought forth the Strong, the Mighty, the unconquerable Bull, the furious Indra.
The Mother left her unlicked Calf to wander, seeking himself, the path that he would follow.

11 Then to her mighty Child the Mother turned her, saying, My son, these Deities forsake thee.
Then Indra said, about to slaughter Vrtra, O my friend Vrtra, stride full boldly forward.

12 Who was he then who made thy Mother widow? Who sought to stay thee lying still or moving?
What God, when by the foot thy Sire thou tookest and slewest, was at hand to give thee comfort?

13 In deep distress I cooked a dog's intestines. Among the Gods I found not one to comfort.
My consort I beheld in degradation. The Falcon then brought me the pleasant Soma.

HYMN XIX. Indra.
1. THEE, verily, O Thunder-wielding Indra, all the Gods here, the Helpers swift to listen,
And both the worlds elected, thee the Mighty, High, waxen strong, alone to slaughter Vrtra.

2 The Gods, as worn withheld, relaxed their efforts: thou, Indra, born of truth, wast Sovran Ruler.
Thou slewest Ahi who besieged the waters, and dargest out their all-supporting channels.

3 The insatiate one, extended, hard to waken, who slumbered in perpetual sleep, O Indra,-
The Dragon stretched against the seven prone rivers, where no joint was, thou rentest with thy thunder.

4 Indra with might shook earth and her foundation as the wind stirs the water with its fury.
Striving, with strength he burst the firm asunder, and tore away the summits of the mountains.

5 They ran to thee as mothers to their offspring: the clouds,
like chariots, hastened forth together.
Thou didst refresh the streams and force the billows: thou,
Indra, settest free obstructed rivers.
6 Thou for the sake of Vayya and Turviti didst stay the great
stream, flowing, allsustaining:
Yea, at their prayer didst check the rushing river and make the
floods easy to cross, O Indra.
7 He let the young Maids skilled in Law, unwedded, like
fountains, bubbling, flow forth streaming onward.
He inundated thirsty plains and deserts, and milked the dry
Cows of the mighty master.
8 Through many a morn and many a lovely autumn, having
slain Vṛtra, lie set free the rivers.
Indra hath set at liberty to wander on earth the streams
encompassed pressed together.
9 Lord of Bay Steeds, thou broughtest from the ant-hill the
unwedded damsel's son whom ants were eating.
The blind saw clearly, as he grasped the serpent, rose, brake
the jar: hisjoints again united.
10 To the wise man, O Sage and Sovran Ruler, the man who
knoweth all thine ancient exploits.
Hath told these deeds of might as thou hast wrought them,
great acts, spontaneous, and to man's advantage.
11 Now, Indra! lauded, glorified with praises, let powers swell
him on to vigorous exploit.
For thee a new hymn, Lord of Bays! is fashioned. May we,
car-born, through song be victors ever.

HYMN XXI. Indra.
1. MAY Indra come to us for our protection; here be the Hero,
praised, our feast-companion.
May he whose powers are many, waxen mighty, cherish, like
Dyaus, his own supreme dominion.
2 Here magnify his great heroic exploits, most glorious One,
enriching men with bounties,
Whose will is like a Sovran in assembly, who rules the people,
Conqueror, all-surpassing.
3 Hither let Indra come from earth or heaven, hither with
speech from firmament or ocean;
With Maruts, from the realm of light to aid us, or from a
distance, from the seat of Order.
4 That Indra will we laud in our assemblies, him who is Lord
of great and lasting riches,
Victor with Vayu where the herds are gathered, who leads with
boldness on to higher fortune.
5 May the Priest, Lord of many blessings, striving,-who fixing
reverence on reverence, giving
Vent to his voice, inciteth men to worshipwith lauds bring
Indra hither to our dwellings.
6 When sitting pondering in deep devotion in Ausija's abode
they ply the press-stone,
May he whose wrath is fierce, the mighty bearer, come as the
house-lord's priest within our chambers.
7 Surely the power of Bharvāra the mighty for ever helpeth to
support the singer;
That which in Ausija's abode lies hidden, to come forth for
delight and for devotion.
8 When he unbars the spaces of the mountains, and quickens
with his floods the water-torrents,
He finds in lair the buffalo and wild-ox when the wise lead
him on to vigorous exploit.
9 Auspicious are thy hands, thine arms well-fashioned which
proffer bounty, Indra, to thy praiser.
What sloth is this? Why dost thou not rejoice thee? Why dost
thou not delight thyself with giving?
10 So Indra is the truthful Lord of treasure. Freedom he gave
to man by slaying Vṛtra.
Much-lauded! help us with thy power to riches: may I be sharer of thy Godlike favour.

11 Now, Indra! lauded, glorified with praises, let power swell high, like rivers, for, the singer.
For thee a new hymn, Lord of Bays! is fashioned. May we, care-borne, through song be victors ever.

HYMN XXII. Indra.
1. THAT gift of ours which Indra loves and welcomes, even that he makes for us, the Great and Strong One.
He who comes wielding in his might the thunder, Maghavan, that he makes for us, the Great and Strong One.
For thee a new hymn, Lord of Bays! is fashioned. May we, high, like rivers, for, the singer.

HYMN XXIII. Indra.
1. How, what priest's sacrifice hath he made mighty, rejoiceing 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 laboureth, 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 bond of friendship with a mortal?
How, and what bond of friendship with a mortal hath the God chosen as this morn is breaking?

7 Around 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 bring.

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.

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 int 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
his great protecting favour.

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.

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 be
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.

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.
Then downward bither fell a flying feather of the Bird hasting
forward in his journey.
5 And now let Maghavan accept the beaker, white, filled with
milk, filled with the shining liquid;
The best of sweet meath which the priests have offered: that
Indra to his joy may drink, the Hero, that he may take and
drink it to his rapture.

HYMN XXVIII. Indra-Soma.
1. ALLIED with thee, in this thy friendship, Soma, Indra for
man made waters flow together,
Slew Ahi, and sent forth the Seven Rivers, and opened as it
were obstructed fountains.
2 Indu, with thee for his confederate, Indra swiftly with might
pressed down the wheel of Surya.
What rolled, all life's support, on heaven's high summit was
separated from the great oppressor.
3 Indra smote down, Agni consumed, O Indu, the Dasyus ere
the noontide in the conflict.
Of those who gladly sought a hard-won dwelling he cast down
many a thousand with his arrow.
4 Lower than all besides hast thou, O Indra, cast down the
Dasyus, abject tribes of Dasas.
Ye drave away, ye put to death the foemen, and took great
vengeance with your murdering weapons.
5 So, of a truth, Indra and Soma, Heroes, ye burst the stable of
the kine and horses,
The stable which the bar or stone obstructed; and piercing
through set free the habitations.

HYMN XXIX. Indra.
1. COME, lauded, unto us with powers and succours, O Indra,
with thy Tawny Steeds; exulting,
Past even the foeman's manifold libations, glorified with our
hymns, true Wealth-bestower.
2 Man's Friend, to this our sacrifice he cometh marking how he
is called by Soma-pressers.
Fearless, and conscious that his Steeds are noble, he joyeth
with the Soma-pouring heroes.
3 Make his cars hear, that he may show his vigour and may be
joyful in the way he loveth.
May mighty Indra pouring forth in bounty bestow on us good
roads and perfect safety;
4 He who with succour comes to his implorer, the singer here
who with his song invites him;
He who himself sets to the pole swift Coursers, he who hath
hundreds, thousands, Thunder-wielder.
5 O Indra Maghavan, by thee protected may we be thine,
princes and priests and singers,
Sharing the riches sent from lofty heaven which yields much
food, and all desire its bounty.

HYMN XXX. Indra.
1. O INDRA, Vrtra-slayer, none is better, mightier than thou:
Verily there is none like thee.
2 Like chariot-wheels these people all together follow after thee:
Thou ever art renowned as Great.
3 Not even all the gathered Gods conquered thee, Indra, in the
war;
When thou didst lengthen days by night.
4 When for the sake of those oppressed, and Kutsa as he
battled,
Thou stolest away the Sun's car-wheel.
5 When, fighting singly, Indra, thou o'ercamest all the furious
Gods, thou slewest those who strove with thee.
6 When also for a mortal man, Indra, thou speddest forth the
Sun,
And holpest Etas with might.
7 What? Vrtra-slayer, art not thou, Maghavan, fiercest in thy
wrath?
So hast thou quelled the demon too.
8 And this heroic deed of might thou, Indra, also hast
achieved,
That thou didst smite to death the Dame, Heaven's Daughter,
meditating ill.
9 Thou, Indra, Mighty One, didst crush Usas, though Daughter
of the Sky.
When lifting up herself in pride.
10 Then from her chariot Usas fled, affrighted, from her ruined
car.
When the strong God had shattered it.
11 So there this car of Usas lay, broken to pieces, in Vipas,
And she herself fled far away.
12 Thou, Indra, didst with magic power resist the overflowing
stream
Who spread her waters o'er the land.
13 Valiantly didst thou seize and take the store which Susna
had amassed,
When thou didst crush his fortresses.
14 Thou, Indra, also smoteat down Kulitara's son Sambara,
The Dasa, from the lofty hill.
15 Of Dasa Varcin's thou didst slay the hundred thousand and
the five,
Crushed like the fellies, of a car.
16 So Indra, Lord of Heroes, Powers, caused the unwedded
damsel's son,
The castaway, to share the lauds.
17 So sapient Indra, Lord of Might, brought Turvaga and
Yadu, those
Who feared the flood, in safel o'er.
18 Arpa and Citraratha, both Aryas, thou, Indra, slewest swift,
On yonder side of Sarayu,
19 Thou, Vrtra-slayer, didst conduct those two forlorn, the
blind, the lame.
None may attain this bliss of thine.
20 For Divodasa, him who brought oblation, Indra overthrew
A hundred fortresses of stone.
21 The thirty thousand Disas he with magic power and
weapons sent
To slumber, for Dabhiti's sake.
22 As such, O Vrtra-slayer, thou art general Lord of kine for
all,
Thou Shaker of all things that be.
23 Indra, whatever deed of might thou hast this day to execute,
None be there now to hinder it.
24 O Watchful One, may Aryaman the God give thee all
goodly things.
May Risan, Bhaga, and the God Karulati give all things fair.

HYMN XXXI. Indra.
1. WITH what help will he come to us, wonderful, ever-waxing Friend;
With what most mighty company?
2. What genuine and most liberal draught will spirit thee with juice to burst
Open e'en strongly-guarded wealth?
3. Do thou who art Protector of us thy friends who praise thee
With hundred aids approach us.
4. Like as a courser's circling wheel, so turn thee hitherward to us,
Attracted by the hymns of men.
5. Thou seekest as it were thine own stations with swift descent of powers:
I share thee even with the Sun.
6. What time thy courage and his wheels together, Indra, run their course
With thee and with the Sun alike,
7. So even, Lord of Power and Might, the people call thee Maghavan,
Giver, who pauses not to think.
8. And verily to him who toils and presses Soma juice for thee Thou quickly givest ample wealth.
9. No, not a hundred hinderers can check thy gracious bounty's flow,
Nor thy great deeds when thou wilt act.
10. May thine assistance keep us safe, thy hundred and thy thousand aids:
May all thy favours strengthen us.
11. Do thou elect us this place for friendship and prosperity,
And great celestial opulence.
12. Favour us, Indra, evermore with overflowing store of wealth:
With all thy succours aid thou us.
13. With new protections, Indra, like an archer, open thou forus The stables that are filled with kine.
14. Our chariot, Indra, boldly moves endued with splendour, ne'er repulsed,
Winning for us both kine and steeds.
15. O Surya, make our fame to be most excellent among the Gods,
Most lofty as the heaven on high.

HYMN XXXII. Indra.
1. O THOU who slewest Vrtra, come, O Indra, hither to our side,
Mighty One with thy mighty aids.
2. Swift and impetuous art thou, wondrous amid the well-dressed folk:
Thou doest marvels for our help.
3. Even with the weak thou smitest down him who is stronger, with thy strength
The mighty, with the Friends thou hast.
4. O Indra, we are close to thee; to thee we sing aloud our songs:
Help hnd defend us, even us.
5. As such, O Caster of the Stone, come with thy succours wonderful,
Blameless, and irresistible.
6. May we be friends of one like thee, O Indra, with the wealth of kine,
Comrades for lively energy.
7. For thou, O Indra, art alone the Lord of strength that comes from kine
So grant thou us abundant food.
8. They turn thee not another way, when, lauded, Lover of the Song,
Thou wilt give wealth to those who praise.
9. The Gotamas have sung their song of praise to thee that thou mayst give,
Indra, for lively energy.
10. We will declare thy hero deeds, what Disa forts thou brakest down,
Attacking them in rapturous joy.
11. The sages sing those manly deeds which, Indra, Lover of the Song,
Thou wrougethst when the Soma flowed.
12. Indra, the Gotamas who bring thee praises have grown strong by thee
Give them renown with hero sons.
13. For, Indra, verily thou art the general treasure even of all.
Thee, therefore, do we invoke.
14. Excellent Indra, turn to us: glad thee among us with the juice
Of Somas, Soma-drinker thou.
15. May praise from us who think Qn thee, O Indra, bring thee near to us.
Turn thy two Bay Steeds hitherward.
16. Eat of our sacrificial cake: rejoice thee in the songs we sing.
Even as a lover in his bride.
17. To India for a thousand steeds well-trained and fleet of foot we pray,
And hundred jars of Soma juice.
18. We make a hundred of thy kine, yea, and a thousand, hasten nigh:
So let thy bounty come to us.
19. We have obtained, a gift from thee, ten water-ewers wrought of gold:
Thou, Vrtra-slayer, givest much.
20. A bounteous Giver, give us much, bring much and not a trifling gift:
Much, Indra, wilt thou fain bestow.
21. O Vrtra-slayer, thou art famed in many a place as bountiful Hero, thy bounty let us share.
22. I praise thy pair of Tawny Steeds, wise Son of him who giveth kine
Terrify not the cows with these.
23. Like two slight images of girls, unrobed, upon a new-wrought post,
So shine the Bay Steeds in their course.
24. For me the Bays are ready when I start, or start not, with the dawn, Innocuous in the ways they take.
HYMN XXXIII. Rbhus.

1. I SEND my voice as herald to the Rbhus; I crave the white cow for the overspreading.

Wind-sped, the Skillful Ones in rapid motion have in an instant compassed round the heaven. 2 What time the Rbus had with care and marvels done proper service to assist their Parents, They won the friendship of the Gods; the Sages carried away the fruit of their devotion.

3 May they who made their Parents, who were lying like posts that moulder, young again for ever,— May Vaja, Vibhvan, Rbhu, joined with Indra, protect our sacrifice, the Soma-lovers.

4 As for a year the Rbhus kept the Milch-cow, throughout a year fashioned and formed her body, And through a year's space still sustained her brightness, through these their labours they were made immortal.

5 Two beakers let us make,—thus said the eldest. Let us make three,—this was the younger's sentence. Four beakers let us make,—thus spoke the youngest. Tvastar approved this rede of yours, O Rbhus.

6 The men spake truth and even so they acted: this Godlike way of theirs the Rbhus followed.

And Tvastar, when he looked on the four beakers resplendent as the day, was moved with envy.

7 When for twelve days the Rbhus joyed reposing as guests of him who never may be hidden, They made fair fertile fields, they brought the rivers. Plants spread o'er deserts, waters filled the hollows.

8 May they who formed the swift car, bearing Heroes, and the Cow omniform and all-impelling, Even may they form wealth for us,—the Rbhus, dexterous-handed, deft in work and gracious.

9 So in their work the Gods had satisfaction, pondering it with thought and mental insight.

The Gods' expert artificer was Vaja, Indra's Rbhuksan, Varuna's Vibhvan.

10 They whol made glad with sacrifice and praises, wrought the two Bays, his docile Steeds, for Indra,— Rbhus, as those who wish a friend to prosper, bestow upon us gear and growth of riches.

11 This day have they set gladdening drink before you. Not without toil are Gods inclined to friendship. Therefore do ye who are so great, O Rbhus, vouchsafe us treasures at this third libation.

HYMN XXXIV. Rbhus.

1. To this our sacrifice come Rbhu, Vibhvan, Vaja, and Indra with the gift of riches.

Because this day hath Dhisana the Goddess set drink for you: the gladdening draughts have reached you.

2 Knowing your birth and rich in gathered treasure, Rbhus, rejoice together with the Rus.

The gladdening draughts and wisdom have approached you: send ye us riches with good store of heroes.

3 For you was made this sacrifice, O Rbhus, which ye, like men, won for yourselves aforesight.

To you come all who find in you their pleasure: ye all were—even the two elder-Vajas.

4 Now for the mortal worshipper, O Heroes, for him who served you, was the gift of riches.

Drink, Vajas, Rbhus! unto you is offered, to gladden you, the third and great libation.

5 Come to us, Heroes, Vajas and Rbhuksans, glorified for the sake of mighty treasure.

These draughts approach you as the day is closing, as cows, whose calves are newly-born, their stable.

6 Come to this sacrifice of ours, ye Children of Strength, invoked with humble adoration.

Drink of this meath, Wealth-givers, joined with Indra with whom ye are in full accord, ye Princes.

7 Close knit with Varuna drink the Soma, Indra; close-knit, illymn-lover! with the Maruts drink it: Close-knit with drinkers first, who drink in season; close-knit with heavenly Dames who give us treasures.

8 Rejoice in full accord with the Adityas, in concord with the Parvatas, O Rbhus; In full accord with Savitar, Divine One; in full accord with floods that pour forth riches.

9 Rbhus, who helped their Parents and the Asvins, who formed the Milch-cow and the pair of horses, Made armour, set the heaven and earth asunder,—far-reaching Heroes, they have made good offspring.

10 Ye who have wealth in cattle and in booty, in heroes, in rich sustenance and treasure.

Such, O ye Rbhus, first to drink, rejoicing, give unto us and those who laud our present.

11 Ye were not far: we have not left you thirsting, blameless in this our sacrifice, O Rbhus.

Rejoice you with the Maruts and with Indra, with the Kings, Gods! that ye may give us riches.

HYMN XXXV. Rbhus.

1. Come hither, O ye Sons of Strength, ye Rbhus; stay not afar, ye Children of Sudhanvan.

At this libation is your gift of treasure. Let gladdening draughts approach you after Indra's.

2 Hither is come the Rbhus' gift of riches; here was the drinking of the well-pressed Soma,

Made armour, set the heaven and earth asunder,—far-reaching Heroes, they have made good offspring.

3 Ye made fourfold the chalice that was single: ye spoke these words and said, O Friend, assist us;

Send Vajas! gained the path of life eternal, deft-handed Rbhus, to the Gods' assembly.

4 Out of what substance was that chalice fashioned which ye made fourfold by your art and wisdom?

Now for the gladdening draught press out the liquor, and drink, O Rbhus, of die meath of Soma.

5 Ye with your cunning made your Parents youthful; the cup, for Gods to drink, ye formed with cunning;
With cunning, Rhbhus, rich in treasure, fashioned the two swift
Tawny Steeds who carry Indra.
6 Whoso pours out for you, when days are closing, the sharp
libation for your joy, O Vajas,
For him, O mighty Rhbhus, ye, rejoicing, have fashioned wealth
with plenteous store of heroes.
7 Lord of Bay Steeds, at dawn thejuice thou drunkest: thine,
only thine, is the noonday libation.
Now drink thou with the wealth-bestowing Rhbhus, whom for
their skill thou madest friends, O Indra.
8 Ye, whom your artist skill hath raised to Godhead have set
you down above in heaven like falcons.
So give us riches, Children of Sudhanvan, O Sons of Strength;
ye have become immortal.
9 The third libation, that bestoweth treasure, which ye have
won by skill, ye dexterous-handed,-
This drink hath been effused for you, O Rhbhus . drink it with
high delight, with joy like Indra's.

HYMN XXXVI. Rhbhus.
1. THia car that was not made for horses or for reins, three-
wheeled, worthy of lauds, rolls round the firmament.
That is the great announcement of your Deity, that, O ye
Rhbhus, ye sustain the earth and heaven.
2 Ye Sapient Ones who made the lightly-rolling car out of your
mind, by thought, the car that never err,
You, being such, to drink of this drinkoffering, you, O ye
Vajas, and ye Rhbhus, we invoke.
3 O Vajas, Rhbhus, reaching far, among the Gods this was your
exaltation gloriously declared,
In that your aged Parents, worn with length of days, ye
wrought again to youth so that they moved at will.
4 The chalice that wag single ye have made fourfold, and by
your wisdom brought the Cow forth from the hide.
So quickly, mid the Gods, ye gained immortal life. Vajas and
Rhbhus, your great work must be extolled.
5 Wealth from the Rhbhus is most glorious in renown, that
which the Heroes, famed for vigour, have produced.
In synods must be sung the car which Vibhvan wrought: that
which ye favour, Gods! is famed among mankind.
6 Strong is the steed, the man a sage in eloquence, the bowman
is a hero hard to beat in fight,
Great store of wealth and manly power hath he obtained whom
Vaja, Vibhvan, Rhbhus have looked kindly on.
7 To you hath been assigned the fairest ornament, the hymn of
praise: Vajas and Rhbhus, joy therein;
For ye have lore and wisdom and poetic skill: as such, with
this our prayer we call on you to come.
8 According to the wishes of our hearts may ye, who have full
knowledge of all the delights of men,
Fashion for us, O Rhbhus, power and splendid wealth, rich in
high courage, excellent, and vital strength.
9 Bestowing on us here riches and offspring, here fashion fame
for us befitting heroes.
Vouchsafe us wealth of splendid sort, O Rhbhus, that we may
make us more renowned than others.

HYMN XXXVII. Rhbhus.
1. COME to our sacrifice, Vajas, Rbhuksans, Gods, by the
paths which Gods are wont to travel,
As ye, gay Gods, accept in splendid weather the sacrifice
among these folk of Manus.
2 May these rites please you in your heart and spirit; may the
drops clothed in oil this day approach you.
May the abundant juices bear you onward to power and
strength, and, when imbibed, delight you.
3 Your threefold going near is God-appointed, so praise is
given you, Vajas and Rhbhuksans.
So, Manus-like, mid younger folk I offer, to you who are aloft
in heaven, the Soma.
4 Strong, with fair chains of gold and jaws of iron, ye have a
splendid car and well-fed horses.
Ye Sons of Strength, ye progeny of Indra, to you the best is
offered to delight you.
5 Rhbhuksans! him, for handy wealth, the mightiest comrade in
the fight,
Him, Indra's equal, we invoke, most bounteous ever, rich in
steeds.
6 The mortal man whom, Rhbhus, ye and Indra favour with
your help,
Must be successful, by his thoughts, at sacrifice and with the
steed.
7 O Vajas and Rhbhuksans, free for us the paths to sacrifice,
Ye Princes, lauded, that we may press forward to each point of
heaven.
8 O Vajas and Rhbhuksans, ye Nasatyas, Indra, bless this
wealth,
And, before other men's, the steed, that ample riches may be
won.

HYMN XXXVIII. Dadhikris.
1. FROM you two came the gifts in days aforetime which
Trasadasyu granted to the Purus.
Ye gave the winner of our fields and plough-lands, and the
strong smiter who subdued the Dasytis.
2 And ye gave mighty Dadhikras, the giver of many gifts, who
visiteth all people,
Impetuous hawk, swift and of varied colour, like a brave King
whom each true man must honour.
3 Whom, as 'twere down a precipice, swift rushing, each Puru
shown in bright colour, looking on the assemblies, beyond the
churl, to worship of the living.
4 Who gaineth precious booty in the combats and moveth,
winning spoil, among the cattle;
Shown in bright colour, looking on the assemblies, beyond the
churl, to worship of the living.
5 Loudly the folk cry after him in battles, as 'twere a thief who
steals away a garment;
Speeding to glory, or a herd of cattle, even as a hungry falcon
swooping downward.
6 And, fain to come forth first amid these armies, this way and
that with rows of cars he rushes,
Gay like a bridesman, making him a garland, tossing the dust,
champing the rein that holds him.
7 And that strong Steed, victorious and faithful, obedient with
his body in the combat,
Speeding straight on amid the swiftly ressing, casts o'er his
brows the dust he tosses upward.
8 And at his thunder, like the roar of heaven, those who attack
tremble and are affrighted;
For when he fights against embattled thousands, dread is he in
his striving; none may stay him.
9 The people praise the overpowering swiftness of this fleet
Steed who giveth men abundance.
Of him they say when drawing back from battle. Dadhikras
hath sped forward with his thousands.
10 Dadhikras hath o'erspread the Fivefold People with vigour,
as the Sun lightens the waters.
May the strong Steed who winneth bundreds, thousands,
requisite with sweetness these my words and praises.

HYMN XXXIX Dadhikras.
1. Now give we praise to Dadhikras the rapid, and mention in
our laud the Earth and Heaven.
May the Dawns flushing move me to exertion, and bear me
safely over every trouble.
2 I praise the mighty Steed who fills my spirit, the Stallion
Dadhikravan rich in bounties,
Whom, swift of foot aind shining bright as Agni, ye, Varuna
and Mitra, gave to Purus.
3 Him who hath honoured, when the flame is kindled at break
dawn, the Courser Dadhikravan,
Him, of one mind with Varuna and Mitra may Aditi make free
from all transgression.
4 When we remember mighty Dadhikravan our food and
strength, then the blest name of Maruts,
Varuna, Mitra, we invoke for welfare, and Agni, and the
thunder-wielding Indra.
5 Both sides invoke him as they call on Indra when they stir
forth and turn to sacrificing.
To us have Varuna and Mitra granted the Courser Dadhikris, a
guide for mortals.
6 So have I glorified with praise strong Dadhikravan,
conquering Steed.
Sweet may he make our mouths; may he prolong the days we
have to live.

HYMN XL. Dadhikravan.
1. LET us recite the praise of Dadhikravan: may all the
Mornings move me to exertion;
Praise of the Lord of Waters, Dawn, and Agni, Brhaspati Son
of Angiras, and Surya.
2 Brave, seeking war and booty, dwelling with the good and
with the swift, may he hasten the food of Dawn.
May he the true, the fleet, the lover of the course, the bird-like
Dadhikravan, bring food, strength, and light.
3 His pinion, rapid runner, fans him m his way, as of a bird
that hastens onward to its aim,
And, as it were a falcon's gliding through the air, strikes
Dadhikravan's side as he speeds on with might.
4 Bound by the neck and by the flanks and by the mouth, the
vigorous Courser lends new swiftness to his speed.
Drawing himself together, as his strength allows, Dadhikras
springs along the windings of the paths.
5 The Hamsa homed in light, the Vasu in mid-air, the priest
beside the altar, in the house the guest,
Dweller in noblest place, mid men, in truth, in sky, born of
flood, kite, truth, mountain, he is holy Law.

HYMN XLI. Indra-Varuna.
1. WHAT laud, O Indra-Varuna, with oblation, hath like the
Immortal Priest obtained your favour?
Hath our effectual laud, addressed with homage, touched you,
O Indra-Varuna, in spirit?
2 He who with dainty food hath won you, Indra and Varuna,
Gods, as his allies to friendship,
Jayeth the Vrtras and his foes in battles, and through your
mighty favours is made famous.
3 Indra and Varuna are most liberal givers of treasure to the
men who toil to serve them,
When they, as Friends inclined to friendship, honoured with
dainty food, delight in flowing Soma.
4 Indra and Varuna, ye hurl, O Mighty, on him your strongest
flashing bolt of thunder
Who treats us ill, the robber and oppressor: measure on him
your overwhelming vigour.
5 O Indra-Varuna, be ye the lovers of this my song, as steers
who love the milch-Cow.
Milk may it yield us as, gone forth to pasture, the great Cow
pouring out her thousand rivers.
6 For fertile fields, for worthy sons and grandsons, for the
Sun's beauty and for steer-like vigour,
May Indra-Varuna with gracious favours work marvels for us
in the stress of battle.
7 For you, as Princes, for your ancient kindness, good
comrades of the man who seeks for booty,
We choose to us for the dear bond of friendship, most liberal
Heroes bringing bliss like parents.
8 Showing their strength, these hymns for grace, Free-givers I
have gone to you, devoted, as to battle.
For glory have they gone, as milk to Soma, to Indra-Varuna
my thoughts and praises.
9 To Indra and to Varuna, desirous of gaining wealth have
these my thoughts proceeded.
They have come nigh to you as treasurlovers, like mares,
fleet-footed, eager for the glory.
10 May we ourselves be lords of during riches, of ample
sustenance for car and horses.
So may the Twain who work with newest succours bring
yoked teams hitherward to us and riches.
11 Come with your mighty succours, O ye Mighty; come,
Indra-Varuna, to us in battle.
What time the flashing arrows play in combat, may we through
you be winners in the contest.

HYMN XLL Indra-Varuna.
1. I AM the royal Ruler, mine is empire, as mine who sway all
1. WHO will hear, who of those who merit worship, which of all Gods take pleasure in our homage? On whose heart shall we lay this laud celestial, rich with fair offerings, dearest to Immortals? Varuna's will the Gods obey and follow. I am the King of men's most lofty cover. 2 I am King Varuna. To me were given these first existing high celestial powers. Varuna's will the Gods obey and follow. I am the King of men's most lofty cover. 3 I Varuna am Indra: in their greatness, these the two wide deep fairly-fashioned regions, These the two world-halves have I, even as Tvastar knowing all beings, joined and held together. 4 I made to flow the moisture-shedding waters, and set the heaven firm in the scat of Order. By Law the Son of Aditi, Law Observer, hath spread abroad heaven firm in the scat of Order. 5 Heroes with noble horses, fain for battle, selected warriors, call on me in combat. 1 Indra Maghavan, excite the conflict; I stir the dust, Lord of surpassing vigour. 6 All this I did. The Gods' own conquering power never impedeth me whom none opposeth. When lauds and Soma juice have made me joyful, both the unbounded regions are affrighted. 7 All beings know these deeds of thine thou tellest this unto Varuna, thou great Disposer! Thou art renowned as having slain the Vrtras. Thou madest flow the floods that were obstructed. 8 Our fathers then were these, the Seven his, what time the son of Durgaha was captive. For her they gained by sacrifice Trasadasyu, a demi-god, like Indra, conquering foemen. 9 The spouse of Purukutsa gave oblations to you, O Indra-Varuna, with homage. Then unto her ye gave King Trasadasyu, the demi-god, the slayer of the foeman. 10 May we, possessing much, delight in riches, Gods in oblations and the kine in pasture; And that Milch-cow who ahrinks not from the milking, O Indra-Varuna, give to us daily.

HYMN XLIII. Asvins. 1. WHO will hear, who of those who merit worship, which of all Gods take pleasure in our homage? On whose heart shall we lay this laud celestial, rich with fair offerings, dearest to Immortals? 2 Who will be gracious? Who will come most quickly of all the offerings, dearest to Immortals? On whose heart shall we lay this laud celestial, rich with fair Gods take pleasure in our homage? 3 I Varuna am Indra: in their greatness, these the two wide deep fairly-fashioned regions, These the two world-halves have I, even as Tvastar knowing all beings, joined and held together. 4 I made to flow the moisture-shedding waters, and set the heaven firm in the scat of Order. By Law the Son of Aditi, Law Observer, hath spread abroad heaven firm in the scat of Order. 5 Heroes with noble horses, fain for battle, selected warriors, call on me in combat. 1 Indra Maghavan, excite the conflict; I stir the dust, Lord of surpassing vigour. 6 All this I did. The Gods' own conquering power never impedeth me whom none opposeth. When lauds and Soma juice have made me joyful, both the unbounded regions are affrighted. 7 All beings know these deeds of thine thou tellest this unto Varuna, thou great Disposer! Thou art renowned as having slain the Vrtras. Thou madest flow the floods that were obstructed. 8 Our fathers then were these, the Seven his, what time the son of Durgaha was captive. For her they gained by sacrifice Trasadasyu, a demi-god, like Indra, conquering foemen. 9 The spouse of Purukutsa gave oblations to you, O Indra-Varuna, with homage. Then unto her ye gave King Trasadasyu, the demi-god, the slayer of the foeman. 10 May we, possessing much, delight in riches, Gods in oblations and the kine in pasture; And that Milch-cow who ahrinks not from the milking, O Indra-Varuna, give to us daily.

HYMN XLIV. Asvins. 1. WE will invoke this day your car, farspreading, O Asvins, even the gathering, of the sunlight,- Car praised in hymns, most ample, rich in treasure, fitted with seats, the car that beareth Surya. 2 Asvins, ye gained that glory by your Godhead, ye Sons of Heaven, by your own might and power. Food followeth close upon your bright appearing when stately horses in your chariot draw you. 3 Who bringeth you to-day for help with offered oblation, or with hymns to drink the juices? Who, for the sacrifice's ancient lover, turneth you hither, Asvins, offering homage? 4 Borne on your golden car, ye omnipresent! come to this sacrifice of ours, Nasatyas. Drink of the pleasant liquor of the Soma give riches to the people who adore you. 5 Come hitherward to us from earth, from heaven, borne on your golden chariot rolling lightly. Suffer not other worshippers to stay you here are ye bound by earlier bonds of friendship. 6 Now for us both, mete out, O WonderWorkers, riches exceeding great with store of heroes, Because the men have sent you praise, O Asvins, and Ajamilhas come to the laudation. 7 Whene'er I gratified you here together, your grace was given us, O ye rich in booty. Protect, ye Twain, the singer of your praises: to you, Nasatyas, is my wish directed.

HYMN XLV. Asvins. 1. YONDER goes up that light: your chariot is yoked that travels round upon the summit of this heaven. Within this car are stored three kindred shares of food, and a skin filled with meath is rustling as the fourth. 2 Forth come your viands rich with store of pleasant meath, and cars and horses at the flushing of the dawn, Stripping the covering from the surrounded gloom, and spreading through mid-air bright radiance like the Sun. 3 Drink of the meath with lips accustomed to the draught; harness for the meath's sake the chariot that ye love.
Refresh the way ye go, refresh the paths with meath: hither, O Asvins, bring the skin that holds the meath.

4 The swans ye have are friendly, rich in store of meath, gold-pinioned, strong to draw, awake at early morn,
Swimming the flood, exultant, fain for draughts that cheer: ye come like flies to our libations of meath.

5 Well knowing solemn rites and rich in meath, the fires sing to the morning Asvins at the break of day,
When with pure hands the prudent energetic priest hath with the stones pressed out the Soma rich in meath.

6 The rays advancing nigh, chasing with day the gloom, spread through the firmament bright radiance like the Sun;
And the Sun harnessing his horses goeth forth: ye through your Godlike nature let his paths be known.

7 Devout in thought I have declared, O Asvins, your chariot with good steeds, which lasts for ever,
Wherewith ye travel swiftly through the regions to the prompt worshipper who brings oblation.

HYMN XLVI. Vayu. Indra-Vayu

1. DRINK the best draught of Soma-juice, O Vayu, at our holy rites: For thou art he who drinketh first.
2. Come, team-drawn, with thy hundred helps, with Indra, seated in the car,
Vaya, and drink your fill of juice.
3. May steeds a thousand bring you both, Indra and Vayu, hitherward To drink the Soma, to the feast.
4. For ye, O Indra-Vayu, mount the goldenseated car that aids The sacrifice, that reaches heaven.
5. On far-refulgent chariot come unto the man who offers gifts: Come, Indra-Vayu, hitherward.
6. Here, Indra-Vayu, is the juice: drink it, accordant with the Gods, Within the giver's dwelling-place.
7. Hither, O Indra-Vayu, be your journey here unyoke your steeds, Here for your draught of Soma juice.

HYMN XLVII. Vayu. Indra-Vayu

1. Vayu, the bright is offered thee, best of the meath at holy rites. Come thou to drink the Soma juice, God, longed-for, on thy team-drawn car.
2. O Vayu, thou and Indra are meet drinkers of these Soma-draughts, For unto you the drops proceed as waters gather to the vale.
3. O Indra-Vayu, mighty Twain, speeding together, Lords of Strength, Come to our succour with your team, that ye may drink the Soma juice.
4. The longed-for teams which ye possess, O Heroes, for the worshipper, Turn to us, Indra-Vayu, ye to whom the sacrifice is paid.

HYMN XLVIII. Vayu.

1. TASTE offerings never tasted yet, as bards enjoy the foeman's wealth.
O Vayu, on refulgent car come to the drinking of the juice.
2. Removing curses, drawn by teams, with Indra, seated by thy side,
O Vayu, on refulgent car come to the drinking of the juice.
3. The two dark treasuries of wealth that wear all beauties wait on thee.
O Vayu, on refulgent car come to the drinking of the juice.
4. May nine-and-ninety harnessed steeds who yoke them at thy will bring thee.
O Vayu, on refulgent car come to the drinking of the juice.
5. Harness, O Vayu, to thy car a hundred well-fed tawny steeds, Yea, or a thousand steeds, and let thy chariot come to us with might.

HYMN XLIX. Indra-Brhaspati

1. DEAR is this offering in your mouth, O Indra and Brhaspati: Famed is the laud, the gladdening draught.
2. This lovely Soma is effused, O Indra and Brhaspati, For you, to drink it and rejoice.
3. As Soma-drinkers to our house come, Indra and Brhaspati-and Indra-to drink Soma juice.
4. Vouchsafe us riches hundredfold, O Indra, and Brhaspati, With store of horses, thousandfold.
5. O Indra and Brhaspati, we call you when the meath is shed, With songs, to drink the Soma juice.
6. Drink, Indra and Brhaspati, the Soma in the giver's house: Delight yourselves abiding there.

HYMN L. Brhaspati

1. Him who with might hath propped earth's ends, who sitteth in threefold seat, Brhaspati, with thunder, Him of the pleasant tongue have ancient sages, deep-thinking, holy singers, set before them.
2. Wild in their course, in well-marked wise rejoicing were they, Brhaspati, who pressed around us.
Preserve Brhaspati, the stall uninjured, this company's raining, ever-moving birthplace.
3. Brhaspati, from thy remotest distance have they sat down who love the law eternal.
For thee were dug wells springing from the mountain, which murmuring round about pour streams of sweetness.
4. Brhaspati, when first he had his being from mighty splendour in supremest heaven, Strong, with his sevenfold mouth, with noise of thunder, with his seven rays, blew and dispersed the darkness.
5. With the loud-shouting band who sang his praises, with thunder, he destroyed obstructive Vala. Brhaspati thundering drove forth the cattle, the lowing cows who make oblations ready.
6. Serve we with sacrifices, gifts, and homage even thus the Steer of all the Gods, the Father. Brhaspati, may we be lords of riches, with noble progeny and store of heroes.
7. Surely that King by power and might heroic hath made him
Concealing the gigantic might of darkness with radiant bodies
Mornings similar, in self-same fashion,
9 Thus they go forth with undiminished colours, these
come nigh like troops of cattle.
Awaking, from the seat of holy Order the Godlike Dawns
spreading in the selfsame manner.
8 Hither from eastward all at once they travel, from one place
lauding, soon attained to riches.

With whom the toiling worshipper, by praises, hymning and
with the truth that springs from holy Order;
7 Blest were these Dawns of old, shining with succour, true
not known aparto alike, unwasting.
What time the splendid Dawns go forth for splendour, they are
whom they fixed the Rbhus' regulations?
6 Which among these is eldest, and where is she through
lives, man, bird, and beast, to motion.
Arousing from their rest, O Dawns, the sleeping, and all that
round the worlds ye travel,
5 With horses harnessed by eternal Order, Goddesses, swiftly
mounts eastward, like
abundant splendid light thatb mounted.
1. FORTH from the darkness in the region eastward this most
abundant splendid light hab mounted.
Now verily the far-refulgent Mornings, Daughters of Heaven,
bring welfare to the people.
2 The richly-coloured Dawns have mounted eastward, like
pillars planted at our sacrifices.
And, flushing far, splendid and purifying, unbarred the portals
of the fold of darkness.
3 Dispelling gloom this day the wealthy Mornings urge liberal
givers to present their treasures.
In the unlightened depth of darkness round them let niggard
traffickers sleep unawakened.
4 O Goddesses, is this your car, I ask you, ancient this day, or
is it new, ye Mornings,
Wherewith, rich Dawns, ye seek with wealth Navagva,
Dasagva Angira, the seven-toned singer?
5 With horses harnessed by eternal Order, Goddesses, swiftly
round the worlds ye travel,
Rousing from their rest, O Dawns, the sleeping, and all that
lives, man, bird, and beast, to motion.
6 Which among these is eldest, and where is she through
whom they fixed the Rbhus' regulations?
What time the splendid Dawns go forth for splendour, they are
not known aparto alike, unwasting.
7 Blest were these Dawns of old, shining with succour, true
with the truth that springs from holy Order;
With whom the toiling worshipper, by praises, hymning and
lauding, soon attained to riches.
8 Hither from eastward all at once they travel, from one place
spreading in the selfsame manner.
Awaking, from the seat of holy Order the Godlike Dawns
come nigh like troops of cattle.
9 Thus they go forth with undiminished colours, these
Mornings similar, in self-same fashion,
Concealing the gigantic might of darkness with radiant bodies
bright and pure and shining.
10 O Goddesses, O Heaven's refulgent Daughters, bestow
upon us wealth with store of children.
As from our pleasant place of rest ye rouse us may we be
masters of heroic vigour.
11 Well-skilled in lore of sacrifice, ye Daughters of Heaven,
refulgent Dawns, I thus address you.
May we be glorious among the people. May Heaven vouchsafe
us this, and Earth the Goddess,
7 With the year's seasons hath Savitar, God, come nigh: may he prosper our home, give food and noble sons. May he invigorate us through the days and nights, and may he send us opulence with progeny. God with care unceasing. We dare not stint the sacred food of Mitra and Varuna upon the back of Agni.
8 Agni is Sovran Lord of wealth, Agni of great prosperity: May he bestow these gifts on us. 9 Hither to us, rich pleasant Dawn, bring many things to be desired, Thou who hast ample store of wealth. 10 So then may Bhaga, Savitar, Varuna, Mitra, Aryaman, Indra, with bounty come to us.

**HYMN LIV. Savitar.**
1. Now must we praise and honour Savitar the God: at this time of the day the men must call to him, Him who distributes wealth to Manu's progeny, that he may grant us here riches most excellent.
2 For thou at first producest for the holy Gods the noblest of all grant us here riches most excellent.

**HYMN LV. Visvedevas.**
2 They who with laud extol the ancient statutes, when they shine forth infallible dividers, Have ordered as perpetual Ordainers, and beamed as holy-thoughted WonderWorkers.
3 The Housewife Goddess, Aditi, and Sindhu, the Goddess Svasti I implore for friendship: And may the unobstructed Night and Morning both, day and night, provide for our protection.
4 Aryaman, Varuna have disclosed the pathway, Agni as Lord of Strength the road to welfare. Lauded in manly mode may Indra-Visnu grant us their powerful defence and shelter.
5 I have besought the favourof the Maruts, of Parvata, of Bhaga God who rescues. From trouble caused by man the Lord preserve us; from woe sent by his friend let Mitra save us. 6 Agree, through these our watery oblations, Goddesses, Heaven and Earth, with Ahibudhnya. As if to win the sea, the Gharma-heaters have opened, as they come aear, the rivers.
7 May Goddess Aditi with Gods defend us, save us the saviour
thee
That thou mayst bless and prosper us and bring us fruits abundantly.
7 May Indra press the furrow down, may Pusan guide its course aright.
May she, as rich in milk, be drained for us through each succeeding year.
8 Happily let the shares turn up the ploughland, happily go the ploughers with the oxen.
With meath and milk Parjanya make us happy. Grant us prosperity, Suna and Sira.

HYMN LVIII. Ghrta.
1. FORTH from the ocean sprang the wave of sweetness:
together with the stalk it turned to Amrta,
That which is holy oil's mysterious title: but the Gods' tongue is truly Amrta's centre.
2 Let us declare aloud the name of Ghrta, and at this sacrifice hold it up with homage.
So let the Brahman hear the praise we utter. This hath the four-horned Buffalo emitted.
3 Four are his horns, three are the feet that bear him; his heads are two, his hands are seven in number.
Bound with a triple bond the Steer roars loudly: the mighty God hath entered in to mortals.
4 That oil in triple shape the Gods discovered laid down within the Cow, concealed by Panis.
Indra produced one shape, Surya another: by their own power they formed the third from Vena.
5 From inmost reservoir in countless channels flow down these rivers which the foe beholds not.
I look upon the streams of oil descending, and lo! the Golden Reed is there among them.
6 Like rivers our libations flow together, cleansing themselves in inmost heart and spirit.
The streams of holy oil pour swiftly downward like the wild beasts that fly before the bowman.
7 As rushing down the rapids of a river, flow swifter than the wind the vigorous currents,
The streams of oil in swelling fluctuation like a red courser bursting through the fences.
8. Like women at a gathering fair to look on and gently smiling, they incline to Agni.
The streams of holy oil attain the fuel, and Jatavedas joyfully receives them.
9 As maidsen dock themselves with gay adornment to join the bridal feast, I now behold them.
Where Soma flows and sacrifice is ready, thither the streams of holy oil are running.
10 Send to our eulogy a herd of cattle bestow upon us excellent possessions.
Bear to the Gods the sacrifice we offer the streams of oil flow pure and full of sweetness.
11 The universe depends upon thy power and might within the sea, within the heart, within all life.
May we attain that sweetly-flavoured wave of thine, brought, at its gathering, o'er the surface of the floods.
End of FOURTH BOOK
HYMN I. Agni
1. Agni is wakened by the people's fuel to meet the Dawn who cometh like a milch-cow.
   Like young trees shooting up on high their branches, his flames are rising to the vault of heaven.
2. For worship of the Gods the Priest was wakened: at morning gracious Agni hath arisen.
   Kindled, his radiant might is made apparent, and the great Deity set free from darkness.
3. When he hath stirred the line of his attendants, with the pure milk pure Agni is anointed.
   The strength-bestowing gift is then made ready, which spread in front, with tongues, erect, he drinketh.
4. The spirits of the pious turn together to Agni, as the eyes of all to Surya.
   He, when both Dawns of different hues have borne him, springs up at daybreak as a strong white charger.
   Yielding in every house his seven rich treasures, Agni is seated, Priest most skilled in worship.
6. Agni hath sat him down, a Priest most skilful, on a sweet-smelling place, his Mother's bosom.
   Young, faithful, sage, preeminent over many, kindled among the folk whom he sustaineth.
7. This Singer excellent at sacrifices, Agni the Priest, they glorify with homage.
   Him who spread out both worlds by Law Eternal they balm with oil, strong Steed who never faileth.
8. He, worshipful House-Friend, in his home is worshipped, our own auspicious guest, lauded by sages.
   Gavisthira hath raised with prayer to Agni this laud far-reaching, like gold light to heaven.

HYMN II. Agni.
1. THE youthful Mother keeps the Boy in secret pressed to her close, nor yields him to the Father.
   But, when he lies upon the arm, the people see his unfading countenance before them.
2. What child is this thou carriest as handmaid, O Youthful One? The Consort-Queen hath borne him.
   The Babe unborn increased through many autumns. I saw him born what time his Mother bare him.
3. I saw him moving from the place he dwells in, even as with a herd, brilliantly shining.
   These seized him not: he had been born already. They who were grey with age again grow youthful.
5. Who separate my young bull from the cattle, they whose protector was in truth no stranger?
   Let those whose hands have seized upon them free them. May he, observant, drive the herd to us-ward.
7. Thou from the stake didst loose e'en Sunahsepa bound for a thousand; for he prayed with fervour.
   So, Agni, loose from us the bonds that bind us, when thou art seated here, O Priest who knowest.
8. Thou hast sped from me, Agni, in thine anger: this the protector of Gods' Laws hath told me.
   Indra who knoweth bent his eye upon thee: by him instructed
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 makest 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.  
Ile 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-plottcr 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 cnkindled 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.  

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 stablish: 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.  
6 Drive thou away the Dasyu with thy weapon. As, gaining vital power for thine own body,  
O Son of Strength, the Gods thou satisfiest, so in fight save us, most heroic Agni.  
7 May we, O Agni, with our lauds adore thee, and with our gifts, fair-beaming Purifier!  
Send to us wealth containing all things precious: bestow upon us every sort of riches.  
8 Son of Strength, Agni, dweller in three regions, accept our sacrifice and our oblation.  
Among the Gods may we be counted pious: protect us with a triply-guarding shelter.  
9 Over all woes and dangers, Jatavedas, bear us as in a boat across a river.  
Praised with our homage even as Atri praised thee, O Agni, be the guardian of our bodies.  
10 As I, remembering thee with grateful spirit, a mortal, call with might on thee Immortal,  
Vouchsafe us high renown, O Jatavedas, and may I be immortal by my children.  
11 The pious man, O Jatavedas Agni, to whom thou grantest ample room and pleasure,  
Gainest abundant wealth with sons and horses, with heroes and with kine for his well-being.
HYMN V. Apris.
1. To Agni, Jatavedas, to the flame, the well-enkindled God,
Offer thick sacrificial oil.
2 He, Narasamsa, ne'er beguiled, inspirited this sacrifice:
For sage is he, with sweets in hand.
3 Adored, O Agni, hither bring Indra the Wonderful, the
Friend,
On lightly-rolling car to aid.
4 Spread thyself out, thou soft as wool The holy hymns have
sung to thee.
Bring gain to us, O beautiful!
5 Open yourselves, ye Doors Divine, easy of access for our
aid:
Fill, more and more, the sacrifice.
6 Fair strengtheners of vital power, young Mothers of eternal
Law,
Morning and Night we supplicate.
7 On the wind's flight come, glorified, ye two celestial Priests
of man
Come ye to this our sacrifice.
8 !! Sarasvati, Mahi, three Goddesses who tring us weal,
Be seated harmless on the grass.
9 Rich in all plenty, Tvastar, come auspicious of thine own
accord
Help us in every sacrifice.
10 Vanaspati, wherever thou knowest the Gods' mysterious
names,
Send our oblations thitherward.
11 To Agni and to Varuna, Indra, the Maruts, and the Gods,
With Svaha be oblation brought.

HYMN VI. Agni.
1. I VALUE Agni that good Lord, the home to which the kine
return:
Whom fleet-foot courseurs seek as home, and strong enduring
steeds as home. Bring food to those who sing thy praise.
2 'Tis Agni whom we laud as good, to whom the milch-kine
come in herds,
To whom the chargers swift of foot, to whom our well-born
princes come. Bring food to those who sing thy praise.
3 Agni the God of all mankind, gives, verily, a steed to man.
Agni gives precious gear for wealth, treasure he gives when he
is pleased. Bring food to those who sing thy praise.
4 God, Agni, we will kindle thee, rich in thy splendour, fading
not,
So that this glorious fuel may send forth by day its light for
thee. Bring food to those who sing thy praise.
5 To thee the splendid, Lord of flame, bright, wondrous, Prince
of men, is brought.
Oblation with the holy verse, O Agni, bearer of our gifts.
Bring food to those who sing thy praise.
6 These Agnis in the seats of the fire nourish each thing most
excellent.
They give delight, they spread abroad, they move themselves
continually. Bring food to those who sing thy praise.
7 Agni, these brilliant flames of thine wax like strong chargers
mightily,
Who with the treadings of their hoofs go swiftly to the stalls of
kine. Bring food to those who sing thy praise.
8 To us who laud thee, Agni, bring fresh food and safe and
happy homes.
May we who have sung hymns to thee have thee for envoy in
each house. Bring food to those who sing thy praise.
9 Thou, brilliant God, within thy mouth warmest both ladies of
the oil.
So fill us also, in our hymns, abundantly, O Lord of
Strength,Bring food to those who sing thy praise.
10 Thus Agni have we duly served with sacrifices and with
hymns.
So may he give us what we crave, store of brave sons and
fleet-foot steeds. Bring food to those who sing thy praise.

HYMN VII. Agni.
1. OFFER to Agni, O my friends, your seemly food, your
seemly praise;
To him supremest o'er the folk, the Son of Strength, the mighty
Lord:
2 Him in whose presence, when they meet in full assembly,
men rejoice;
Even him whom worthy ones inflame, and living creatures
bring to life.
3 When we present to him the food and sacrificial gifts of men,
He by the might of splendour grasps the holy Ordinance's rein.
4 He gives a signal in the night even to him who is afar,
When he, the Bright, unchanged by eld, consumes the sovrans
of the wood.
5 He in whose service on the ways they offer up their drops of
sweat,
On him is their high kin have they mounted, as ridges on the
earth.
6 Whom, sought of many, mortal man hath found to be the
Stay of all;
He who gives flavour to our food, the home of every man that
lives.
7 Even as a herd that crops the grass he shears the field and
wilderness,
With flashing teeth and beard of gold, deft with his unabated
might.
8 For him, to whom, bright as an axe he, as to Atri, hath
flashed forth,
Hath the well-bearing Mother borne, producing when her time
is come.
9 Agni to whom the oil is shed by him thou lovest to support,
Bestow upon these mortals fame and splendour and
intelligence.
10 Such zeal hath he, resistless one: he gained the cattle given
by thee.
Agni, may Atri overcome the Dasyus who bestow no gifts,
and subdue the men who give no food.

HYMN VIII. Agni.
1. O AGNI urged to strength, the men of old who loved the
Law enkindled thee,
the Ancient, for their aid,
Thou very bright, and holy, nourisher of all, most excellent, the
Friend and Master of the home.
2 Thee, Agni, men have stablished as their guest of old, as
Master of the household, thee, with hair of flame;
High-banne red, multiform, distributor of wealth, kind helper, 
good protector, drier of the floods.
3 The tribes of men praise thee, Agni, who knowest well burnt
offerings, the Discerner, lavishest of wealth,
Dwelling in secret, Blest One! visible to all, loud-roaring,
skilled in worship, glorified with oil.
4 Ever to thee, O Agni, as exceeding strong have we drawn
nigh with songs and reverence singing hymns.
So be thou pleased with us, Angiras! as a God enkindled by the
noble with man's goodly light.
5 Thou rulest by thy might o'er food of many a sort: that light of
thine when blazing may not be opposed.
6 The Gods, Most Youthful Agni, have made thee, inflamed,
the bearer of oblations and the messenger.
Thee, widely-reaching, homed in sacred oil, invoked, 
effulgent, have they made the Eye that stirs the thought.
7 Men seeking joy have lit thee worshipped from of old, O
Agni, with good fuel and with sacred oil.
So thou, bedewed and waxing mighty by the plants, spreadest
thyself abroad over the realms of earth.

HYMN IX. Agni.
1. BEARING; oblations mortal men, O Agni, worship thee the
God.
I deem thee Jatavedas: bear our offerings, thou, unceasingly.
2 In the man's home who offers gifts, where grass is trimmed, 
Agni is Priest,
To whom all sacrifices come and strengthenings that win 
renown.
3 Whom, as an infant newly-born, the kindling-sticks have
brought to life,
Sustainer of the tribes of men, skilled in well-ordered sacrifice.
4 Yea, very hard art thou to grasp, like offspring of the 
wriggling snakes,
When thou consumest many woods like an ox, Agni, in the 
mead.
5 Whose flames, when thou art sending forth the smoke,
completely reach the mark,
When Trta in the height of heaven, like as a smelter fanneth
thee, e'en as a smelter sharpeneth thee.
6 O Agni, by thy succour and by Mitra's friendly furtherance,
May we, averting hate, subdue the wickedness of mortal men.
7 O Agni, to our heroes bring such riches, thou victorious God.
May he protect and nourish us, and help in aining strength: be
thou near us in 6rt for our success.

HYMN X. Agni.
1. BRING us most mighty splendour thou, Agni, resistless on
thy way.
With overflowing store of wealth mark out for us a path to
strength.
2 Ours art thou, wondrous Agni, bywisdom and bounteouness of
power.
The might of Asuras rests on thee, like Mitra worshipful in act.
3 Agni, increase our means of life, increase the house and
home of these,
The men, the princes who have won great riches through our
hymns of praise.
4 Bright Agni, they who deck their songs for thee have horses
as their meed.
The men are mighty in their might, they whose high laud, as
that of heaven, awakes thee of its own accord.
5 O Agni, those resplendent flames of thine go valorously
forth,
Like lightnings flashing round us, like a rattling car that seeks
the spoil.
6 Now, Agni, come to succour us; let priests draw nigh to offer
gifts;
And let the patrons of our rites subdue all regions of the earth.
7 Bring to us, Agni, Angiras, lauded of old and lauded now,
Invoker! wealth to quell the strong, that singers may extol thee.
Be near us in fight for our success.

HYMN XI. Agni.
1. THE watchful Guardian of the people hath been born, Agni,
the very strong, for fresh prosperity.
With oil upon his face, with high heaventouching flame, he
shineth splendidly, pure, for the Bharatas.
2 Ensign of sacrifice, the earliest Household-Priest, the men
evoked, 
have kindled Agni in his threefold seat,
With Indra and the Gods together on the grass let the wise
Priest sit to complete the sacrifice.
3 Pure , unadorned, from thy two Mothers art thou born: thou
camest from Vivasvan as a charming Sage.
With oil they strengthened thee, O Agni, worshipped God: thy
banner was the smoke that mounted to the sky.
4 May Agni graciously come to our sacrifice. The men bear
Agni here and there in every house.
He hath become an envoy, bearer of our gifts: electing Agni,
men choose one exceeding wise.
5 For thee, O Agni, is this sweetest prayer of mine: dear to thy
spirit be this product of my thought.
As great streams fill the river so our song of praise fill thee,
and make thee yet more mighty in thy strength.
6 O Agni, the Angirases discovered thee what time thou layest
hidden, fleeing back from wood to wood.
Thou by attrition art produced as conquer.ing might, and men,
O Angiras, call thee the Son of Strength.

HYMN XII. Agni.
1. To Agni, lofty Asura, meet for worship, Steer of eternal
Law, my prayer I offer;
I bring my song directed to the Mighty like pure oil for his
mouth at sacrifices.
2 Mark the Law, thou who knowest, yea, observe it: send forth
the full streams of eternal Order.
I use no sorcery with might or falsehood the sacred Law of the
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Red Steer I follow.
3 How hast thou, follower of the Law eternal, become the
knower of a new song, Agni?
The God, the Guardian of the seasons, knows me: the Lord of
him who won this wealth I know not.
4 Who, Agni, in alliance with thy foeman, what splendid
helpers won for them their riches?
Agni, who guard the dwelling-place of falsehood? Who are
protectors of the speech of liars?
5 Agni, those friends of thine have turned them from thee:
gracious of old, they have become ungracious.
They have deceived themselves by their own speeches,
uttering wicked words against the righteous.
6 He who pays sacrifice to thee with homage, O Agni, keeps
Wide is his dwelling. May the noble offering of Nahusa who
wandered forth come hither.

HYMN XIII. Agni.
1. WITH songs of praise we call on thee, we kindle thee with
songs of praise,
Agni, -with songs of praise, for help.
2 Eager for wealth, we meditate Agni's effectual praise to-day,
Praise of the God who touches heaven.
3 May Agni, Priest among mankind, take pleasure in our songs
of praise,
And worship the Celestial Folk.
4 Thou, Agni, art spread widely forth, Priest dear and
excellent; through thee
Men make the sacrifice complete.
5 Singers exalt thee, Agni, well lauded, best giver of our
strength:
So grant thou us heroic might.
6 Thou Agni, as the felly rings the spokes, encompassest the
Gods.
1 yearn for bounty manifold.

HYMN XIV. Agni.
1. ENKINDLING the Immortal, wake Agni with song of
praise: may he bear our oblations to the Gods.
2 At high solemnities mortal men glorify him the Immortal,
best
At sacrifice among mankind.
3 That he may bear their gifts to heaven, all glorify him Agni,
God,
With ladle that distilleth oil.
4 Agni shone bright when born, with light killing the Dasyus
and the dark:
He found the Kine, the Floods, the Sun.
5 Serve Agni, God adorable, the Sage whose back is balmed
with oil:
Let him approach, and hear my call.
6 They have exalted Agni, God of all mankind, with oil and
hymns
Of praise, devout and eloquent.

HYMN XV. Agni.
1. To him, the far-renowned, the wise Ordainer, ancient and
glorious, a song I offer.
Enthroned in oil, the Asura, bliss-giver, is Agni, firm support
of noble, riches.
2 By holy Law they kept supporting Order, by help of
sacrifice, in loftiest heaven,-
They who attained with born men to the unborn, men seated on
that stay, heaven's firm sustainer.
3 Averting woe, they labour hard to bring him, the ancient,
plenteous food as power resistless.
May he, born newly, conquer his assailants: round him they
stand as round an angry lion.
4 When, like a mother, spreading forth to nourish, to cherish
and regard each man that liveth,-
Consuming all the strength that thou hast gotten, thou
wanderest round, thyself,
in varied fashion.
5 May strength preserve the compass of thy vigour, God! that
broad stream of thine that beareth riches.
Thou, like a thief who keeps his refuge secret, hast holpen Atri
to great wealth, by teaching.

HYMN XVI. Agni.
1. GREAT power is in the beam of light, sing praise to, Agni,
to the God
Whom men have set in foremost place like Mitra with their
eulogies.
2 He by the splendour of his arms is Priest of every able man.
Agni conveys oblation straight, and deals, as Bhaga deals, his
boons.
3 All rests upon the laud and love of him the rich, high-flaming
God,
On whom, loud-roaring, men have laid great strength as on a
faithful friend.
4 So, Agni, be the Friend of these with liberal gift of hero
strength.
Yea, Heaven and Earth have not surpassed this Youthful One
in glorious fame.
5 O Agni, quickly come to us, and, glorified, bring precious
wealth.
So we and these our princes will assemble for the good of all.
Be near in fight to prosper us.

HYMN XVII. Agni.
1. GOD, may a mortal call the Strong hither, with solemn rites,
to aid,
A man call Agni to protect when sacrifice is well prepared.
2 Near him thou seemest mightier still in native glory, set to
hold
Apart yon flame-hued vault of heaven, lovely beyond the
thought of man.
3 Yea, this is by the light of him whom powerful song hath
bound to act,
Whose beams of splendour flash on high as though they
sprang from heavenly seed.
4 Wealth loads the Wonder-Worker's car through his, the very
wise One's power.
HYMN XVIII. Agni.
1. AT dawn let: Agni, much-beloved guest of the house, be glorified;
   Immortal who delights in all oblations brought by mortal men.
2 For Dvita who receives through wealth of native strength maimed offerings,
   Thy praiser even gains at once the Soma-drops, Immortal Gods!
3 Nobles, with song I call that car of yours that shines with lengthened life,
   For, God who givest steeds! that car hither and thither goes unharmed.
4 They who have varied ways of thought, who guard, the lauds within their lips,
   And strew the grass before the light, have decked themselves with high renown.
5 Immortal Agni, give the chiefs, heroes who institute the rite,
   Heroes' illustrious, lofty fame, who at the synod met for praise presented me with fifty steeds.

HYMN XIX. Agni.
1. ONE state begets another state: husk is made visible from husk:
   Within his Mother's side he speaks.
2 Discerning, have they offered gifts: they guard the strength that never wastes.
   To a strong fort have they pressed in.
3 Svaitreya's people, all his men, have gloriously increased in might.
   A gold chain Brhaduktha wears, as, through this Soma, seeking spoil.
4 I bring, as 'twere, the longed-for milk, the dear milk of the Sister-Pair.
   Like to a caldron filled with food is he, unconquered, conquering all.
5 Beam of light, come to us in sportive fashion, finding thyself close to the wind that fans thee.
   These flames of his are wasting flames, like arrows keen-pointed, sharpened, on his breast.

HYMN XX. Agni.
1. AGNI, best winner of the spoil, cause us to praise before the Gods
   As our associate meet for lauds, wealth which thou verily deemest wealth.
2 Agni, the great who ward not off the anger of thy power and might
   Stir up the wrath and hatred due to one who holds an alien creed.
3 Thee, Agni, would we choose as Priest, the perfecter of strength and skill;
   We who bring sacred food invoke with song thee Chief at holy rites.
4 Here as is needful for thine aid we toil, O Conqueror, day by day,
   For wealth, for Law. May we rejoice, Most Wise One! at the feast, with kine, rejoice, with heroes, at the feast.

HYMN XXI. Agni.
1. WE establish thee as Manus used, as Manus used we kindle thee.
   Like Manus, for the pious man, Angiras, Agni, worship Gods.
2 For well, O Agni, art thou pleased when thou art kindled mid mankind.
   Straight go the ladles unto thee, thou highborn God whose food is oil.
3 Three have all Gods of one accord established as their messenger.
   Serving at sacrifices men adore thee as a God, O Sage.
4 Let mortal man adore your God, Agni, with worship due to Gods.
   Shine forth enkindled, Radiant One. Sit in the chamber of the Law, sit in the chamber of the food.

HYMN XXII. Agni.
1. LIKE Atri, Visvasaman! sing to him of purifying light,
   Who must be praised in holy rites, the Priest most welcome in the house.
2 Set Jatavedas in his place, Agni the God and Minister.
   Let sacrifice proceed to-day duly, comprising all the Gods.
3 All mortals come to thee for aid, the God of most observant mind.
   Of thine excelling favour we bethink us as we long for it.
4 Mark with attention this our speech, O Agni, thou victorious One.
   Thee, Strong-jawed! as the homestead's Lord, the Atris with their lauds exalt, the Atris beautify with songs.

HYMN XXIII. Agni.
1. By thy fair splendour's mighty power, O Agni, bring victorious wealth,
   Wealth that o'ercometh all mankind, and, near us, conquereth in fight.
2 Victorious Agni, bring to us the wealth that vanquisheth in war;
   For thou art wonderful and true, giver of strength in herds of kine.
3 For all the folk with one accord, whose sacred grass is trimmed and strewn,
   Invite thee to their worship-halls, as a dear Priest, for choicest wealth.
4 For he, the God of all men, hath gotten him might that quelleth foes.
   O Agni, in these homes shine forth, bright God! for our prosperity, shine, Purifier! splendidly.

HYMN XXIV. Agni.
1. O AGNI, be our nearest Friend, be thou a kind deliverer and
HYMN XXV. Agni.
1. I WILL sing near, for grace, your God Agni, for he is good to us.
Son of the Brands, may he give gifts, and, righteous, save us from the foe.
2 For be is true, whpm men of old enkindled, and the Gods themselves, The Priest with the delicious tongue, rich with the light of glorious beams.
3 With wisdom that surpasseth all, with gracious will most excellent, O Agni, worthy of our choice, shine wealth on us through hymns of praise.
4 Agni is King, for he extends to mortals and to Gods alike. Agni is bearer of our gifts. Worship ye Agni with your thoughts.
5 Agni gives to the worshipper a son, the best, of mightiest fame, Of deep devotion, ne'er subdued, bringer of glory to his sire.
6 Agni bestows the hero-lord who conquers with the men in fight.
Agni bestows the fleet-foot steed, the victor never overcome.
7 The mightiest song is Agni's: shine on high, thou who art rich in light.
Like the Chief Consort of a King, riches and strength proceed - from thee.
8 Resplendent are thy rays of light: loud is thy voice like pressing-stones.
Yea, of itself thy thunder goes forth like the roaring of the heaven.
9 Thus, seeking riches, have we paid homage to Agni Conqueror.
May he, most wise, as with a ship, carry us over all our foes.

HYMN XXVI. Agni.
1. O AGNI, Holy and Divine, with splendour and thy pleasant tongue
Bring hither and adore the Gods.
2 We pray thee, thou who droppest oil, bright-rayed! who lookest on the Sun,
Bring the Gods hither to the feast.
3 We have enkindled thee, O Sage, bright caller of the Gods to feast.
O Agni, great in Sacrifice.
4 O Agni, come with all the Gods, come to our sacrificial gift: We choose thee as Invoking Priest.
5 Bring, Agni, to the worshipper who pours the juice, heroic strength:
Sit with the Gods upon the grass.
6 Victor of thousands, Agni, thou, enkindled, cherishest the laws,
Laud-worthy, envoy of the Gods.
7 Set Agni Jatavedas down, the bearer of our sacred gifts, MostYouthful, God and Minister.
8 Duly proceed our sacrifice, comprising all the Gods, to-day: Strew holy grass to be their seat.
9 So may the Maruts sit thereon, the Asvins, Mitra, Varuna: The Gods with all their company.

HYMN XXVII. Agni.
1. THE Godlike hero, famousest of nobles, hath granted me two oxen with a wagon.
Trvrasan's son Tryaruna hath distinguished himself, Vaisvanara Agni! with ten thousands.
2 Protect Tryaruna, as thou art waxing strong and art highly praised, Vaisvanara Agni!
Who granteth me a hundred kine and twenty, and two bay horses, good at draught, and harnessed.
3 So Trasadasyu served thee, God Most Youthful, craving thy favour for the ninth time, Agni;
Tryaruya who with attentive spirit accepteth many a song from me the mighty.
4 He who declares his wish to me, to Asvamedha, to the Prince,
Pays him who with his verse seeks gain, gives power to him who keeps the Law.
5 From whom a hundred oxen, all of speckled hue, delight my heart,
The gifts of Asvamedha, like thrice-mingled draughts of Soma juice.
6 To Asvamedha who bestows a hundred gifts grant hero power,
O Indra-Agni! lofty rule like the unwasting Sun in heaven.

HYMN XXVIII. Agni.
1. AGNI inflamed hath sent to heaven his lustre: he shines forth widely turning unto Morning.
Eastward the ladle goes that brings all blessing, praising the Godswit homage and oblation.
2 Enkindled, thou art King of the immortal world: him who brings offerings thou attendest for his weal.
He whom thou urgest on makes all possessions his: he sets before thee, Agni, gifts that guests may claim.
3 Show thyself strong for mighty bliss, O Agni, most excellent be thine effulgent splendours.
Make easy to maintain our household lordship, and overcome the might of those who hate us.
4 Thy glory, Agni, I adore, kindled, exalted in thy strength.
A Steer of brilliant splendour, thou art lighted well at sacred rites.
5 Agni, invoked and kindled, serve the Gods, thou skilled in sacrifice:
For thou art bearer of our gifts.
6 Invoke and worship Agni while the sacrificial rite proceeds: For offering-bearer choose ye him.
HYMN XXIX. Agni.

1. MAN'S worship of the Gods hath three great lustres, and three celestial lights have they established

The Maruts gifted with pure strength adore thee, for thou, O Indra, art their sapient Rṣi.

2 What time the Maruts sang their song to Indra, joyous when he had drunk of Soma juices,

He grasped his thunderbolt to slay the Dragon, and loosed, that they might flow, the youthful Waters.

3 And, O ye Brahmans, Maruts, so may Indra drink draughts of this my carefully pressed Sorna;

For this oblation found for man the cattle, and Indra, having quaffed it, slew the Dragon.

4 Then heaven and earth he sundered and supported: wrapped even in these he struck the Beast with terror.

So Indra forced the Engulfer to disgorgement, and slew the Danava. panting against him.

5 Thus all the Gods, O Maghavan, delivered to thee of their free will the draught of Soma;

When thou for Etasa didst cause to tarry the flying mares of Surya racing forward.

6 When Maghavan with the thunderbolt demolished his nine- and-ninety castles all together,

The Maruts, where they met, glorified Indra: ye with the Trstup hymn obstructed heaven.

7 As friend to aid a friend, Agni dressed quickly three hundred buffaloes, even as he willed it.

And Indra, from man's gift, for Vṛtra's slaughter, drank off at once three lakes of pressed-out Soma.

8 When thou three hundred buffaloes' flesh hadst eaten, and drunk, as Maghavan, three lakes of Soma,

All the Gods raised as 'twere a shout of triumph to Indra praise because he slew the Dragon.

9 What time ye came with strong steeds swiftly speeding, O Usana and Indra, to the dwelling,

Thou camest thither -conquering together with Kutsa and the Gods: thou slewest Susna.

10 Divided from their calves the Cows went lowing around, on every side, hither and thither.

Well he distinguished his two different voices, and Indra then advanced to fight the Dasyu.

11 What time the Somas mixed by Babhru cheered him, loud in return, of milch-kine.

What thou wilt do in bravery, Thunder-wielder! none is there who may hinder this thy prowess.

12 Navagvas and Dasgvas with libations of Soma juice sing hymns of praise to Indra.

We have received Rnancaya's wealth, of heroes the most heroic, which was freely offered.
13 The Rusamas, O Agni, sent me homeward with fair
adornment and with kine in thousands.
The strong libations have made Indra joyful, when night,
whose course was ending, changed to morning.
14 Night, well-nigh ended, at Rnancaya's coming, King of the
Rusamas, was changed to morning.
Like a strong courser, fleet of foot, urged onward, Babhruthath
 gained four thousand as his guerdon.
15 We have received four thousand head of cattle presented by
the Rusamas, O Agni.
And we, the singers, have received the caldron of metal which
was heated for Pravargya.

HYMN XXXI. Indra.

1. MAGHAVAN Indra turns his chariot downward, the
strength-displaying car which he hath mounted.
Even as a herdsman driveth forth his cattle, he goeth, first,
uninjured, fain for treasure.
2. Haste to us, Lord of Bays; be not ungracious: visit us, lover
of gold-hued oblation.
There is naught else better than thou art, Indra: e'en to the
wifeless hast thou given spouses.
3 When out of strength arose the strength that conquers, Indra
displayed all powers that he possesses.
Forth from the cave he drove the milky mothers, and with the
light laid bare investing darkness.
4. Anus have wrought a chariot for thy Courser, and Tvastar,
Much-invoked! thy bolt that glitters.
The Brahmans with their songs exalting Indra increased his
strength that he might slaughter Ahi.
5 When heroes sang their laud to thee the Hero, Indra! and
stones and Aditi accordant,
Without or steed or chariot were the fellies which, sped by
Indra, rolled upon the Dasytis.
6 I will declare thine exploits wrought afoetime, and,
Maghavan, thy deeds of late achievement,
When, Lord of Might, thou sunderedst earth and heaven,
winning for man the moistly-gleaming waters.
7 This is thy deed, e'en this, Wonderful! Singer! that, slaying
Ahi, here thy strength thou showest,
Didst check and stay e'en gusna's wiles and magic, and,
drawing nigh, didst chase away the Dasytis.
8 Thou, Indra, on the farther bank forYadu and Turvaga didst
stay the gushing waters.
Ye both assailed the fierce: thou barest Kutsa: when Gods and
Usana came to you together.
9 Let the steeds bring you both, Indra and Kutsa, borne on the
chariot within hearing distance.
Ye blew him from the waters, from his dwelling, and chased
the darkness from the noble's spirit.
10 Even this sage hath come looking for succour even to Vata's
docile harnessed horses.
Here are the Maruts, all, thy dear companions: prayers have
increased thy power and might, O Indra.
11 When night was near its close he carried forward e'en the
Sun's chariot backward in its running.
Etaga brought his wheel and firmly stays it: setting it eastward
he shall give us courage.
12 This Indra, O ye men, hath come to see you, seeking a
friend who hath expressed the Soma.
The creaking stone is laid upon the altar, and the Adhvaryus
come to turn it quickly.
13 Let mortals who were happy still be happy; let them not
come to sorrow, O Immortal.
Love thou the pious, and to these thy people-with whom may
we be numbered-give thou vigour.

HYMN XXXII. Indra.

1. THE well thou clavest, settest free the fountains, and gavest
rest to floods that were obstructed.
Thou, Indra, laying the great mountain open, slaying the
Danava, didst loose the torrents.
2 The fountain-depths obstructed in their seasons, thou,
Thunderer! madest flow, the mountain's udder.
Strong Indra, thou by slaying e'en the Dragon that lay extended
there hast shown thy vigour.
3 Indra with violence smote down the weapon,
aye, even of that wild and mighty creature.
Although he deemed himself alone unequalled, another had
been born e'en yet more potent.
4 Him, whom the heavenly food of these delighted, child of the
mist, strong waxing, couched in darkness,
Him the bolt-hurling Thunderer with his lightning smote down
and slew, the Danava's wrath-fire, Susna.
5 Though he might ne'er be wounded still his vitals felt that,
the God's bolt, which his powers supported,
When, after offered draughts, Strong Lord, thou laidest him,
fain to battle, in the pit in darkness.
6 Him as he lay there huge in length extended, still waxing in
the gloom which no sun lightened,
Him, after loud-voiced threats, the Hero Indra, rejoicing in the
poured libation, slaughtered.
7 When 'gainst the mighty Danava his weapon Indra uplifted,
power which none could combat,
When at the hurling of his bolt he smote him, he made him
lower than all living creatures.
8 The fierce God seized that huge and restless coiler, insatiate,
drinker of the sweets, recumbent,
And with his mighty weapon in his dwelling smote down the
footless evil-speaking ogre.
9 Who may arrest his strength or cheek his vigour? Alone,
resistless, he bears off all riches.
Even these Twain, these Goddesses, through terror of Indra's
might, retire from his dominion.
10 E'en the Celestial Axe bows down before him, and the
Earth, lover-like, gives way to Indra.
As he imparts all vigour to these people, straightway the folk
bend them to him the Godlike.
11 I hear that thou wast born sole Lord of heroes of the Five
Races, famed among the people.
As such my wishes have most lately grasped him, invoking
Indra both at eve and morning.
12 So, too, I hear of thee as in due season urging to action and
enriching singers.
What have thy friends received from thee, the Brahmans who, faithful, rest their hopes on thee, O Indra?

HYMN XXXIII. Indra.
1. GREAT praise to Indra, great and strong mid heroes, I ponder thus, the feeble to the Mighty, Who with his hand shows favour to this people, when lauded, in the fight where spoil is gathered.
2 So made attentive by our hymns, Steer! Indra! thou fastenestd the girth of thy Bay Courser,
Which, Maghavan, at thy will thou drivest hither. With these subdue for us the men who hate us.
3 They were not turned to us-wrtd, lofty Indra! while yet through lack of prayer they stood unharnessed.
Ascend this chariot, thou whose hand wields thunder, and draw the rein, O Lord of noble horses.
4 Thou, because many lauds are thine, O Indra, wast active warring in the fields for cattle.
For Surya in his own abode thou, Hero, formedst in fights even a Dasa's nature.
5 Thine are we, Indra; thine are all these people, conscious of might, whose cars are set in motion.
Some hero come to us, O Strong as Ahi beauteous in war, to be invoked like Bhaga.
6 Strength much to be desired is in thee, Indra: the Immortal dances forth his hero exploits.
Such, Lord of Treasure, give us splendid riches. I praise the Friend's gift, his whose wealth is mighty.
7 Thus favour us, O Indra, with ihy succour; Hero, protect the bards who sing thy praises.
Be friendly in the fray to those who offer the skin of beautiful and well-pressed Soma.
8 And these ten steeds which Trasadasyu gives me, the goldrich chief, the son of Purukutsa, Resplendent in their brightness shall convey me. Gairiksita willed it and so came I hither.
9 And these, bestowed as sacrificial guerdon, the powerful tawny steeds of Marutavsa;
And thousands which kind Cyavatana gave me, abundantly bestowed for my adornment.
10 And these commended horses, bright and active, by sunshine or in cloud and rain.

The mighty Maghavan who is the sage's Friend advanceth more and more his beauteous progeny.
4 The Strong God doth not flee away from him whose sire,
whose mother or whose brother he hath done to death.
He, the Avenger, seeketh this man's offered gifts: this God, the source of riches, doth not flee from sin.
5 He seeks no enterprise with five or ten to aid, nor stays with him who pours no juice though prospering well.
The Shaker conquers or slays in this way or that, and to the pious gives a stable full of kine.
6 Exceeding strong in war he stays the chariot wheel, and, hating him who pours not, prospers him who pours.
Indra the terrible, tamer of every man, as Arya leads away the Dasa at his will.
7 He gathers up for plunder all the niggard’s gear: excellent wealth he gives to him who offers gifts.
Not even in wide stronghold may all the folk stand firm who have provoked to anger his surpassing might.
8 When Indra Maghavan hath marked two wealthy men fighting for beauteous cows with all their followers,
He who stirs all things takes one as his close ally, and, Shaker, with his Heroes, sends the kine to him.
9 Agni! I laud the liberal Agnivesi, Satri the type and standard of the pious.
May the collected waters yield him plenty, and his be powerful and bright dominion.

HYMN XXXV. Indra.
1. INDRA, for our assistance bring that most effectual power of thine,
Which conquers men for us, and wins the spoil, invincible in fight.
2 Indra, whatever aids be thine, four be they, or, O Hero, three,
Or those of the Five Tribes of men, bring quickly all that help to us.
3 The aid most excellent of thee the Mightiest hitherward we call,
For thou wast born with hero might, conquering, Indra, with the Strong.
4 Mighty to prosper us wast thou born, and mighty is the strength thou hast.
In native power thy soul is firm: thy valour, Indra, slays a host.
5 O Satakratu, Lord of Strength, O Indra, Caster of the Stone.
With all thy chariot's force assail the man who shows himself thy foe.
6 For, Mightiest Vrtra-slayer, thee, fierce, foremost among many, folk
Whose sacred grass is trimmed invite to battle where the spoil is won.
7 Indra, do thou protect our car that mingles foremost in the fights,
That bears its part in every fray, invincibly and seeking spoil.
8 Come to us, Indra, and protect our car with thine intelligence.
May we, O Mightiest One, obtain excellent fame at break of day, and meditate our hymn at dawn.
HYMN XXXVI. Indra.
1. MAY Indra come to us, he who knows rightly to give forth treasures from his store of riches.
   Even as a thirsty steer who roams the deserts may he drink eagerly the milked-out Soma.
2 Lord of Bay Horses, Hero, may the Soma rise to thy cheeks and jaws like mountain-ridges.
   May we, O King, as he who driveth coursers, all joy in thee with hymns, invoked of many!
3 Invoked of many, Caster of the Stone my heart quakes like a rolling wheel for fear of penury.
   Shall not Puruvasu the singer give thee praise, O ever-prospering Maghavan, mounted on thy car?
4 Like the press-stone is this thy praiser, Indra. Loudly he lifts his voice with strong endeavour.
   With thy left hand, O Maghavan, give us riches: with thy right, Lord of Bays, be not reluctant.
5 May the strong Heaven make thee the Strong wax stronger:
   Strong, thou art borne by thy two strong Bay Horses.
   So, fair of cheek, with mighty chariot, mighty, uphold us, strong-willed, thunderarmed, in battle.
6 Maruts, let all the people in obeisance bow down before this youthful Srutaratha, Who, rich in steeds, gave me two dark red horses together with three hundred head of cattle.

HYMN XXXVII. Indra.
1. BEDEWED with holy oil and meetly worshipped, the Swift One vies with Surya's beam in splendour.
   For him may mornings dawn without cessation who saith, Let us press Soma out for Indra.
2 With kindled fire and strewn grass let him worship, and, Soma-presser, sing with stones adjusted:
   And let the priest whose press-stones ring forth loudly, go down with his oblation to the river.
3 This wife is coming near who loves her husband who carries to his home a vigorous consort.
   Here may his car seek fame, here loudly thunder, and his wheel make a thousand revolutions.
4 No troubles vex that King in whose home Indra drinks the sharp Soma juice with milk commingled.
   With heroes he drives near, he slays the foeaman: Blest, cherishing that name, he guards his people.
5 May he support in peace and win in battle: he masters both the hosts that meet together.
   Dear shall he be to Surya, dear to Agni, who with pressed Soma offers gifts to India.

HYMN XXXVIII. Indra.
1. WIDE, Indra Satakratu, spreads the bounty of thine ample grace:
   So, Lord of fair dominion, Friend of all men, give us splendid wealth.
2 The food which, Mightiest Indra, thou possessest worthy of renown
   Is bruited as most widely famed, invincible, O Golden-hued!
3 O Darter of the Stone, the powers which readily obey thy will,
   Divinities, both thou and they, ye rule, to guard them, earth and heaven.
4 And from whatever power of thine, O Vrtra-slayer, it may be, Bring thou to us heroic strength: thou hast a man's regard for us.
5 In thy protection, with these aids of thine, O Lord of Hundred Powers,
   Indra, may we be guarded well, Hero, may we be guarded well.

HYMN XXXIX. Indra.
1. STONE-DARTING Indra. Wondrous One, what wealth is richly given from thee, That bounty, Treasure-Finder! bring filling both thy hands, to us.
2 Bring what thou deemest worth the wish, O Indra, that which is in heaven.
   So may we know thee as thou art, boundless in thy munificence.
3 Thy lofty spirit, far-renowned as fain to give and prompt to win,-
   With this thou rendest e'en the firm, Stone-Darter! so to gain thee strength.
4 Singers with many songs have made Indra propitious to their fame,
   Him who is King of human kind, most liberal of your wealthy ones.
5 To him, to Indra must be sung the poet's word, the hymn of praise.
   To him, accepter of the prayer, the Atris raise their songs on high, the Atris beautify their songs.

HYMN XL. Indra. Surya. Atri.
1. COME thou to what the stones have pressed, drink Soma, O thou Soma's Lord,
   Indra best Vrtra-slayer Strong One, with the Strong.
2 Strong is the stone, the draught is strong, strong is this Soma that is pressed,
   Indra, best Vrtra-slayer, Strong One with the Strong.
3 As strong I call on thee the Strong, O Thunder-armed, with various aids,
   Indra, best Vrtra-slayer, Strong One with the Strong.
4 Impetuous, Thunderer, Strong, quelling the mighty, King, potent, Vrtra-slayer, Soma-drinker,
   May he come hither with his yoked Bay Horses; may Indra gladden him at the noon libation.
5 O Surya, when the Asura's descendant Svarbhanu, pierced thee through and through with darkness,
   All creatures looked like one who is bewildered, who knoweth not the place where he is standing.
6 What time thou smotest down Svarbhanu's magic that spread itself beneath the sky, O Indra,
   By his fourth sacred prayer Atri disoovered Surya concealed in gloom that stayed his function.
7 Let not the oppressor with this dread, through anger swallow
1. Now may our sweetest song with deep devotion reach Varuna, Mitra, Aditi, and Bhaga. May the Five Priests’ Lord, dwelling in oblations, bliss-giving Asura, hear, whose paths are open.  
2. May Aditi welcome, even as a mother her dear heart-loving: these bring the sacrifice unto the mortal.  
3. In spirit him, the Sagest of the Sages; with sacrificial oil and songs, who speeds through cloudy heaven:  
4. With willing mind, Indra, vouchsafe us cattle, prosperity, Lord of Bays! and pious patrons; And, with the sacred prayer by Gods appointed, give us the holy Deities’ loving-kindness.  
5. God Bhaga, Savitar who deals forth riches, Indra, and they who conquer Vṛtra’s treasures, And Vaja and Rbhuksan and Purandhi, the Mighty and Immortal Ones, protect us!

12 May the swift Wanderer, Lord of refreshments listen to our songs, who speeds through cloudy heaven:
And may the Waters, bright like castles, hear us, as they flow onward from the cloven mountain.
13 We know your ways, ye Mighty Ones receiving choice meed, ye Wonderful, we will proclaim it.
Even strong birds descend not to the mortal who strives to reach them with swift blow and weapons.
14 Celestial and terrestrial generations, and Waters will I summon to the feasting.
May days with bright dawns cause my songs to prosper, and may the conquered streams increase their waters.
15 Duly to each one hath my laud been offered. Strong be Varutri with her powers to succour.
May the great Mother Rasa here befriend us, straight-handed, with the princes, striving forward.
16 How may we serve the Liberal Ones with worship, the Maruts swift of course in invocation, the Maruts far-renowned in invocation?
Let not the Dragon of the Deep annoy us, and gladly may he welcome our addresses.
17 Thus thinking, O ye Gods, the mortal wins you to give him increase of his herds of cattle: the mortal wins him, O ye Gods, your favour. Here he wins wholesome food to feed this body: as for mine old age, Nirrti consume it
18 O Gods, may we obtain from you this favour, strengthening food through the Cow’s praise, ye Vasus.
May she who gives good gifts, the gracious Goddess, come speeding nigh to us for our well-being.
19 May Ila, Mother of the herds of cattle, and Urvasi with all the streams accept us;
May Urvasi in lofty heaven accepting, as she partakes the oblation of the living,
20 Visit us while she shares Urjavya’s food.

HYMN XLII. Visvedevas.
1. WHO, Mitra-Varuna, is your pious servant to give you gifts from earth or mighty heaven?
Preserve us in the seat of holy Order, and give the offerer power that winneth cattle.
2 May Mitra, Varuna, Aryaman, and Ayu, Indra Rbhuksan, and the Maruts, love us,
And they who of one mind with bounteous Rudra accept the hymn and laud with adorations.
3 You will I call to feed the car-horse, Asvins, with the wind’s flight swiftest of those who travel:
Or also to the Asura of heaven, Worshipful, bring a hymn as twere libation.
4 The heavenly Victor, he whose priest is Kanva, Trta with Dyaus accordant, Vata, Agni,
All-feeding Pusan, Bhaga sought the oblation, as they whose steeds are fleetest seek the contest.
5 Bring ye your riches forward borne on horses: let thought be framed for help and gain of treasure.
Blest he the priest of Ausija through courses, the courses which are yours the fleet, O Maruts.
6 Bring hither him who yokes the car, your Vayu, who praises with his songs, the God and Singer;
And, praying and devout, noble and prudent, may the Gods’ Spouses in their thoughts retain us.
7 I speed to you with powers that should be honoured, with songs distinguishing Heaven’s mighty Daughters,
Morning and Night, the Two, as twere all-knowing: these bring the sacrifice unto the mortal.
8 You I extol, the nourishers of heroes bringing you gifts, Vastospati and Tvastar-
Rich Dhisana accords through our obeisance - andTrees and Plants, for the swift gain of riches.
9 Ours be the Parvatas, even they, for offspring, free-moving, who are Heroes like the Vasus.
May holy Aptya, Friend of man, exalted, strengthen our word for ever and be near us.
10 Trta praised him, germ of the earthly hero, with pure songs him the Offspring of the Waters. Agni; with might neighs loudly like a charger; he of the flaming hair destroys the forests.
11 How shall we speak to the great might of Rudra? How speak to Bhaga who takes thought for riches?
May Plants, the Waters, and the Sky preserve us, and Woods and Mountains with their trees for tresses.
HYMN XLIII. Visvedevas.

1. MAY the Milch-cows who hasten to their object come harmlessly unto us with liquid sweetness.
The Singer, lauding, calls, for ample riches, the Seven Mighty Ones who bring enjoyment.
2 With reverence and fair praise will I bring hither, for sake of strength, exhaustless Earth and Heaven.

Father and Mother, sweet of speech, fair handed, may they, far famed, in every fight protect us.
3 Adhvaryus, make the sweet libations ready, and bring the beautiful bright juice to Vayu.
God, as our Priest, be thou the first to drink it: we give thee of the mead to make thee joyful.
4 Two arms-the Soma's dexterous immo. lators-and the ten fingers set and fix the press-stone.
The stalk hath poured, fair with its spreading branches, the mead's bright glittering juice that dwells on mountains.
5 The Soma hath been pressed for thee, its lover, to give thee power and might and high enjoyment.
Invoked, turn hither in thy car, O Indra, at need, thy two well trained and dear Bay Horses.
6 Bring by God traversed paths, accordant, Agni, the great Aramati, Celestial Lady,
Exalted, worshipped with our gifts and homage, who knoweth holy Law, to drink sweet Soma.
7 As on his father's lap the son, the darling, so on the fire is set the sacred caldron,
Which holy singers deck, as if extending and heating that which holds the fatty membrane.
8 Hither, as herald to invite the Asvins, come the great lofty song, most sweet and pleasant!
Come in one car, joy-givers! to the banquet, like the bolt binding pole and nave, come hither.
9 I have declared this speech of adoration to mightiest Pusan and victorious Vayu,
Who by their bounty are the hymns' inspirers, and of themselves give power as a possession.
10 Invoked by us bring hither, jatavedas the Maruts all under their names and figures.
Come to the sacrifice with aid all Maruts, all to the songs and praises of the singer!
11 From high heaven may Sarasvati the Holy visit our sacrifice, and from the mountain.
Eager, propitious, may the balmy Goddess hear our effectual speech, our invocation.
12 Set in his seat the God whose back is dusky, Brhaspati the lofty, the Disposer.
Him let us worship, set within the dwelling, the red, the golden-hued, the all resplendent.
13 May the Sustainer, high in heaven, come hither, the Bounteous One, invoked, with all his favours,
Dweller with Dames divine, with plants, unwearied, the Steer with triple horn, the life bestower.
14 The tuneful eloquent priests of him who liveth have sought the Mother's bright and loftiest station.
Which holy singers deck, as if extending and heating that which holds the fatty membrane.
15 Agni, great vital power is thine, the mighty: pairs waxing old in their devotion seek thee.
May every Deity be swift to listen, and Mother Earth with no ill thought regard me.
16 Gods, may we dwell in free untroubled bliss.
17 May we obtain the Asvins' newest favour, and gain their health bestowing happy guidance.
HYMN XLIV. Visvedevas.
1. As in the first old times, as all were wont, as now, he draweth forth the power turned hitherward with song. The Princedom throned on holy grass, who findeth light, swift, conquering in the' plants wherein he waketh strong.
2. Shining to him who leaves heaven's regions undisturbed, which to his sheen who is beneath show fair in light, Good guardian art thou, not to be deceived, Most Wise! Far from deceit thy name dwelleth in holy Law.

HYMN XLV. Visvedevas.
1. BARDS of approaching Dawn who know the heavens are come with hymns to throw the mountain open. The Sun hath risen and oped the stable portals: the doors of men, too, hath the God thrown open.
2. Surya hath spread his light as splendour: hither came the Cows' Mother, conscious, from the stable, To streams that flow with biting waves to deserts; and heaven is stablished like a firm-set pillar.
3. This laud hath won the burden of the mountain. To aid the ancient birth of mighty waters

HYMN XLVI. Visvedevas.
1. WELL knowing I have bound me, horselike, to the pole: I through this our hymn pass safe beyond affliction. Through this our hymn may we have Gods to guard us:

RIG VEDA – BOOK FIVE

Bring riches hither unto us, and heroes, and all felicity and joy, Immortals!

HYMN XLIV. Visvedevas.
1. As in the first old times, as all were wont, as now, he draweth forth the power turned hitherward with song. The Princedom throned on holy grass, who findeth light, swift, conquering in the' plants wherein he waketh strong.
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3. This laud hath won the burden of the mountain. To aid the ancient birth of mighty waters

HYMN XLVI. Visvedevas.
1. WELL knowing I have bound me, horselike, to the pole: I through this our hymn pass safe beyond affliction. Through this our hymn may we have Gods to guard us:
HYMN XLVII. Visvedevas.

1. URGING to toil and making proclamation, seeking
Heaven's Daughter comes the Mighty Mother:
She comes, the youthful Hymn, unto the Fathers, inviting to
her home and loudly calling.
2 Swift in their motion, hasting to their duty, reaching the
central point of life immortal,
On every side about the earth and heaven go forth the spacious
paths without a limit.
3 Steer, Sea, Red Bird with strong wings, he hath entered the
dwelling-place of the Primeval Father.
A gay-hued Stone set in the midst of heaven, he hath gone
forth and guards mid-air's two limits.
4 Four bear him up and give him rest and quiet, and ten
invigorate the Babe for travel.
His kine most excellent, of threefold nature, pass swiftly round
the boundaries of heaven.
5 Wondrous, O people, is the mystic knowledge that while the
waters stand the streams are flowing:
That, separate from his Mother, Two support him, closely-
united, twins, here made apparent.
6 For him they lengthen prayers and acts of worship: the
Mothers weave garments for him their offspring.
Rejoicing, for the Steer's impregning contact, his Spouses
move on paths or heaven to meet him.
7 Be this our praise, O Varuna and Mitra may this be health
and force to us, O Agni.
May we obtain firm ground and room for resting: Glory to
Heaven, the lofty habitation!

HYMN XLVIII. Visvedevas.

1. WHAT may we meditate for the beloved Power, mighty in
native strength and glorious in itself,
Which as a magic energy seeking waters spreads even to
the immeasurable middle region's cloud?
2 O'er all the region with their uniform advance these have
spread out the lore that giveth heroes strength.
Back, with their course reversed, the others pass away: the
pious lengths life with those that are before.
3 With pressing-stones and with the bright beams of the day he
hurls his broadest bolt against the Guileful One.
Even he whose hundred wander in his own abode, driving the
days afar and bringing them again.
4 I, to enjoy the beauty of his form, behold that rapid rush of
his as 'twere an axe's edge,
What time he gives the man who calls on him in fight wealth
like a dwelling-house filled full with store of food.
5 Four-faced and nobly clad, Varuna, urging on the pious to
his task, stirs himself with the tongue.
Naught by our human nature do we know of him, him from
whom Bhaga Savitar bestows the boon.

HYMN XLIX. Visvedevas.

1. THIS day I bring God Savitar to meet you, and Bhaga who
allots the wealth of mortals.
You, Asvins, Heroes rich in treasures, daily seeking your
friendship fain would I turn hither.
2 Knowing full well the Asura's time of coming, worship God
Savitar with hymns and praises.
Let him who rightly knoweth speak with homage to him who
dealeth out man's noblest treasure.
3 Not for reward doth Pusan send his blessings, Bhaga, or
Aditi: his garb is splendour.
May Indra, Visnu, Varuna, Mitra, Agni produce auspicious
days, the Wonder-Workers.
4 Sending the shelter which we ask, the foeless Savitar and the
Rivers shall approach us.
When I, the sacrifice's priest, invite them, may we he lords of
wealth and rich possessions.
5 They who devote such worship to the Vasus, singing their
hymns to Varuna and Mitra,
Vouchsafe them ample room, far off be danger. Through grace
of Heaven and Earth may we be happy.

HYMN L. Visvedevas.

1. LET every mortal man elect the friendship of the guiding
God.
Each one solicits him for wealth and seeks renown to prosper
him.
2 These, leading God, are thine, and these here ready to speak
after us.
As such may we attain to wealth and wait with services on
thee.
3 So further honour as our guests the Hero Gods and then the Dames.
May he remove and keep afar our foes and all who block our path.
4 Where fire is set, and swiftly runs the victim dwelling in the trough,
He wins, with heroes in his home, friendly to man, like constant streams.
5 May these thy riches, Leader God! that rule the car, be blest to us,
Yea, blest to us for wealth and weal. This will we ponder praising strength, this ponder as we praise the God.

HYMN LI. Visvedevas.
1. WITH all assistants, Agni, come hither to drink the Soma-
juice;
With Gods unto our sacred gifts.
2 Come to the sacrifice, O ye whose ways are right, whose
laws are true,
And drink the draught with Agni’s tongue.
3 O Singer, with the singers, O Gracious, with those who move
at dawn,
Come to the Soma-draught with Gods.
4 To Indra and to Vayu dear, this Soma, by the mortar pressed,
Is now poured forth to fill the jar.
5 Vayu, come hither to the feast, wellpleased unto our sacred
gifts:
Drink of the Soma juice effused come to the food.
6 Ye, Indra, Vayu, well deserve to drink the juices pressed by
us.
Gladly accept them, spotless Pair come to the food.
7 For Indra and for Vayu pressed are Soma juices blent with
curd,
As rivers to the lowland flow: come to the food.
8 Associate with all the Gods, come, with the Asvins and with
Dawn,
Agni, as erst with Atri, so enjoy the juice.
9 Associate with Varuna, with Mitra, Soma, Visnu, come,
Agni, as erstwith Atri, so enjoy the juice.
10 Associate with Vasus, with Adityas, Indra, Viyu, come,
Agni as erst with Atri, so enjoy the juice.
11 May Bhaga and the Asvins grant us health and wealth, and
Goddess Adi and he whom none resist.
The Asura Pusan grant us all prosperity, and Heaven and Earth
most wise vouchsafe us happiness.
12 Let us solicit Vayu for prosperity, and Soma who is Lord of
all the world for weal;
For weal Brhaspati with all his company. May the Adityas
bring us health and happiness.
13 May all the Gods, may Agni the beneficent, God of all men,
this day be with us for our weal.
Help us the Rbhus, the Divine Ones, for our good. May Rudra
bless and keep us from calamity.
14 Prosper us, Mitra, Varuna. O wealthy Pathya, prosper us.
Indra and Agni, prosper us; prosper us thou, O Aditi.
15 Like Sun and Moon may we pursue in full prosperity our
path,
And meet with one who gives again, -who knows us well and
slays us not.

HYMN LII Maruts.
1. SING boldly forth, Syavasva, with the Maruts who are loud
in song,
Who, holy, as their wont is, joy in glory that is free from guile.
2 For in their boldness they are friends of firm and sure heroic
strength.
They in their course, bold-spirited, guard all men of their own
accord.
3 Like steers in rapid motion they advance and overtake the
nights;
And thus the Maruts’ power in heaven and on the earth we
celebrate.
4 With boldness to your Maruts let us offer laud and sacrifice:
Who all, through ages of mankind, guard mortal man from
injury.
5 Praiseworthy, givers of good gifts, Heroes with full and
perfect strength.
To Maruts, Holy Ones of heaven, will I extol the sacrifice.
6 The lofty Heroes cast their spears and weapons bright with
gleaming gold.
After these Maruts followed close, like laughing lightning
from the sky, a splendour of its own accord.
7 They who waxed mighty, of the earth, they who are in the
wide mid-air,
Or in the rivers’ compass, or in the abode of ample heaven.
8 Praise thou the Maruts’ company, the valorous and truly
strong.
The Heroes, hasting, by themselves have yoked their deer for
victory.
9 Fair-gleaming, on Parusni they have clothed themselves in
robes of wool,
And with their chariot tires they cleave the rock asunder in
their might.
10 Whether as wanderers from the way or speeders on or to the
path,
Under these names the spreading band tend well the sacrifice
for me.
11 To this the Heroes well attend, well do their teams attend to
this.
Visible are their varied forms. Behold, they are Paravatas.
12 Hymn-singing, seeking water, they, praising, have danced
about the spring.
What are they unto me? No thieves, but helpers, splendid to
behold.
13 Sublime, with lightnings for their spears, Sages and
Orderers are they.
Rsi, adore that Marut host, and make them happy with thy
song.
14 Rsi, invite the Marut band with offerings, as a maid her
friend.
From heaven, too, Bold Ones, in your might haste hither
glorified with songs.
15 Thinking of these now let him come, as with the escort of
the Gods.
And with the splendid Princes, famed for rapid courses, to the gifts.
16 Princes, who, when I asked their kin, named Prsni as their Mother-cow,
And the impetuous Rudra they, the Mighty Ones, declared their Sire.
17 The mighty ones, the seven times seven, have singly given me hundred gifts.
I have obtained on Yamuna famed wealth in kine and wealth in steeds.

HYMN LIII. Maruts.
1. Who knows the birth of these, or who lived in the Maruts' favour in the days of old
What time their spotted deer were yoked?
2 Who, when they stood upon their cars, hath heard them tell the way they went?
Who was the bounteous man to whom their kindred rains flowed down with food of sacrifice?
3 To me they told it, and they came with winged steeds radiant to the draught,
Youths, Heroes free from spot or stain: Behold us here and praise thou us;
4 Who shine self-luminous with ornaments and swords, with breastplates, armlets, and with wreaths,
Arrayed on chariots and with bows.
5 O swift to pour your bounties down, ye Maruts, with delight I look upon your cars,
Like splendours coming through the rain.
6 Munificent Heroes, they have cast heaven's treasury down for the worshipper's behoof:\nThey set the storm-cloud free to stream through both the worlds, and rainfloods flow o'er desert spots.
7 The bursting streams in billowy flood have spread abroad, like milch-kine, o'er the firmament.
Like swift steeds hasting to their journey's resting-place, to every side run glittering brooks.
8 Hither, O Maruts, come from heaven, from mid-air, or from near at hand
Tarry not far away from us.
9 So let not Rasa, Krumu, or Anitabha, Kubha, or Sindhu hold you back.
Let not the watery Sarayti obstruct your way. With us be all the bliss ye give.
10 That brilliant gathering of your cars, the company of Maruts, of the Youthful Ones,
The rain-showers, speeding on, attend.
11 With eulogies and hymns may we follow your army, troop by troop, and band by band,
And company by company.
12 To what oblation-giver, sprung of noble ancestry, have sped The Maruts on this course to-day?
13 Vouchsafe to us the bounty, that which we implore, through which, for child and progeny,
Ye give the seed of corn that wasteth not away, and bliss that reacheth to all life.
14 May we in safety pass by those who slander us, leaving behind disgrace and hate.
Maruts, may we be there when ye, at dawn, in rest and toil, rain waters down and balm.
15 Favoured by Gods shall he the man, O Heroes, Maruts! and possessed of noble sons,
Whom ye protect. Such may we be.
16 Praise the Free-givers. At this liberal patron's rite they joy like cattle in the mead.
So call thou unto them who come as ancient Friends: hymn those who love thee with a song.

HYMN LIV. Maruts.
1. THIS hymn will I make for the Marut host who bright in native splendour cast the mountains down.
Sing the great strength of those illustrious in renown, who stay the heat, who sacrifice on heights of heaven.
2 O Maruts, rich in water, strengtheners of life are your strong bands with harnessed steeds, that wander far.
Trita roars out at him who aims the lightning-flash. The waters sweeping round are thundering on their way.
3 They gleam with lightning, Heroes, Casters of the Stone, wind-rapid Maruts, overthrowers of the bills,
Oft through desire to rain coming with storm of hail, roaring in onset, violent and exceeding strong.
4 When, mighty Rudras, through the nights and through the days, when through the sky and realms of air, shakers of all,
When over the broad fields ye drive along like ships, e'en to strongholds ye come, Maruts, but are not harmed.
5 Maruts, this hero strength and majesty of yours hath, like the Sun, extended o'er a lengthened way,
When in your course like deer with splendour unsubdued ye bowed the hill that gives imperishable rain.
6 Bright shone your host, ye Sages, Maruts, when ye smote the waving tree as when the worm consumeth it.
 Accordant, as the eye guides him who walks, have ye led our devotion onward by an easy path.
7 Never is he, O Maruts, slain or overcome, never doth he decay ne'er is distressed or harmed;
His treasures, his resources, never waste away, whom. whether he be prince or Rsi, ye direct.
8 With harnessed team like heroes overcoming troops, the friendly Maruts, laden with their water-casks,
Let the spring flow, and when impetuous' they roar they inundate the earth with floods of pleasant meath.
9 Free for the Maruts is the earth with sloping ways, free for the rushing Ones is heaven with steep descents.
The paths of air's mid-region are precipitous, precipitous the mountains with their running streams.
10 When, as the Sun hath risen up, ye take delight, O bounteous radiant Maruts, Heroes of the sky,
Your coursers weary not when speeding on their way, and rapidly ye reach the end of this your path.
11 Lances are on your shoulders, anklets on your feet, gold chains are on your breasts, gems, Maruts, on your car.
Lightnings aglow with flame are flashing in your hands, and visors wrought of gold are laid upon your heads.
12 Maruts, in eager stir ye shake the vault of heaven, splendid beyond conception, for its shining fruit. They gathered when they let their deeds of might flash forth. The Pious Ones send forth a far-resounding shout.  
13 Sage Maruts, may we be the drivers of the car of riches ful I of life that have been given by you. O Maruts, let that wealth in thousands dwell with us which never vanishes like Tisya from the sky. 
14 Maruts, ye further wealth with longedfor heroes, further the Rsi skilled in chanted verses. Ye give the Bharata as his strength, a charger, and ye bestow a king who quickly listens. 
15 O ye, most swift to succour! I solicit wealth wherewith we may spread forth mid men like as the Sun. Accept, O Maruts, graciously this hymn of mine that we may live a hundred winters through its power.

HYMN LV. Maruts. 
1. WITH gleaming lances, with their breasts adorned with gold, the Maruts, rushing onward, hold high power of life. They hasten with swift steeds easy to be controlled. Their cars moved onward as they went to victory. 
2 Ye, as ye wist, have gained of your own selves your power: high, O ye Mighty Ones, and wide ye shine abroad. They with their strength have even measured out the sky. Their cars moved onward as they went to victory. 
3 Strong, born together, they together have waxed great: the Heroes more and more have grown to majesty. Resplendent as the Sun's beams in their light are they. Their cars moved onward as they went to victory. 
4 Maruts, your mightiness deserves to be adored, sight to be longed for like the shining of the Sun. So lead us with your aid to immortality. 
5 O Maruts, the rain, and fraught with vaporous moisture pour the torrents down. Never, ye Wonder-Workers, are your Milch-kine dry. Their cars moved onward as they went to victory. 
6 When to your car-poles ye have yoked your spotted deer to be your steeds, and put your golden mantles on, O Maruts, ye disperse all enemies abroad. Their cars moved onward as they went to victory. 
7 Neither the mountains nor the rivers keep you back: whither ye have resolved thither ye, Maruts, go. Ye compass round about even the heaven and earth. Their cars moved onward as they went to victory. 
8 Whate'er is ancient, Maruts, what of recent time, whate'er is spoken, Vasus, what is chanted forth, They who take cognizance of all of this are ye. Their cars moved onward as they went to victory. 
9 Be gracious unto us, ye Maruts, slay us not extend ye unto us shelter of many a sort. Pay due regard unto our friendship and our praise. Their cars moved onward as they went to victory. 
10 O Maruts, lead us on to higher fortune deliver us, when lauded, from afflictions. Accept, ye Holy Ones, the gifts we bring you. May we be masters of abundant riches.

HYMN LVI. Maruts. 
1. AGNI, that valorous company adorned with ornaments of gold, The people of the Maruts, I call down to-day even from the luminous realm of heaven. 
2 Even as thou thinkest in thy heart, thither my wishes also tend. Those who have come most near to thine invoking calls, strengthen them fearful to behold. 
3 Earth, like a bounteous lady, liberal of her gifts, struck down and shaken, yet exultant, comes to us. Impetuous as a bear, O Maruts, is youi rush terrible as a dreadful bull. 
4 They who with mighty strength o'erthrow like oxen difficult to yoke, Cause e'en the heavenly stone to shake ' yea, shake the rocky mountain as they race along. 
5 Rise up! even now with lauds I call the very numerous company, Unequalled, of these Maruts, like a herd of kine, grown up together in their strength. 
6 Bind to your car the bright red mares, yoke the red coursers to your car. Bind to the pole, to draw, the fleet-foot tawny steeds, the best at drawing, to the pole. 
7 Yea, and this loudly-neighing bright red vigorous horse who hath been sutioned, fair to see, Let him not cause delay, O Maruts,, in your course, urge ye him onward in your cars. 
8 The Maruts' chariot, ever fain to gather glory, we invoke, Which Rodasi hath mounted, bringing pleasant gifts, with Maruts in her company. 
9 I call that brilliant band of yours, adorable, rapid on the car Whereon the bounteous Dame, auspicious, nobly born, shows glorious with the Marut host.

HYMN LVII. Maruts. 
1. OF one accord, with Indra, O ye Rudras, come borne on your golden car for our prosperity. An offering from us, this hymn is brought to you, as, unto one who thirsts for water, heavenly springs. 
2 Armed with your daggers, full of wisdom, armed with spears, armed with your quivers, armed with arrows, with good bows, Good horses and good cars have ye, O Prsni's Sons: ye, Maruts, with good weapons go to victory. 
3 From hills and heaven ye shake wealth for the worshipper: in terror at your coming low the woods bow down. Ye make the earth to tremble, Sons of Prsni, when for victory ye have yoked, fierce Ones! your spotted deer. 
4 Bright with the blasts of wind, wrapped in their robes of rain, like twins of noble aspect and of lovely form, The Maruts, spotless, with steeds tawnyhued and red, strong in their mightiness and spreading wide like heaven. 
5 Rich in adornment, rich in drops, munificent, bright in their
aspects, yielding bounties that endure,
Noble by birth, adorned with gold upon their breasts, the
Singers of the sky have won immortal fame.
6 Borne on both shoulders, O ye Maruts, are your spears:
within your arms is laid your energy and strength.
Bold thoughts are in your heads, your weapons in your cars, all
glorious majesty is moulded on your forms.
7 Vouchsafe to us, O Maruts, splendid bounty in cattle and in steeds,
in cars and heroes.
Children of Rudra, give us high distinction: may I enjoy your
Godlike help and favour.
8 Ho! Maruts, Heroes, skilled in Law, immortal, be gracious unto us, ye rich in treasures,
Ye hearers of the truth, ye sage and youthful, grown mighty,
dwelling on the lofty mountains.

HYMN LVIII. Maruts.
1. Now do I glorify their mighty cohort, the company of these
the youthful Maruts,
Who ride impetuous on with rapid horses, and radiant in
themselves, are Lords of Amrta.
2 The mighty glittering band, arm-bound with bracelets, givers of bliss, unmeasured in their greatness,
With magical powers, bountiful, ever-roaring,-these, liberal Heroes, venerate thou singer.
3 This day may all your water-bringers, Maruts, they who
impel the falling rain, approach us.
This fire, O Maruts, hath been duly kindled; let it find favour with you, youthful Sages.
4 Ye raise up for the folk an active ruler whom, Holy Ones! a Master's hand hath fashioned.
Ye send the fighter hand to hand, arm-mighty, and the brave hero, Maruts with good horses.
5 They spring forth more and more, strong in their glories, like
days, like spokes where none are last in order.
Highest and mightiest are the Sons of Prsni. Firm to their own
intention cling the Maruts.
6 When ye have hastened on with spotted coursers, O Maruts,
on your cars with strong-wrought fellies,
The waters are disturbed, the woods are shattered. Let Dyaus
the Red Steer send his thunder downward.
7 Even Earth hath spread herself wide at their coming, and
they as husbands have with power impregned her.
They to the pole have yoked the winds for coursers: their sweat
have they made rain, these Sons of Rudra.
8 Ho! Maruts, Heroes, skilled in Law, immortal, be gracious unto us, ye rich in treasures,
Ye hearers of the truth, ye sage and youthful, grown mighty,
dwelling on the lofty mountains.

HYMN LIX. Maruts.
1. YOUR spy hath called to you to give prosperity. I sing to
Heaven and Earth and offer sacrifice.
They bathe their steeds and hasten through the firmament: they
spread abroad their radiance through the sea of cloud.
2 Earth shakes and reels in terror at their onward rush, like a
full ship which, quivering, lets the water in.
Marked on their ways are they, visible from afar: the Heroes
press between in mighty armament.
3 As the exalted horn of bulls for splendid might, as the Sun's
eye set in the firmament's expanses,
Like vigorous horses ye are beauteous to behold, and for your
glory show like bridegrooms, O ye Men.
4 Who, O ye Maruts, may attain the mighty lore of you the
mighty, who may reach your manly deeds?
Ye, verily, make earth tremble like a ray of light what time ye
bring your boons to give prosperity.
5 Like steeds of ruddy colour, scions of one race, as foremost
champions they have battled in the van.
The Heroes have waxed strong like we, grown manly youths;
with floods of rain they make the Sun's eye fade away.
6 Having no eldest and no youngest in their band, no
middlomost, preeminent they have waxed in might,
These Sons of Prsni, sprung of noble ancestry: come
hitherward to us, ye bridegrooms of the sky.
7 Like birds of air they flew with mighty in lengthened lines
from heaven's high ridges to the borders of the sky.
The steeds who carry them, as Gods and mortals know, have
caused the waters of the mountains to desend.
8 May Dyaus, the Infinite, roar for our banquet: may Dawns
toll for us, glittering with moisture.
Lauded by thee, these Maruts, Sons o Rudra, O Rsi, have sent
down the heavenly treasure.

HYMN LX. Maruts.
1. I LAUD with reverence the gracious Agni: here may he sit
and part our meed among us.
As with spoil-seeking cars I bring oblation: turned rightward I
will swell the Marut's praise-song.
2 The Maruts, yea, the Rudras, who have mounted their
famous spotted deer and cars swift-moving,-
Before you, fierce Ones! woods bow down in terror: Earth,
even the mountain, trembles at your coming.
3 Though vast and tall, the mountain is affrighted, the height of
heaven is shaken at your roaring.
When, armed with lances, ye are sporting, Maruts, and rush
along together like the waters.
4 They, like young suitors, sons of wealthy houses, have with
their golden natures decked their bodies.
Strong on their cars, the lordly Ones, for glory, have set their
splendours on their forms for ever.
5 None being eldest, none among them youngest, as brothers
they have grown to happy fortune.
May their Sire Rudra, young and deft, and Prsni pouring much
milk, bring fair days to the Maruts.
6 Whether, O blessed Maruts, ye be dwelling in highest,
middmost, or in lowest heaven,
Thence, O ye Rudras, and thou also, Agni, notice the
sacrificial food we offer.
7 O Maruts, Lords of all, when Agni and when ye drive
downward from sublimest heaven along the heights,
Shakers of all, rejoicing, slayers of the foe, give riches to the
Soma-pressing worshipper.
8 O Agni, with the Maruts as they gleam and sing, gathered in
troop, rejoicing drink the Soma juice;
With these the living ones who cleanse and further all, joined
with thy banner, O Vaisvanara, from of old.

HYMN LXI. Maruts.
1. O HEROES lordliest of all, who are ye that have singly
come
Forth from a region most remote?
2. Where are your horses, where the reins? How came ye? how
had ye the power?
Rein was on nose and seat on back.
3. The whip is laid upon the flank. The heroes stretch their
thigs apart,
Like women when the babe is born.
4. Go ye, O Heroes, far away, ye bridegrooms with a lovely
Spouse
That ye may warm you at the fire.
5. May she gain cattle for her meed, hundreds of sheep and
steeds and kine,
Who threw embracing arms around the hero whom gyavaiva
praised.
6. Yea, many a woman is more firm and better than the man
who turns
Away from Gods, and offers not.
7. She who discerns the weak and worn, the man who thirsts
and is in want
She sets her mind upon the Gods.
8. And yet full many a one, unpraised, mean niggard, is entitled
man:
Only in weregild is he such.
9. And she, the young, the joyous-spirited, divulged the path to
Syava, yea, to me.
Two red steeds carried me to Purumilha's side, that sage of far-
extended fame,
10. Him who, like Vaidadasvi, like Taranta, hath bestowed on
me
A hundred cows in liberal gift.
11. They who are borne by rapid steeds, drinking the meath that
gives delight,
They have attained high glories here.
12. They by whose splendour both the worlds are over-spread
they shine on cars
As the gold gleams above in heaven.
13. That Marut band is ever young, borne on bright cars,
unblamable,
Moving to victory, checked by none.
14. Who knoweth, verily, of these where the All-shakers take
guilt,
Born, spotless, after sacred Law?
15. Guides are ye, lovers of the song to mortal man through
holy hymn,
And hearers when he cries for help.
16. Do ye, destroyers of the foe, worshipful and exceeding
bright,
Send down the treasures that we crave.
17. Ourmya, bear thou far away to Darbhya this my hymn of
praise,
Songs, Goddess, as if chariot-borne.
18. From me to Rathaviti say, when he hath pressed the Soma
juice,
The wish I had departeth not.
19. This wealthy Rathaviti dwells among the people rich in
kine,
Among the mountains, far withdrawn.

HYMN LXII. Mitra-Varuna
1. BY your high Law firm order is established there where
they loose for travel Surya's horses.
Ten hundred stood together: there I looked on this the most
marvellous Deities' one chief glory.
2. This, Mitra-Varuna, is your special greatness: floods that
stood there they with the days attracted.
Ye cause to flow all voices of the cowpen: your single
chariotfelly hath rolled hither.
3. O Mitra-Varuna, ye by your greatness, both Kings, have
firmly stablished earth and heaven,
Ye caused the cows to stream, the plants to flourish, and,
scattering swift drops, sent down the rain-flood.
4. Let your well-harnessed horses bear you hither: hitherward
let them come with reins drawn tightly.
A covering cloud of sacred oil attends you, and your streams
flow to us from days aforetime.
5. To make the lustre wider and more famous, guarding the
sacred grass with veneration,
Ye, Mitra-Varuna, firm, strong, awe-inspiring, are seated on a
throne amid oblations.
6. With hands that shed no blood, guarding the pious, whom,
Varuni3, ye save amid oblations.
Ye Twain, together, Kings of willing spirit, uphold dominion
based on thousand pillars.
7. Adorned with gold, its columns are of iron, in heaven it
glitters like a whip for horses;
Or stablished on a field deep-spoiled and fruitful. So may we
share the meath that loads your car-seat.
8. Ye mount your car gold-hued at break of morning, and iron-
pillared when the Sun is setting,
And from that place, O Varuna and Mitra, behold infinity and
limit--tion.
9. Bountiful guardians of the world! the shelter that is
impenetrable, strongest, flawless,
Aid us with that, O Varuna and Mitra, and when we long to
win may we be victors.

HYMN LXIII. Mitra-Varuna.
1. GUARDIANS of Order, ye whose Laws are ever true, in the
sublimest heaven your chariot ye ascend.
O Mitra-Varuna whomsoe'er ye: favour, here, to him the rain
with sweetness streameth down from heaven.
2. This world's imperial Kings, O Mitra-Varuna, ye rule in holy
synod, looking on the light.
We pray for rain, your boon, and immortality. Through heaven
and over earth the thunderers take their way.
3. Imperial Kings, strong, Heroes, Lords of earth and heaven,
Mitra and Varuna, ye ever active Ones,
Ye wait on thunder with the many-tinted clouds, and by the Asura's magic power cause Heaven to rain.

4 Your magic, Mitra-Varuna, resteth in the heaven. The Sun, the wondrous weapon, cometh forth as light.

Ye hide him in the sky with cloud and flood of rain, and water-drops, Parjanya! full of sweetness flow.

5 The Maruts yoke their easy car for victory, O Mitra-Varuna, as a hero in the wars.

The thunderers roam through regions varied in their hues.

Imperial Kings, bedew us with the milk of heaven.

6 Refreshing is your voice, O Mitra-Varuna: Parjanya sendeth out a wondrous mighty voice.

With magic power the Maruts clothe them with the clouds. Ye Two cause Heaven to rain, the red, the spotless One.

7 Wise, with your Law and through the Asura's magic power ye guard the ordinances, Mitra-Varuna.

Ye by eternal Order govern all the world. Ye set the Sun in heaven as a refulgent car.

HYMN LXIV. Mitra-Varuna

1. You, foeman-slaying Varuna and Mitra, we invoke with song,

Who, as with penfold of your arms, encompass round the realm of light.

2 Stretch out your arms with favouring love unto this man who singeth hymns,

For in all places is sung forth your evergracious friendliness.

3 That I may gain a refuge now, may my steps be on Mitra's path.

Men go protected in the charge of this dear Friend who harms us not.

4 Mitra and Varuna, from you may I, by song, win noblest meed.

That shall stir envy in the homes of wealthy chiefs and those who praise.

5 With your fair splendours, Varuna and Mitra, to our gathering come,

That in their homes the wealthy chiefs and they who are your friends may thrive.

6 With those, moreover, among whom ye hold your high supremacy,

Vouchsafe us room that we may win strength for prosperity and wealth.

7 When morning flushes, Holy Ones! in the Gods' realm where white Cows shine,

Supporting Arcananas, speed, ye Heroes, with your active feet hither to my pressed Soma juice.

HYMN LXV Mitra-Varuna.

1. FULL wise is he who hath discerned: let him speak to us of the Gods,-

The man whose praise-songs Varuna the beautiful, or Mitra, loves.

2 For they are Kings of noblest might, of glorious fame most widely spread;

Lords of the brave, who strengthen Law, the Holy Ones with every race.

3 Approaching you with prayer for aid, together I address you first

We who have good steeds call on you, Most Sage, to give us strength besides.

4 'Een out of misery Mitra gives a way to dwelling at our case, For he who worships hath the grace of Mitra, fighter in the van.'

5 In Mitra's shelter that extends to utmost distance may we dwell, Unmenaced, guarded by the care, ever as sons of Varuna.

6 Ye, Mitra, urge this people on, and to one end direct their ways.

Neglect not ye the wealthy chiefs, neglect not us the Rsis: be our guardians when ye quaff the milk.

HYMN LXVI. Mitra-Varuna.

1. O SAPIENT man, call the Two Gods, the very wise, who slay the foe.

For Varuna, whose form is Law, place offerings for his great delight.

2 For they have won unbroken sway in full perfection, power divine.

And, like high laws, the world of man hath been made beautiful as light.

3 Therefore we praise you that your cars may travel far in front of ours-

You who accept the eulogy of Rathaavya with his hymns.

4 And ye show wMom, Wondrous Gods with fulness of intelligence.

By men's discernment are Ve marked, O ye whose might is purified.

5 This is the Law sublime, O Earth: to aid the Rsis' toil for fame

The Two, wide-spreading, are prepared. They come with ample overflow.

6 Mitra, ye Gods with wandering eyes, would that the worshippers and we

Might strive to reach the realm ye rule, most spacious and protected well.

HYMN LXVII. Mitra-Varuna.

1. YE Gods, Adityas, Varuna, Aryaman, Mitra, verily Have here obtained supremest sway, high, holy, set apart for you.

2 When, Varuna and Mitra, ye sit in your golden dwelling-place,

Ye Twain, supporters of mankind, foeslayers, give felicity.

3 All these, possessors of all wealth, Varuna, Mitra, Aryaman, Follow their ways, as if with feet, and guard from injury mortal man.

4 For they are true, they cleave to Law, held holy among every race,

Good leaders, bounteous in their gifts, deliverers even from distress.

5 Which of your persons, Varuna or Mitra, merits not our praise?

Therefore our thought is turned to you, the Atris' thought is
HYMN LXVIII. Mitra-Varuna.
1. SING forth unto your Varuna and Mitra with a song inspired.
2 Full springs of fatness, Sovran Kings, Mitra, and Varuna, the Twain,
3 So help ye us to riches, great terrestrial and celestial wealth:
4 Carefully tending Law with Law they have attained their vigorous might.

HYMN LXIX. Mitra-Varuna.
1. THREE spheres of light, O Varuna, three heavens, three firmaments ye comprehend, O Mitra:
2 Ye, Varuna, have kine who yield refreshment; Mitra, your floods pour water full of sweetness.
3 I call at dawn on Aditi the Goddess, I call at noon and when the Sun is setting.
4 Ye who uphold the region, sphere of brightness, ye who support earth's realm Divine Adityas,

HYMN LXX. Mitra-Varuna.
1. EVEN far and wide, O Varuna and Mitra, come with might
2 From you, benignant Gods, may we gain fully food for sustenance.
3 Another beauteous wheel have ye fixed there to decorate your car.
4 That deed of yours that is extolled, Visvas! hath all been done with this.

HYMN LXXI. Mitra-Varuna.
1. O Varuna and Mitra, ye who slay the foemen, come with might
2 For, Varuna and Mitra, ye Sages are Rulers over all. Fill full our songs, for this ye can.
3 Come to the juice that we have pressed. Varuna, Mitra, come to drink

HYMN LXXII. Mitra-Varuna.
1 To Varuna and Mitra we offer with songs, as Atri did. Sit on the sacred grass to drink the Soma juice.
2 By Ordinance and Law ye dwell in peace secure, bestirring men.
3 May Varuna and Mitra, for our help, accept the sacrifice.

HYMN LXXIII. Asvins.
1. WHETHER, O Asvins, ye this day be far remote or near at hand,
2 These here, who show o'er widest space, bringing full many a wondrous act,
3 Another beauteous wheel have ye fixed there to decorate your car.
4 That deed of yours that is extolled, Visvas! hath all been done with this.

HYMN LXXIV. Asvins.
1. WHERE in the heavens are ye to-day, Gods, Asvins, rich in constancy?
2 Where are they now? Where are the Twain, the famed Nasatyas, Gods in heaven?

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HYMN LXXV. Asvins.
1. To meet your treasure-bringing car, the mighty car most dear to us, Asvins, the Rsi is prepared, your raiser, with his song of praise. Lovers of sweetness, hear my call.
2 Pass, O ye Asvins, pass away beyond all tribes of selfish men,
Wonderful, with your golden paths, most gracious, bringers of the flood. Lovers of sweetness, hear my call.
3 Come to us, O ye Asvin Pair, bringing your precious treasures, come
Ye Rudras, on your paths of gold, rejoicing, rich in store of wealth. Lovers of sweetness, hear my call.
4 O strong and Good, the voice of him who lauds you well cleaves to your car.
And that great beast, your chariot-steed, fair, wonderful, makes dainty food. Lovers of sweetness, hear my call.
5 Watchful in spirit, born on cars, impetuous, listing to his cry, Asvins, with winged steeds ye speed down to cyavana void of guile. Lovers of sweetness, hear my call.
6 Hither, O Heroes, let your steeds, of dappled hue, yoked at the thought,
Your flying steeds, O Asvins, bring you hitherward, with bliss, to drink. Lovers of sweetness, hear my call.
7 O Asvins, hither come to us; Nasatyas, be not disinclined. Through longing for the pious turn out of the way to reach our home. Lovers of sweetness, bear my call.
8 Ye Lords of Splendour, free from guile, come, stand at this our sacrifice.
Beside the singer, Asvins, who longs for your grace and lauds you both. Lovers of sweetness, hear my call.
9 Dawn with her white herd hath appeared, and in due time hath fire been placed. Harnessed is your immortal car, O WonderWorkers, strong and kind. Lovers of sweetness, bear my call.

HYMN LXXVI. Asvins
1. AGNI, the bright face of the Dawns, is shining; the singers' pious voices have ascended.
Borne on your chariot, Asvins, turn you hither and come unto our full and rich libation.
2 Most frequent guests, they scorn not what is ready: even now the lauded Asvins are beside us.
With promptest aid they come at morn and evening, the worshipper's most blessed guards from trouble.
3 Yea, come at milking-time, at early morning, at noon of day and when the Sun is setting,
By day, by night, with favour most auspicious. Not only now the draught hath drawn the Asvins.
4 For this place, Asvins, was of old your dwelling, these were your houses, this your habitation.
Come to us from high heaven and from the mountain. Come from the waters bringing food and vigour.
5 May we obtain the Asvins' newest favour, and gain their health-bestowing happy guidance.
Bring riches hither unto us, and heroes, and all felicity and joy, Immortals!

HYMN LXXVII. Asvins.
1. FIRST worship those who come at early morning: let the Twain drink before the giftless niggard.
The Asvins claim the sacrifice at daybreak: the sages yielding the first share extol them.
2 Worship at dawn and instigate the Asvins:nor is the worshipper at eve rejected.
Besides ourselves another craves and worships: each first in worship is most highly favoured.
3 Covered with gold, meath-tinted, dropping fatness, your chariot with its freight of food comes hither,
Swift as thought, Asvins, rapid as the tempest, wherewith ye travel over all obstructions.
4 He who hath served most often the Nasatyas, and gives the sweetest food at distribution,
Furthers with his own holy works his offspring, and ever passes those whose flames ascend not.
5 May we obtain the Asvins' newest favour, and gain their health-bestowing happy idlance.
Bring riches hither unto us, and heroes, and all felicity and joy, Immortals!

HYMN LXXVIII. Asvins
1. YE Asvins, hither come to us: Nasatyas, be not disinclined.
Fly hither like two swans unto the juice we shed.
2 O Asvins, like a pair of deer, like two wild cattle to the mead:
Fly hither like two swans unto the juice we shed.
3 O Asvins rich in gifts, accept our sacrifice to prosper it:
Fly hither like two swans unto the juice we shed.
4 As Atri when descending to the cavern called on you loudly like a wailing woman.
Ye came to him, O Asvins, with the freshest and most auspicious fleetness of a falcon.
5 Tree, part asunder like the side of her who bringeth forth a child.
Ye Asvins, listen to my call: loose Saptavadhrí from his bonds.
6 For Saptavadhrí, for the seer affrighted when he wept and waffled,
Ye, Asvins, with your magic powers rent up the tree and shattered it.
7 Like as the wind on every side ruffles a pool of lotuses,
So stir in thee the babe unborn, so may the ten-month babe descend.
8 Like as the wind, like as the wood, like as the sea is set astir,
So also, ten-month babe, descend together with the after-birth.
9 The child who hath for ten months' time been lying in his mother's side,-
May he come forth alive, unharmed, yea, living from the living dame.

HYMN LXXIX. Dawn.

1. O HEAVENLY Dawn, awaken us to ample opulence to-day
Even as thou hast wakened us with Satyasravas, Vayya's son, high-born! delightful with thy steeds!
2 Daughter of Heaven, thou dawnedst on Sunitha Sucadratha's son,
So dawn thou on one mightier still, on Satyasravas, Vayya's son, high-born! delightful with thy steeds!
3 So, bringing treasure, dawn to-day on us thou Daughter of the Sky,
As thou, O mightier yet. didst shine for Satyasravas, Vayya's son, high-born! delightful with thy steeds!
4 Here round about thee are the priests who laud thee, Bright One, with their hymns,
And men with gifts, O Bounteous Dame, splendid with wealth and offering much, high-born! delightful with thy steeds!
5 Whatever these thy bands perform to please thee or to win and offering much, high-born! delightful with thy steeds!
6 The Daughter of the Sky, like some chaste woman, bends,
Driving away malignity and darkness, Dawn, Child of Heaven, hath come to us with lustre.
7 Like as the wind on every side ruffles a pool of lotuses,
So stir in thee the babe unborn, so may the ten-month babe descend.
8 Like as the wind, like as the wood, like as the sea is set astir,
So also, ten-month babe, descend together with the after-birth.
9 The child who hath for ten months' time been lying in his mother's side,-
May he come forth alive, unharmed, yea, living from the living dame.

HYMN LXXX. Dawn.

1. THE singers welcome with their hymns and praises the Goddess Dawn who bringeth in the sunlight,
Sublime, by Law true to eternal Order, bright on her path, red-tinted, far-refulgent.
2 She comes in front, fair, rousing up the people, making the pathways easy to be travelled.
High, on her lofty chariot, all-impelling, Dawn gives her splendour at the days' beginning.
3 She, harnessing her car with purple oxen. injuring none, hath brought perpetual riches.
Opening paths to happiness, the Goddess shines, praised by all, giver of every blessing.
4 With changing tints she gleams in double splendour while from the eastward she displays her body.
She travels perfectly the path of Order, nor fails to reach, as one who knows, the quarters.
5 As conscious that her limbs are bright with bathing, she stands, as 'twere, erect that we may see her.
Driving away malignity and darkness, Dawn, Child of Heaven, hath come to us with lustre.
6 The Daughter of the Sky, like some chaste woman, bends,
Driving away malignity and darkness, Dawn, Child of Heaven, hath come to us with lustre.
7 O Daughter of the Sky, shine forth; delay not to perform thy task.
Let not the Sun with fervent heat consume thee like a robber foe, high-born! delightful with the steeds!
8 Like as the wind, like as the wood, like as the sea is set astir,
So also, ten-month babe, descend together with the after-birth.
9 The child who hath for ten months' time been lying in his mother's side,-
May he come forth alive, unharmed, yea, living from the living dame.

HYMN LXXXI. Savitar.

1. THE priests of him the lofty Priest well-skilled in hymns
harness their spirit, yea, harness their holy thoughts.
He only knowing works assigns their priestly tasks. Yea, lofty
is the praise of Savitar the God.
2 The Sapient One arrays himself in every form: for quadruped
and biped he hath brought forth good.
Excellent Savitar hath looked on heaven's high vault, and
shineth after the outgoing of the Dawn.
3 Even he, the God whose going-forth and majesty the other
Deities have followed with their might,
He who hath measured the terrestrial regions out by his great
power, he is the Courser Savitar.
4 To the three spheres of light thou goest, Savitar, and with the
rays of Sidrya thou combinest thee.
Around, on both sides thou encompassest the night: yea, thou,
O God, art Mitra through thy righteous laws.
5 Over all generation thou art Lord alone: Pusan art thou, O
God, in all thy goings-forth.
Yea, thou hast domination over all this world. Syavasva hath
brought praise to thee, O Savitar,
HYMN LXXXII. Savitar.
1. WE crave of Savitar the God this treasure much to be enjoyed.
The best, all-yielding, conquering gift of Bhaga we would gladly win.
2 Savitar's own supremacy, most glorious and beloved of all,
No one diminisheth in aught.
3 For Savitar who is Bhaga shall send riches to his worshipper.
That wondrous portion we implore.
4 Send us this day, God Savitar, prosperity with progeny.
Drive thou the evil dream away.
5 Savitar, God, send far away all sorrows and calamities,
And send us only what is good.
6 Sinless in sight of Aditi through the God Savitar's influence,
May we obtain all lovely things.
7 We with our hymns this day elect the general God, Lord of the good,
Savitar whose decrees are true.
8 He who for ever vigilant precedes these Twain, the Day and Night,
Is Savitar the thoughtful God.
9 He who gives glory unto all these living creatures with the song,
And brings them forth, is Savitar.

HYMN LXXXIII. Parjanya.
1. SING with these songs thy welcome to the Mighty, with adoration praise and call Parjanya.
2 Like a car-driver whipping on his horses, he makes the thundering Parjanya smites the wicked.
From him exceeding strong fices e'en the guiltless, when him who wields the mighty weapon.
3 He smites the trees apart, he slays the demons: all life fears The Bull, loud roaring, swift to send his bounty, lays in the adoration praise and call Parjanya.
4 Send us this day, God Savitar, prosperity with progeny.
Drive thou the evil dream away.
5 Savitar, God, send far away all sorrows and calamities,
And send us only what is good.
6 Sinless in sight of Aditi through the God Savitar's influence,
May we obtain all lovely things.
7 We with our hymns this day elect the general God, Lord of the good,
Savitar whose decrees are true.
8 He who for ever vigilant precedes these Twain, the Day and Night,
Is Savitar the thoughtful God.
9 He who gives glory unto all these living creatures with the song,
And brings them forth, is Savitar.

Saturate both the earth and heaven with fatness, and for the cows let there be drink abundant.
9 When thou, with thunder and with roar, Parjanya, smitest sinners down,
This universe exults thereat, yea, all that is upon the earth.
10 Thou hast poured down the rain-flood now withhold it.
Thou hast made desert places fit for travel.
Thou hast made herbs to grow for our enjoyment: yea, thou hast won thee praise from living creatures.

HYMN LXXXIV. Prthivi.
1. THOU, of a truth, O Prthivi, bearest the tool that rends the hills:
Thou rich in torrents, who with might quickenest earth, O Mighty One.
2 To thee, O wanderer at will, ring out the lauds with beams of day,
Who drivest, like a neighing steed, the swelling cloud, O bright hue.
3 Who graspeth with thy might on earth. e'en the strong sovran's of the wood,
When from the lightening of thy cloud the rain-floods of the heaven descend.

HYMN LXXXV. Varuna.
1. SING forth a hymn sublime and solemn, grateful to glorious. Varuna, imperial Ruler.
Who hath struck out, like one who slays the victim, earth as a skin to spread in front of Surya.
2 In the tree-tops the air he hath extended, put milk in kine and vigorous speed in horses,
Set intellect in hearts, fire in the waters, Siurya in heaven and Soma on the mountain.
3 Varuna lets the big cask, opening downward, flow through the heaven and earth and air's mid-region.
Therewith the universe's Sovran waters earth as the shower of rain bedews the barley.
4 When Varuna is fain for milk he moistens the sky, the land, and earth to her foundation.
Then straight the mountains clothe them in the rain-cloud:
The Heroes, putting forth their vigour, loose them.
5 I will declare this mighty deed of magic, of glorious Varuna the Lord Immortal,
Who standing in the firmament hath meted the earth out with the Sun as with a measure.
6 None, verily, hath ever let or hindered this the most wise God's mighty deed of magic,
Whereby with all their flood, the lucid rivers fill not one sea wherein they pour their waters.
7 If we have sinned against the man who loves us, have ever wronged a brother, friend, or comrade,
The neighbour ever with us, or a stranger, O Varuna, remove from us the trespass.
8 If we, as gamesters cheat at play, have cheated, done wrong unwittingly or sinned of purpose,
Cast all these sins away like loosened fetters, and, Varuna let us be thine own beloved.
HYMN LXXXVI. Indra-Agni.
1. THE mortal man whom ye, the Twain, Indra and Agni, help in fight,
Breaks through e'en strongly-guarded wealth as Trta burst his way through reeds.
2 The Twain invincible in war, worthy to be renowned in frays,
Lords of the Fivefold. People, these, Indra and Agni, we invoke.
3 Impetuous is their strength, and keen the lightning of the mighty Pair,
Which from their arms speeds with the car to Vrtra's slayer for the kine.
4 Indra and Agni, we invoke you both, as such, to send your cars:
Lords of quick-coming bounty, ye who know, chief lovers of the song.
5 These who give increase day by day, Gods without guile for mortal man,
Worthy themselves, I honour most, Two Gods as partners, for my horse.
6 The strength-bestowing offering thus to Indra-Agni hath been paid, as butter, purified by stones.
Deal to our princes high renown, deal wealth to those who sing your praise, deal food to those who sing your praise.

HYMN LXXXVII. Maruts.
1. To Visnu, to the Mighty whom the Maruts follow let your hymns born in song go forth, Evayamarut;
To the impetuous, strong band, adorned with bracelets, that rushes on in joy and ever roars for vigour.
2 They who with might were manifest, and who willingly by their own knowledge told it forth, Evayamarut.
Maruts, this strength of yours no wisdom comprehendeth: through their gifts' greatness they are moveless as the mountains.
3 Who by the psalm they sing are heard, from lofty heaven, the strong, the brightly shining Ones, Evayamarut;
In whose abode there is no mightier one to move them, whose lightnings are as fires, who urge the roaring rivers.
4 He of the Mighty Stride forth strode, Evayamarut, out of the spacious dwelling-place, their home in common.
When he, himself, hath yoked his emulous strong horses on heights, he cometh forth, joy-giving, with the Heroes.
5 Like your tremendous roar, the rainer with light flashing, strong, speeding, hath made all tremble, Evayamarut,
Wherewith victorious ye, self-luminous, press onward, with strong reins, decked with gold, impetuous and well-weaponed.
6 Unbounded is your greatness, ye of mighty power: may your bright vigour be our aid, Evayamarut;
For ye are visible helpers in the time of trouble: like fires, aglow with light, save us from shame and insult.
7 So may the Rudras, mighty warriors, Evayamarut, with splendid brilliancy, like fires, be our protectors;
They whose terrestrial dwelling-place is wide-extended, whom none suspect of sin, whose bands have lofty courage.
8 Come in a friendly spirit, come to us, O Maruts, and hear his call who praises you, Evayamarut.
Like car-borne men, one-minded with the mighty Visnu, keep enmity far from us with your deeds of wonder.
9 Come to our sacrifice, ye Hnly Ones, to bless it, and, free from demons, hear our call, Evayamarut.
Most excellent, like mountains in the air's raid-region, be irresistible, ye, Wise, to this man'a hater.
RIG VEDA – BOOK SIX

RIG VEDA
Translator Ralph T.H. Griffith

THE SIXTH BOOK

HYMN I. Agni.
1. THOU, first inventor of this prayer, O Agni, Worker of Marvels, hast become our Herald.
Thou, Bull, hast made us strength which none may conquer,
strength that shall overcome all other prowess.
2 As Priest thou sattest at the seat of worship, furthering us, best Offerer, meet for honour.
So first to thee have pious men resorted, turning thy mind to thoughts of ample riches.
3 In thee, still watching, they have followed riches, who goest with much wealth as with an army,
The radiant Agni, lofty, fair to look on, worshipped with marrow,
evermore resplendent.
4 They who approached the God's abode with homage, eager for glory, won them perfect glory:
Yea, they gained even sacrificial titles, and found delight in thine auspicious aspect.
5 On earth the people magnify thee greatly, thee their celestial and terrestrial riches.
Thou, Helper, must be known as our Preserver, Father and Mother of mankind for ever.
6 Dear priest among mankind, adorable Agni hath seated him, joy-giver, skilled in worship.
Let us approach thee shining in thy dwelling, kneeling upon our knees, with adoration.
Thou, Agni, ledest forth our men to battle, refugent with the heaven's exalted splendour.
8 Sage of mankind, all peoples' Lord and Master, the Bull of men, the sender down of blessings,
Still pressing on, promoting, purifying, Agni the Holy One, the Lord of riches.
9 Agni, the mortal who hath toiled and worshipped, brought thee oblations with his kindled fuel,
And well knows sacrifice with adoration, gains every joy with thee to guard and help him.
10 Mightily let us worship thee the Mighty, with reverence, Agni! fuel and oblations,
With songs, O Son of Strength, with hymns, with altar: so may we strive for thine auspicious favour.
11 Thou who hast covered heaven and earth with splendour and with thy glories, glorious and triumphant.

HYMN II. Agni.
1. THOU, Agni, even as Mitra, hast a princely glory of thine own.
Thou, active Vasu, makest fame increase like full prosperity.
2 For, verily, men pray to thee with sacrifices and with songs.
To thee the Friendly Courser, seen of all, comes speeding through the air.
3 Of one accord men kindle thee Heaven's signal of the sacrifice,
When, craving bliss, this race of man invites thee to the solemn rite.
4 Let the man thrive who travails sore, in prayer, far thee the Bountiful.
He with the help of lofty Dyaus comes safe through straits of enmity.
5 The mortal who with fuel lights thy flame and offers unto thee,
Supports a house with many a branch, Agni, to live a hundred years.
6 Thy bright smoke lifts itself aloft, and far-extended shines in heaven.
For, Purifier! like the Sun thou beamest with thy radiant glow.
7 For in men's houses thou must be glorified as a well-loved guest,
Gay like an elder in a fort, claiming protection like a son.
8 Thou, Agni, like an able steed, art urged by wisdom in the wood.
Thou art like wind; food, home art thou, like a young horse that runs astray.
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 o'ercome the foe's malign oppressions, may we o'ercome them, through thy help o'ercome them.

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.

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 cats his firm hard food with swiftness, and overtakes the nights as Vayu kingdoms.

HYMN V. Agni.
1. I INVOCATE your Son of Strength, the Youthful, with hymns, the Youngest God, whose speech is guileless;
Sage who sends wealth comprising every treasure, bringer of many boons, devoid of malice.
2 At eve and morn thy pious servants bring thee their precious gifts, O Priest of many aspects,
On whom, the Purifier, all things living as on firm. ground their happiness have stabilised.
3 Thou from of old hast dwelt among these people, by mental power the charioteer of blessings.
Hence sendest thou, O sapient Jatavedas, to him who serves thee treasures in succession.
4 Agni, whoever secretly attacks us, the neighbour, thou with Mitra's might! who harms us,
Burn him with thine own Steers for ever youthful, burning with burning heat, thou fiercest burner.
5 He who serves thee with sacrifice and fuel, with hymn, O Son of Strength, and chanted praises,
Shines out, Immortal! in the midst of mortals, a sage, with wealth, with splendour and with glory.
6 Do this, O Agni, when we urge thee, quickly, triumphant in thy might subdue our foemen.
When thou art praised with words and decked with brightness, accept this chanted hymn, the singer's worship.
7 Help us, that we may gain this wish, O Agni, gain riches, Wealthy One! with store of heroes.
Desiring strength from thee may we be strengthened, and win, Eternal! thine eternal glory.

HYMN VI. Agni.
1. HE who seeks furtherance and grace to help him goes to the Son of Strength with newest worship,
Calling the heavenly Priest to share the banquet, who rends the wood, bright, with his blackened pathway.
2 White-hued and thundering he dwells in splendour, Most Youthful, with the loudvoiced and eternal-Agni, most variform, the Purifier, who follows crunching many ample forests.
3 Incited by the wind thy flames, O Agni, move onward, Pure One! pure, in all directions.
Thy most destructive heavenly Navagvas break the woods down.
and devastate them boldly.
4 Thy pure white horses from their bonds are loosened: O Radiant One, they shear the ground beneath them, and far and wide shines out thy flame, and flickers rapidly moving over earth's high ridges.
5 Forth darts the Bull's tongue like the sharp stone weapon discharged by him who fights to win the cattle. Agni's fierce flame is like a hero's onset: dread and resistless he destroys the forests.
6 Thou with the sunlight of the great Impeller hast boldly over-spread the earth's expanses. So drive away with conquering might all perils. fighting out foesmen burn up those who harm us.
7 Wondrous! of wondrous power! give to the singer wealth wondrous, marked, most wonderful, life-giving. Wealth bright, O Bright One, vast, with many heroes, give with thy bright flames to the man who lauds thee.

HYMN VII. Agni.
1. Him, messenger of earth and head of heaven, Agni Vaisvanara, born in holy Order, The Sage, the King, the guest of men, a vessel fit for their mouths, the Gods have generated. Him have they praised, mid-point of sacrifices, great cistern of libations, seat of riches. Vaisvanara, conveyer of oblations, ensign of worship, have the Gods engendered. From thee, O Agni, springs the mighty singer, from thee come heroes who subdue the foemen. O King, Vaisvanara, bestow thou on us excellent treasures worthy to belonged for.
2 To thee, Immortal! when to life thou springest, all the Gods sing for joy as to their infant. They by thy mental powers were made immortal, Vaisvanara, when thou wast dwelling in the darkness. From thee come heroes who subdue the foemen.
3 Thy pure white horses from their bonds are loosened: O Radiant One, they shear the ground beneath them, and far and wide shines out thy flame, and flickers rapidly moving over earth's high ridges.
4 The Mighty seized him in the bosom of the floods: the people waited on the King who should be praised. As envoy of Vivasvan MatariSvan brought Agni Vaisvanara hither from far away.
5 In every age bestow upon the singers wealth, worthy of holy synods, glorious, ever new. King, undecaying, as it were with sharpened bolt, smite down the sinner like a tree with lightning-flash.
6 Do thou bestow, O Agni, on our wealthy chiefs, rule, with good heroes, undecaying, bending not. So may we win for us strength. O Vaisvanara, hundredfold, thousandfold, O Agni, by thy help.
7 O thou who dwellest in three places, Helper, keep with effective guards our princely patrons. Keep our band, Agni, who have brought thee presents. Lengthen their lives, Vaisvanara, when lauded.

HYMN VIII. Agni.
1. AT Jatavedas' holy gathering I will tell aloud the conquering might of the swift red-hued Steer. A pure and fresher hymn flows to Vaisvanara, even as for Agni lovely Soma is made pure. That Agni, when in loftiest heaven he sprang to life, Guardian of Holy Laws, kept and observed them well. Exceeding wise, he measured out the firmament. Vaisvanara attained to heaven by mightiness.
2 I know not either warp or woof, I know not the web they weave when moving to the contest. Whose son shall here speak words that must be spoken without assistance from the Father near him?
3 For both the warp and woof he understandeth, and in due time shall speak what should be spoken, Who knoweth as the immortal world's Protector, descending, seeing with no aid from other.
4 He is the Priest, the first of all: behold him. Mid mortal men he is the light immortal. Here was he born, firm-seated in his station Immortal, ever waxing in his body. A firm light hath been set for men to look on: among all things that fly the mind is swiftest.
5 All the Gods bowed them down in fear before thee, Agni, when moving to the contest. Whose son shall here speak words that must be spoken without assistance from the Father near him?
6 Mine ears unclose to hear, mine eye to see him; the light that harbours in my spirit broadens. Far roams my mind whose thoughts are in the distance. What shall I speak, what shall I now imagine?
7 All the Gods bowed them down in fear before thee, Agni, when thou wast dwelling in the darkness. Vaisvanara be gracious to assist us, may the Immortal favour us and help us.

HYMN IX. Agni.
1. ONE half of day is dark, and bright the other: both atmospheres move on by sage devices. Agni Vaisvanara, when born as Sovran, hath with his lustre overcome the darkness. With hymns-for he illumines us-install him. He, Jatavedas, makes our rites successful.
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 hymns, midst mortal men that singer thrives in glory who offers gifts to thine own body.
4 The man who, Son of Strength, with sacrifices, hymns, lauds, attracts thy fervour to the altar, Enjoy 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.
6 Eloquent, Son of Strength, Most Mighty, Agni, vouchsafe us seed and offspring, full of vigour.

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.

HYMN XIII. Agni.
1. FROM thee, as branches from a tree, O Agni, from thee, Auspicious God! spring all our blessings.

HYMN XIV. Agni.
1. WHOSO to Agni hath endeared his thought and service by his hymns, That mortal cats before the rest, and finds sufficiency of food.
2 Agni, in truth, is passing wise, most skilled in ordering, a Seer. At sacrifices Manus' sons glorify Agni as their Priest.
3 The foeman's wealth in many a place, Agni, is emulous to help. Men fight the fiend, and seek by rites to overcome the riteless foe.
4 Agni bestows the hero chief, winner of waters, firm in fray. Soon as they look upon his might his enemies tremble in alarm.
5 For with his wisdom Agni, God, protects the mortal from
HYMN XV. Agni.
1. WITH this my song I strive to reach this guest of yours, who wakes at early morn, the Lord of all the tribes.
Each time he comes from heaven, the Pure One from of old: from ancient days the Child cats everlasting food.
2 Whom, well-dis sed, the Blirgus stablished as a rriend, whom ancient days the Child cats everlasting food.
3 Be thou the foeless helper of the skilful man, subduer of the foe near or far away.
Bestow a wealthy home on men, O Son of Strength. Give Vitahavya riches spreading far and wide, give Bharadvaja wide-
4 Him, your refulgent guest, Agni who comes from heaven, the spread wealth.
Vitahavya riches spreading far and wide, give Bharadvaja wide-
5 Thou givest these abundant boons to Divodasa pouring forth,
And worshipped thee the worshipful.
6 Do thou, Immortal Messenger, bring hither the Celestial Folk;
With reverence Gods and mortals have established thee, the ever-
7 Agni inflamed with fuel in my song I sing, pure, Cleanser, steadfast, set in tront at sacrifice.
With reverence Gods and mortals have established thee, the ever-
8 Thee, too, hath Bharata of old, with mighty men, implored for bliss.
Wise Jatavedas we implore with prayers for bliss the Priest, the
9 Invoker placed by Manus, thou, Agni, art near, the wisest
Agni, amid the race of man.
10 Him, Agni, thou deliverest and savest who brings him prayer to thee the Wise, O Hero,
Agni, amid the race of man.
11 Him, Agni, thou deliverest and savest who brings him prayer to thee the Wise, O Hero,
The end of sacrifice or its inception; yea, thou endowest him with power and riches.
12 Guard us from him who would assail us, Agni; preserve us, O thou Victor, from dishonour.
Here let the place of darkening come upon thee: may wealth be ours, desirable in thousands.
13 Agni, the Priest, is King, Lord of the homestead, he, Jatayedas, knows all generations.
Most skilful worshipper mid Gods and mortals, may he begin the sacrifice, the Holy.
14 Whate'er to-day thou, bright-flamed Priest, enjoyest from the man's rite-for thou art sacrificer-
Worship, for duly dost thou spread in greatness: bear off thine offerings of to-day, Most Youthful.
15 Look thou upon the viands duly laid for thee. Fain would he set thee here to worship Heaven and,Earth.
Help us, O liberal Agni, in the strife for spoil, so that we may o'ercome all things that trouble us, o'ercome, o'ercome them with thy help.
16 Together with all Gods, O fair-faced Agni, be seated first upon the woollined altar,
Nest-like, bedewed with oil. Bear this our worship to Savitar who sacrifices rightly.
17 Here the arranging priests, as did Atharvan, rub this Agni forth,
Whom, not bewildered, as he moved in winding ways, they brought from gloom.
18 For the Gods' banquet be thou born, for full perfection and for weal.
Bring the Immortal Gods who strengthen holy Law: so let our sacrifice reach the Gods.
19 O Agni, Lord and Master of men's homesteads, with kindled fuel we have made thee mighty.
Let not our household gear be found defective. Sharpen us with thy penetrating splendour.

HYMN XVI. Agni.
1. PRIEST of all sacrifices hast thou been appointed by the Gods, Agni, amid the race of man.
2 So with thy joyous tongues for us sacrifice nobly in this rite.
Bring thou the Gods and worship them.
3 For well, O God, Disposer, thou knowest, straight on, the paths and ways.
4 Thee, too, hath Bharata of old, with mighty men, implored for bliss.
And worshipped thee the worshipful.
5 Thou givest these abundant boons to Divodasa pouring forth,
To Bharadvaja offering gifts.
6 Do thou, Immortal Messenger, bring hither the Celestial Folk;
Hearing the singer's eulogy.
7 Mortals with pious thought implore thee, Agni, God, at holy rites,
To come unto the feast of Gods.
8 I glorify thine aspect and the might of thee the Bountiful.
All those who love shall joy in thee,
9 Invoker placed by Manus, thou, Agni, art near, the wisest Priest:
Pay worship to the Tribes of Heaven.
10 Come, Agni, lauded, to the feast; come to the offering of the
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gifts.
As Priest be seated on the grass.
11 So, Angiras, we make thee strong with fuel and with holy oil.
Blaze high, thou youngest of the Gods.
12 For us thou winnest, Agni, God, heroic strength exceeding
great,
Far-spreading and of high renown.
13 Agni, Atharvan brought thee forth, by rubbing, from the lotus-
flower,
The head of Visva, of the Priest.
14 Thee, Vṛtra's slayer, breaker down of castles, hath Atharvan's
son,
Dadhyac the Rsi, lighted up.
15 The hero Pathya kindled thee the Dasyus'. most destructive
foe,
Winner of spoil in every fight.
16 Come, here, O Agni, will I sing verily other songs to thee,
And with these drops shalt thou grow strong.
17 Where'er thy mind applies itself, vigour preeminent bast thou:
There wilt thou gain a dwelling-place.
18 Not for a moment only lasts thy bounty, good to many a one!
Our service therefore shalt thou gain.
19 Agni, the Bharata, hath been sought, the Vṛtra-slayer, marked
of all,
Yea, Divodasa's Hero Lord.
20 For he gave riches that surpass in greatness all the things of
earth,
Fighting untroubled, unsubdued.
21 Thou, Agni, as in days of old, with recent glory, gathered
light,
Hast overspread the lofty heaven.
22 Bring to your Agni, O my friends, boldly your laud and
sacrifice:
Give the Disposer praise and song.
23 For as sagacious Herald he hath sat through every age of man,
Oblation-bearing messenger.
24 Bring those Two Kings whose ways are pure, Adityas, and the
Marut host,
Excellent God! and Heaven and Earth.
25 For strong and active mortal man, excellent, Agni, is the look
Of thee Immortal, Son of Strength
26 Rich through his wisdom, noblest be the giver serving thee to-
today:
The man hath brought his hymn of praise.
27 These, Agni, these are helped by thee, who strong and active
all their lives,
O'ercome the malice of the foe, fight down the malice of the foe.
28 May Agni with his pointed blaze cast down each fierce
devouring fiend
May Agni win us wealth by war.
29 O active Jatavedas, bring riches with store of hero sons:
Slay thou the demons, O Most Wise.
30 Keep us, O Jatavedas, from the troubling of the man of sin:
Guard us thou Sage who knowest prayer.
31 Whatever sinner, Agni, brings oblations to procure our death,
Save us from woe that he would work.
32 Drive from us with thy tongue, O God, the man who doeth evil
deeds,
The mortal who would strike us dead.
33 Give shelter reaching far and wide to Bharadvaja, conquering
LORD!
Agni, send wealth most excellent.
34 May Agni slay the Vṛtras,-fain for riches, through the lord of
song,
Served with oblation, kindled, bright.
35 His Father's Father, shining in his Mother's everlasting side,
Set on the seat of holy Law.
36 O active Jatavedas, bring devotion that wins progeny, Agni,
that it may shine to heaven.
37 O Child of Strength, to thee whose look is lovely we with
dainty food,
O Agni, have poured forth our songs.
38 To thee for shelter are we come, as to the shade from fervent
heat
Agni, who glitterest like gold.
39 Mighty as one who slays with shafts, or like a bull with
sharpened horn,
Agni, thou breakest down the forts.
40 Whom, like an infant newly born, devourer, in their arms they
bear,
Men's Agni, skilled in holy rites.
41 Bear to the banquet of the Gods the God best finder-out of
wealth,
Let him he seated in his place.
42 In Jatavedas kindle ye the dear guest who hath now appeared
In a soft place, the homestead's Lord.
43 Harness, O Agni, O thou God, thy steeds which are most
excellent:
They bear thee as thy spirit wills.
44 Come hither, bring the Gods to us to taste the sacrificial feast,
To drink the draught of Soma juice.
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 Vṛtra, first in rank,
The Mighty, One who brings us wealth and crushes down the
Raksasas.

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
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Yea, e'en that heaven itself of old bent backward before thy to win the light of heaven.
What time the godless was the Gods' assailant, Indra they chose Champion in the van for battle.
Yea, Indra, all the Deities installed thee their one strong Champion in the van for battle.
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 Angirasas, set free the cattle.
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 growth 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.

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.
In this, or is it not, thine hero exploit, Indra? Declare it at the proper season.
4 For true, I deem, thy strength is, thine the Mighty, thine, O Most Potent, thine the Conquering Victor;
Strong, of the strong, Most Mighty, of the mighty, thine, driver of the churl to acts of bounty.
5 Be this our ancient bond of friendship with you and with Angirasas here who speak of Vala.
Thou, Wondrous, Shaker of things firm, didst smite him in his fresh strength, and force his doors and castles.
6 With holy thoughts must he be called, the Mighty, showing his power in the great fight with Vrtra.
He must be called to give us seed and offspring, the Thunderer must he moved and sped to battle.
7 He in his might, with name that lives for ever, hath far surpassed all human generations.
He, most heroic, hath his home with splendour, with glory and with riches and with valour.
8 Stranger to guile, who ne'er was false or faithless, bearing a name that may be well remembered,
Indra crushed Cumuri, Dhuni, Sambara, Pipru, and Susna, that their castles fell in ruin.
9 With saving might that must be praised and lauded, Indra, ascend thy car to smite down Vrtra.
In thy right hand hold fast thy bolt of thunder, and weaken, Bounteous Lord, his art and magic.
10 As Agni, as the dart burns the dry forest, like the dread shaft burn down the fiends, O Indra;
Who with high deep-reaching spear hast broken, hast covered over mischief and destroyed it.
11 With wealth, by thousand paths come hither, Agni, paths that bring ample strength, O thou Most Splendid.
Come, Son of Strength, o'er whom, Invoked of many! the godless hath no power to keep thee distant.
12 From heaven, from earth is bruited forth the greatness of him the firm, the fiery, the resplendent.
No foe hath he, no counterpart, no refuge is there from him the Conqueror full of wisdom.
13 This day the deed that thou hast done is famous, when thou, for him, with many thousand others
Laidest low Kutsa, Ayu, Atithigva, and boldly didst deliver Turvayana.
14 In thee, O God, the wisest of the Sages, all Gods were joyful when thou slewest Ahi.
When lauded for thyself, thou gavest freedom to sore-afflicted Heaven and to the people.
15 This power of thine both heaven and earth acknowledge, the deathless Gods acknowledge it, O Indra.
Do what thou ne'er hast done, O Mighty Worker: beget a new hymn at thy sacrifices.

HYMN XIX. Indra.
1. GREAT, hero-like controlling men is Indra, unwasting in his
powers, doubled in vastness.
He, turned to us, hath grown to hero vigour: broad, wide, he hath been decked by those who serve him.
2 The bowl made Indra swift to gather booty, the High, the Lofty, Youthful, Undecaying,
Him who hath waxed by strength which none may conquer, and even at once grown to complete perfection.
3 Stretch out those hands of thine, extend to us-ward thy wide capacious arms, and grant us glory.
   Like as the household herdsman guards the cattle, so move thou round about us in the combat.
4 Now, fain for strength, let us invite your Indra hither, who lieth hidden with his Heroes,-
Free from all blame, without reproach, uninjured, e'en as were those who sang, of old, his praises.
5 With steadfast laws, wealth-giver, strong through Soma, he hath much fair and precious food to feed us.
   In him unite all paths that lead to riches, like rivers that commingle with the ocean.
6 Bring unto us the mightiest might, O Hero, strong and most potent force, thou great Subduer!
   All splendid vigorous powers of men vouchsafe us, Lord of Bay Steeds, that they may make us joyful.
7 Bring us, grown mighty in its strength, O Indra, thy friendly rapturous joy that wins the battle,
Wherewith by thee assisted and triumphant, we may laud thee in gaining seed and offspring.
8 Indra, bestow on us the power heroic skilled and exceeding strong, that wins the booty,
Wherewith, by thine assistance, we may conquer our foes in battle, be they kin or stranger.
9 Let thine heroic strength come from behind us, before us, from above us or below us.
   From every side may it approach us, Indra. Give us the glory of the realm of splendour.
10 With most heroic aid from thee, like heroes Indra, may we win wealth by deeds glory.
   Thou, King, art Lord of earthly, heavenly treasure: vouchsafe us riches vast, sublime, and lasting.
11 The Bull, whose strength hath waxed, whom Maruts follow, free-giving Indra, the Celestial Ruler,
   Mighty, all-conquering, the victory-giver, him let us call to grant us new protection.
12 Give up the people who are high and haughty to these men and to me, O Thunder-wielder!
   Therefore upon the earth do we invoke thee, where heroes win, for sons and kine and waters.
13 Through these thy friendships, God invoked of many! may we be victors over every foe.
   Slaying both kinds of foe, may we, O Hero, be happy, helped by thee, with ample riches.

HYMN XX. Indra.
1. GIVE us wealth, Indra, that with might, as heaven o'ertops the earth, o'ercomes our foes in battle
   Wealth that brings thousands and that wins the corn-lands, wealth, Son of Strength! that vanquishes the foe man.

2 Even as the power of Dyaus, to thee, O Indra, all Asras sway was by the Gods entrusted,
   When thou, Impetuous! leagued with Visnu, slewest Vrtra the Dragon who enclosed the waters.
3 Indra, Strong, Victor, Mightier than the mighty, addressed with prayer and perfect in his splendour,
   Lord of the bolt that breaketh forts in pieces, became the King of the sweet juice of Soma.
4 There, Indra, while the light was won, the Panis fled, neath a hundred blows, for wise Dasoni,
   And greedy Susna's magical devices nor left he any of their food remaining.
5 What time the thunder fell and Susna perished, all life's support from the great Druh was taken.
   Indra made room for his car-driver Kutsa who sate beside him, when he gained the sunlight.
6 As the Hawk rent for him the stalk that gladdens, he wrenched the head from Namuci the Dasa.
   He guarded Nam, Sayya's son, in slumber, and sated him with food, success, and riches.
7 Thou, thunder-armed, with thy great might hast shattered Pipru's strong forts who knew the wiles of serpents.
   Thou gavest to thy worshipper Rjisvan imperishable Wealth, O Bounteous Giver.
8 The crafty Vetasu, the swift Dasni, and Tugra speedily with all his servants,
   Hath Indra, gladdening with strong assistance, forced near as 'twere to glorify the Mother.
9 Resistless, with the hosts he battles, bearing in both his arms the Vrtra-slaying thunder.
   He mounts his Bays, as the car-seat an archer: yoked at a word they bear the lofty Indra.
10 May we, O Indra, gain by thy new favour: so Parus laud thee, with their sacrifices,
   That thou hast wrecked seven autumn forts, their shelter, slain Dasa tribes and aided Purukutsa.
11 Favouring Usana the son of Kavi, thou wast his ancient strengthen, O Indra.
   Thou gavest Navavastva. as a present, to the great father gavest back his grandson.
12 Thou, roaring Indra, drovest on the waters that made a roaring sound like rushing rivers,
   What time, O Hero, o'er the sea thou broughtest, in safety broughtest Turvasa and Yadu.
13 This Indra, was thy work in war: thou sentest Dhuni and Cumuri to sleep and slumber.
   Dabhiti lit the flame for thee, and worshipped with fuel, hymns, poured Soma, dressed oblations.

HYMN XXI. Indra. Visvedevas.
1. THESE the most constant singer's invocations call thee who art to be invoked, O Hero;
   Hymns call anew the chariot-borne, Eternal: by eloquence men gain abundant riches.
2 I praise that Indra, known to all men, honoured with songs, extolled with hymns at sacrifices,
   Whose majesty, rich in wondrous arts, surpasseth the magnitude
of earth, and heaven in greatness.

3 He hath made pathways, with the Sun to aid him, throughout the darkness that extended pathless. Mortals who yearn to worship ne'er dishonour, O Mighty God, thy Law who art Immortal.

4 And he who did these things, where is that Indra? among what tribes? what people doth he visit? What sacrifice contents thy mind, and wishes? What priest among them all? what hymn, O Indra?

5 Yea, here were they who, born of old, have served thee, thy friends of ancient time, thou active Worker. Bethink thee now of these, Invoked of many! the midmost and the recent, and the youngest.

6 Inquiring after him, thy later servants, Indra, have gained thy former old traditions. Hero, to whom the prayer is brought, we praise thee as great for that wherein we know thee mighty.

7 The demon's strength is gathered fast against thee: great as that strength hath grown, go forth to meet it. With thine own ancient friend and companion, the thunderbolt, brave Champion! drive it backward.

8 Hear, too, the prayer of this thy present beadsman, O Indra, Hero, cherishing the singer. For thou wast aye our fathers' Friend aforetime, still swift to listen to their supplication.

9 Bring to our help this day, for our protection, Varuna, Mitra, Indra, and the Maruts, Pusan and Visnu, Agni and Purandhi, Savitar also, and the Plants and Mountains.

10 The singers here exalt with hymns and praises thee who art very Mighty and Most Holy. Hear, when invoked, the invoker's invocation. Beside thee there is nonelike thee, Immortal!

11 Now to my words come quickly thou who knowest, O Son of Strength, with all who claim our worship, Who visit sacred rites, whose tongue is Agni, Gods who made Manu stronger than the Dasyu.

12 On good and evil ways be thou our Leader, thou who art known to all as Path-preparer. Bring power to us, O Indra, with thy Horses, Steeds that are best to draw, broad-backed, unwearied.

HYMN XXII. Indra.

1. WITH these my hymns I glorify that Indra who is alone to be invoked by mortals, The Lord, the Mighty One, of manly vigour, victorious, Hero, true, and full of wisdom.

2 Our sires of old, Navagvas, sages seven, while urging him to show his might, exulted him, Dwelling on heights, swift, smiting down opponents, guileless in word, and in his thoughts most mighty.

3 We seek that Indra to obtain his riches that bring much food, and men, and store of heroes. Bring us, Lord of Bay Steeds, to make us joyful, celestial wealth, abundant, undecaying. 4 Tell thou us this, if at thy hand aforetime the earlier singers have obtained good fortune,

What is thy share and portion, Strong Subduer, Asura-slayer, rich, invoked of many?

5 He who for car-borne Indra, armed with thunder, hath a hymn, craving, deeply-piercing, fluent, Who sends a song effectual, firmly-grasping, and strength-bestowing, he comes near the mighty.

6 Strong of thyself, thou by this art hast shattered, with thought-swift Parvata, him who waxed against thee, And, Mightiest! roaring! boldly rent in pieces things that were firmly fixed and never shaken.

7 Him will we fit for you with new devotion, the strongest Ancient One, in ancient manner. So may that Indra, boundless, faithful Leader, conduct us o'er all places hard to traverse.

8 Thou for the people who oppress hast kindled the earthly firmament and that of heaven. With heat, O Bull, on every side consume them: heat earth and flood for him who hates devotion.

9 Of all the Heavenly Folk, of earthly creatures thou art the King, O God of splendid aspect. In thy right hand, O Indra, grasp die thunder: Eternal! thou destroyest all enchantments.

10 Give us confirmed prosperity, O Indra, vast and exhaustless for the foe's subduing. Strengthen therewith the Arya's hate and Dasa's, and let the arms of Nahusas be mighty.

11 Come with thy team which brings all blessings hither, Disposer, much-invoked, exceeding holy. Thou whom no fiend, no God can stay or hinder, come swittly with these Steeds in my direction.

HYMN XXIII. Indra.

1. THOU art attached to pressed-out Soma, Indra, at laud, at prayer, and when the hymn is chanted; Or when with yoked Bays, Maghavan, thou comest, O Indra, bearing in thine arms the thunder.

2 Or when on that decisive day thou holpest the presser of the juice at Vrtra's slaughter; Or when thou, while the strong one feared, undaunted, gavest to death, Indra, the daring Dasyus.

3 Let Indra drink the pressed-out Soma, Helper and mighty Guide of him who sings his praises. He gives the hero room who pours oblations, and treasure even to the lowly singer.

4 E'en humble rites with his Bay steeds he visits: he wields the bolt, drinks Soma, gives us cattle. 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 strengthen Indra's vigour.

6 Thou hast made prayer the means of thine exalting, therefore we wait on thee with hymns, O Indra.

7 Mark 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 wilt. 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 the juices flow, replenish duly your own, your bounteous Indra with the Soma.
When 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.

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 to battle.
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.

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 surpassest all these living creatures.
6 He is the Lord of both these armies' valour when the commanders call them to the conflict:
When with their ranks expanded they are fighting with a great foe or for a home with heroes.
7 And when the people stir themselves for battle, be thou their favour, Indra, and protector,
And theirs, thy manliest of our friends, the pious, the chiefs who have installed us priests, O Indra.
8 To thee for high dominion hath been for evermore, for slaughtering the Vrtras,
All lordly power and might, O Holy Indra, given by Gods for victory in battle.
9 So urge our hosts together in the combats: yield up the godless
To thee, the brave man's Lord, the fiends' subduer, he looks when strength that may be won as booty:
3 Thou didst impel the sage to win the daylight, didst ruin Susna for the pious Kutsa.
The invulnerable demon's head thou clavest when thou wouldst win the praise of Atithigvā.
4 The lofty battle-car thou broughtest forward; thou holpest Dasadyu the strong when fighting.
Along with Vetasu thou slewest Tugra, and madest Tuji strong, who praised thee, Indra.
5 Thou madest good the laud, what time thou rentest a hundred
thousand fighting foes, O Hero,
Slewrest the Dasa Sambara of the mountain, and with strange aids
didst succour Divodasa.
6 Made glad with Soma-draughts and faith, thou sentest Cumuri
to his sleep, to please Dabhiti.
Thou, kindly giving Raja to Pithinas, slewest with might, at once,
the sixty thousand.
7 May I too, with the liberal chiefs, O Indra, acquire thy blin
supreme and domination,
When, Mightiest! Hero-girl! Nahusa heroes boast them in thee,
the triply-strong Defender.
8 So may we be thy friends, thy best beloved, O Indra, at this
holy invocation.
Best be Pratardani, illustrious ruler, in slaying foemen and in
holy invocation.

HYMN XXVII. Indra.
1 WHAT deed hath Indra done in the wild transport, in quaffing
or in friendship with, the Soma?
What joys have men of ancient times or recent obtained within
the chamber of libation?
2 In its wild joy Indra hath proved him faithful, faithful in
quaffing, faithful in its friendship.
His truth is the delight that in this chamber the men of old and
recent times have tasted.
3 All thy vast power, O Maghavan, we know not, know not the
riches of thy full abundance.
No one hath seen that might of thine, productive of bounty every
day renewed, O Indra.
4 This one great power of thine our eyes have witnessed,
wherewith thou slewest Varasikha's children,
When by the force of thy descending thunder, at the mere solund,
their boldest was demolished.
5 In aid of Abhyavartin Cayamana, Indra destroyed the seed of
Varasikha.
At Hariyupiya he smote the vanguard of the Vrcivans, and the
rear fled frighted.
6 Three thousand, mailed, in quest of fame, together, on the
Yayavati, O much-sought Indra,
Vrcivan's sons, falling before the arrow, like bursting vessels
went to their destruction.
7 He, whose two red Steers, seeking goodly pasture, plying their
tongues move on 'twixt earth and heaven,
Robed in a garment fair as heaven to look on, thou hast displayed
greatness sundered earth and heaven.
8 These present Cows, they, O ye Indra. I long for Indra with my
heart and spirit.
6 O Cows, ye fatten e'en the worn and wasted, and make the
unlovely beautiful to look on.
Prosper my house, ye with auspicious voices. Your power is
glorified in our assemblies.
7 Crop goodly pasturage and be prolific drink pure sweet water at
good drinking places.
Never be thief or sinful man your matter, and may the dart of
Rudra still avoid you.
8 Now let this close admixture be close intermigled with these
Cows,
Mint with the Steer's prolific flow, and, Indra, with thy hero
might.

HYMN XXIX Indra.
1. YOUR men have followed Indra for his friendship, and for his
loving-kindness glorified him.
For he bestows great wealth, the Thunder-wielder: worship him,
Great and Kind, to win his favour.
2 Him to whose hand, men closely cling, and drivers stand on his
golden chariot firmly stationed.
With his firm arms he holds the reins; his Horses, the Stallions,
are yoked ready for the journey.
3 Thy devotees embrace thy feet for glory. Bold, thunder-armed,
rich, through thy strength, in guerdon,
Roped in a garment fair as heaven to look on, thou hast displayed
thee like an active dancer.
4 That Soma when effused hath best consistence, for which the
food is dressed and grain is mingled;
By which the men who pray, extolling Indra chief favourites of
Gods, recite their praises.
5 To me the Cows seem Bhaga, they seem Indra, they seem a
portion of the first-poured Soma.

HYMN XXX. Indra.
1. INDRA hath waxed yet more for hero prowess, alone, Eternal,
he bestoweth treasures.
Indra transcended both the worlds in greatness: one half of him
equalleth earth and heaven.
2 Yea, mighty I esteem his Godlike nature: none hindereth what
he hath once determined.
Near and afar he spread and set the regions, and every day the
Sun became apparent.
3 E'en now endures thine exploit of the Rivers, when, Indra, for
their floods thou clavest passage.
Like men who sit at meat the mountains settled: by thee, Most
Wise! the regions were made steadfast.
4 This is the truth, none else is like thee, Indra, no God superior
to thee, no mortal.
Thou slewest Ahi who besieged the waters, and lettest loose the
streams to hurry seaward.
5 Indra, thou breakest up the floods and portals on all sides, and
the firmness of the mountain.
Thou art the King of men, of all that liveth, engendering at once
Sun, Heaven, and Morning.

HYMN XXXI Indra.
1. SOLE Lord of wealth art thou, O Lord of riches: thou in thine
hands hast held the people, Indra!
Men have invoked thee with contending voices for seed and
waters, progeny and sunlight.
2 Through fear of thee, O Indra, all the regions of earth, though
naught may move them, shake and tremble.
All that is firm is frightened at thy coming, -the earth, the heaven,
the mountain, and the forest.
3 With Kutsa, Indra! thou didst conquer Susna, voracious, bane of
crops, in fight for cattle.
In the close fray thou rentest him: thou stoldest the Sun's wheel
and didst drive away misfortunes.
4 Thou smotest to the ground the hundred castles, impregnable,
of Sambara the Dasyu,
When, Strong, with might thou holpest Divodasa who poured
libations out, O Soma-buyer, and madest Bharadvaja rich who
praised thee.
5 As such, true Hero, for great joy of battle mount thy terrific car,
and drive away misfortunes.
Come hither, borne by mares with many heroes, Lover of song!
Thou art the King of men, of all that liveth, engendering at once
Sun, Heaven, and Morning.

HYMN XXXII Indra.
1. I WITH my lips have fashioned for this Hero words never
matched, most plentiful and auspicious.
For him the Ancient, Great, Strong, Energetic, the very mighty
Wielder of the Thunder.
2 Amid the sages, with the Sun he brightened the Parents:
glorified, he burst the mountain;
And, roaring with the holy-thoughted singers, he loosed the bond
that held the beams of Morning.
3 Famed for great deeds, with priests who kneel and laud him, he
still hath conquered in the frays for cattle,
And broken down the forts, the Fort-destroyer, a Friend with
friends, a Sage among the sages.
4 Come with thy girthed mares, with abundant vigour and
plenteous strength to him who sings thy praises.

HYMN XXXIII. Indra.
1. GIVE us the rapture that is mightiest, Indra, prompt to bestow
and swift to aid, O Hero,
That wins with brave steeds where brave steeds encounter, and
quells the Vrtras and the foes in battle.
2 For with loud voice the tribes invoke thee, Indra, to aid them in
the battlefield of heroes.
Thou, with the singers, hast pierced through the Panis: the
charger whom thou aidest wins the booty.
3 Both races, Indra, of opposing foemen, O Hero, both the Arya
and the Dasa,
Hast thou struck down like woods with well-shot lightnings: thou
rentest them in fight, most manly Chieftain!
4 Indra, befriend us with no scanty succour, prosper and aid us,
Loved of all that liveth,
When, fighting for the sunlight, we invoke thee, O Hero, in the
fray, in war's division.
5 Be ours, O Indra, now and for the future, be graciously inclined
near to help us.
Thou may we, singing, sheltered by the Mighty, win many cattle
on the day of trial.

HYMN XXXIV. Indra.
1. FULL Many songs have met in thee, O Indra, and many a
noble thought from thee proceedeth.
Now and of old the eulogies of sages, their holy hymns and lauds,
have yearned for Indra.
2 He, praised of many, bold, invoked of many, alone is glorified
at sacrifices.
Like a car harnessed for some great achievement, Indra must be
the cause of our rejoicing.
3 They make their way to Indra and exalt him, bim whom no
prayers and no laudations trouble;
For when a hundred or a thousand singers, laud him who loves
the song their praise delightful him.
4 As brightness mingles with the Moon in heaven, the offered
Soma yearns to mix with Indra.
Like water brought to men in desert places, our gifts at sacrifice
have still refreshed him.
5 To him this mighty eulogy, to Indra hath this our laud been
uttered by the poets,
That in the great encounter with the foemen, Loved of all life,
Indra may guard and help us.

HYMN XXXV. Indra.
1. WHEN shall our prayers rest in thy car beside thee? When dost
thou give the singer food for thousands?
When wilt thou clothe this poet's laud with plenty, and when wilt
thou enrich our hymns with booty?
2 When wilt thou gather men with men, O Indra, heroes with
heroes, and prevail in combat?
Thou shalt win triply kin in frays for cattle, so, Indra, give thou us celestial glory.
3 Yea, when wilt thou, O Indra, thou Most Mighty, make the prayer all-sustaining for the singer?
When wilt thou yoke, as we yoke songs, thy Horses, and come to offerings that bring wealth in cattle?
4 Grant to the Singer food with store of cattle, splendid with horses and the fame of riches.
Send food to swell the milch-cow good at milking: bright be its shine among the Bharadvajas.
5 Lead otherwise this present foeman, Sakra! Hence art thou praised as Hero, foe destroyer
Him who gives pure gifts may I praise unceasing. Sage, quicken the Angirases by devotion.

HYMN XXXVI Indra.
1. THY raptures ever were for all men's profit: so evermore have been thine earthly riches.
Thou still hast been the dealer-forth of vigour, since among Gods thou hast had power and Godhead.
2 Men have obtained his strength by sacrificing, and ever urged him, on to hero valour.
For the rein-seizing, the impetuous Charger they furnished power even for Vrtra's slaughter.
3 Associate with him, as teams of horses, help, manly might, and vigour follow Indra.
As rivers reach the sea, so, strong with praises, our holy songs reach him the Comprehensive.
4 Lauded by us, let flow the spring, O Indra, of excellent and brightly-shining riches.
For thou art Lord of men, without an equal: of all the world thou art the only Sovran.
5 Hear what thou mayst hear, thou who, fain for worship, as heaven girds earth, guardest thy servant's treasure;
That thou mayst be our own, joying in power, famed through thy heaven girds earth, guardest thy servant's treasure;
5 Him, born for conquering might in full perfection, and waxen strong for bounty and for glory,
May Indra drink of this, our guest aforetime, Celestial King of the comprehensive. Let thy Bay Horses, yoked, O mighty Indra, bring thy car
2 Craving the kine, rushing against the mountain led on by Law,
Sacrifice to him who lauds thee.
1. OF this our charming, our celestial Soma, eloquent, wise, ever joyful, thou best to drink,
May this my call bring Indra to my presence, this call to Gods proceeding directly forward.

HYMN XXXVII Indra.
1. LET thy Bay Horses, yoked, O mighty Indra, bring thy car hither fraught with every blessing.
For thee, the Heavenly, c'en the poor invoketh: may we this day,
2 The speaker filleth with a cry to Indra his ears who cometh nigh e'en from a distance.
For prayer and songs in him are concentrated: let laud wax mighty when addressed to Indra:
3 Yea, when wilt thou, O Indra, thou Most Mighty, make the prayer all-sustaining for the singer?
When wilt thou yoke, as we yoke songs, thy Horses, and come to offerings that bring wealth in cattle?
4 Grant to the Singer food with store of cattle, splendid with horses and the fame of riches.
Send food to swell the milch-cow good at milking: bright be its shine among the Bharadvajas.
5 Lead otherwise this present foeman, Sakra! Hence art thou praised as Hero, foe destroyer
Him who gives pure gifts may I praise unceasing. Sage, quicken the Angirases by devotion.

HYMN XXXVIII. Indra.
1. HE hath drunk hence, Most Marvellous, and carried away our great and splendid call on Indra.
The Bounteous, when we serve the Gods, accepteth song yet more famous and the gifts we bring him.
2 The speaker filleth with a cry to Indra his ears who cometh nigh e'en from a distance.
May this my call bring Indra to my presence, this call to Gods composed in sacred verses.
3 Him have I sung with my best song and praises, Indra of ancient birth and Everlasting.
For prayer and songs in him are concentrated: let laud wax mighty when addressed to Indra:
4 Indra, whom sacrifice shall strengthen, Soma, and song and hymn, and praises and devotion,
Whom Dawns shall strengthen when the night departeth, Indra whom days shall strengthen, months, and autumns.
5 Him, born for conquering might in full perfection, and waxen strong for bounty and for glory,
Him who gives pure gifts may I praise unceasing. Sage, quicken the Angirases by devotion.

HYMN XXXIX Indra.
1. OF this our charming, our celestial Soma, eloquent, wise, Priest, with inspired devotion,
Of this thy close attendant, hast thou drunken. God, send the singer food with milk to grace it.
2 Craving the kine, rushing against the mountain led on by Law,
Sacrifice to him who lauds thee.
1. DRINK, Indra; juice is shed to make thee joyful: loose thy Bay Steeds and give thy friends their freedom.
Begin the song, seated in our assembly. Give strength for sacrifice to him who singeth.
2 Drink thou of this whereof at birth, O Indra, thou drankest,
Mighty One for power and rapture.
The men, the pressing-stones, the cows, the waters have made this Soma ready for thy drinking.
3 The fire is kindled, Soma pressed, O Indra: let thy Bays, best to
draw, convey thee hither.
With mind devoted, Indra, I invoke thee. Come, for our great prosperity approach us.
4 Indra, come hither: evermore thou camest through our great strong desire to drink the Soma.
Listen and hear the prayers which now we offer, and let this sacrifice increase thy vigour.
5 Mayst thou, O Indra, on the day of trial, present or absent, wheresoe'er thou dwellest,
Thence, with thy team, accordant with the Maruts, Song-lover! guard our sacrifice, to help us.

HYMN XLI Indra.
1. COME gracious to our sacrifice, O Indra: pressed Soma-drops are purified to please thee.
As cattle seek their home, so Thunderwielder, come, Indra, first of those who claim our worship.
2 With that well-formed most wide-extending palate, wherewith thou ever drinkest streams of sweetness,
Drink thou; the Adhvaryu standeth up before thee: let thy spoil-winning thunderbolt attend thee.
3 This drop, steer-strong and omniform, the Soma, hath been made ready for the Bull, for India.
Drink this, Lord of the Bays, thou Strong Supporter, this that is thine of old, thy food for ever.
4 Soma when pressed excels the unpressed Soma, better, for one who knows, to give him pleasure.
Come to this sacrifice of ours, O Victor replenish all thy powers with this libation.
5 We call on thee, O Indra: come thou hither: sufficient be the Soma for thy body.
Rejoice thee, Satakratu! in the juices guard us in wars, guard us among our people.

HYMN XLII- Indra.
1. BRING sacrificial gifts to him, Omniscient, for he longs to drink,
The Wanderer who comes with speed, the Hero ever in the van.
2 With Soma go ye nigh to him chief drinker of the Soma's juice:
With beakers to the Impetuous God, to Indra with the drops effused.
3 What time, with Soma, with the juice effused, ye come before the God,
Full wise he knows the hope of each, and, Bold One, strikes this foe and that.
4 To him, Adhvaryu! yea, to him give offerings of the juice expressed.
Will he not keep us safely from the spiteful curse of each presumptuous high-born foe?

HYMN XLIII. Indra
1. IN whose wild joy thou madest once Sambara Divodasa's prey,
This Soma is pressed out for thee, O Indra: drink!
2 Whose gladdening draught, shed from the points, thou guardest
in the midst and end,
This Soma is pressed out for thee, O Indra drink!
3 In whose wild joy thou settest free the kine held fast within the rock,
This Soma is pressed out for thee, O Indra: drink!
4 This, in whose juice delighting thou gainest the might of Maghavan,
This Soma is pressed out for thee, O Indra drink!

HYMN XLIV. Indra.
1. THAT which is wealthiest, Wealthy God in splendoursmost illustrious,
Soma is pressed: thy gladdening draught, Indra! libation's Lord! is this.
2 Effectual, Most Effectual One! thine, as bestowing wealth of hymns,
Soma is pressed: thy gladdening draught, Indra! libation's Lord! is this.
3 Wherewith thou art increased in strength, and conquerest with thy proper aids,
Soma is pressed: thy gladdening draught, Indra! libation's Lord! is this.
4 Him for your sake I glorify as Lord of Strength who wrongeth none,
The Hero Indra, conquering all, Most Bounteous, God of all the tribes.
5 Those Goddesses, both Heaven and Earth, revere the power and might of him,
Him whom our songs increase in strength, the Lord of bounty swift to come.
6 To seat your Indra, I will spread abroad with power this song of praise.
The saving succours that abide in him, like songs, extend and grow.
7 A recent Friend, he found the skilful priest: he drank, and showed forth treasure from the Gods.
He conquered, borne by strong all-shaking mares, and was with far-spread power his friends' Protector.
8 In course of Law the sapient juice was quaffed: the Deities to glory turned their mind.
Winning through hymns a lofty title, he, the Lovely, made his beauteous form apparent.
9 Bestow on us the most illustrious strength ward off men's manifold malignities.
Give with thy might abundant vital force, and aid us graciously in gaining riches.
10 We turn to thee as Giver, liberal Indra. Lord of the Bay Steeds, be not thou ungracious.
No friend among mankind have we to look to: why have men called thee him who spurs the niggard?
11 Give us not up, Strong Hero! to the hungry: unharmed be we whom thou, so rich, befriended.
Full many a boon hast thou for men demolish those who present no gifts nor pour oblations.
12 As Indra thundering impels the rain-clouds, so doth he send us store of kine and horses.
Thou art of old the Cherisher of singers let not the rich who bring no gifts deceive thee.
13 Adhvaryu, hero, bring to mighty Indrafor he is King thereof-the pressed-out juices;
To him exalted by the hymns and praises, ancient and modern, of the singing Rsis.

14 In the wild joy of this hath Indra, knowing full many a form, struck down resistless Vrtras. Proclaim aloud to him the savoury Soma so that the Hero, strong of jaw, may drink it.

15 May Indra drink this Soma poured to please him, and cheered therewith slay Vrtra with his thunder. Come to our sacrifice even from a distance, good lover of our songs, the bard's Supporter.

16 The cup whence Indra drinks the draught is present: the Amrta dear to Indra hath been drunken, That it may cheer the God to gracious favour, and keep far from us hatred and affliction.

17 Therewith enraptured, Hero, slay our foes, the unfriendly, Maghavan be they kin or strangers, Those who still aim their hostile darts to smite us, turn them to flight, O Indra, crush and kill them.

18 O Indra Maghavan, in these our battles win easy paths for us and ample freedom. That we may gain waters and seed and offspring, set thou our princes on thy side, O Indra.

19 Let thy Bay Stallions, harnessed, bring thee hither, Steeds with strong chariot and strong reins to hold them, Strong Horses, speeding hither, bearing thunder, well-harnessed, for the strong exciting potion.

20 Beside the vat, Strong God! stand thy strong Horses, shining with holy oil, like waves exulting. Indra, they bring to thee, the Strong and Mighty, Soma of juices shed by mighty press-stones.

21 Thou art the Bull of earth, the Bull of heaven, Bull of the rivers, Bull of standing waters, For thee, the Strong, O Bull, hath Indu swollen. juice pleasant, sweet to drink, for thine election.

22 This God, with might, when first he had his being, with Indra for ally, held fast the Pani. This Indu stole away the warlike weapons, and foiled the arts of his malignant father.

23 The Dawns he wedded to a glorious Consort, and set within the Sun the light that lights him. He found in heaven, in the third lucid regions, the threefold Amrta in its close concealment.

24 He stayed and held the heaven and earth asunder: the chariot with the sevenfold reins he harnessed. This Soma Set with power within the milch-kine a spring whose ripe contents ten fingers empty.

HYMN XLV. Indra.

1. THAT Indra is our youthful Friend, who with his trusty guidance led Turvasa, Yadu from afar.

2 Even to the dull and uninspired Indra, gives vital power, and wins Even with slow steed the offered prize.

3 Great are his ways of guiding us, and!nanilbld are Ins eulogies: His kind protections never fail.

4 Friends, sing your psalm and offer praise to him to whom the prayer is brought: For our great Providence is he.

5 Thou, Slaughterer of Vrtra, art Guardian and Friend of one and two, Yea, of a man like one of us.

6 Beyond men's hate thou leadest us, and givest cause to sing thy praise: Good hero art thou called by men.

7 I call with hymns, as 'twere a cow to milk, the Friend who merits praise, The Brahman who accepts the prayer.

8 Him in whose hands they say are stored all treasures from the days of old, The Hero, conquering in the fight.

9 Lord of Strength, Caster of the Stone, destroy the firm forts built by men, And foil their arts, unbending God!

10 Thee, thee as such, O Lord of Power, O Indra, Soma-drinker, true, We, fain for glory, have invoked.

11 Such as thou wast of old, and art now to be called on when the prize lies ready, listen to our call.

12 With hymns and coursers we will gain, Indra, through thee, both steeds and spoil

13 Thou, Indra, Lover of the Song, whom men must stir to help, hast been Great in the contest for the prize.

14 Slayer of foes, whatever aid of thine imparts the swiftest course, With that impel our car to speed.

15 As skilfull est of those who drive the chariot, with our art and aim, O Conqueror, win the proffered prize.

16 Praise him who, Matchless and Alone, was born the Lord of living men, Most active, with heroic soul.

17 Thou who hast been the singers' Friend, a Friend auspicious with thine aid, As such, O Indra, favour us.

18 Grasp in thine arms the thunderbolt, O Thunder-armed, to slay the fiends: Mayst thou subdue the foemen's host.

19 I call the ancient Friend, allied with wealth, who speeds the lowly man, Him to whom chiefly prayer is brought.

20 For he alone is Lord of all the treasures of the earth: he speeds Hither, chief Lover of the Song.

21 So with thy yoked teams satisfy our wish with power and wealth in steeds And cattle, boldly, Lord of kine!

22 Sing this, what time the ' juice is pressed, to him your Hero, Much-invoked, To please him as a mighty Steer.

23 He, Excellent, withholdeth not his gift of power and wealth in kine,
When he hath listened to our songs.
24 May he with might unclose for us the cow's stall, whosesoever it be,
To which the Dasyu-slayer goes.
25 O Indra Satakratu, these our songs have called aloud to thee,
Like mother cows to meet their calves.
26 Hard is thy love to win: thou art a Steer to him who longs for steers:
Be to one craving steeds a Steer.
27 Delight thee with the juice we pour for thine own great munificence:
Yield not thy singer to reproach.
28 These songs with every draught we pour come, Lover of the Song, to thee,
As milch-kine hasten to their young
29 To thee most oft invoked, amid the many singers' rivalry
Who beg with all their might for wealth.
30 Nearest and most attractive may our laud, O Indra come to thee.
Urge thou us on to ample wealth.
31 Brbu hath set himself above the Panis, o'er their highest head,
Like the wide bush on Ganga's bank.
32 He whose good bounty, thousandfold, swift as the rushing of
the wind,
Suddenly offers as a gift.
33 So all our singers ever praise the pious Brbu's noble deed,
Chief, best to give his thousands, best to give a thousand liberal gifts.

HYMN XLVI. Indra.
1. THAT we may win us wealth and power we poets, verily, call on thee:
In war men call on thee, Indra, the hero's Lord, in the steed's race-
course call on thee.
2 As such, O Wonderful, whose hand holds thunder, praised as mighty,
Caster of the Stone!
Pour on us boldly, Indra, kine and chariotsteeds, ever to be the
conqueror's strength.
3 We call upon that Indra, who, most active, ever slays the foe:
Lord of the brave, Most Manly, with a thousand powers, help
thou and prosper us in fight.
4 Rcisama, thou forcest men as with a bull, with anger, in the
furious fray.
Be thou our Helper in the mighty battle fought for sunlight, water,
and for life.
5 O Indra, bring us name and fame, enriching, mightiest,
excellent,
Wherewith, O Wondrous God, fair-visored, thunder-armed, thou hast filled full this earth and heaven.
6 We call on thee, O King, Mighty amid the Gods, Ruler of men, to succour us.
All that is weak in us, Excellent God, make firm: make our foes
easy to subdue.
7 All strength and valour that is found, Indra, in tribes of
Nahusas, and all the splendid fame that the Five Tribes enjoy
Bring, yea, all manly powers at once.
8 Or, Maghavan, what vigorous strength in Trkai lay, in Druhyus
or in Paru's folk,
Fully bestow on us, that, in the conquering fray, we may subdue
our foes in fight.
9 O Indra, grant a happy home, a triple refuge triply strong.
Bestow a dwelling-place on the rich lords and me, and keep thy
dart afar from these.
10 They who with minds intent on spoil subdue the foe, boldly
attack and smite him down,-
From these, O Indra Maghavan who loveth song, be closest
guardian of our lives.
11 And now, O Indra, strengthen us: come near and aid us in the
fight,
What time the feathered shafts are flying in the air, the arrows
with their sharpened points.
12 Give us, where heroes strain their bodies in the fight, the
shelter that our fathers loved.
To us and to our sons give refuge: keep afar all unobserved
hospitality.
13 When, Indra, in the mighty fray thou urgest chargers to their
speed,
On the uneven road and on a toilsome path, like falcons, eager for
renown,
14 Speeding like rivers rushing down a steep descent, responsive
to the urging call,
That come like birds attracted to the bait, held in by reins in both
the driver's hands.

HYMN XLVII. Indra, Etc.
1. YEA, this is good to taste and full of sweetness, verily it is
strong and rich in flavour.
No one may conquer Indra in the battle when he hath drunken of
the draught we offer.
2 This sweet juice here had mightiest power to gladden: it
boldened Indra when he slaughtered Vrtra,
When he defeated Sambara's many onslaughts, and battered down
his nineand ninety ramparts.
3 This stirreth up my voice when I have drunk it: this hath
aroused from sleep my yearning spirit.
This Sage hath measured out the six expanses from which no
single creature is excluded.
4 This, even this, is he who hath created the breadth of earth, the
lofty height of heaven.
He formed the nectar in three headlong rivers. Soma supports the
wide mid-air above us.
5 He found the wavy sea of brilliant colours in forefront of the
Dawns who dwell in brightness.
This Mighty One, the Steer begirt by Maruts, hath propped the
heavens up with a mighty pillar.
6 Drink Soma boldly from the beaker, Indra, in war for treasures,
Hero, Vrtra-slayer!
Fill thyself full at the mid-day libation, and give us wealth, thou
Treasury of riches.
7 Look out for us, O Indra, as our Leader, and guide us on to gain
yet goodlier treasure.
Excellent Guardian, bear us well through peril, and lead us on to
wealth with careful guidance.
8 Lead us to ample room, O thou who knowest, to happiness,
security, and sunlight.
High, Indra, are the arms of thee the Mighty: may we betake us
to their lofty shelter.
9 Set us on widest chariot-seat, O Indra, with two steeds best to
draw, O Lord of Hundreds!
Bring us the best among all sorts of viands: let not the foe's
wealth, Maghavan, subdue us.
10 Be gracious, Indra, let my days be lengthened: sharpen my
thought as 'twere a blade of iron
Approve whatever words I speak, dependent on thee, and grant
me thy divine protection.
11 Indra the Rescuer, Indra the Helper, Hero who listens at each
invocation,
Sakra I call, Indra invoked of many. May Indra Maghavan
prosper and bless us.
12 May helpful Indra as our good Protector, Lord of all treasures,
favour us with succour,
Baffle our foes, and give us rest and safety, and may we be the
lords of hero vigour.
13 May we enjoy the grace of him the Holy, yea, may we dwell
in his auspicious favour.
May helpful Indra as our good Preserver drive from us, even from
afar, our foes.
14 Like rivers rushing down a slope, O Indra, to thee haste songs
and prayers and linked verses.
Thou gatherest, Thunderer! like widespread bounty, kine, water,
drops, and manifold libations.
15 Who lauds him, satisfies him, pays him worship? E'en the rich
noble still hath found him mighty.
With power, as when one moves his feet alternate, he makes the
last precede, the foremost follow.
16 Famed is the Hero as each strong man's tamer, ever advancing
one and then another.
King of both worlds, hating the high and haughty, Indra protects
the men who are his people.
17 He loves no more the men he loved aforetime: he turns and
moves away allied with others.
Rejecting those who disregard his worship, Indra victorious lives
through many autumns.
18 In every figure he hath been the mode: this is his only form for
us to look on.
Indra moves multiform by his illusions; for his Bay Steeds are
yoked, ten times a hundred.
19 Here Tvastar, yoking to the car the Bay Steeds, hath extended
yoked, ten times a hundred.
Indra moves multiform by his illusions; for his Bay Steeds are
yoked, ten times a hundred.
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 Atithigya.
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.
25 Thus Sjmya'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 foes.
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-
warring, Indra, be triumphant.

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 strengthen, 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! splendilidly.  
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.  
Keep far from us, O Agni, all celestial wrath and wickedness of godless men.  
11 Hither, O friends, with newest song drive her who freely pours her milk;  
Loose her who never turns away;  
12 Who, for the host of Maruts bright with native sheen, hath shed immortal fame like milk;  
Whom the impetuous Maruts look upon with love, who moves in splendour on their ways.  
13 For Bharadvaja she poured down in days of old  
The milch-cow yielding milk for all, and food that gives all nourishment.  
14 Your friend like Indra passing wise, with magic power like Varuna.  
Like Aryaman joy-giving, bringing plenteous food like ViSnxu for my wish, I praise,  
15 Bright as the host of Maruts mighty in their roar. May they bring Pusan free from foes;  
May they bring hither hundreds, thousands for our men: may they bring hidden stores to light, and make wealth easy to be found.  
16 Haste to me, Pusan, in thine car, bright Deity: I fain would speak:  
Most sinful is our foe's hate.  
17 Tear not up by the roots the Kakambira tree: destroy thou all malignity.  
Let them not snare by day the neck of that Celestial Bird the Sun.  
18 Uninjured let thy friendship be, like the smooth surface of a skin,  
A flawless skin, containing curds, full to the mouth, containing curds.  
19 For thou art high above mankind, in glory equal to the Gods. Therefore, O Pusan, look upon us in the fight: now help us as in days of old.  
20 May the kind excellence of him the Kind, loud Roarers! be our guide,  
Be it the God's, O Maruts, or a mortal man's who worships, ye impetuous Ones!  
21 They whose high glory in a moment like the God, the Sun, goes round the space of heaven,  
The Maruts have obtained bright strength, a sacred name, strength that destroys the Vrtras, strength Vrtra-destroying excellent.  
22 Once, only once, the heaven was made, once only once, the earth was formed-  
Once, only Prsni's milk was shed: no second, after this, is born.  

HYMN XLIX. Visvedevas.  
1. I LAUD with newest songs the Righteous People, Mitra and Varuna who make us happy.  
Let them approach, here let them listen,Agni, Varuna, Mitra, Lords of fair dominion.  
2 Him, to be praised at each tribe's sacrifices, the Two young Matrons' sober-minded Herald,  
The Son of Strength, the Child of Heaven, the signal of sacrifice, red Agni will I worship.  
3 Unlike in form are the Red God's two Daughters: one is the Sun's, and stars bedeck the other.  
Apart, the Sanctifiers, in succession, come to the famed hymn, praised in holy verses.  
4 I with a lofty song call hither Vayu, all-bounteous, filler of his car, most wealthy.  
Thou, Sage, with bright path, Lord of harnessed horses, impetuous, promptly honourest the prudent.  
5 That chariot of the Asvins, fair to look on, pleaseth me well, yoked with a thought, refulgent,  
Wherewith, Nasatyas, Chiefs, ye seek our dwelling, to give new strength to us and to our children.  
6 Bulls of the Earth, O Vata and Parjanya, stir up for us the regions of the water.  
Hearers of truth, ye, Sages, World-Supporters, increase his living wealth whose songs delight you.  
7 So may Sarasvati, the Hero's Consort, brisk with rare life, the lightning's Child, inspire us,  
And, with the Dames accordant, give the singer a refuge unassailable and flawless.  
8 I praise with eloquence him who guards all pathways. He, when his love impelled him, went to Arka.  
May he vouchsafe us gear with gold to grace it: may Pusan make his love impelled him, went to Arka.  
9 May Herald Agni, fulgent, bring for worship Tvastar adored, in each prayer of ours effective.  
May he vouchsafe the Righteous People, Mitra and Varuna who make us happy.  

10 Rudra by day, Rudra at night we honour with these our songs, the Universe's Father.  
Him great and lofty, blissful, undecaying let us call specially as the Sage impels us.  
11 Ye who are youthful, wise, and meet for worship, come, Martits, to the longing of the singer.  
Coming, as erst to Angiras, O Heroes, ye animate and quicken e'en the desert.  
12 Even as the herdsman driveth home his cattle, I urge my songs to him the strong swift Hero  
May he, the glorious, lay upon his body the singer's hymns, as stars bedeck the heaven.  
13 He who for man's behoof in his affliction thrice measured out
the earthly regions, Visnu-
When one so great as thou affordeth shelter, may we with wealth
and with ourselves be happy.
14 Sweet be this song of mine to Ahibudhnya, Parvata, Savitar,
with Floods and Lightnings;
Sweet, with the Plants, to Gods who seek oblations. May liberal
Bhaga speed us on to riches.
15 Give riches borne on cars, with many heroes, contenting men,
the guard of mighty Order.
Give us a lasting home that we may battle with godless bands of
men who fight against us, and meet with tribes to whom the Gods
are gracious.

HYMN L. Visvedevas.
1. I CALL with prayers on Aditi your Goddess, on Agni, Mitra,
Varuna for favour,
On Aryaman who gives unasked, the gracious, on Gods who
save, on Savitar and Bhaga.
2 Visit, to prove us free from sin, O Surya Lord of great might,
the bright Gods sprung from Daksas,
Twice-born and true, observing sacred duties, Holy and full of
light, whose tongue is Agni.
3 And, O ye Heaven and Earth, a wide dominion, O ye most
blissful Worlds, our lofty shelter,
Give ample room and freedom for our dwelling, a home, ye
Hemispheres, which none may rival.
4 This day invited may the Sons of Rudra, resistless, excellent,
stoop down to meet us;
For, when beset with slight or sore affliction, we ever call upon
the Gods, the Maruts;
5 To whom the Goddess Rodasi clings closely, whom Pusan
follows bringing ample bounty.
What time ye hear our call and come, O Maruts, upon your
separate path all creatures tremble.
6 With a new hymn extol, O thou who singest, the Lover of the
Song, the Hero Indra.
May he, exalted, hear our invocation, and grant us mighty wealth
and strength when lauded.
7 Give full protection, Friends of man, ye Waters, in peace and
trouble, to our sons and grandsons.
For ye are our most motherly physicians, parents of all that
standeth, all that moveth.
8 May Savitar come hither and approach us, the God who
rescues, Holy, golden-handed,
The God who, bounteous as the face of Morning, discloses
precious gifts for him who worships.
9 And thou, O Son of Strength, do thou turn hither the Gods to-
day to this our holy service.
May I for evermore enjoy thy bounty and, Agni, by thy grace be
rich in heroes.
10 Come also to my call, O ye Nasatyas, yea, verily, through my
prayers, ye Holy Sages.
As from great darkness ye delivered Atri, protect us, Chiefs, from
danger in the conflict.
11 O Gods, bestow upon us riches, splendid with strength and
heroes, bringing food in plenty.
Be gracious, helpful Gods of earth, of heaven, born of the Cow,
and dwellers in the waters.
12 May Rudra and Sarasvati, accordant, Visnu and Vayu, pour
down gifts and bless us;
Rbhuksan, Vaja, and divine Vidhatar, Parjanya, Vata make our
food abundant.
13 May this God Savitar, the Lord, the Offspring of Waters,
pouring down his dew be gracious,
And, with the Gods and Dames accordant, Tvastar; Dyaus with
the Gods and Prthivi with oceans.
14 May Aja-Ekapad and Ahibudhnya, and Earth and Ocean hear
our invocation;
All Gods who strengthen Law, invoked and lauded, and holy
texts uttered by sages, help us.
15 So with my thoughts and hymns of praise the children of
Bharadvaja sing aloud to please you.
The Dames invoked, and the resistless Vasus, and all ye Holy
Ones have been exalted.

HYMN LI. Visvedevas.
1. THAT mighty eye of Varuna and Mitra, infallible and dear, is
moving upward.
The pure and lovely face of holy Order hath shone like gold of
heaven in its arising.
2 The Sage who knows these Gods' three ranks and orders, and all
their generations near and distant,
Beholding good and evil acts of mortals, Sura marks well the
doing of the pious.
3 I praise you Guards of mighty Law eternal, Aditi, Mitra,
Varuna, the noble,
Aryaman, Bhaga, all whose thoughts are faithful: hither I call the
Bright who share in common.
4 Lords of the brave, infallible, foe-destroyers, great Kings,
bestowers of fair homes to dwell in,
Young, Heroes, ruling heaven with strong dominion, Adityas,
Aditi I seek with worship.
5 O Heaven our Father, Earth our guileless Mother, O Brother
Agni, and ye Vasus, bless us.
Grant us, O Aditi and ye Adityas, all of one mind, your manifold
protection.
6 Give us not up to any evil creature, as spoil to wolf or she-wolf,
O ye Holy.
For ye are they who guide aright our bodies, ye are the rulers of
our speech and vigour.
7 Let us not suffer for the sin of others, nor do the deed which ye,
O Vasus, punish.
Ye, Universal Gods! are all-controllers: may he do harm unto
himself who hates Me.
8 Mighty is homage: I adopt and use it. Homage hath held in
place the earth and heaven.
Homage to Gods! Homage commands and rules them. I banish
even committed sin by homage
9 You Furtherers of Law, pure in your spirit, infallible, dwellers
in the home of Order,
To you all Heroes mighty and far-seeing I bow me down, O Holy
Oones, with homage.
10 For these are they who shine with noblest splendour; through
all our troubles these conduct us safely-

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Varuna, Mitra, Agni, mighty Rulers, true-minded, faithful to the hymn's controllers.

11 May they, Earth, Aditi, Indra, Bhaga, Pusan increase our laud, increase the Fivefold people.

Giving good help, good refuge, goodly guidance, be they our good deliverers, good protectors.

12 Come now, O Gods, to your celestial station: the Bharadvajas' priest entreats your favour.

He, sacrificing, fain for wealth, hath honoured the Gods vath those who sit and share oblations.

13 Agni, drive thou the wicked foe, the evil-hearted thief away, Far, far, Lord of the brave I and give us easy paths.

14 Soma, these pressing-stones have called aloud to win thee for our Friend.

Destroy the greedy Pani, for a wolf is he.

15 Ye, O most bountiful, are they who, led by Indra, seek the sky.

Give us good paths for travel: guard us well at home.

16 Now have we entered on the road that leads to bliss, without a foe,

The road whereon a man escapes all enemies and gathers wealth.

HYMN LIL Visvedevas.

1. THIS I allow not in the earth or heaven, at sacrifice or in these holy duties.

May the huge mountains crush him down: degraded be Atiyaja's sacrificing patron.

2 Or he who holds us in contempt, O Maruts, or seeks to blame the prayer that we are making,

May agonies of burning be his portion. May the sky scorch the man who hates devotion.

3 Why then, O Soma, do they call thee keeper of prayer? Why then our guardian from reproaches?

Why then beholdest thou how men revile us? Cast thy hot dart at them who sit and share oblations.

4 May Mornings as they spring to life, protect me, and may the Rivers as they swell preserve me.

My guardians be the firmly-seated mountains: the Fathers, when I call on Gods, defend me!

5 Through all our days may we be healthy. minded, and look upon the Sun when he arises.

Penetrate with an awl, O Sage, the hearts of avaricious churls,

6 Thrust with thine awl, O Pusan: seek that which the niggard's heart holds dear,

And make the niggard's soul grow soft.

7 Tear up and read in pieces, Sage, the hearts of avaricious churls, And make them subject to our will.

8 Thou, glowing Pusan, urge to give, Free-handed with the liberal meed.

3 Even him who would not give, do thou, O glowing Pusan, urge to give,

And make the niggard's soul grow soft.

4 Clear paths that we may win the prize; scatter our enemies afar.

Strong God, be all our thoughts fulfilled.

5 Penetrate with an awl, O Sage, the hearts of avaricious churls, And make them subject to our will.

6 Thrust with thine awl, O Pusan: seek that which the niggard's heart holds dear,

And make him subject to our will.

7 Tear up and read in pieces, Sage, the hearts of avaricious churls, And make them subject to our will.

8 Thou, glowing Pusan, carriest an awl that urges men to prayer; Therewith do thou tear up and rend to shreds the heart of every one.

9 Thou bearest, glowing Lord! a goad with horny point that guides the cows

Thence do we seek thy gift of bliss.

10 And make this hymn of ours produce kine, horses, and a store of wealth For our delight and use as men.

HYMN LIV. Pusan.

1. LORD of the path, O Pusan, we have yoked and bound thee to our hymn,

Even as a car, to win the prize.

2 Bring us the wealth that men require, a manly master of a house,

Free-handed with the liberal meed.

3 Even him who would not give, do thou, O glowing Pusan, urge to give,

And make the niggard's soul grow soft.

4 Clear paths that we may win the prize; scatter our enemies afar.

Strong God, be all our thoughts fulfilled.

5 Penetrate with an awl, O Sage, the hearts of avaricious churls, And make them subject to our will.

6 Thrust with thine awl, O Pusan: seek that which the niggard's heart holds dear,

And make him subject to our will.

7 Tear up and read in pieces, Sage, the hearts of avaricious churls, And make them subject to our will.

8 Thou, glowing Pusan, carriest an awl that urges men to prayer; Therewith do thou tear up and rend to shreds the heart of every one.

9 Thou bearest, glowing Lord! a goad with horny point that guides the cows

Thence do we seek thy gift of bliss.

10 And make this hymn of ours produce kine, horses, and a store of wealth For our delight and use as men.

HYMN LII. Pusan.

1 LORD of the path, O Pusan, we have yoked and bound thee to our hymn,

Even as a car, to win the prize.

2 Bring us the wealth that men require, a manly master of a house,

Free-handed with the liberal meed.

3 Even him who would not give, do thou, O glowing Pusan, urge to give,

And make the niggard's soul grow soft.

4 Clear paths that we may win the prize; scatter our enemies afar.

Strong God, be all our thoughts fulfilled.

5 Penetrate with an awl, O Sage, the hearts of avaricious churls, And make them subject to our will.

6 Thrust with thine awl, O Pusan: seek that which the niggard's heart holds dear,

And make him subject to our will.

7 Tear up and read in pieces, Sage, the hearts of avaricious churls, And make them subject to our will.

8 Thou, glowing Pusan, carriest an awl that urges men to prayer; Therewith do thou tear up and rend to shreds the heart of every one.

9 Thou bearest, glowing Lord! a goad with horny point that guides the cows

Thence do we seek thy gift of bliss.

10 And make this hymn of ours produce kine, horses, and a store of wealth For our delight and use as men.

HYMN LIII Pusan.
And say unto us, It is here.
2 May we go forth with Pusan who shall point the houses out to us,
And say to us, These same are they.
3 Unharmed is Pusan's chariot wheel; the box ne'er falleth to the ground,
Nor doth the loosened fell y shake.
4 Pusan forgetteth not the man who serveth him with offered gift:
That man is first to gather wealth.
5 May Pusan follow near our kine; may Pusan keep our horses safe:
May Pusan gather gear for us.
6 Follow the kine of him who pours libations out and worships thee;
And ours who sing thee songs of praise.
7 Let none be lost, none injured, none sink in a pit and break a limb.
Return with these all safe and sound.
8 Pusan who listens to our prayers, the Strong whose wealth is never lost,
The Lord of riches, we implore.
9 Secure in thy protecting care, O Pusan, never may we fail.
We here are they who sing thy praise.
10 From out the distance, far and wide, may Pusan stretch his right hand forth,
And drive our lost again to us.

HYMN LV. Pusan.
1. SON of Deliverance, come, bright God!
Let us twain go together: be our charioteer of sacrifice.
2 We pray for wealth to thee most skilled of charioteers, with braided hair,
Lord of great riches, and our Friend.
3 Bright God whose steeds are goats, thou art a stream of wealth,
a treasure-heap,
The Friend of every pious man.
4 Pusan, who driveth goats for steeds, the strong and Mighty,
who is called
His Sister's lover, will we laud.
5 His Mother's suitor I address. May he who loves his Sister hear,
Brother of Indra, and my Friend.
6 May the sure-footed goats come nigh, conveying Pusan on his car,
The God who visiteth mankind.

HYMN LVI. Pusan.
1. WHOSO remembers Pusan as cater of mingled curd and meal
Need think no more upon the God.
2 And he is best of charioteers. Indra, the hero's Lord, allied
With him as Friend, destroys the foes.
3 And there the best of charioteers hath guided through the speckled cloud
The golden wheel of Sura's car.
4 Whate'er we speak this day to thee, Wise, Wondrous God
whom many praise,
Give thou fulfilment of our thought.
5 Lead on this company of ours, that longs for kine, to win the spoil:
Thou, Pusan, art renowned afar.
6 Prosperity we crave from thee, afar from sin and near to wealth,
Tending to perfect happiness both for to. morrow and to-day.

HYMN LVII. Indra and Pusan.
1. INDRA and Pusan will we call for friendship and prosperity
And for the winning of the spoil.
2 One by the Soma sits to drink juice which the mortar hath expressed:
The other longs for curd and meal.
3 Goats are the team that draws the one: the other hath Bay Steeds at hand;
With both of these he slays the fiends.
4 When Indra, wondrous strong, brought down the streams, the mighty waterfloods,
Pusan was standing by his side.
5 To this, to Pusan's favouring love, and Indra's, may we closely cling,
As to a tree's extended bough.
6 As one who drives a car draws in his reins, may we draw Pusan near,
And Indra, for our great success.

HYMN LVIII. Pusan.
1. LIKE heaven art thou: one form is bright, one holy, like Day
and Night dissimilar in colour.
All magic powers thou aidest, self-dependent! Auspicious be thy bounty here, O Pusan.
2 Goat-borne, the guard of cattle, he whose home is strength,
inspirer of the hymn, set over all the world;
Brandishing here and there his lightly moving goad, beholding every creature, Pusan, God, goes forth.
3 O Pusan, with thy golden ships that travel across the ocean, in the air's mid-region,
Thou goest on an embassy to Surya, subdued by love, desirous of the glory.
4 Near kinsman of the heaven and earth is Pusan, liberal, Lord of food, of wondrous iustre,
Whom strong and vigorous and swiftly moving, subdued by love,
The Deities gave to Surya.

HYMN LIX. Indra-Agni.
1. I WILL declare, while juices flow, the manly deeds that ye have done:
Your Fathers, enemies of Gods, were smitten down, and, Indra-Agni, ye survive.
2 Thus, Indra-Agni verily your greatness merits loftiest praise,
Sprung from one common Father, brothers, twins are ye; your Mother is in every place.
3 These who delight in flowing juice, like fellow horses at their food,
Indra and Agni, Gods armed with the thunderbolt, we call this day to come with help.
4 Indra and Agni, Friends of Law, served with rich gifts, your speech is kind
To him who praises you while these libations flow: that man, O
Gods, ye ne'er consume.
5 What mortal understands, O Gods, Indra and Agni, this your way?
One of you, yoking Steeds that move to every side, advances in your common car.
6 First, Indra-Agni, hath this Maid come footless unto those with feet.
Stretching her head and speaking loudly with her tongue, she hath gone downward thirty steps.
7 E'en now, O Indra-Agni, men hold in their arms and stretch their bows.
Desert us not in this great fray, in battles for the sake of kine.
8 The foe's sinful enmities, Indra and Agni, vex me sore.
Drive those who hate me far away, and keep them distant from the Sun.
9 Indra and Agni, yours are all the treasures of the heavens and earth.
Here give ye us the opulence that prospers every living man.
10 O Indra-Agni, who accept the laud, and hear us for our praise, Come near us, drawn by all our songs, to drink of this our Soma juice.

HYMN LX. Indra-Agni.
1. HE slays the foe and wins the spoil who worships Indra and Agni, strong and mighty Heroes, Who rule as Sovrans over ample riches, victorious, showing forth their power in conquest.
2 So battle now, O Indra and thou, Agni, for cows and waters, sunlight, stolen Mornings.
Team-borne, thou makest kine thine own, O Agni: thou, Indra, light, Dawns, regions, wondrous waters.
3 With Vrtra-slaying might, Indra and Agni, come, drawn by homage, O ye Vrtra-slayers.
Indra and Agni, show yourselves among us with your supreme and unrestricted bounties.
4 I call the Twain whose deeds of old have all been famed in ancient days
O Indra-Agni, harm us not.
5 The Strong, the scatterers of the foe, Indra and Agni, we invoke;
May they be kind to one like me.
6 They slay our Arya foes, these Lords of heroes, slay our Dasyu foes
And drive our enemies away.
7 Indra and Agni, these our songs of praise have sounded forth to you:
Ye who bring blessings! drink the juice.
8 Come, Indra-Agni, with those teams, desired of many, which ye have,
O Heroes, for the worshipper.
9 With those to this libation poured, ye Heroes, Indra-Agni, come;
Come ye to drink the Soma juice.
10 Glorify him who compasses all forests with his glowing flame,
And leaves them blackened with his tongue.
11 He who gains Indra's bliss with fire enkindled finds an easy way

Over the floods to happiness.
12 Give us fleet coursers to convey Indra and Agni, and bestow Abundant strengthening food on us.
13 Indra and Agni, I will call you hither and make you joyful with the gifts I offer.
Ye Twain are givers both of food and riches: to win me strength and vigour I invoke you.
14 Come unto us with riches, come with wealth in horses and in kine.
Indra and Agni, we invoke you both, the Gods, as Friends for friendship, bringing bliss.
15 Indra and Agni, hear his call who worships. with libations poured.
Come and enjoy the offerings, drink the sweetly-flavoured Soma juice.

HYMN LXI. Sarasvati.
1. To Vadhyrasva when. be worshipped her with gifts she gave fierce Divodasa, canceller of debts.
Consumer of the churlish niggard, one and all, thine, O Sarasvati, are these effectual boons.
2 She with her might, like one who digs for lotus-stems, hath burst with her strong waves the ridges of the hills.
Let us invite with songs and holy hymns for help Sarasvati who slayeth the Paravatas.
3 Thou castest down, Sarasvati, those who scorned the Gods, the brood of every Brsaya skilled in magic arts.
Thou hast discovered rivers for the tribes of men, and, rich in wealth! made poison flow away from them.
4 May the divine Sarasvati, rich in her wealth, protect us well,
Furthering all our thoughts with might
5 Whoso, divine Sarasvati, invokes thee where the prize is set,
Like Indra when he smites the foe.
6 Aid us, divine Sarasvad, thou who are strong in wealth and power
Like Pusan, give us opulence.
7 Yea, this divine Sarasvati, terrible with her golden path,
Foe-slayer, claims our eulogy.
8 Whose limitless unbroken flood, swift-moving with a rapid rush,
Comes onward with tempestuous roar.
9 She hath spread us beyond all foes, beyond her Sisters, Holy One,
As Surya spreadeth out the days.
10 Yea, she most dear amid dear stream, Seven-sistered, graciously inclined,
Sarasvati hath earned our praise.
11 Guard us from hate Sarasvati, she who hath filled the realms of earth,
And that wide tract, the firmament!
12 Seven-sistered, sprung from threefold source, the Five Tribes' prosperer, she must be Invoked in every deed of might.
13 Marked out by majesty among the Mighty Ones, in glory swifter than the other rapid Streams,
Created vast for victory like a chariot, Sarasvati must be extolled by every sage.
14 Guide us, Sarasvati, to glorious treasure: refuse us not thy milk, nor spurn us from thee.
Gladly accept our friendship and obedience: let us not go from thee to distant countries.

HYMN LXII. Asvins.
1. I LAUD the Heroes Twain, this heaven's Controllers: singing with songs of praise I call the Asvins, Fain in a moment, when the morns are breaking, to part the earth's ends and the spacious regions.
2. Moving to sacrifice through realms of lustre they light the radiance of the car that bears them. Traversing many wide unmeasured spaces, over the wastes ye pass, and fields, and waters.
3. Ye to that bounteous path of yours, ye mighty, have ever borne Mind-swift and full of vigour, that the trouble of man who offers gifts might cease and slumber.
4. So ye, when ye have yoked your chariothorses, come to the gift that hath brought the two Nasatyas hither? To this man's Bringers of bliss to him who lauds and praises, bestowing varied bounties on the singer.
5. So ye, with birds, out of the sea and waters bore Bhujyu, son of Our true and ancient Herald Priest shall bring you, the Youthful hymn of the most recent singer.
6. So ye, with birds, out of the sea and waters bore Bhujyu, son of Tugra, through the regions.
7. Victors, car-borne, ye rent the rock asunder: Bulls, heard the calling of the eunuch's consort. Bounteous, ye filled the cow with milk for Sayu: thus, swift and zealous Ones, ye showed your favour.
8. Whate'er from olden time, Heaven, Earth! existeth great object of the wrath of Gods and mortals, Make that, Adityas, Vasus, sons of Rudra, an evil brand to one allied with demons.
9. May he who knows, as Varuna and Mitra, air's realm, appointing both the Kings in season, Against the secret fiend cast forth his weapon, against the lying words that strangers utter.
10. Come to our home with friendly wheels, for offiring; come on your radiant chariot rich in heroes. Strike off, ye Twain, the heads of our assailants who with man's treacherous attack approach us.
11. Come hitherward to us with teams of horses, the highest and the midmost and the lowest. Bountiful Lords, throw open to the singer doors e'en of the firm-closed stall of cattle.

HYMN LXIII. Asvins.
1. WHERE hath the hymn with reverence, like an envoy, found both fair Gods to-day, invoked of many-Hymn that hath brought the two Nasatyas hither? To this man's thought be ye, both Gods, most friendly.
2. Come readily to this mine invocation, lauded with songs, that ye may drink the juices. Compass this house to keep it from the foeman, that none may force it, either near or distant.
3. Juice in wide room hath been prepared to feast you: for you the grass is strewn, most soft to tread on. With lifted hands your servant hath adored you. Yearning for you the press-stones shed the liquid.
4. Agni uplifts him at your sacrifices: forth goes the oblation dropping oil and glowing. Up stands the grateful-minded priest, elected, appointed to invoke the two Nasatyas.
5. Lords of great wealth! for glory, Surya's Daughter mounted your car that brings a hundred succours. Famed for your magic arts were ye, magicians! amid the race of Gods, ye dancing Heroes!
6. Ye Twain, with these your glories fair to look on, brought, to win victory, rich gifts for Surya. After you flew your birds, marvels of beauty: dear to our hearts! the song, well lauded, reached you.
7. May your winged couriers, best to draw. Nasatyas! convey you to the object of your wishes. Swift as the thought, your car hath been sent onward to food of many a sort and dainty viands.
8. Lords of great wealth, manifold is your bounty: ye filled our cow with food that never faileth. Lovers of sweetness! yours are praise and singers, and poured liberations which have sought your favour.
9. Mine were two mares of Puraya, brown, swift-footed; a hundred with Sumidha, food with Peruk Sanda gave ten gold-decked and well-trained horses, tame and obedient and of lofty stature.
11. May I with princes share your bliss in freedom.

HYMN LXIV. Dawn.
1. THE radiant Dawns have risen up for glory, in their white splendour like the waves of waters. She maketh paths all easy, fair to travel, and, rich, hath shown herself benign and friendly.
2. We see that thou art good: far shines thy lustre; thy beams, thy splendours have flown up to heaven. Decking thyself, thou makest bare thy bosom, shining in majesty, thou Goddess Morning.
3. Red are the kine and luminous that bear her the Blessed One who spreadeth through the distance. The foes she chaseth like a valiant archer, like a swift warrior she repelleth darkness.
4. Thy ways are easy on the hills: thou passest Invincible! Self-luminous! through waters.
5. Dawn, bring me wealth: untroubled, with thine oxen thou
bearest riches at thy will and pleasure;
Thou who, a Goddess, Child of Heaven, hast shone thee lovely
through bounty when we called thee early.
6 As the birds fly forth from their restingplaces, so men with store
of food rise at thy dawning.
Yea, to the liberal mortal who remaineth at home, O Goddess
Dawn, much good thou bringest.

HYMN LXV. Dawn.
1. SHEDDING her light on human habitations this Child of
Heaven hath called us from our slumber;
She who at night-time with her argent lustre hath shown herself
e'en through the shades of darkness.
2 All this with red-rayed steeds have they divided: the Dawns on
bright cars shine in wondrous fashion.
They, bringing near the stately rite's commencement, drive far
away the night's surrounding shades.
3 Dawns, bringing hither, to the man who worships, glory and
power and might and food and vigour,
Opulent, with imperial sway like heroes, favour your servant and
this day enrich him.
4 Now is there treasure for the man who serves you, now for the
hero, Dawns! who brings oblation;
Now for the singer when he sings the praise-song. Even to one
like me ye brought aforetime.
5 O Dawn who standest on the mountain ridges, Angirases now
praise thy stalls of cattle.
With prayer and holy hymn they burst them open: the heroes'
calling on the Gods was fruitful.
6 Shine on us as of old, thou Child of Heaven,on him, rich Maid!
who serves like Bharadvaja.
Give to the singer wealth with noble heroes, and upon us bestow
wide-spreading glory.

HYMN LXVI. Maruts.
1. E'EN to the wise let that be still a wonder to which the general
name of Cow is given.
The one hath swelled among mankind for milking: Prsni hath
drained but once her fair bright udder.
2 They who like kindled flames of fire are glowing,. the Maruts,
twice and thrice have waxen mighty.
Golden and dustless were their cars, invested with their great
strength and their heroic vigour.
3 They who are Sons of the rain-pouring Rudra, whom the long-
lasting One had power to foster:
The Mighty Ones whose germ great Mother Prsni is known to
have received for man's advantage.
4 They shrink not from the birth; in this same manner still resting
there they purge away reproaches.
When they have streamed forth, brilliant, at their pleasure, with
their own splendour they bedew their bodies.
5 Even those who bear the brave bold name of Maruts, whom not
the active quickly wins for milking.
Even the liberal wards not off those fierce ones, those who are
light and agile in their greatness.
6 When, strong in strength and armed with potent weapons, they
had united wellformed earth and heaven,
friendly laws ye have established,
They, neither Gods nor men in estimation, like Apis sons have
godless sacrifices.
10 When singers in their song uplift their voices, some chant the
Nivid texts with steady purpose.
Then may we sing you lauds that shall be fruitful: do ye not rival all the Gods in greatness?
11 O Mitra-Varuna, may your large bounty come to us hither, near to this our dwelling,
When the kine haste to us, and when they harness the fleet-foot mettled stallion for the battle.

HYMN LXVIII. Indra-Varuna.
1. HIS honouring rite whose grass is trimmed is offered swiftly to you, in Manu's wise, accordant,
The rite which Indra-Varuna shall carry this day to high success and glorious issue.
2 For at Gods' worship they are best through vigour; they have become the strongest of the Heroes;
With mighty strength, most liberal of the Princes, Chiefs of the host, by Law made Vrtra's slayers.
3 Praise those Twain Gods for powers that merit worship, Indra and Varuna, for bliss, the joyous.
One with his might and thunderbolt slays Vrtra; the other as a Sage stands near in troubles.
4 Though dames and men have waxen strong and mighty, and all the Gods selfpraised among the Heroes,
Ye, Indra-Varuna, have in might surpassed them, and thus were ye spread wide, O Earth and Heaven.
5 Righteous is he, and liberal and helpful who, Indra-Varuna,
brings you gifts with gladness.
That bounteous man through food shall conquer faemen, and win their great might gives victory in battles, and their
broad for our existence.
May they whose great might gives victory in battles, and their
blessing and might for the pious man.
May they, who praise the strength of what is mighty, pass dangers, as with boats we cross the waters.
9 Now will I sing a dear and far-extending hymn to Varuna the God, sublime, imperial Lord,
Who, mighty Governor, Eternal, as with flame, illumines both wide worlds with majesty and power.
10 True to Law, Indra-Varuna, drinkers of the juice, drink this pressed Soma which shall give you rapturous joy.
Your chariot cometh to the banquet of the Gods, to sacrifice, as it were home, that ye may drink.
11 Indra and Varuna, drink your fill, ye Heroes, of this invigorating sweetest Soma.
This juice is shed by us that ye may quaff it: on this trimmed grass be seated, and rejoice you

HYMN LXIX. Indra-Visnu
1. INDRA and Visnu, at my task's completion I urge you on with food and sacred service.
Accept the sacrifice and grant us riches, leading us on by unobstructed pathways.
2 Ye who inspire all hymns, Indra and Visnu, ye vessels who contain the Soma juices,
May hymns of praise that now are sung address you, the lauds that are recited by the singers.
3 Lords of joy-giving draughts, Indra and Visnu, come, giving gifts of treasure, to the Soma.
With brilliant rays of hymns let chanted praises, repeated with the lauds, adorn and deck you.
4 May your foe-conquering horses bring you hither, Indra and Visnu, sharers of the banquet.
Of all our hymns accept the invocations list to my prayers and hear the songs I sing you.
5 This your deed, Indra-Visnu, must be lauded: widely ye strode in the wild joy of Soma.
Ye made the firmament of larger compass, and made the regions broad for our existence.
6 Strengthened with sacred offerings, IndraVisnu, first eaters, served with worship an oblation,
Fed with the holy oil, vouchsafe us riches ye are the lake, the vat that holds the Soma.
7 Drink of this meath, O Indra, thou, and Visnu; drink ye your fill of Soma, Wonder-Workers.
The sweet exhilarating juice hath reached you. Hear ye my prayers, give ear unto my calling.
8 Ye Twain have conquered, ne'er have ye been conquered: never hath either of the Twain been vanquished.
Ye, Indra-Visnu, when ye fought the battle, produced this infinite with three divisions.

HYMN LXX. Heaven and Earth.
1. FILLED full of fatness, compassing all things that be, wide, spacious, dropping meath, beautiful in their form,
The Heaven and the Earth by Varuna's decree, unwasting, rich in germs, stand parted each from each.
2 The Everlasting Pair, with full streams, rich in milk, in their pure rule pour fatness for the pious man.
Ye who are Regents of this world, O Earth and Heaven, pour into us the genial flow that prospereth me.
3 Whoso, for righteous life, pours offerings to you, O Heaven and Earth, ye Hemispheres, that man succeeds.
He in his seed is born again and spreads by Law: from you flow things diverse in form, but ruled alike.
4 Enclosed in fatness, Heaven and Earth are bright therewith: they mingle with the fatness which they still increase.
Wide, broad, set foremost at election of the priest, to them the singers pray for bliss to further them.
5 May Heaven and Earth pour down the balmy rain for us, balm-dropping, yielding balm, with balm upon your path,
Bestowing by your Godhead sacrifice and wealth, great fame and strength for us and all heroic might.
6 May Heaven and Earth make food swell plenteously for us, all-
HYMN LXXI. Savitar.
1. GREAT is this might of yours, Indra and Soma: the first high exploits were your own achievements.
Ye found the Sun ye found the light of heaven: ye killed all darkness and the Gods' blasphemers.
2 Ye, Indra-Soma, gave her light to Morning, and led the Sun on high with all his splendour.
Ye stayed the heaven with a supporting pillar, and spread abroad apart, the Earth, the Mother.
3 Ye slew the flood-obstructing serpent Vrtra, Indra and Soma:
Heaven approved your exploit.
Ye urged to speed the currents of the rivers, and many seas have ye filled full with waters.
4 Ye in the unripe udders of the milch-kine have set the ripe milk, Indra, thou, and Soma.
Ye urged to speed the currents of the rivers, and many seas have ye filled full with waters.
5 Like a Director, Savitar hath extended his golden arms, exceeding fair to look on.
He hath gone up the heights of earth and heaven, and made each monster fall and cease from troubling.
6 Fair wealth, O Savitar, to-day, to-morrow, fair wealth produce for us each day that passes.
May we through this our song be happy gainers, God, of a fair and spacious habitation.

HYMN LXXII. Indra-Soma.
1. GREAT is this might of yours, Indra and Soma: the first high exploits were your own achievements.
Ye found the Sun ye found the light of heaven: ye killed all darkness and the Gods' blasphemers.
2 Ye, Indra-Soma, gave her light to Morning, and led the Sun on high with all his splendour.
Ye stayed the heaven with a supporting pillar, and spread abroad apart, the Earth, the Mother.
3 Ye slew the flood-obstructing serpent Vrtra, Indra and Soma:
Heaven approved your exploit.
Ye urged to speed the currents of the rivers, and many seas have ye filled full with waters.
4 Ye in the unripe udders of the milch-kine have set the ripe milk, Indra, thou, and Soma.
Ye urged to speed the currents of the rivers, and many seas have ye filled full with waters.
5 Like a Director, Savitar hath extended his golden arms, exceeding fair to look on.
He hath gone up the heights of earth and heaven, and made each monster fall and cease from troubling.
6 Fair wealth, O Savitar, to-day, to-morrow, fair wealth produce for us each day that passes.
May we through this our song be happy gainers, God, of a fair and spacious habitation.

HYMN LXXIII. Brhaspati.
1. SERVED with oblations, first-born, mountain-render, Angiras' son, Brhaspati, the Holy,
With twice-firm path, dwelling in light, our Father, roars loudly, as a bull, to Earth and Heaven.
2 Brhaspati, who made for such a people wide room and verge when Gods were invoked,
Slaying his enemies, breaks down their castles, quelling his foes and conquering those who hate him.
3 Brhaspati in war hath won rich treasures, hath won, this God, the great stalls filled with cattle.
Striving to win waters and light, resistless, Brhaspati with lightning smites the foeaman.

HYMN LXXIV. Soma-Rudra.
1. HOLD fast your Godlike sway, O Soma-Rudra: let these our sacrifices quickly reach you.
Placing in every house your seven great treasures, bring blessing to our quadrupeds and bipeds.
2 Soma and Rudra, chase to every quarter the sickness that hath visited our dwelling.
Drive Nirrti away into the distance, and give us excellent and happy glories.
3 Provide, O Soma-Rudra, for our bodies all needful medicines to heal and cure us.
Set free and draw away the sin committed which we have still inherent in our persons.
4 Armed with keen shafts and weapons, kind and loving, be gracious unto us, Soma and Rudra.
Release us from the noose of Varuna; keep us from sorrow, in your tender loving-kindness.

HYMN LXXV. Weapons of War.
1. THE warrior's look is like a thunderous rain-cloud's, when, armed with mail, he seeks the lap of battle.
Be thou victorious with unwounded body: so let the thickness of thy mail protect thee.
2 With Bow let us win kine, with Bow the battle, with Bow be victors in our hot encounters.
The Bow brings grief and sorrow to the foeaman: armed with the Bow may we subdue all regions.
3 Close to his car, as fain to speak, She presses, holding her well-loved Friend in her embraces.
Strained on the Bow, She whispers like a woman-this Bowstring that preserves us in the combat.
4 These, meeting like a woman and her lover, bear, mother-like, their child upon their bosom.
May the two Bow-ends, starting swift asunder, scatter, in unison, the foes who hate us.
5 With many a son, father of many daughters, He clangs and echoes, Armed with mail, he seeks the lap of battle.
Slung on the back, pouring his brood, the Quiver vanquishes all opposing bands and armies.
6 Upstanding in the Car the skilful Charioteer guides his strong Horses on whithersoever he will.
See and admire the strength of those controlling Reins which from behind declare the will of him who drives.
7 Horses whose hoofs rain dust are neighing loudly, yoked to the Chariots, showing forth their vigour,
With their forefeet descending on the foemen, they, never flinching, trample and destroy them.
8 Car-bearer is the name of his oblation, whercon are laid his
Weapons and his Armour.
So let us here, each day that passes, honour the helpful Car with hearts exceeding joyful.

9 In sweet association lived the fathers who gave us life, profound and strong in trouble, Unwearied, armed with shafts and wondrous weapons, free, real heroes, conquerors of armies.

10 The Brahmans, and the Fathers meet for Soma-draughts, and, graciously inclined, unequalled Heaven and Earth.

Guard us from evil, Pusan, guard us strengtheners of Law: let not the evil-wisher master us.

11 Her tooth a deer, dressed in an eagle's feathers, bound with cow-hide, launched forth, She flith onward.

There where the heroes speed hither and thither, there may the Arrows shelter and protect us.

12 Avoid us thou whose flight is straight, and let our bodies be as stone.

May Soma kindly speak to us, and Aditi protect us well.

13 He lays his blows upon their backs, he deals his blows upon their thighs.

Thou, Whip, who urgest horses, drive sagacious horses in the fray.

14 It compasses the arm with serpent windings, fending away the friction of the bowstring:
So may the Brace, well-skilled in all its duties, guard manfully the man from every quarter.

15 Now to the Shaft with venom smeared, tipped with deer-horn, with iron mouth, Celestial, of Parjanya's seed, be this great adoration paid.

16 Loosed from the Bowstring fly away, thou Arrow, sharpened by our prayer.

Go to the foemen, strike them home, and let not one be left alive.

17 There where the flights of Arrows fall like boys whose locks are yet unshorn.

Even there may Brahma-Aspati, and Aditi protect us well, protect us well through all our days.

18 Thy vital parts I cover with thine Armour: with immortality King Soma clothe thee.

Varuna give thee what is more than ample, and in thy triumph may the Gods be joyful.

19 Whoso would kill us, whether he be a strange foe or one of us, May all the Gods discomfit him. My nearest, closest Mail is prayer.

End of SIXTH BOOK
HYMN I. Agni.
1. THE men from fire-sticks, with their hands' swift
movement, have, in deep thought, engendered glorious Agni,
Far-seen, with pointed flame, Lord of the homestead.
2 The Vasus set that Agni in the dwelling, fair to behold, for
help from every quarter:
Who, in the home for ever, must be honoured.
3 Shine thou before us, Agni, well-enkindled, with flame, Most
Youthful God, that never fadeth.
To thee come all our sacrificial viands.
4 Among all fires these fires have shone most brightly,
splendid with light, begirt by noble heroes,
Where men of lofty birth sit down together.
5 Victorious Agni, grant us wealth with wisdom, wealth with
brave sons, famous and independent,
Which not a foe who deals in magic conquers.
6 To whom, the Strong, at morn and eve comes, maid-like, the
ladle dropping oil, with its oblation.
Wealth-seeking comes to him his own devotion.
7 Burn up all malice with those flames, O Agni, wherewith of
old thou burntest up Jarutha,
And drive away in silence pain and sickness.
8 With him who lighteth up thy splendour, Agni, excellent,
pure, refugent, Purifier,
Be present, and with us through these our praises.
9 Agni, the patriarchal men, the mortals who have in many
places spread thy lustre,-
Be gracious to us here for their sake also.
10 Let these men, heroes in the fight with foemen, prevail
against all godless arts of 4-magic,-
These who improve the noble song I sing thee.
11 Let us not sit in want of men, O Agni, without descendants,
heroeleu, about thee:
But, O House-Friend, in houses full of children.
12 By sacrifice which the Steeds' Lord ever visits, there make
our dwelling rich in seed and offspring,
Increasing still with lineal successors.
13 Guard us, O Agni, from the hated demon, guard us from
malice of the churlish sinner:
Allied with thee may I subdue assailants.
14 May this same fire of mine surpass all others, this fire
where offspring, vigorous and firm-handed,
Wins, on a thousand paths, what ne'er shall perish.
15 This is that Agni, saviour from the foe, who guards the
kindler of the flame from sorrow:
Heroes of noble lineage serve and tend him.
16 This is that Agni, served in many places, whom the rich
lord who brings oblation kindles,
And round him goes the priest at sacrifices.
17 Agni, may we with riches in possession bring thee continual
offerings in abundance,
Using both means to draw thee to our worship.
18 Agni, bear thou, Eternal, these most welcome oblations to
the Deities' assembly:
Let them enjoy our very fragrant presents.
19 Give us not up, Agni, to want of heroes, to wretched
clothes, to need, to destitution.
Yield us not, Holy One, to fiend or hunger; injure us not at
home or in the forest.
20 Give strength and power to these my prayers, O Agni; O
God, pour blessings on our chiefs and nobles.
Grant that both we and they may share thy bounty. Ye Gods,
protect us evermore with blessings.
21 Thou Agni, swift to hear, art fair of aspect: beam forth, O
Son of Strength, in full effulgence.
Let me not want, with thee, a son for ever: let not a manly hero
ever fail us.
22 Condemn us not to indigence, O Agni, beside these flaming
fires which Gods have kindled;
Nor, even after fault, let thy displeasure, thine as a God, O Son
of Strength, o'ertake us.
23 O Agni, fair of face, the wealthy mortal who to the
Immortal offers his oblation.
Hath him who wins him treasure by his Godhead, to whom the
prince, in need, goes supplicating.
24 Knowing our chief felicity, O Agni, bring hither ample
 riches to our nobles,
Wherewith we may enjoy ourselves, O Victor, with
undiminished life and hero children.
25 Give strength and power to these my prayers, O Agni; O
God, pour blessings on our chiefs and nobles.
Grant that both we and they may share thy bounty. Ye Gods,
protect us evermore with blessings.

HYMN II. Apris.
1. GLADLY accept, this day, our fuel, Agni: send up thy
sacred smoke and shine sublimely.
Touch the celestial summits with thy columns, and overspread
thee with the rays of Surya.
2 With sacrifice to these we men will honour the majesty of
holy Narasamsa-
To these the pure, most wise, the thought. inspirers, Gods who
enjoy both sorts of our oblations.
3 We will extol at sacrifice for ever, as men may do, Agni
whom Manu kindled,
Your very skilful Asura, meet for worship, envoy between
both worlds, the truthful speaker.
4 Bearing the sacred grass, the men who serve him strew it
with reverence, on their knees, by Agni.
Calling him to the spotted grass, oil-sprinkled, adorn him, ye
Adhvaryus, with obliteration.
5 With holy thoughts the pious have thrown open Doors fain
for chariots in the Gods' assembly.
Like two full mother cows who lick their youngling, like
maidens for the gathering, they adorn them.
6 And let the two exalted Heavenly Ladies, Morning and
Night, like a cow good at milking,
Come, much-invoked, and on our grass be seated ' wealthy,
deserving worship, for our welfare.
7 You, Bards and Singers at men's sacrifices, both filled with
wisdom, I incline to worship.
Send up our offerings when we call upon you, and so among
the Gods obtain us treasures.
8 May Bharati with all her Sisters, Ila accordant with the Gods,
with mortals Agni,
Sarasvati with all her kindred Rivers, come to this grass, Three
Goddesses, and seat them.
9 Well pleased with us do thou, O God, O Tvastar, give ready
issue to our procreant vigour,
Whence springs the hero, powerful, skilled in action, lover of
10 Send to the Gods the oblation, Lord of Forests, and let the
Immolator, Agni, dress it.
He as the truer Priest shall offer worship, for the
God's generations well he knoweth.
11 Come thou to us, O Agni, duly kindled, together with the
potent Gods and Indra.
On this our grass sit Aditi, happy Mother, and let our Hail!
delight the Gods Immortal.

HYMN III. Agni.
1. ASSOCIATE with fires, make your God Agni envoy at
sacrifice, best skilled in worship,
Established firm among mankind, the Holy, flame-crowned
and fed with oil, the Purifier.
2 Like a steed neighing eager for the pasture, when he hath
stepped forth from the great enclosure:
Then the wind following blows upon his splendour, and,
straight, the path is black which thou hast travelled.
3 From thee a Bull but newly born, O Agni, the kindled
everlasting flames rise upward.
Alone to heaven thy ruddy smoke ascendeth: Agni, thou
speedest to the Gods as envoy.
4 Thou whose fresh lustre o'er the earth advanceth when
greedily with thy jaws thy food thou eatest.
Like a host hurried onward comes thy lasso: fierce, with thy
tongue thou piercest, as 'twere barley.
5 The men have decked him both at eve and morning, Most
Youthful Agni, as they tend a coursers.
They kindle him, a guest within his dwelling: bright shines the
splendour of the worshipped Hero.
6 O fair of face, beautiful is thine aspect when, very near at
hand, like gold thou gleamest,
Like Heaven's thundering roar thy might approaches, and like
the wondrous Sun thy light thou showest.
7 That we may worship, with your Hail to Agni! with
sacrificial cakes and fat oblations,
Guard us, O Agni, with those boundless glories as with a
hundred fortresses of iron.
8 Thine are resistless songs for him who offers, and hero-
giving hymns wherewith thou savest;
With these, O Son of Strength, O Jatavedas, guard us, preserve
these princes and the singers.
9 When forth he cometh, like an axe new-sharpened, pure in
his form, resplendent in his body,
Sprung, sought with eager longing, from his Parents, for the
Gods' worship, Sage and Purifier:
10 Shine this felicity on us, O Agni: may we attain to perfect
understanding.
All happiness be theirs who sing and praise thee. Ye Gods,
preserve us evermore with blessings.

HYMN IV. Agni.
1. BRING forth your gifts to his refulgent splendour, your
hymn as purest offering to Agni,
To him who goes as messenger with knowledge between all
songs of men and Gods in heaven.
2 Wise must this Agni be, though young and tender, since he
was born, Most Youthful, of his Mother;
He who with bright teeth seizeth fast the forests, and eats his
food, though plenteous, in a moment.
3 Before his presence must we all assemble, this God's whom
men have seized in his white splendour.
This Agni who hath brooked that men should seize him hath
shone for man with glow insufferable.
4 Far-seeing hath this Agni been established, deathless mid
both worlds, the truthful speaker.
A Babe unborn, the plants and trees support him, and the earth
beareth him the All-sustainer.
5 He who hath occupied his God-made dwelling, Agni, in
wisdom hath surpassed Immortals.
A Babe unborn, the plants and trees support him, and the earth
beareth him the All-sustainer.
6 Agni is Lord of Amrta. in abundance, Lord of the gift of
wealth and hero valour,
Victorious God, let us not sit about thee like men devoid of
strength, beauty, and worship.
7 The foeman's treasure may be won with labour: may we be
masters of our own possessions.
Agni, no son is he who springs from others: lengthen not out
the pathways of the foolish.
8 Unwelcome for adoption is the stranger, one to be thought of
as another's offspring,
Though grown familiar by continual presence. May our strong
hero come, freshly triumphant.
9 Guard us from him who would assail us, Agni; preserve us O
thou Victor, from dishonour.
Here let the place of darkening come upon thee: may wealth be
ours, desirable, in thousands.
10 Shine this felicity on us, O Agni: may we attain to perfect understanding.
All happiness be theirs who sing and praise thee. Ye Gods, preserve us evermore with blessings.

HYMN V. Agni.
1. BRING forth your song of praise to mighty Agni, the speedy messenger of earth and heaven,
Vaisvanara, who, with those who wake, hath waxen great in the lap of all the Gods Immortal.
2 Sought in the heavens, on earth is Agni stablished, leader of rivers, Bull of standing waters.
Vaisvanara when he hath grown in glory, shines on the tribes of men with light and treasure.
3 For fear of thee forth fled the dark-hued races, scattered abroad, deserting their possessions,
When, glowing, O Vaisvanara, for Puru, thou Agni didst light the worlds with splendour.
4 Agni Vaisvanara, both Earth and Heaven submit them to thy threefold jurisdiction.
Refulgent in thine undecaying lustre thou hast invested both the worlds with splendour.
5 Agni, the tawny horses, loudly neighing our resonant hymns that drop with oil, attend thee;
Lord of the tribes, our Charioteer of riches, Ensign of days, Vaisvanara of mornings.
6 In thee, O bright as Mitra, Vasus seated the might of Aduras,
for they loved thy spirit.
Thou drivest Dasyus from their home, O Agni, and broughtest forth broad light to light the Arya.
7 Born in the loftiest heaven thou in a moment reachest, like wind, the place where Gods inhabit.
Thou, favouring thine offspring, roaredst loudly when giving life to creatures, Jatavedas.
8 Send us that strength, Vaisvanara, send it, Agni, that strength, O Jatavedas, full of splendour,
Wherewith, all-bounteous God, thou pourest riches, as fame wide-spreading, on the man who offers.
9 Agni, bestow upon our chiefs and nobles that famous power, that wealth which feedeth many.
Accordant with the Vasus and the Rudras, Agni, Vaisvanara, give us sure protection.

HYMN VI. Agni.
1. PRAISE of the Asura, high imperial Ruler, the Manly One in whom the folk shall triumph-
I laud his deeds who is as strong as Indra, and lauding celebrate the Fort-destroyer.
2 Sage, Sing, Food, Light,-they bring him from the mountain, the blessed Sovran of the earth and heaven.
I decorate with songs the mighty actions which Agni, Fort-destroyer, did aforetime.
3 The foolish, faithless, rudely-speaking niggards, without belief or sacrifice or worship,-
Far far sway hath Agni chased those Dasytis, and, in the cast, hath turned the godless westward.
4 Him who brought eastward, manifest 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.

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 strengthen whom, Giver of all boons, the Hotar worships.
6 These have passed all in glory, who, the manly, have wrought with skill the hymn of adoration;
Who, listening, have advanced the people's welfare, and set their thoughts on this my holy statute.
7 We, the Vasishthas, now implore thee, Agni, O Son of Strength, the Lord of wealth and treasure.
Thou hast brought food to singers and to nobles. Ye Gods, preserve us evermore with blessings.

HYMN VIII. Agni.
1. THE King whose face is decked with oil is kindled with homage offered by his faithful servant.
The men, the priests adore him with oblations. Agni hath shone forth when the dawn is breaking.
2 Yea, he hath been acknowledged as most mighty, the joyous Priest of men, the youthful Agni.
He, spreading o'er the earth, made light around him, and grew among the plants with blackened fellies.
3 How dost thou decorate our hymn, O Agni? What power
ries to the pious.
He gives a signal both to Gods and mortals, to Gods oblations, and asking him for riches,
our songs and holy hymns go forth to Agni, seeking the God most bounteous, rapid envoy.
Agni, the God, who knows their generations and visits Gods, with all thine aspects thou hast waxen gracious.
Thou hast brought food to singers and to nobles. Ye Gods, preserve us evermore with blessings.

HYMN IX. Agni.
1. ROUSED from their bosom is the Dawns' beloved, the joyous Priest, most sapient, Purifier.
2. Men with oblations evermore entreat thee, the swift, to bring the Gods to taste our presents: with Indra guarding us from curses.
3. Three times a day in thee are shown the treasures sent for the mortal who presents oblation.
4. Lord of the lofty sacrifice is Agni, Agni is Lord of every gift presented.
5. O Agni, bring the Gods to taste our presents: with Indra leading, here let them be joyful.
Convey this sacrifice to Gods in heaven. Ye Gods, preserve us evermore with blessings.

HYMN XII. Agni.
1. WE with great reverence have approached The Youngest who hath shone forth well-kindled in his dwelling,
With wondrous light between wide earth and heaven, well-worshipped, looking forth in all directions.
2. Through his great might o'ercoming all misfortunes, praised with the Singers.
3. Three times a day in thee are shown the treasures sent for the mortal who presents oblation.
4. Lord of the lofty sacrifice is Agni, Agni is Lord of every gift presented.
5. O Agni, bring the Gods to taste our presents: with Indra leading, here let them be joyful.
Convey this sacrifice to Gods in heaven. Ye Gods, preserve us evermore with blessings.

HYMN XIII. Agni.
1. BRING song and hymn to Agni, Asura-slayer, enlightener of all and thought-bestower.
2. Thou with thy flame, O Agni, brightly glowing, hast at thy birth filled full the earth and heaven.
3. Agni, when, born thou lookedst on all creatures, like a brisk
herdsman moving round his cattle.
The path to prayer, Vaisvanara, thou foundest. Ye Gods,
preserve us evermore with blessings.

HYMN XIV Agni.
1. WITH reverence and with offered gifts serve we the God
whose flame is bright:
Let us bring Jatavedas fuel, and adore Agni when we invoke
the Gods.
2 Agni, may we perform thy rites with fuel, and honour thee, O
Holy one, with praises:
Honour thee, Priest of sacrifice! with butter, thee, God of
blessed light! with our oblation.
3 Come, Agni, with the Gods to our invoking, come, pleased,
to offerings sanctified with Vasat.
May we be his who pays thee, God, due honour. Ye Gods,
preserve us evermore with blessings.

HYMN XV. Agni.
1. OFFER oblations in his mouth, the bounteous God's whom
we must serve.
His who is nearest kin to us:
2 Who for the Fivefold People's take hath seated him in every
home
Wise, Youthful, Master of the house.
3 On all sides may that Agni guard our household folk and
property;
May he deliver us from woe.
4 I have begotten this new hymn for Agni, Falcon of the sky:
Will he not give us of his wealth?
5 Whose lories when he glows in front of sacrifice are fair to see,
Like wealth of one with hero sons.
6 May he enjoy this hallowed gift, Agni accept our songs, who
bears
Oblations, best of worshippers.
7 Lord of the house, whom men must seek, we set thee down,
O Worshipped Onel
Bright, rich in heroes, Agni! God
8 Shine forth at night and morn: through thee with fires are we
provided well.
Thou, rich in heroes, art our Friend.
9 The men come near thee for their gain, the singers with their
songs of praise:
Speech, thousandfold, comes near to thee.
10 Bright, Purifier, meet for praise, Immortal with refugent
glow,
Agni drives Raksasas away.
11 As such, bring us abundant wealth, young Child of
Strength, for this thou canst
May Bhaga give us what is choice.
12 Thou, Agni, givest hero fame: Bhaga and Savitar the God,
And Did give us what is good.
13 Agni, preserve us from distress: consume our enemies, O
God,
Eternal, with the hottest flames.
14 And, irresistible, be thou a mighty iron fort to us,
With hundred walls for man's defence.

HYMN XVI. Agni.
1. WITH this my reverent hymn I call Agni for you, the Son of
Strength,
Dear, wisest envoy, served with noble sacrifice, immortal
messenger of all.
2 His two red horses, all-supporting, let him yoke: let him,
well-worshipped, urge them fast.
Then hath the sacrifice good prayers and happy end, and
heavenly gift of wealth to men.
3 The flame of him the Bountiful, the Much-invoked, hath
mounted up,
And his red-coloured smoke-clouds reach and touch the sky:
the men are kindling Agni well.
4 Thee, thee Most Glorious One we make our messenger.
Bring the Gods hither to the feast.
Give us, O Son of Strength, all food that feedeth man: give that
for which we pray to thee.
5 Thou, Agni, art the homestead's Lord, our Herald at the
sacrifice.
Lord of all boons, thou art the Cleanser and a Sage. Pay
worship, and enjoy the good.
6 Give riches to the sacrificer, O Most Wise, for thou art he
who grangeth wealth.
Inspire with zeal each priest at this our solemn rite; all who are
skilled in singing praise.
7 O Agni who art worshipped well, dear let our princes he to
thee,
Our wealthy patrons who are governors of men, who part, as
gifts, their stalls of kine.
8 They in whose home, her hand bearing the sacred oil, Ila sits
down well-satisfied-
Guard them, Victorious God, from slander and from harm.
give us a refuge famed afar.
9 Do thou, a Priest with pleasant tongue, most wise, and very
near to us,
Agni, bring riches hither to our liberal chiefs, and speed the
offering of our gifts.
10 They who bestow as bounty plenteous wealth of steeds,
moved by desire of great renown-
Do thou with saving help preserve them from distress, Most
Youthful! with a hundred forts.
11 The God who gives your wealth demands a full libation
poured to him.
Pour ye it forth, then fill the vessel full again: then doth the
God pay heed to you.
12 Him have the Gods appointed Priest of sacrifice, oblation-
bearer, passing wise.
Agni gives wealth and valour to the worshipper, to folk who
offer up their gifts.

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

Do thou preserve us, eve and morn, from sorrow, from the
wicked men,
Infallible! by day and night.
2 Let the impatient Portals be thrown open bring thou the Gods impatient to come hither.
3 Taste, Agni: serve the Gods with our oblation. Offer good sacrifices, Jatavedas!
4 Let Jatavedas pay fair sacrifices, worship and gratify the Gods Immortal.
5 Wise God, win for us things that are all-goodly, and let the Gods Immortal.
6 Thou, even thee, the Son of Strength, O Agni, those Gods have made the bearer of oblations.
7 To thee the God may we perform our worship: do thou, besought, grant us abundant riches.

HYMN XVIII. Indra.
1. ALL is with thee, O Indra, all the treasures which erst our fathers won who sang thy praises.
With thee are milch-kine good to milk, and horses: best winner thou of riches for the pious.
2 For like a King among his wives thou dwellest: with glories, as a Sage, surround and help us.
Make us, thy servants, strong for wealth, and honour our songs with kine and steeds and decoration.
3 Here these our holy hymns with joy and gladness in pious emulation have approached thee.
Hitherward come thy path that leads to riches: may we find shelter in thy favour, Indra.
4 Vasistha hath poured forth his prayers, desiring to milk thee like a cow in goodly pasture.
All these my people call thee Lord of cattle: may Indra come unto the prayer we offer.
5 What though the floods spread widely, Indra made them shallow and easy for Sudas to traverse.
He, worthy of our praises, caused the Simyu, foe of our hymn, to curse the rivers' fury.
6 Eager for spoil was Turvasa Purodas, fain to win wealth, like fishes urged by hunger.
The Bhrgus and the Druhyus quickly listened: friend rescued friend mid the two distant peoples.
7 Together came the Pakthas, the Bhalanas, the Alinas, the Sivas, the Visanins.
Yet to the Trtsus came the Arya's Comrade, through love of spoil and heroes' war, to lead them.
8 Fools, in their folly fain to waste her waters, they parted inexhaustible Parusni.
Lord of the Earth, he with his might repressed them: still lay the herd and the affrighted herdsmen.
9 As to their goal they sped to their destruction: they sought Parusni; 'e'n the swift returned not.
Indra abandoned, to Sudas the manly, the swiftly flying foes, unmanly babblers.
10 They went like kine unherded from the pasture, each clinging to a friend as chance directed.
They who drive spotted steeds, sent down by Prsni, gave ear, the Warriors and the harnessed horses.
11 The King who scattered one-and-twenty people of both Vaykarna tribes through lust of glory-
As the skilled priest clips grass within the chamber, so hath the Hero Indra, wrought their downfall.
12 Thou, thunder-armed, o'rewhelmedst in the waters famed ancient Kavasa and then the Druhyu.
Others here claiming friendship to their friendship, devoted unto thee, in thee were joyful.
13 Indra at once with conquering might demolished all their strong places and their seven castles.
The goods of Anu's son he gave to Trtsu. May we in sacrifice conquer scorned Puru.
14 The Anavas and Druhyus, seeking booty, have slept, the sixty hundred, yea, six thousand,
And six-and-sixty heroes. For the pious were all these mighty exploits done by Indra.
15 These Trtsus under Indra's careful guidance came speeding like loosed waters rushing downward.
The foemen, measuring exceeding closely, abandoned to Sudas all their provisions.
16 The hero's side who drank the dressed oblation, Indra's denier, far o'er earth he scattered.
Indra brought down the fierce destroyer's fury. He gave them various roads, the path's Controller.
17 'E'en with the weak he wrought this matchless exploit: e'en with a goat he did to death a lion.
He pared the pillar's angles with a needle. Thus to Sudas Indra gave all provisions.
18 To thee have all thine enemies submitted: 'e'en the fierce Bheda hast thou made thy subject.
Cast down thy sharpened thunderbolt, O Indra, on him who harms the men who sing thy praises.
19 Yamuna and the Trtsus aided Indra. There he stripped Bheda bare of all his treasures.
The Ajas and the Sigrus and the Yaksus brought in to him as tribute heads of horses.
20 Not to be scorned, but like Dawns past and recent, O Indra, are thy favours and thy riches.
Devaka, Manyamana's son, thou slewest, and smotest Sambara from the lofty mountain.
21 They who, from home, have gladdened thee, thy servants Parasara, Vasistha, Satayatu,
Will not forget thy friendship, liberal Giver. So shall the days dawn prosperous for the princes.
22 Priest-like, with praise, I move around the altar, earning Divodasa.
23 Him whose fame spreads between wide earth and heaven, who, as dispenser, gives each chief his portion,
Seven flowing Rivers glorify like Indra. He slew Yudhyamadhi in close encounter.
24 Of the gods who reside in the world, the Maruts as on Sudas's father Divodasa.
Further Paijavana's desire with favour. Guard faithfully his lasting firm dominion.

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HYMN XIX. Indra.
1. HE like a bull with sharpened horns, terrific, singly excites and agitates all the people: Thou givest him who largely pours libations his goods who pours not, for his own possession.
2 Thou, verily, Indra, gavest help to Kutsa, willingly giving car to him in battle, When, aiding Arjuneya, thou subduedst to him both Kuyava and the Dasa Susna.
3 O Bold One, thou with all thine aids hast boldly holpen Sudas whose offerings were accepted, Puru in winning land and slaying foemen, and Trasadasyu son of Purukutsa.
4 At the Gods' banquet, hero-souled! with Heroes, Lord of Bay Steeds, thou slewest many foemen. Thou sentest in swift death to sleep the Dasyu, both Cumuri Steeds, thou slewest many foemen of Purukutsa.
5 These were thy mighty powers that, Thunder-wielder, thou swiftly crushedst nine-and-ninety castles: Thou capturedst the hundredth in thine onslaught; thou slewest swiftly crushedst nine-and-ninety castles: Thou givest him who largely pours libations his goods who pours not, for his own possession.
6 Old are the blessings, Indra, which thou gavest Sudas the worshipper who brought oblations. For thee, the Strong, I yoke thy strong Bay Horses: may our worshipper who brought oblations.
7 Give us not up, Lord of Bay Horses, Victor, in this thine own assembly, to the wicked. Deliver us with true and faithful succours: dear may we be to thee among the princes.
8 May we men, Maghavan, the friends thou lovest, near thee be joyful under thy protection. Fain to fulfil the wish of Atithigva humble. the pride of Turvasa and Yadva.
9 Swiftly, in truth, O Maghavan, about thee men skilled in hymning sing their songs and praises. ' Elect us also into their assembly who by their calls on thee despoiled the niggards.
10 Thine are these lauds, O manliest of heroes, lauds which revert to us and give us riches. Favour these, Indra, when they fight with faemen, as Friend and Hero and the heroes' Helper.
11 Now, lauded for thine aid, Heroic Indra, sped by our prayer, wax mighty in thy body. Apportion to us strength and habitations. Ye Gods, protect us evermore with blessings.

HYMN XX. Indra.
1. STRONG, Godly-natured, born for hero exploit, man's Friend, hedoth whatever deed he willeth. Saving us e'en from great transgression, Indra, the Youthful, visiteth man's home with favour.
2 Waxing greatness Indra slayeth Vrtra: the Hero with his aid hath helped the singer. He gave Sudas wide room and space, and often hath granted wealth to him who brought oblations.
3 Soldier unchecked, war-rousing, battling Hero, unconquered from of old, victorious ever, Indra the very strong hath scattered armies; yea, he hath slain each foe who fought against him.
4 Thou with thy greatness hast filled full, O Indra, even both the worlds with might, O thou Most Mighty. Lord of Bays, Indra, brandishing his thunder, is gratified with Soma at the banquet.
5 A Bull begat the Bull for joy of battle, and a strong Mother brought forth him the manly. He who is Chief of men, their armies' Leader, is strong Hero, bold, and fain for booty.
6 The people falter not, nor suffer sorrow, who win themselves this God's terrific spirit. He who with sacrifices worships Indra is lord of wealth, law-born and law's protector.
7 Whene'er the elder fain would help the younger the greater cometh to the lesser's present. Shall the Immortal sit aloof inactive? O Wondrous Indra, bring us wondrous riches.
8 'Thy dear folk, Indra, who present oblations, are, in chief place, thy friends, O Thunder-wielder. May we be best content in this thy favour, sheltered by One who slays not, but preserves us.
9 To thee the mighty hymn hath clamoured loudly, and, Maghavan, the eloquent hath besought thee. Desire of wealth hath come upon thy singer: help us then, gakra, to our share of riches.
10 Place us by food which thou hast given, O Indra, us and the wealthy patrons who command us. Let thy great power bring good to him who lauds thee. Ye Gods, preserve us evermore with blessings.

HYMN XXI. Indra.
1. PRESSED is the juice divine with milk commingled: thereto hath Indra ever been accustomed. We wake thee, Lord of Bays, with sacrifices: mark this our laud in the wild joy of Soma.
2 On to the rite they move, the grass they scatter, these Soma-drinkers eloquent in synod. Hither, for men to grasp, are brought the press-stones, far-thundering, famous, strong, that wait on heroes.
3 Indra, thou settest free the many waters that were encompassed, Hero, by the Dragon. Down rolled, as if on chariots borne, the rivers: through fear of thee all things created tremble.
4 Skilled in all manly deeds the God terrific hath with his weapons mastered these opponents. Indra in rapturous joy shook down their castles he slew them in his might, the Thunder-wielder.
5 No evil spirits have impelled us, Indra, nor fiends, O Mightiest God, with their devices. Let our true God subdue the hostile rabble: let not the lewd approach our holy worship.
6 Thou in thy strength surpasseth Earth and Heaven: the regions comprehend not all thy greatness. With thine own power and might thou slewest Vrtra: no foe hath found the end of thee in battle.
7 Even the earlier Deities submitted their powers to thy supreme divine dominion.
Indra wins wealth and deals it out to other's: men in the strife for booty call on Indra.
8 The humble hath invoked thee for protection, thee, Lord of great felicity, O Indra.
Thou with a hundred aids hast been our Helper: one who brings gifts like thee hath his defender.
9 May we, O Indra, be thy friends for ever, eagerly, Conqueror, yielding greater homage.
May, through thy grace, the strength of us who battle quell in the shock the onset of the foeman.
10 Place us by food which thou hast given, O Indra, us and the wealthy patrons who command us.
Let thy great power bring good to him who lauds thee. Ye Gods, preserve us evermore with blessings.

HYMN XXII. Indra.
1. DRINK Soma, Lord of Bays, and let it cheer thee: Indra, the stone, like a well guided courser, Directed by the presser's arms hath pressed it.
2 So let the draught of joy, thy dear companion, by which, O Lord of Bays, thou slayest foemen, Delight thee, Indra, Lord of princely treasures.
3 Mark closely, Maghavan, the words I utter, this eulogy recited by Vasistha:
Accept the prayers I offer at thy banquet.
4 Hear thou the call of the juice-drinking press-stone: hear thou the Brahman's hymn who sings and lauds thee.
Directed by the presser's arms hath pressed it.
5 I know and ne'er forget the hymns and praises of thee, the Conqueror, yielding greater homage.
Thy name I ever utter. Self-Refulgent
6 Among mankind many are thy libations, and many a time the pious sage invokes thee.
O Maghavan, be not long distant from us.
7 All these libations are for thee, O Hero: to thee I offer these my prayers, that strengthen.
Ever, in every place, must men invoke thee.
8 Never do men attain, O Wonder-Worker, thy greatness, Mighty One, who must be lauded, Nor, Indra, thine heroic power and bounty.
9 Among all Rsis, Indra, old and recent, who have engendered hymns as sacred singers,
Even with us be thine auspicious friendships. Ye Gods, preserve us evermore with blessings.

HYMN XXIII. Indra.
1. PRAYERS have been offered up through love of glory: Vasistha, honour Indra in the battle.
He who with might extends through all existence hears words which I, his faithful servant, utter.
2 A cry was raised which reached the Gods, O Indra, a cry to them to send us strength in combat.
None among men knows his own life's duration: bear us in safety over these our troubles.
3 The Bays, the booty-seeking car I harness: my prayers have reached him who accepts them gladly.
Indra, when he had slain resistless foemen, forced with his might the two world-halves asunder.
4 Like barren cows, moreover, swelled the waters: the singen sought thy holy rite, O Indra.
Come unto us as with his team comes Vayu: thou, through our solemn hymns bestowest booty.
5 So may these gladdening draughts rejoice thee, Indra, the Mighty, very bounteous to the singer.
Alone among the Gods thou pitiest mortals: O Hero, make thee glad at this libation.
6 Thus the Vasisthas glorify with praises Indra, the Powerful whose arm wields thunder.
Praised, may he guard our wealth in kine and heroes. Ye Gods, preserve us evermore with blessings.

HYMN XXIV. Indra.
1. A HOME is made for thee to dwell in, Indra: O Much-invoked, go thitherwith the heroes.
That thou, to prosper us, mayst be our Helper, vouchsafe us wealth, rejoice with draughts of Soma.
2 Indra, thy wish, twice-strong, is comprehended: pressed is the Soma, poured are pleasant juices.
This hymn of praise, from loosened tongue, made perfect, draws Indra to itself with loud invoking.
3 Come, thou Impetuous; God, from earth or heaven; come to our holy grass to drink the Soma.
Hither to me let thy Bay Horses bring thee to listen to our hymns and make thee joyful.
4 Come unto us with all thine aids, accordant, Lord of Bay Steeds, accepting our devotions,
Fair-helmeted, o'ercoming with the mighty, and lending us the strength of bulls, O Indra.
5 As to the chariot pole a vigorous courser, this laud is brought to the great Upholder.
This hymn solicits wealth of thee: in heaven, as 'twere above the sky, set thou our glory.
6 With precious things. O Indra, thus content us: may we attain to thine exalted favour.
Send our chiefs plenteous food with hero children. Preserve us evermore, ye Gods, with blessings.

HYMN XXV. Indra.
WHEN with thy mighty help, O potent Indra, the armies rush together in their fury.
When from the strong man's arm the lightning flieth, let not the mind go forth to side with others.
2 O Indra, where the ground is hard to traverse, smite down our foes, the mortals who assail us, Keep far from us the curse of the reviler: bring us accumulated store of treasures.
3 God of the fair helm, give Sudas a hundred succours, a thousand blessings, and thy bounty.
Strike down the weapon of our mortal foeman: bestow upon us splendid fame and riches.
4 I wait the power of one like thee, O Indra, gifts of a Helper such as thou art, Hero.
Strong, Mighty God, dwell with me now and ever: Lord of Bay Horses, do not thou desert us.

5 Here are the Kutsas supplicating Indra for might, the Lord of Bays for God-sent conquest.

Make our foes ever easy to be vanquished: may we, victorious, win the spoil, O Hero.

6 With precious things, O Indra, thus content us: may we attain to thine exalted favour.

Send our chiefs plenteous food with hero children. Preserve us evermore, ye Gods, with blessings.

HYMN XXVI. Indra.

1. SOMA unpressed ne'er gladdened liberal Indra, no juices pressed without a prayer have pleased him.

I generate a laud that shall delight him, new and heroic, so that he may hear us.

2 At every laud the Soma gladdens Indra: pressed juices please him as each psalm is chanted,

What time the priests with one united effort call him to aid, as sons invoke their father.

3 These deeds he did; let him achieve new exploits, such as the priests declare at their libations.

Indra hath taken and possessed all castles, like as one common husband doth his spouses.

4 Even thus have they declared him. Famed is Indra as Conqueror, sole distributor of treasures;

Whose many succours come in close succession. May dear delightful benefits attend us.

5 Thus, to bring help to men, Vasistha laudeth Indra, the peoples' Hero, at libation.

Bestow upon us strength and wealth in thousands. Preserve us evermore, ye Gods, with blessings.

HYMN XXVII. Indra.

1. MEN call on Indra in the armed encounter that he may make the hymns they sing decisive.

Hero, rejoicing in thy might, in combat give us a portion of the stall of cattle,

2 Grant, Indra Maghavan, invoked of many, to these my friends the strength which thou possessest.

Thou, Maghavan, hast rent strong places open: unclose for us, Wise God, thy hidden bounty.

3 King of the living world, of men, is Indra, of all in varied form that earth containeth.

Thence to the worshipping he giveth riches: may he enrich us also when we laud him.

4 Maghavan Indra, when we all invoke him, bountiful ever sendeth strength to aid us:

Whose perfect guerdon, never failing, bringeth wealth to the men, to friends the thing they covet.

5 Quick, Indra, give us room and way to riches, and let us bring thy mind to grant us treasures,

That we may win us cars and Steeds and cattle. Preserve us evermore, ye Gods, with blessings.

HYMN XXVIII. Indra.

1. COME to our prayers, O Indra, thou who knowest: let thy Bay Steeds be yoked and guided hither.

Though mortal men on every side invoke thee, still give thine ear to us, O All-impeller.

2 Thy greatness reacheth to our invocation, the sages' prayer which, Potent God, thou guardest.

What time thy hand, O Mighty, holds the thunder, awful in strength thou hast become resistless.

3 What time thou drewest both world-halves together, like heroes led by thee who call each other-

For thou wast born for strength and high dominion—then e'en the active overthrew the sluggish.

4 Honour us in these present days, O Indra, for hostile men are making expiation.

Our sin that sinless Varuna discovered, the Wondrous-Wise hath long ago forgiven.

5 We will address this liberal Lord, this Indra, that he may grant us gifts of ample riches,

Best favourer of the singer's prayer and praises. Preserve us evermore, ye Gods, with blessings.

HYMN XXIX Indra.

1. THIS Soma hath been pressed for thee, O Indra: come hither, Lord of Bays, for this thou loveth.

Drink of this fair, this well-effused libation: Maghavan, give us wealth when we implore thee.

2 Come to us quickly with thy Bay Steeds, Hero, come to our prayer, accepting our devotion.

Enjoy thyself aright at this libation, and listen thou unto the prayers we offer.

3 What satisfaction do our hymns afford thee? When, Maghavan? Now let us do thee service.

Hymns, only hymns, with love for thee, I weave thee: then hear, O Indra, these mine invocations.

4 They, verily, were also human beings whom thou wast wont to hear, those earlier sages.

Hence I, O Indra Maghavan, invoke thee: thou art our Providence, even as a Father.

5 We will address this liberal Lord, this Indra, that he may grant us gifts of ample riches,

Best favourer of the singer's prayer and praises. Preserve us evermore, ye Gods, with blessings.

HYMN XXX. Indra.

1. WITH power and strength, O Mighty God, approach us: be the augmenter, Indra, of these riches;

Strong Thunderer, Lord of men, for potent valour, for manly exploit and for high dominion.

2 Thee, worth invoking, in the din of battle, heroes invoke in fray for life and sunlight.

Among all people thou art foremost fighter: give up our enemies to easy slaughter.

3 When fair bright days shall dawn on us, O Indra, and thou shalt bring thy banner near in battle,

Agni the Asura shall sit as Herald, calling Gods hither for our great good fortune.

4 Thine are we, Indra, thine, both these who praise thee, and those who give rich gifts, O God and Hero.
Grant to our princes excellent protection, may they wax old and still be strong and happy.
5 We will address this liberal Lord, this Indra that he may grant us gifts of ample riches:
Best favourer of the singer's prayer and praises. Preserve us evermore, ye Gods, with blessings.

HYMN XXXI. Indra.
1. SING ye a song, to make him glad, to Indra, Lord of Tawny Steeds,
The Soma-drinker, O my friends.
2 To him the Bounteous say the laud, and let us glorify, as men May do, the Giver of true gifts.
3 O Indra, Lord of boundless might, for us thou winnest strength and kine,
Thou winnest gold for us, Good Lord.
4 Faithful to thee we loudly sing, heroic Indra, songs to thee:
Mark, O Good Lord, this act of ours.
5 Give us not up to man's reproach, to foeeman's hateful calumny: In thee alone is all my strength.
6 Thou art mine ample coat of mail, my Champion, Vrtra-Slayer, thou:
With thee for Friend I brave the foe.
7 Yea, great art thou whose conquering might two independent Powers confess.
The Heaven, O India, and the Earth.
8 So let the voice surround thee, which attends the Maruts on their way.
Reaching thee with the rays of light.
9 Let the ascending drops attain to thee, the Wondrous God, in heaven:
Let all the folk bow down to thee, the Wondrous God, in heaven:
10 Bring to the Wise, the Great, who waxeth mighty, your offerings, and make ready your devotion;
To many clans he goeth, man's controller.
11 For Indra, the sublime, the far-pervading, have singers generated prayer and praises:
The sages never violate his statutes.
12 The choirs have stablished Indra King for ever, for victory, him whose anger is resistless:
And, for the Bays' Lord, strengthened those he loveth.

HYMN XXXII. Indra.
1. LET none, no, not thy worshippers, delay thee far away from us.
Even from far away come thou unto our feast, or listen if already here.
2 For here, like flies on honey, these who pray to thee sit by the juice that they have poured.
Wealth-craving singers have on Indra set their hope, as men set foot upon a car.
3 Longing for wealth I call on him, the Thunderer with the strong right hand,
As a son calleth on his sire.
4 These Soma juices, mixed with curd, have been expressed for Indra here.
Come with thy Bay Steeds, Thunder-wielder, to our home, to drink them till they make thee glad.
5 May he whose ear is open hear us. He is asked for wealth: will he despise our prayer?
Him who bestows at once a hundred thousand gifts none shall restrain when he would give.
6 The hero never checked by men hath gained his strength through Indra, he
Who presses out and pours his deep libations forth, O Vrtra-slayer, unto thee.
7 When thou dost drive the fighting men together be, thou Mighty One, the mighty's shield.
May we divide the wealth of him whom thou hast slain: bring us, Unreachable, his goods.
8 For Indra, Soma-drinker, armed with thunder, press the Soma juice.
Make ready your dressed meats: cause him to favour us. The Giver blesses him who gives.
9 Grudge not, ye Soma pourers; stir you, pay the rites, for wealth, to the great Conqueror.
Only the active conquers dwells in peace, and thrives: not for the niggard are the Gods.
10 No one hath overturned or stayed the car of him who freely gives.
The man whom Indra and the Marut host defend comes to a stable full of kine.
11 Indra, that man when fighting shall obtain the spoil, whose strong defender thou wilt be.
Be thou the gracious helper, Hero I of our cars, be thou the helper of our men.
12 His portion is exceeding great like a victorious soldier's spoil.
Him who is Indra, Lord of Bays, no foes subdue. He gives the Soma-pourer strength.
13 Make for the Holy Gods a hymn that is not mean, but well-arranged and fair of form.
Even many snares and bonds subdue not him who dwells with Indra through his sacrifice.
14 Indra, what mortal will attack the man who hath his wealth in thee?
The strong will win the spoil on the decisive day through faith in thee, O Maghavan.
15 In battles with the foe urge on our mighty ones who give the treasures dear to thee,
And may we with our princes, Lord of Tawny Steeds! pass through all peril, led by thee.
16 Thine, Indra, is the lowest wealth, thou cherishest the midmost wealth,
Thou ever rulest all the highest: in the fray for cattle none resisteth thee.
17 Thou art renowned as giving wealth to every one in all the battles that are fought.
Craving protection, all these people of the earth, O Much-invoked, implore thy name.
18 If I, O Indra, were the Lord of riches ample as thine own,
I should support the singer, God, who givest wealth! and not abandon him to woe.
19 Each day would I enrich the man who sang my praise, in
whatsoever place he were.  
No kinship is there better, Maghavan, than thine: a father even is no more.
20 With Plenty for his true ally the active man will gain the spoil.  
Your Indra, Much-invoked, I bend with song, as bends a wright his wheel of solid wood.
21 A moral wins no riches by unworthy praise: wealth comes not to the niggard churl.  
Light is the task to give, O Maghavan, to one like me on the decisive day.
22 Like kine unmilked we call aloud, Hero, to thee, and sing thy praise,  
Looker on heavenly light, Lord of this moving world, Lord, thy praise,
23 None other like to thee, of earth or of the heavens, hath been or ever will be born.  
Desiring horses, Indra Maghavan! and kine, as men of might we call on thee.
24 Bring, Indra, the Victorious Ones; bring, elder thou, the younger host.
For, Maghavan, thou art rich in treasures from of old, and must be called in every fight.
25 Drive thou away our enemies, O Maghavan: make riches easy to be won.
Be thou our good Protector in the strife for spoil: Cherisher of our friends be thou.
26 O Indra, give us wisdom as a sire gives wisdom to his sons.
Bring, Indra, the Victorious Ones; bring, elder thou, the younger host.
For, Maghavan, thou art rich in treasures from of old, and must be called in every fight.
27 Grant that no mighty foes, unknown, malevolent, unhallowed, tread us to the ground.
With thine assistance, Hero, may we ass through all the waters that are ruling down.

HYMN XXXIII Vasistha.  
1. THESE who wear hair-knots on the right, the movers of holy thought, white-robed, have won me over.
I warned the men, when from the grass I raised me, Not from afar can my Vasisthas help you.
2 With soma they brought Indra from a distance, Over Vaisanta, from the strong libation.
Indra preferred Vasisthas to the Soma pressed by the son of Vayata, Pasadayumna.
3 So, verily, with these he crossed the river, in company with these he slaughtered Bheda.
So in the fight with the Ten Kings, Vasisthas! did Indra help Sudas through your devotions.
4 I gladly, men I with prayer prayed by our fathers have fixed your axle: ye shall not be injured:
Since, when ye sang aloud the Sakvari verses, Vasisthas! ye invigorated Indra.
5 Like thirsty men they looked to heaven, in battle with the Ten Kings, surrounded and imploring.
Then Indra heard Vasistha as he praised him, and gave the Trtsus ample room and freedom.
6 Like sticks and staves wherewith they drive the cattle,  
Stripped bare, the Bharatas were found defenceless:
Vasistha then became their chief and leader: then widely. were the Trtsus' clans extended.
7 Three fertilize the worlds with genial moisture: three noble creatures cast a light before them.
Three that give warmth to all attend the morning. All these have they discovered, these Vasisthas.
8 Like the Sun's growing glory is their splendour, and like the sea's is their unflathomed greatness.
Their course is like the wind's. Your laud, Vasisthas, can never be attained by any other.
9 They with perceptions of the heart in secret resort to that which spreads a thousand branches.
The Apsaras brought hither the Vasisthas wearing the vesture spun for them by Yama.
10 A form of lustre springing from the lightning wast thou, when Varuna and Mitra saw thee.
Til thy one and only birth was then, Vasistha, when from thy stock Agastya brought thee hither.
11 Born of their love for Urvasi, Vasistha thou, priest, art son of Varuna and Mitra;
And as a fallen drop, in heavenly fervour, all the Gods laid thee on a lotus-blossom.
12 He thinker, knower both of earth and heaven, endowed with many a gift, bestowing thousands,
Destined to wear the vesture spun by Yama, sprung from the Apsaras to life, Vasistha.
13 Born at the sacrifice, urged by adorations, both with a common flow bedewed the pitcher.
Then from the midst thereof there rose up Mana, and thence they say was born the sage Vasistha.
14 He brings the bearer of the laud and Saman: first shall he speak bringing the stone for pressing.
With grateful hearts in reverence approach him: to you, O Pratdas, Vasistha cometh.

HYMN XXXIV Visvedevas.  
1. MAY our divine and brilliant hymn go forth, like a swift chariot wrought and fashioned well.
2 The waters listen as they flow along: they know the origin of heaven and earth.
3 Yea, the broad waters swell their flood for him: of him strong heroes think amid their foes.
4 Set ye for him the coursers to the pole: like Indra Thunderer is the Golden-armed.
5 Arouse you, like the days, to sacrifice speed gladly like a traveller on the way.
6 Go swift to battles, to the sacrifice: set up a flag, a hero for the folk.
7 Up from his strength hath risen as 'twere a light: it bears the load as earth bears living things.
8 Agni, no demon I invoke the Gods: by law completing it, I form a hymn.
9 Closely albout you lay your heavenly song, and send your voice to where the Gods abide.
10 Varuna, Mighty, with a thousand eyes, beholds the paths wherein these rivers run.
11 He, King of kings, the glory of the floods, o'er all that liveth
hath resistless sway.
12 May he assist us among all the tribes, and make the enier's
praise devoid of light.
13 May the foes' threatening arrow pass us by: may he put far
from us our bodies' sin.
14 Agni, oblation-cater, through our prayers aid us: to him our
dearest laud is brought.
15 Accordant with the Gods choose for our Friend the Waters' Child:
may he be good to us.
16 With lauds I sing the Dragon born of floods: he sits beneath
the streams in middle air.
17 Ne'er may the Dragon of the Deep harm us: ne'er fail this
faithful servant's sacrifice.
18 To these our heroes may they grant renown: may pious men
march boldly on to wealth.
19 Leading great hosts, with fierce attacks of these, they burn
their foes as the Sun burns the earth.
20 What time our wives draw near to us, may he, left-handed
Tvastar, give us hero sons.
21 May Tvastar find our hymn acceptable, and may Aramati,
seeking wealth, be ours.
22 May they who lavish gifts bestow those treasures: may
Rodasi and Varunani listen.
23 So may rich Mountains and the liberal Waters, so may all
Herbs that grow on ground, and Heaven,
And Earth accordant with the Forest-Sovrans, and both the
World-halves round about protect us.
24 To this may both the wide Worlds lend approval, and
Varuna in heaven, whose Friend is Indra.
May all the Maruts give consent, the Victors, that we may hold
great wealth in firm possession.
25 May Indra, Varuna, Mitra, and Agni, Waters, Herbs, Trees
accept the praise we offer.
May we find refuge in the Marut's bosom. Protect us evermore,
ye Gods, with blessings.

HYMN XXXV. Visvedevas.
1. BEFRIEND us with their aids Indra and Agni, Indra and
Varuna who receive oblations!
Indra and Soma give health, strength and comfort, Indra and
Pusan be our help in battle.
2. Auspicious Friends to us be Bhaga, Sathsa, auspicious be
Purandhi aid all Riches;
The blessing of the true and well-conducted, and Aryaman in
many forms apparent.
3. Kind unto us he Maker and Sustainer, and the far-reaching
Pair with God-like natures,
Auspicious unto us be Earth and Heaven, the Mountain, and
the Gods' fair invocations.
4. Favour us Agni with his face of splendour, and Varuva and
Mitra and the Asvins.
Favour us noble actions of the pious, impetuous vita blow on
us with favour.
5. Early invoked, may Heaven and Earth be friendly, and Air's
mid-region good for us to look on.
To us may Herbs and Forest-Trees be gracious, gracious the
Lord Victorious of the region.
6. Be the God Indra with the Vasus friendly, and, with Adityas,
Varuna who blesseth.
Kind, with the Rudras, be the Healer Rudra, and, with the
Dames, may Tvastar kindly listen.
7. Blest unto us be Soma, and devotions, blest be the Sacrifice,
The Stones for pressing.
Blest be the fixing of the sacred Pillars, blest be the tender
Grass and blest the Altar.
8. May the far-seeing Sun rise up to bless us: be the four
Quarters of the sky auspicious.
Auspicious be the firmly-seated Mountains, auspicious be the
Rivers and the Waters.
9. May Adid through holy works be gracious, and may the
Maruts, loud in song, be friendly.
May Visnu give felicity, and Pusan, the Air that cherisheth our
life, and Vayu.
10. Prosper us Savitar, the God who rescues, and let the radiant
Mornings be propitious.
Auspicious to all creatures be Parjanya, auspicious be the
field's benign Protector.
11. May all the fellowship of Gods befriend us, Sarasvati, with
Holy Thoughts, be gracious.
Friendly be they, the Liberal Ones who seek us, yea, those who
dwell in heaven, on earth, in waters.
12. May the great Lords of Truth protect and aid us: blest to us
be our horses and our cattle.
Kind be the pious skilful-handed Ribhus, kind be the Fathers at
our invocations.
13. May Aja-Ekapad, the God, be gracious, gracious the
Dragon of the Deep, and Ocean.
Gracious be he the swelling Child of Waters, gracious be Prsni
who hath Gods to guard her.
14. So may the Rudras, Vasus, and Adityas accept the new
hymn which we now are making.
May all the Holy Ones of earth and heaven, and the Cow's
offspring hear our invocation.
15. They who of Holy Gods are very holy, Immortal, knowing
Law, whom man must worship:-
May these to-day give us broad paths to travel. Preserve us
evermore, ye Gods, with blessings.

HYMN XXXVI. Visvedevas.
1. LET the prayer issue from the seat of Order, for Surya with
his beams hath loosed the cattle.
With lofty ridges earth is far extended, and Agni's flame hath
lit the spacious surface.
2. O Asuras, O Varuna and Mitra, this hymn to you, like food,
anew I offer.
One of you is a strong unerring Leader, and Mitra, speaking,
stirreth men to labour.
3. The movements of the gliding wind come hither: like cows,
the springs are filled to overflowing.
Born in the station e'en of lofty heaven the Bull hath loudly
bellowed in this region.
4 May I bring hither with my song, O Indra, wise Aryaman who yokes thy dear Bay Horses, Voracious, with thy noble car, O Hero, him who defeats the wrath of the malicious.
5 In their own place of sacrifice adorers worship to gain long life and win his friendship. He hath poured food on men when they have praised him; be this, the dearest reverence, paid to Rudra.
6 Coming together, glorious, loudly roaring - Sarasvati, Mother of Floods, the seventh-
With copious milk, with fair streams, strongly flowing, full swelling with the volume of their water;
7. And may the mighty Maruts, too, rejoicing, aid our devotion and protect our offspring. Let not swift-moving Aksara neglect us: they have increased our own appropriate riches,
8 Bring ye the great Aramati before you, and Pusan as the Hero of the synod, Bhaga who looks upon this hymn with favour, and, as our strength, the bountiful Purandhi.
9 May this our song of praise reach you, O Maruts, and Visnu guardian of the future infant. May they vouchsafe the singer strength for offspring. Preserve us evermore, ye Gods, with blessings.

HYMN XXXVII. Visvedevas.
1. LET your best-bearing car that must be lauded, ne'er injured, bring you Vajas and Rbhuksans. Fill you, fair-helmeted! with mighty Soma, thrice-mixed, at our libations to delight you.
2 Ye who behold the light of heaven, Rbhuksans, give our rich patrons unmolested riches. Drink, heavenly-natured. at our sacrifices, and give us bounties for the hymns we sing you.
3 For thou, O Bounteous One, art used to giving, at parting for the hymns we sing you.
4 Indra, high-famed, as Vaja and Rbhuksans, thou goest working, singing to the dwelling. Lord of Bay Steeds, this day may we Vasisthas offer our prayers to thee and bring oblations. Thou winnest swift advancement for thy servant, through hymns, Lord of Bay Steeds, which thou hast favoured. For thee with friendly succour have we battled, and when, O Indra, wilt thou grant us riches?
5 Thou wilt thou recognize our praises? May thy strong Steed, through our ancestral worship, bring food and wealth with heroes to our dwelling. Though Nirrti the Goddess reigneth round him, Autumns with food in plenty come to Indra. With three close Friends to length of days he cometh, he whom men let not rest at home in quiet.
6 To us thy priests a home, as 'twere, thou givest: when, Indra wilt thou recognize our praises? May thy strong Steed, through our ancestral worship, bring food and wealth with heroes to our dwelling. Though Nirrti the Goddess reigneth round him,Autumns with food in plenty come to Indra. With three close Friends to length of days he cometh, he whom men let not rest at home in quiet.
7 Promise us gifts, O Savitar: may riches come unto us in Parvata's full bounty. May the Celestial Guardian still attend us. Preserve us evermore, ye Gods, with blessings.

HYMN XXXVIII. Savitar.
1. ON high hath Savitar, this God, extended the golden lustre which he spreads around him. Now, now must Bhaga be invoked by mortals, Lord of great riches who distributes treasures.
2 Rise up, O Savitar whose hands are golden, and hear this man while sacrifice is offered, Spreading afar thy broad and wide effulgence, and bringing mortal men the food that feeds them.
3 Let Savitar the God he hymned with praises, to whom the Vasus, even, all sing glory. Sweet be our lauds to him whose due is worship: may he with all protection guard our princes.
4 Even he whom Aditi the Goddess praises, rejoicing in God Savitar's incitement: Even he who praise the high imperial Rulers, Varuna, Mitra, Aryaman, sing in concert.
5 They who come emulous to our oblation, dispensing bounty, from the earth and heaven. May they and Ahlibudhnya hear our calling: guard us Varutri with the Ekadhenu.
6 This may the Lord of Life, entreated, grant us,-the wealth which Savitar the God possesses. The mighty calls on Bhaga for protection, on Bhaga calls the weak to give him riches.
7 Bless us the Vajins when we call, while slowly they move, strong Singers, to the Gods' assembly. Crushing the wolf, the serpent, and the demons, may they completely banish all affliction.
8 Deep-skilled in Law eternal, deathless, Singers, O Vajins, help us in each fray for booty. Drink of this meath, he satisfied, be joyful: then go on paths which Gods are wont to travel.

HYMN XXXIX Visvedevas.
1. AGNI, erect, hath shown enriching favour: the flame goes forward to the Gods' assembly. Like car-borne men the stones their path have chosen: let the priest, quickened, celebrate our worship.
2 Soft to the tread, their sacred grass is scattered: these go like Kings amid the band around them, At the folks early call on Night and Morning,-Vayu, and Pusan with his team, to bless us.
3 Here on their path the noble Gods proceeded: in the wide firmament the Beauteous decked them. Bend your way hither, ye who travel widely: hear this our envoy who hath gone to meet you.
4 For they are holy aids at sacrifices: all Gods approach the place of congregation. Bring these, desirous, to out worship, Agni, swift the Nisatyas, Bhaga, and Purandhi.
5 Agni, to these men's hymns, from earth, from heaven, bring Mitra, Varuna, Indra, and Agni, And Aryaman, and Aditi, and Visnu. Sarasvati be joyful, and the Maruts.
6 Even as the holy wish, the gift is offered: may he, unsated, come when men desire him. Give never-failing ever-conquering riches: with Gods for our allies may we be victors. 7 Now have both worlds been praised by the Vasisthas; and holy Mitra, Varuna, and Agni. May they, bright Deities, make our song supremest. Preserve us evermore, ye Gods, with blessings.

HYMN XL. Visvedevas.
1. BE gathered all the audience of the synod: let us begin their praise whose course is rapid. Whate'er God Savitar this day produces, may we be where the Wealthy One distributes. 2 This, dealt from heaven may both the Worlds vouchsafe us, and Varuna, Indra, Aryaman, and Mitra. May Goddess Aditi assign us riches, Vayu and Bhaga make them ours for ever.

3 Strong be the man and full of power, O Maruts, whom ye, borne on by spotted coursers, favour. Him, too, Sarasvati and Agni further, and there is none to rob him of his riches. 4 This Varuna is guide of Law, he, Mitra, and Aryaman, the Kings, our work have finished. Divine and foeless Aditi quickly listens. May these deliver us unharmed from trouble.

5 With offerings I propitiate the branches of this swift-moving God, the bounteous Visnu.
Hence Rudra gained his Rudra-strength: O Asvins, ye sought the house that hath celestial viands. 6 Be not thou angry here, O glowing Pusan, for what Varutri and the Bounteous gave us. May the swift-moving Gods protect and bless us, and Vata send us rain, who wanders round us.

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

HYMN XLI. Bhaga.
1. AGNI at dawn, and Indra we invoke at dawn, and Varuna and Mitra, and the Asvins twain. Bhaga at dawn, Pusan, and Brahmanspati, Soma at dawn, Rudra we will invoke at dawn.

2 We will invoke strong, early-conquering Bhaga, the Son of Aditi, the great supporter: Thinking of whom, the poor, yea, even the mighty, even the King himself says, Give me Bhaga. 3 Bhaga our guide, Bhaga whose gifts are faithful, favour this song, and give us wealth, O Bhaga. Bhaga, augment our store of kine and horses, Bhaga, may we be rich in men and heroes.

4 So may felicity be ours at present, and when the day approaches, and at noontide; And may we still, O Bounteous One, at sunset be happy in the Deities' loving-kindness.
5 May Bhaga verily be bliss-bestower, and through him, Gods! may happiness attend us.

As such, O Bhaga, all with might invoke thee: as such be thou our Champion here, O Bhaga.

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

2 Fair, Agni, is thy long-known path to travel: yoke for the juice thy bay, thy ruddy horses, Or red steeds, Hero-bearing, for the chamber. Seated, I call the Deities' generations.

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

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

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

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

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

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

3 Like babes in arms reposing on their mother, let the Gods sit near them is left unequalled.
3 Like babes in arms reposing on their mother, let the Gods sit upon the grass's summit.

Let general fire make bright the flame of worship: scorn us not, Agni, in the Gods' assembly.

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

5 So, Agni, send us wealth among the people: may we be closely knit to thee, O Victor,
Unharmed, and rich, and taking joy together. Preserve us evermore, ye ods, with blessings.

HYMN XLIV. Dadhikras.
1. MAY the God Savitar, rich in goodly treasures, filling the region, borne by steeds, come hither,
   In his hand holding much that makes men happy, lulling to slumber and arousing creatures.
2 Golden, sublime, and easy in their motion, his arms extend unto the bounds of heaven.
Now shall that mightiness of his he lauded: even Surya yields to him in active vigour.
3 May this God Savitar, the Strong and Mighty, the Lord of precious wealth, vouchsafe us treasures.
May he, advancing his far-spreading lustre, bestow on us the food that feedeth mortals.
4 These songs praise Savitar whose tongue is pleasant, praise him whose arms are full, whose hands are lovely.
High vital strength, and manifold, may he grant us. Preserve us evermore, ye Gods, with blessings.

HYMN XLV. Savitar.
1. MAY the God Savitar, rich in goodly treasures, filling the region, borne by steeds, come hither,
   In his hand holding much that makes men happy, lulling to slumber and arousing creatures.
2 When, rising, to the sacrifice we hasten, awaking Dadhikras
   He through his lordship thinks on beings of the earth, on Heavenly beings through his high imperial sway.
3 While I am thus arousing Dadhikravan I speak to Agni,
   Seating on sacred grass the Goddess Ila. let us invoke the sage swift-hearing Asvins.
4 Slay us not, nor abandon us, O Rudra let not thy noose, when thou art angry, seize us.
Give us trimmed grass and fame among the living. Preserve us evermore, ye Gods, with blessings.

HYMN XLVI. Rudra.
1. I CALL on Dadhikras, the first, to give you aid, the Asvins, Bhaga, Dawn, and Agni kindled well,
   Indra, and Visnu, Pusan, Brahmanaspati, Adityas, Heaven and Earth, the Waters, and the Light.
2 When, rising, to the sacrifice we hasten, awaking Dadhikras
   Seating on sacred grass the Goddess Ila. let us invoke the sage swift-hearing Asvins.
3 While I am thus arousing Dadhikravan I speak to Agni,
   Seating on sacred grass the Goddess Ila. let us invoke the sage swift-hearing Asvins.
4 May we obtain this day from you, O Waters, that wave of pure refreshment, which the pious
   Made erst the special beverage of Indra, bright, stainless, rich in sweets and dropping fatness.
2 May the Floods' Offspring, he whose course is rapid, protect that wave most rich in sweets, O Waters,
   That shall make Indra and the Vasus joyful. This may we gain from you to-day, we pious.
3 All-purifying, joying in their nature, to paths of Gods the Goddesses move onward.
   They never violate the laws of Indra. Present the oil-rich offering to the Rivers.
4 From whom Varuna the King, and Soma, and all the Waters, Goddesses, protect me.
   Indra, the Bull, the Thunderer, dug their channels: here let those Waters, Goddesses, protect me.
3 Those amid whom goes Varuna the Sovran, he who discriminates men's truth and falsehood-
   Distilling meath, the bright, the purifying, here let those Waters, Goddesses, protect me.
4 Whom Surya with his bright beams hath attracted, and Indra dug the path for them to travel,
   May these Streams give us ample room and freedom. Preserve us evermore, ye Gods, with blessings.

HYMN XLVII. Waters.
1. MAY we obtain this day from you, O Waters, that wave of pure refreshment, which the pious
   Made erst the special beverage of Indra, bright, stainless, rich in sweets and dropping fatness.
2 May the Floods' Offspring, he whose course is rapid, protect that wave most rich in sweets, O Waters,
   That shall make Indra and the Vasus joyful. This may we gain from you to-day, we pious.
3 All-purifying, joying in their nature, to paths of Gods the Goddesses move onward.
   They never violate the laws of Indra. Present the oil-rich offering to the Rivers.
4 They from whom Varuna the King, and Soma, and all the Waters, Goddesses, protect me.
   Indra, the Bull, the Thunderer, dug their channels: here let those Waters, Goddesses, protect me.
3 Those amid whom goes Varuna the Sovran, he who discriminates men's truth and falsehood-
   Distilling meath, the bright, the purifying, here let those Waters, Goddesses, protect me.
4 From whom Varuna the King, and Soma, and all the Waters, Goddesses, protect me.
RIG VEDA – BOOK SEVEN

HYMN L. Various Deities.
1. O MITRA-VARUNA, guard and protect me here: let not that come to me which nests within and swells.
   I drive afar the scorpion hateful to the sight: let not the winding worm touch me and wound my foot.
2. Eruption that appears upon the twofold joints, and that which overspreads the ankles and the knees,
   May the refulgent Agni banish far away:
   let not the winding worm touch me and wound my foot.
3. The poison that is formed upon the Salmali, that which is found in streams, that which the plants produce,
   All this may all the Gods banish and drive away: let not the winding worm touch me and wound my foot.
4. The steep declivities, the valleys, and the heights, the channels full of water, and the waterless-
   May those who swell with water, gracious Goddesses, never afflict us with the Sipada disease, may all the rivers keep us free from Simida.

HYMN LI. Adityas.
1. THROUGH the Adityas' most auspicious shelter, through their most recent succour may we conquer.
   May they, the Mighty, giving ear, establish this sacrifice, to make us free and sinless.
2. Let Aditi rejoice and the Adityas, Varuna, Mitra, Aryaman, most righteous.
   May they, the Guardians of the world, protect us, and, to show favour, drink this day our Soma.
3. All Universal Deities, the Maruts, all the Adityas, yea, and all the Rbhus, Indra, and Agni, and the Asvins, lauded. Preserve us evermore, ye Gods, with blessings.

HYMN LII. Adityas.
1. MAY we be free from every bond, Adityas! a castle among Gods and men, ye Vasus.
   Winning, may we win Varuna and Mitra, and, being, may we be, O Earth and Heaven.
2. May Varuna and Mitra grant this blessing, our Guardians, shelter to our seed and offspring.
   Let us not suffer for another's trespass. nor do the thing that ye, O Vasus, punish.
3. The ever-prompt Angirases, imploring riches from Savitar the God, obtained them.
   So may our Father who is great and holy, and all the Gods, accordant, grant this favour.

HYMN LIII. Heaven and Earth.
1. AS priest with solemn rites and adorations I worship Heaven and Earth, the High and Holy.
   To them, great Parents of the Gods, have sages of ancient time, singing, assigned precedence.
2. With newest hymns set in the seat of Order, those the Two Parents, born before all others, Come, Heaven and Earth, with the Celestial People, hither to us, for strong is your protection.
3. Yea, Heaven and Earth, ye hold in your possession full many a treasure for the liberal giver.
   Grant us that wealth which comes in free abundance. Preserve us evermore, ye Gods, with blessings.

HYMN LIV. Vastospati.
1. ACKNOWLEDGE us, O Guardian of the Homestead: bring no disease, and give us happy entrance.
   Whate'er we ask of thee, be pleased to grant it, and prosper thou quadrupeds and bipeds.
2. Protector of the Home, be our promoter: increase our wealth in kine and steeds, O Indu.
   May we be ever-youthful in thy friendship: be pleased in us as in his sons a father.
3. Through thy dear fellowship that bringeth welfare, may we be victors, Guardian of the Dwelling!
   Protect our happiness in rest and labour. Preserve us evermore, ye Gods, with blessings.

HYMN LV. Vastospati.
1. VASTOSPATI, who killest all disease and wearest every form, be an auspicious Friend to us.
   Be an auspicious Friend to us.
2. When, O bright Son of Sarama, thou showest, tawny-hued! thy teeth,
   They gleam like lances' points within thy mouth when thou wouldst bite; go thou to sleep.
3. Sarama's Son, retrace thy way: bark at the robber and the thief.
   At Indra's singers barkest thou? Why dost thou seek to terrify us? Go to sleep.
4. Be on thy guard against the boar, and let the boar beware of thee.
   At Indra's singers barkest thou? Why dost thou seek to terrify us? Go to sleep.
5. Sleep mother, let the father sleep, sleep dog and master of the house.
   Let all the kinsmen sleep, sleep all the people who are round about.
6. The man who sits, the man who walks, and whosoever looks on us,
   Of these we closely shut the eyes, even as we closely shut this house.
7. The Bull who hath a thousand horns, who rises up from out the sea,-
   By him the Strong and Mighty One we lull and make the people sleep.
8. The women sleeping in the court, lying without, or stretched on beds,
   The matrons with their odorous sweetsthese, one and all, we lull to sleep.

HYMN LV. Maruts.
1. WHO are these radiant men in serried rank, Rudra's young heroes borne by noble steeds? 
2. Verily no one knoweth whence they sprang: they, and they only, know each other's birth.
3 They strew each other with their blasts, these Hawks: they strove together, roaring like the wind.
4 A sage was he who knew these mysteries, what in her udder mighty Prsni bore.
5 Ever victorious, through the Maruts, be this band of Heroes, nursing manly strength,
6 Most bright in splendour, fletest on their way, close-knit to glory, strong with varied power.
7 Yea, mighty is your power and firm your strength: so, potent, with the Maruts, be the band.
8 Bright is your spirit, wrathful are your minds: your bold troop's minstrel is like one inspired.
9 Ever avert your blazing shaft from us, and let not your displeasure reach us here
10 Your dear names, conquering Maruts, we invoke, calling aloud till we are satisfied.
11 Well-armed, impetuous in their haste, they deck themselves, their forms, with oblations: to you, the pure, ornaments made of gold.
12 Pure, Maruts, pure yourselves, are your oblations: to you, the pure, pure sacrifice I offer.
By Law they came to truth, the Law's observers, bright by their birth, and pure, and sanctifying.
13 Your rings, O Maruts, rest upon your shoulders, and chains of gold are twined upon your bosoms.
Gleaming with drops of rain, like lightning-flashes, after your wont ye whirl about your weapons.
14 Wide in the depth of air spread forth your glories, far, most adorable, ye bear your titles.
Maruts, accept this thousandfold allotment of household sacrifice and household treasure.
15 If, Maruts, ye regard the praise recited here at this mighty singer invocation,
Vouchsafe us quickly wealth with noble heroes, wealth which no man who hateth us may injure.
16 The Maruts, fleet as coursers, while they deck them like youths spectators of a festal meeting,
Linger, like beauteous colts, about the dwelling, like frisking calves, these who pour down the water.
17 So may the Maruts help us and be gracious, bringing free room to lovely Earth and Heaven.
Far be your bolt that slayeth men and cattle. Ye Vasus, turn yourselves to us with blessings.
18 The priest, when seated, loudly calls you, Maruts, praising in song your universal bounty.
He, Bulls! who hath so much in his possession, free from duplicity, with hymns invokes you.
19 These Maruts bring the swift man to a stand-still, and strength with mightier strength they break and humble.
These guard the singer from the man who hates him and lay their sore displeasure on the wicked.
20 These Maruts rouse even the poor and needy: the Vasus love him as an active champion.
Drive to a distance, O ye Bulls, the darkness: give us full store of children and descendants.
21 Never, O Maruts, may we lose your bounty, nor, car-borne Lords! be hitidmost when ye deal it.
Give us a share in that delightful treasure, the genuine wealth that, Bulls! is your possession.
22 What time the men in fury rush together for running streams, for pastures, and for houses.
Then, O ye Maruts, ye who spring from Rudra, be our protectors in the strife with foemen.
23 Full many a deed ye did for our forefathers worthy of lauds which, even of old, they sang you.
Ile strong man, with the Maruts, wins in battle, the charger, with the Maruts, gains the booty.
24 Ours, O ye Maruts, be the vigorous Hero, the Lord Divine of men, the strong Sustainer,
With whom to fair lands we may cross the waters, and dwell in our own home with you beside us.
25 May Indra, Mitra, Varuna and Agni, Waters, and Plants, and Trees accept our praises.
May we find shelter in the Marut's bosom. Preserve us evermore, ye Gods, with blessings.

HYMN LVII. Maruts.
1. YEA, through the power of your sweet juice, ye Holy! the Marut host is glad at sacrifices.
They cause even spacious heaven and earth to tremble, they make the spring flow when they come, the Mighty.
2 The Maruts watch the man who sings their praises, promoters of the thought of him who worships.
Seat you on sacred grass in our assembly, this day, with friendly minds, to share the banquet.
3 No others gleam so brightly as these Maruts with their own forms, their golden gaude, their weapons.
With all adornments, decking earth and heaven, they heighten, for bright show, their common splendour.
4 Far from us be your blazing dart, O Maruts, when we, through human frailty, sin against you.
Let us not be exposed to that, ye Holy! May your most loving favour still attend us.
5 May even what we have done delight the Maruts, the blameless Ones, the bright, the purifying.
Further us, O ye Holy, with your kindness: advance us mightily that we may prosper.
6 And may the Maruts, praised by all their titles, Heroes, enjoy the taste of our oblations.
Give us of Amrta for the sake of offspring: awake the excellent fair stores of riches.
7 Hither, ye Maruts, praised, with all your succours, with all felicity come to our princes,
Who, of themselves, a hundredfold increase us. Preserve us evermore, ye Gods, with blessings.

HYMN LVIII. Maruts.
1. SING to the troop that pours down rain in common, the Mighty Company of celestial nature.
They make the world-halves tremble with their greatness: from depths of earth and sky they reach to heaven.
2 Yea, your birth, Maruts, was with wild commotion, ye who move swiftly, fierce in wrath, terrific.
Ye all-surpassing in your might and vigour, each looker on the
light fears at your coming.
3 Give ample vital power unto our princes let our fair praises gratify the Maruts.
As the way travelled helpeth people onward, so further us with your delightful succours.
4 Your favoured singer counts his wealth by hundreds: the strong steed whom ye favour wins a thousand.
The Sovran whom ye aid destroys the foeman. May this your gift, ye Shakars, be distinguished.
5 I call, as such, the Sons of bounteous Rudra: will not the Maruts turn again to us-ward?
What secret sin or open stirs their anger, that we implore the Swift Ones to forgive us.
6 This eulogy of the Bounteous hath been spoken: accept, ye Maruts, this our hymn of praises.
Ye Bulls, keep those who hate us at a distance. Preserve us evermore, ye Gods, with blessings.

HYMN LIX. Maruts.
1. WHOMSO ye rescue here and there, whomso ye guide, O Deities,
   To him give shelter, Agni, Mitra, Varuna, ye Maruts, and thou Aryaman.
2 Through your kind favour, Gods, on some auspicious day, the worshipper subdues his foes.
   That man increases home and strengthening ample food who brings you offerings as ye list.
3 Vasistha will not overlook the lowliest one among you all.
   O Maruts, of our Soma juice effused to-day drink all of you with eager haste.
4 Your succour in the battle injures not the man to whom ye, Heroes, grant your gifts.
   May your most recent favour turn to us again. Come quickly, ye who fain would drink.
5 Come hitherward to drink the juice, O ye whose bounties give you joy.
   These offerings are for you, these, Maruts, I present. Go not to any place but this.
6 Sit on our sacred grass, be graciously inclined to give the wealth for which we long,
   To take delight, ye Maruts, Friends of all, with Svaha, in sweet Soma juice.
7 Decking the beauty of their forms in secret the Swans with purple backs have flown down hither.
   Around me all the Company hath settled, like joyous Heroes glad in our libation.
8 Maruts, the man whose wrath is hard to master, he who would slay us ere we think, O Vasus,
   May he be tanged in the toils of mischief; smite ye him down with your most flaming weapon.
9 O Maruts, ye consuming Gods, enjoy this offering brought for you,
   To help us, ye who slay the foe.
10 Sharers of household sacrifice, come, Maruts, stay not far away,
   That ye may help us, Bounteous Ones.
11 Here, Self-strong Maruts, yea, even here. ye Sages with your sunbright skins
   I dedicate your sacrifice.
12 Tryambaka we worship, sweet augmenter of prosperity.
   As from its stem the cucumber, so may I be released from death, not reft of immortality.

HYMN LX. Mitra-Varuna.
1. WHEN thou, O Sun, this day, arising sinless, shalt speak the truth to Varuna and Mitra,
   O Aditi, may all the Deities love us, and thou, O Aryaman, while we are singing.
2 Looking on man, O Varuna and Mitra, this Sun ascendeth up by both the pathways,
   Guardian of all things fixt, of all that moveth, beholding good and evil acts of mortals.
3 He from their home hath yoked the Seven gold Coursers who, dropping oil and fatness, carry Surya.
   Yours, Varuna and Mitra, he surveyeth the worlds and living creatures like a herdsman.
4 Your coursers rich in store of sweets have mounted: to the bright ocean Surya hath ascended,
   For whom the Adityas make his pathway ready, Aryaman, Mitra, Varuna, accordant.
5 For these, even Aryaman, Varuna and Mitra, are the chastisers of all guile and falsehood.
   These, Aditi's Sons, infallible and mighty, have waxen in the home of law Eternal.
6 These, Mitra, Varuna whom none deceiveth, with great power quicken even the fool to wisdom,
   And, wakening, moreover, thoughtful insight, lead it by easy paths o'er grief and trouble.
7 They ever vigilant, with eyes that close not, caring for heaven and earth, lead on the thoughtless.
   Even in the river's bed there is a shallow. across this broad expanse may they conduct us.
8 When Aditi and Varuna and Mitra, like guardians, give Sudas their friendly shelter,
   Granting him sons and lineal succession, let us not, bold ones! move the Gods to anger.
9 May he with offerings purify the altar from any stains of Varuna's reviler.
   Aryaman save us all those who hate us: give room and freedom to Sudas, ye Mighty.
10 Hid from our eyes is their resplendent meeting: by their mysterious might they hold dominion.
   Heroes! we cry trembling in fear before you, even in the greatness of your power have mercy.
11 He who wins favour for his prayer by worship, that he may gain him strength and highest riches,
   That good man's mind the Mighty Ones will follow: they have brought comfort to his spacious dwelling.
12 This priestly task, Gods! Varuna and Mitra! hath been performed for you at sacrifices.
   Convey us safely over every peril. Preserve us evermore, ye Gods, with blessings.
HYMN LXI. Mitra-Varuna.
1. O VARUNA and Mitra, Surya spreading the beauteous light of you Twain Gods ariseth.
   He who beholdeth all existing creatures observeth well the zeal that is in mortals.
2. The holy sage, renowned afar, directeth his hymns to you, O Varuna and Mitra, -
   He whose devotions, sapient Gods, ye favour so that ye fill, as 'twere, with power his autumns.
3. From the wide earth, O Varuna and Mitra from the great lofty heaven, ye, Bounteous Givers, -
   Have in the fields and houses set your warder-, who visit every spot and watch unceasing.
4. I praise the strength of Varuna and Mitra that strength, by mightiness, keeps both worlds asunder.
   Heroless pass the months of the ungodly he who loves sacrifice makes his home enduring.
5. Steers, all infallible are these your people in whom no wondrous thing is seen, no worship.
   Guile follows close the men who are untruthful: no secrets may be hidden from your knowledge.
6. I will exalt your sacrifice with homage: as priest, I, Mitra-Varuna, invoke you.
5. These new hymns and prayers that I have fashioned delight you to the profit of the singer.
7. This priestly task, Gods! Varuna and Mitra! hath been performed for you at sacrifices.
   Convey us safely over every peril. Preserve us evermore, ye Gods, with blessings.

HYMN LXII. Mitra-Varuna.
1. SURYA hath sent aloft his beams of splendour o'er all the tribes of men in countless places.
   Together with the heaven he shines apparent, formed by his Makers well with power and wisdom.
2. So hast thou mounted up before us, Surya, through these our praises, with fleet dappled horses.
   Declare us free from all offence to Mitra, and Varuna, and Aryaman, and Agni.
3. May the dear God, and Varuna and Mitra conduct us by the most effective pathways.
   May holy Agni, Varuna, and Mitra send down their riches upon us in thousands.
   Let us not anger Varuna, nor Vayu, nor him, the dearest Friend of mortals, Mitra.
5. Stretch forth your arms and let our lives be lengthened: with fatness dew the pastures of our cattle.
   Ye Youthful, make us famed among the people: hear, Mitra-Varuna, these mine invocations.
6. Now Mitra, Varuna, Aryaman vouchsafe us freedom and room, for us and for our children.
   May they, the Bright Ones, make our praise-song perfect, and, when we laud them, grant us all our wishes.
4. O undivided Heaven and Earth, preserve us, us, Lofty Ones! your nobly-born descendants.
   Let us not anger Varuna, nor Vayu, nor him, the dearest Friend of mortals, Mitra.
5. Where the irrunortals have prepared his pathway he flieth through the region like a falcon.
6. Where the irrunortals have prepared his pathway he flieth through the region like a falcon.
   With homage and oblations will we serve you, O Mitra-Varuna, when the Sun hath risen.
7. This Savitar, God, is my chief joy and pleasure, who breaketh not the universal statute.
   May we find paths all fair and good to travel. Preserve us evermore, ye Gods, with blessings.

HYMN LXIII. Mitra-Varuna.
1. COMMON to all mankind, auspicious Surya, he who beholdeth all, is mounting upward;
   The God, the eye of Varuna and Mitra, who rolled up darkness like a piece of leather.
2. Surya's great ensign, restless as the billow, that urgeth men to action, is advancing:
   Onward he still would roll the wheel well-rounded, which Etasa, harnessed to the car-pole, moveth.
3. Refugent from the bosom of the Mornings, he in Whom singers take delight ascendeth.
   This Savitar, God, is my chief joy and pleasure, who breaketh not the universal statute.
4. Golden, far-seeing, from the heaven he riseth: far is his goal, he hasteth on resplendent.
   Men, verily, inspired by Surya speed to their aims and do the work assigned them.
5. Where the irrunortals have prepared his pathway he flieth through the region like a falcon.
   With homage and oblations will we serve you, O Mitra-Varuna, when the Sun hath risen.
6. Now Mitra, Varuna, Aryaman vouchsafe us freedom and room, for us and for our children.
   May we find paths all fair and good to travel. Preserve us evermore, ye Gods, with blessings.

HYMN LXIV. Mitra-Varuna.
1. YE Twain who rule, in heaven and earth, the region, clothed be your clouds in robes of oil and fatness.
   May the imperial Varuna, and Mitra, and high-born Aryaman accept our presents.
2. Kings, guards of rightvity everlasting Order, come hitherward, ye Princes, Lords of Rivers.
   Send us from heaven, O Varuna and Mitra, rain and sweet food, ye who pour down your bounties.
3. May the dear God, and Varuna and Mitra conduct us by the most effective pathways,
   That foes may say unto Sudas our chieftain, May, we, too, joy in food with Gods to guard us.
4. Him who hath wrought for you this car in spirit, who makes the song rise upward and sustains it,
   Bedew with fatness, Varuna nd Mitra ye Kings, make glad the pleasant dwelling-places.
5. To you this laud, O Varuna and Mitra is offered like bright Soma juice to Vayu.
   Favour our songs of praise, wake thought and spirit. Preserve us evermore, ye Gods, with blessings.

HYMN LXV. Mitra-Varuna.
1. WITH hymns I call you, when the Sun hath risen, Mitra, and Varuna whose thoughts are holy,
   Whose Power Divine, supreme and everlasting, comes with good heed at each man's supplication.
2. For they are Asuras of Gods, the friendly make, both of you, our lands exceeding fruitful.
   May we obtain you, Varuna and Mitra, wherever Heaven and Earth and days may bless us.
3. Bonds of the sinner, they bear many nooses: the wicked
Come, taste our offering, Varuna and Mitra: bedew our path of Order bear us o'er trouble as a mortal hardly may escape them. Varuna-Mitra, may your path of Order bear us o'er trouble as a boat o'er waters.

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

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

HYMN LXVI Mitra-Varuna.

1. LET our strong hymn of praise go forth, the laud of Mitra-Varuna, With homage to that high-born Pair;
2. The Two exceeding wise, the Sons of Daksa, whom the gods ordained For lordship, excellently great.
3. Such, Guardians of our homes and us, O Mitra-Varuna, fulfil The thoughts of those who sing your praise.
4. So when the Sun hath risen to-day, may sinless Mitra, Aryaman, Bhaga, and Savitar send us forth.
5. May this our home be guarded well forward, ye Bounteous, on the way, Who bear us safely o'er distress.
6. And those Self-reigning, Aditi, whose statute is inviolate, The Kings who rule a vast domain.
7. Soon as the Sun hath risen, to you, to Mitra-Varuna, I sing, And Aryaman who slays the foe.
8. With wealth of gold may this my song bring unmolested power and might, And, Brahmans, gain the sacrifice.
9. May we be thine, God Varuna, and with our princes, Mitra, thine. Food and Heaven's light will we obtain.
10. Many are they who strengthen Law, Sun-eyed, with Agni for their tongue, They who direct the three great gatherings with their thoughts, yea, all things with surpassing might.
11. They who have stablished year and month and then the day, night, sacrifice and holy verse, Varuna, Mitra, Aryaman, the Kings, have won dominion which none else may gain.
12. So at the rising of the Sun we think of you with hymns to-day, Even as Varuna, Mitra, Aryaman deserve: ye are the charioteers of Law.
13. True to Law, born in Law the strengtheners of Law, terrible, haters of the false, In their felicity which gives the best defence may we men and our princes dwell.
14. Uprises, on the slope of heaven, that marvel that attracts die sight As swift celestial Etasa bears it away, prepared for every eye to see.

15. Lord of each single head, of fixt and moving things, equally through the whole expanse, The Seven sister Bays bear Surya on his car, to bring us wealth and happiness.
16. A hundred autumns may we see that bright Eye, God-ordained, arise A hundred autumns may we live.
17. Infallible through your wisdom, come hither, resplendent Varuna, And Mitra, to the Soma draught.
18. Come as the laws of Heaven ordain, Varuna, Mitra, void of guile: Press near and drink the Soma juice.

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 herses.
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 swiftly as thought across the regions,
Speeding to us, O ye whose wealth is Surya.
4 What time this stone of yours, the Gods' adorer, upraised,
sounds forth for you as Soma-presser,
Let the priest bring you, Fair Ones, through oblations.
5 The nourishment ye have is, truly, wondrous: ye gave thereof a quickening store to Atri,
Who being dear to you, receives your favour.
6 That gift, which all may gain, ye gave Cyavana, when he grew old, who offered you oblations,
When ye bestowed on him enduring beauty.
7 What time his wicked friends abandoned Bhujyu, O Asvins, in the middle of the ocean,
Your horse delivered him, your faithful servant.
8 Ye lent your aid to Vrka when exhausted, and listened when invoked to Sayu's calling.
Ye made the cow pour forth her milk like water, and, Asvins, strengthened with your strength the barren.
9 With his fair hymns this singer, too, extols you, waking with strengthened with your power and might ye aid the pious he comes
Surya's Daughter, chose your splendour.

HYMN LXIX. Asvins.
1. MAY your gold chariot, drawn by vigorous horses, come to us, blocking up the earth and heaven,
Bright with its fellies while its way drops fatness, food-laden, rich in coursers, man's protector.
2 Let it approach, yoked by thewill, three-seated, extending far and wide o'er fivefold beings,
Whereon ye visit God-adoring races, bending your course whither ye will, O Asvins.
3 Renowned, with noble horses, come ye hither: drink, Wondrous Pair, the cup that holds sweet juices.
Your car whereon your Spouse is wont to travel marks with its track the farthest ends of heaven.
4 When night was turning to the grey of morning the Maiden, Surya's Daughter, chose your splendour.
When with your power and might ye aid the pious he comes through heat to life by your assistance.
5 O Chariot-borne, this car of yours invested with rays of light comes harnessed to our dwelling.
Herewith, O Asvins, while the dawn is breaking, to this our sacrifice bring peace and blessing.
6 Like the wild cattle thirsty for the lightning, Heroes, come nigh this day to our libations.
Men call on you with hymns in many places, but let not other worshippers detain you.
7 Bhujyu, abandoned in the midst of ocean, ye raised from out the water with your horses,
Uninjured, winged, flagging not, undaunted, with deeds of wonder saving him, O Asvins.
8 Now hear, O Youthful Twain, mine invocation: come, Asvins, to the home where food aboundeth.
Vouchsafe us wealth, do honour to our nobles. Preserve us evermore, ye Gods, with blessings.

HYMN LXX. Asvins.
1. RICH in all blessings, Asvins come ye hither: this place on earth is called your own possession,
Like a strong horse with a fair back it standeth, whereon, as in a lap, ye seat you firmly.
2 This most delightful eulogy awaits you in the man's house drink-offering hath been heated,
Which bringeth you over the seas and rivers, yoking as'twere two well-matched shining horses.
3 Whatever dwellings ye possess, O Asvins, in fields of men or in the streams of heaven,
Resting upon the summit of the mountain, or bringing food to him who gives oblation,
4 Delight yourselves, ye Gods, in plants and waters when Rsis give them and ye find they suit You.
Enriching us with treasures in abundance ye have looked back to former generations.
5 Asvins, though ye have heard them oft aforetime, regard the many prayers which Rsis offer.
Come to the man even as his heart desireth: may we enjoy your most delightful favour.
6 Come to the sacrifice offered you, Nasatyas, with men, oblations, and prayer duly uttered.
Come to Vasistha as his heart desireth: may we enjoy the home where food aboundeth.
7 This is the thought, this is the song, O Asvins: accept this hymn of ours, ye Steers, with favour.
May these our prayers addressed to you come nigh you. Preserve us evermore, ye Gods, with blessings.

HYMN LXXI. Asvins.
1. THE Night retireth from the Dawn her Sister; the Dark one yieldeth to the Red her pathway.
Let us invoke you rich in steeds and cattle - by day and night keep far from us the arrow.
2 Bearing rich treasure in your car, O Asvins, come to the mortal who presents oblation.
Keep at a distance penury and sickness; Lovers of Sweetness, day and night preserve us.
3 May your strong horses, seeking bliss, bring hither your chariot at the earliest flush of morning.
With coursers yoked by Law drive hither, Asvins, your car whose reins are light, laden with treasure.
4 The chariot, Princes, that conveys you, moving at daylight, triple-seated, fraught with riches,
Even with this come unto us, Nasatyas, that laden with all food it may approach us.
5 Ye freed Cyavana from old age and weakness: ye brought the courser fleet of food to Pedu. 
Ye rescued Atri from distress and darkness, and loosed for 
Jahusa the bonds that bound him. 
6 This is the thought, this is the song, O Asvins: accept this 
hymn of ours, ye Steers, With favour. 
May these our prayers addressed to you come nigh you. 
Preserve us evermore, ye Gods, with blessings. 

HYMN LXXII. Asvins. 
1. COME, O Nasatyas, on your car resplendent, rich in 
abundant wealth of kine and horses. 
As harnessed steeds, all our laudations follow you whose 
forms shine with most delightful beauty. 
2 Come with the Gods associate, come ye hither to us, 
Nasatyas, with your car accordant. 
'Twixt you and us there is ancestral friendship and common 
kin: remember and regard it. 
3 Awakened are the songs that praise the Asvins, the kindred 
prayers and the Celestial Mornings. 
Inviting those we long for, Earth and Heaven, the singer 
calleth these Nasatyas hither. 
4 What time the Dawns break forth in light, O Asvins, to you 
the poets offer their devotions. 
God Savitar hath sent aloft his splendour, and fires sing praises 
with the kindled fuel. 
5 Come from the west, come from the east, Nasatyas, come, 
Asvins, from below and from above us. 
Bring wealth from all sides for the Fivefold People. Preserve 
us evermore, ye Gods, with blessings. 

HYMN LXXIII. Asvins. 
1. WE have o'erpassed the limit of this darkness while, 
worshipping the Gods, we sang their praises. 
The song invoketh both Immortal Asvins far-reaching, born of 
old, great WonderWorkers. 
2 And, O Nasatyas, man's dear Priest is seated, who brings to 
sacrifice and offers worship, 
Be near and taste the pleasant juice, O Asvins: with food, I call 
you to the sacrifices. 
3 We choosing you, have let our worship follow its course: ye 
Steers, accept this hymn with favour. 
Obeying you as your appointed servant, Vasistha singing hath 
with lauds aroused you. 
4 And these Two Priests come nigh unto our people, united, 
demon-slayers, mighty-handed. 
The juices that exhilarate are mingled. Injure us not, but come 
with happy fortune. 
5 Come from the west, come from the cast, Nasatyas, come, 
Asvins, from below and from above us. 
Bring wealth from all sides for the Fivefold People. Preserve 
us evermore, ye Gods, with blessings. 

HYMN LXXIV. Asvins. 
1. THESE morning sacrifices call you, Asvins, at the break of 
day. 
For help have I invoked you rich in power and might: for, 
house by house ye visit all. 
2 O Heroes, ye bestow wonderful nourishment. send it to him 
whose songs are sweet 
Accordant, both of you, drive your car down to us, and drink 
the savoury Soma juice. 
3 Approach ye and be near to us. drink, O ye Asvins, of the 
meath. 
Draw forth the milk, ye Mighty, rich in genuine wealth: injure 
us not, and come to us. 
4 The horses that convey you in their rapid flight down to the 
worshipper's abode, 
With these your speedy courser, Heroes, Asvins, come, ye 
Gods, come well-inclined to us. 
5 Yea, verily, our princes seek the Asvins in pursuit of food. 
These shall give lasting glory to our liberal lords, and, both 
Nasatyas, shelter us. 
6 Those who have led the way, like cars, offending none, those 
who are guardians of the men- 
Also through their own might the heroes have grown strong, 
dwell in safe and happy homes. 

HYMN LXXV. Dawn. 
1. BORN in the heavens the Dawn hath flushed, and showing 
hers majesty is come as Law ordaineth. 
She hath uncovered fiends and hateful darkness; best of 
Angirases, hath waked the pathways. 
2 Rouse us this day to high and happy fortune: to great felicity, 
O Dawn, promote us. 
Vouchsafe us manifold and splendid riches, famed among 
mortals, man-befriending Goddess! 
3 See, lovely Morning's everlasting splendours, bright with 
their varied colours, have approached us. 
Filling the region of mid-air, producing the rites of holy 
worship, they have mounted. 
4 She yokes her chariot far away, and swiftly visits the lands 
where the Five Tribes are settled, 
Looking upon the works and ways of mortals, Daughter of 
Heaven, the world's Imperial Lady. 
5 She who is rich in spoil, the Spouse of Surya, wondrously 
Heaven, the world's Imperial Lady. 
7 True with the True and Mighty with the Mighty, with Gods a 
treasure for her faithful servant. 
Consumer of our youth, the seers extol her: lauded by priests 
rich Dawn shines out refugent. 
6 Those who lead the way, like cars, offending none, those 
who are guardians of the men-
Also through their own might the heroes have grown strong, 
dwell in safe and happy homes. 

HYMN LXXVI. Dawn. 
1. SAVITAR God of all men hath sent upward his light, 
zwahl the world's Imperial Lady. 
8 O Dawn, now give us wealth in kine and heroes, and horses, 
raught with manifold enjoyment. 
Protect our sacred grass from man's reproaches. Preserve 
us evermore, ye Gods, with blessings.
I see the paths which Gods are wont to travel, innocuous
hath made all the universe apparent.
Through the Gods' power that Eye was first created. Dawn
Eastward the flag of Dawn hath been uplifted; she hath come
Great is, in truth, the number of the Mornings which were
Since thou, O Dawn, hast been beheld repairing as to thy love,
They were the Gods' companions at the banquet, the ancient
They never break the Gods' eternal statutes, and injure none, in
6 Extolling thee, Blest Goddess, the Vasisthas, awake at early
Leader of kine and Queen of all that strengthens, shine, come
2 Giving fresh life when she hath hid the darkness, this Dawn
3 Bearing the Gods' own Eye, auspicious Lady, leading her
4 They come on like tribes arrayed for battle.
HYMN LXXVIII. Dawn.
1. WE have beheld her earliest lights approaching: her many
2 I see the paths which Gods are wont to travel, innocuous
paths made ready by the Vasus.
2 Turned to this All, far-spreading, she hath risen and shone in
3 They paint their bright rays on the sky's far limits. the Dawns
4 Rich Daughter of the Sky, we all behold her, yea, all men
5 Impelling every God to grant his bounty sending to us the
HYMN LXXV. Dawn.
1. THE priests, Vasisthas, are the first awakened to welcome
2 They paint their bright rays on the sky's far limits. the Dawns
3 May blessed Mornings shine on us for ever, with wealth of
On car sublime, refugent, wending hither, O Usas, bring the
4 Bestow on us, O Dawn, that ample bounty which thou didst
5 Send thy most excellent beams to shine and light us, giving
5 Send thy most excellent beams to shine and light us, giving
4 They paint their bright rays on the sky's far limits. the Dawns
3 May blessed Mornings shine on us for ever, with wealth of
On car sublime, refugent, wending hither, O Usas, bring the
4 The fire well-kindled sings aloud to greet her, and with their
HYMN LXXXI. Dawn.
1. ADVANCING, sending forth her rays, the Daughter of the
2 The fire well-kindled sings aloud to greet her, and with their
5 Impelling every God to grant his bounty sending to us the
4 Rich Daughter of the Sky, we all behold her, yea, all men
5 Impelling every God to grant his bounty sending to us the
HYMN LXXXIX. Dawn.
1. ROUSING the lands where men's Five Tribes are settled,
2 They paint their bright rays on the sky's far limits. the Dawns
3 Wealthy, most like to Indra, Dawn hath risen, and brought
4 Rich Daughter of the Sky, we all behold her, yea, all men
5 Send thy most excellent beams to shine and light us, giving
5 Send thy most excellent beams to shine and light us, giving
4 They paint their bright rays on the sky's far limits. the Dawns
3 May blessed Mornings shine on us for ever, with wealth of
On car sublime, refugent, wending hither, O Usas, bring the
4 The fire well-kindled sings aloud to greet her, and with their
HYMN LXXX. Dawn.
1. THE priests, Vasisthas, are the first awakened to welcome
2 They paint their bright rays on the sky's far limits. the Dawns
3 May blessed Mornings shine on us for ever, with wealth of
5 Impelling every God to grant his bounty sending to us the
On car sublime, refugent, wending hither, O Usas, bring the
4 The fire well-kindled sings aloud to greet her, and with their
HYMN LXXXI. Dawn.
1. ADVANCING, sending forth her rays, the Daughter of the
Sky is seen.
Uncovering, that we may see, the mighty gloom, the friendly
Lady makes the light.
2 The Sun ascending, the refulgent Star, pours down his beams
together with the Dawn.
O Dawn, at thine arising, and the Sun's, may we attain the
share allotted us.
3 Promptly we woke to welcome thee, O Usas, Daughter of the
Sky,
Thee, Bounteous One, who bringest all we long to have, and to
the offerer health and wealth.
4 Thou, dawning, workest fain to light the great world, yea,
heaven, Goddess! that it may be seen.
We yearn to be thine own, Dealer of Wealth: may we be to this
Mother like her sons.
5 Bring us that wondrous bounty, Dawn, that shall be famed
most far away.
What, Child of Heaven, thou hast of nourishment for man,
bestow thou on us to enjoy.
6 Give to our princes opulence and immortal fame, and
strength in herds of kine to us.
May she who prompts the wealthy, Lady of sweet strains, may
Usas dawn our foes away.

HYMN LXXXIT. Indra-Varuna
1. GRANT us your strong protection, IndraVaruna, our people,
and our family, for sacrifice.
May we subdue in fight our evil-hearted foes, him who attacks
the man steadfast in lengthened rites.
2 O Indra-Varuna, mighty and very rich One of you is called
Monarch and One Autocrat.
All Gods in the most lofty region of the air have, O ye Steers,
combined all power and might in you.
3 Ye with your strength have pierced the fountains of the
floods: the Sun have ye brought forward as the Lord in heaven.
Cheered by this magic draught ye, Indra-Varuna, made the dry
places stream, made songs of praise flow forth.
4 In battals and in frays we ministering priests, kneeling upon
our knees for furtherance of our weal,
Invoke you, only you, the Lords of twofold wealth, you prompt
to hear, we bards, O Indra-Varuna.
5 O Indra-Varuna, as ye created all these creatures of the world
by your surpassing might,
In peace and quiet Mitra waits on Varuna, the Other, awful,
with the Maruis seeks renown.
6 That Varuna's high worth may shine preeminent, these
Twain have measured each his proper power and might.
The One subdueth the destructive enemy; the Other with a few
furthereth many a man.
7 No trouble, no misfortune, Indra-Varuna, no woe from any
side assails the mortal man
Whose sacrifice, O Gods, ye visit and enjoy: ne'er doth the
crafty guile of mortal injure him.
8 With your divine protection, Heroes, come to us: mine
invocation hear, if ye be pleased therewith.

Bestow ye upon us, O Indra-Varuna, your friendship and your
kinship and your favouring grace.
9 In battle after battle, Indra-Varuna, be ye our Champions, ye
who are the peoples' strength,
When both opposing bands invoke you for the fight, and men
that they may gain offspring and progeny.
10 May Indra, Varuna, Mitra, and Aryaman vouchsafe us glory
and great shelter spreading far.
We think of the beneficent light of Aditi, and Savitar's song of
praise, the God who strengthens Law.

HYMN LXXXIII. Indra-Varuna.
1. LOOKING to you and your alliance, O ye Men, armed with
broad axes they went forward, fain for spoil.
Ye smote and slew his Dasa and his Aryan enemies, and
helped Sudas with favour, Indra-Varuna.
2 Where heroes come together with their banners raised, in the
encounter where is naught for us to love,
Where all things that behold the fight are terrified, there did ye
comfort us, O Indra-Varuna.
3 The boundaries of earth were seen all dark with dust: O
Indra-Varuna, the shout went up to heaven.
The enmities of the people compassed me about. Ye heard my
calling and ye came to me with help.
4 With your resistless weapons, Indra-Varuna, ye conquered
Bheda and ye gave Sudas your aid.
Ye heard the prayers of these amid the cries of war: effectual
was the service of the Trtsus' priest.
5 O Indra-Varuna, the wickedness of foes and mine assailants'
hatred sorely trouble me.
Ye Twain are Lords of riches both of earth and heaven: so
grant to us your aid on the decisive day.
6 The men of both the hosts invoked you in the fight, Indra and
Varuna, that they might win the wealth,
What time ye helped Sudas, with all the Trtsu folk, when the
Ten Kings had pressed him down in their attack.
7 Ten Kings who worshipped not, O Indra-Varuna,
confederate, in war prevailed not o'er Sudas.
True was the boast of heroes sitting at the feast: so at their
invocations Gods were on their side.
8 O Indra-Varuna, ye gave Sudas your aid when the Ten Kings
in battle compassed him about,
There where the white-robed Trtsus with their braided hair,
skilled in song worshipped you with homage and with hymn.
9 One of you Twain destroys the Vrtras in the fight, the Other
evermore maintains his holy Laws.
We call on you, ye Mighty, with our hymns of praise.
Vouchsafe us your protection, Indra-Varuna.
10 May Indra, Varuna, Mitra, and Aryaman vouchsafe us glory
and great shelter spreading far.
We think of the beneficent light of Aditi, and Savitar's song of
praise, the God who strengthens Law.

HYMN LXXXIV. Indra-Varuna.
1. KINGS, Indra-Varuna, I would turn you hither to this our
sacrifice with gifts and homage.
Held in both arms the ladle, dropping fatness, goes of itself to
you whose forms are varied.
2 Dyaus quickens and promotes your high dominion who bind
with bonds not wrought of rope or cordage.
Far from us still be Varuna's displeasure may Indra give us
spacious room to dwell in.
3 Make ye our sacrifice fair amid the assemblies: make ye our
prayers approved among our princes.
May God-sent riches come for our possession: further ye us
with your delightful succours.
4 O Indra-Varuna, vouchsafe us riches with store of treasure,
food, and every blessing;
For the Aditya, banisher of falsehood, the Hero, dealeth wealth
in boundless plenty.
5 May this my song reach Varuna and Indra, and, strongly
urging, win me sons and offspring.
To the Gods' banquet may we go with riches. Preserve us
evermore, ye Gods, with blessings.

HYMN LXXXV. Indra-Varuna.
1. FOR you I deck a harmless hymn, presenting the Soma juice
to Varuna and Indra-
A hymn that shines like heavenly Dawn with fatness. May they be
near us on the march and guard us.
2 Here where the arrows fall amid the banners both hosts
invoke the Gods in emulation.
O Indra-Varuna, smite back those-our foemen, yea, smite them
with your shaft to every quarter.
3 Self-lucid in their seats, e'en heavenly Waters endowed with
Godhead Varuna and Indra.
One of these holds the folk distinct and sundered, the Other
smites and slays resistless foemen.
4 Wise be the priest and skilled in Law Eternal, who with his
sacred gifts and oration.
Brings you to aid us with your might, Adityas: let him have
viands to promote his welfare.
5 May this my song reach Varuna and Indra, and, strongly
urging, win me sons and offspring.
To the Gods' banquet may we go with riches. Preserve us
evermore, ye Gods, with blessings.

HYMN LXXXVI. Varuna.
1. WISE, verily, are creatures through his greatness who
stayed ever, spacious heaven and earth asunder;
Who urged the high and mighty sky to motion, the Star of old,
and spread the earth before him.
2 With mine own heart I commune on the question how
and spread the earth before him.
3 Varuna's spies, sent forth upon their errand, survey the two
forms thou lovest.
Within these two, exalted Earth and Heaven, O Varuna, are all
the forms thou lovest.
3 Varuna's spies, sent forth upon their errand, survey the two
world-halves well formed and fashioned.
Wise are they, holy, skilled in sacrifices, the furtherers of the
praise-songs of the prudent.
4 To me who understand hath Varuna spoken, the names borne
with the Cow are three times seven.
The sapient God, knowing the place's secret, shall speak as 'twere to teach the race that cometh.
5 On him three heavens rest and are supported, and the three
earth are there in sixfold order.
The wise King Varuna hath made in heaven that Golden Swing
to cover it with glory.
6 Like Varuna from heaven he sinks in Sindhu, like a white-
shining spark, a strong wild creature.
Ruling in depths and meting out the region, great saving power
hath he, this world's Controller.
7 Before this Varuna may we be sinless him who shows mercy
even to the sinner.
While we are keeping Aditi's ordinances. Preserve us
evermore, ye Gods, with blessings.

HYMN LXXXVIII. Varuna.
1. PRESENT to Varuna thine hymn, Vasistha, bright, most
delightful to the Bounteous Giver,
Who bringeth on to us the Bull, the lofty, the Holy, laden with a
thousand treasures.
2 And now, as I am come before his presence, I take the face
of Varuna for Agni's.
So might he bring-Lord also of the darkness-the light in
heaven that I may see its beauty!
3 When Varuna and I embark together and urge our boat into

You whose forms are varied.
2 Dyaus quickens and promotes your high dominion who bind
with bonds not wrought of rope or cordage.
Far from us still be Varuna's displeasure may Indra give us
spacious room to dwell in.
3 Make ye our sacrifice fair amid the assemblies: make ye our
prayers approved among our princes.
May God-sent riches come for our possession: further ye us
with your delightful succours.
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The sapient God, knowing the place's secret, shall speak as 'twere to teach the race that cometh.
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The wise King Varuna hath made in heaven that Golden Swing
to cover it with glory.
6 Like Varuna from heaven he sinks in Sindhu, like a white-
shining spark, a strong wild creature.
Ruling in depths and meting out the region, great saving power
hath he, this world's Controller.
7 Before this Varuna may we be sinless him who shows mercy
even to the sinner.
While we are keeping Aditi's ordinances. Preserve us
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delightful to the Bounteous Giver,
Who bringeth on to us the Bull, the lofty, the Holy, laden with a
thousand treasures.
2 And now, as I am come before his presence, I take the face
of Varuna for Agni's.
So might he bring-Lord also of the darkness-the light in
heaven that I may see its beauty!
3 When Varuna and I embark together and urge our boat into
the midst of ocean, 
We, when we ride o'er ridges of the waters, will swing within 
that swing and there be happy.
4 Varuna placed Vasistha in the vessel, and deftly with his 
night made him a Rsi.
When days shone bright the Sage made him a singer, while the 
heavens broadened and the Dawns were lengthened.
5 What hath become of those our ancient friendships, when 
without enmity we walked together?
I, Varuna, thou glorious Lord, have entered thy lofty home, 
thine house with thousand portals.
6 If he, thy true ally, hath sinned against thee, still, Varuna, he 
is the friend thou lovedst.
Let us not, Living One, as sinners I know thee: give shelter, as 
a Sage, to him who lauds thee.
7 While we abide in these fixed habitations, and from the lap 
of Aditi win favour, 
May Varuna untie the bond that binds us. Preserve us 
evermore, ye Gods, with blessings.

HYMN LXXXIX Varuna.
1. LET me not yet, King Varuna, enter into the house of clay: 
Have mercy, spare me, Mighty Lord.
2 When, Thunderer! I move along tremulous like a wind-
blown skin, 
Have mercy, spare me, Mighty Lord.
3 O Bright and Powerful God, through want of strength I erred 
and went astray.
Have mercy, spare me, Mighty Lord.
4 Thirst found thy worshipper though he stood in the midst of 
water-fjods:
Have mercy, spare me, Mighty Lord.
5 O Varuna, whatever the offence may be which we as men 
commit against the heavenly host,
When through our want of thought we violate thy laws, punish 
us not, O God, for that iniquity.

HYMN XC. Vayu.
1. To you pure juice, rich in meath, are offered by priest:
through longing for the Pair of Heroes.
Drive, Vayu, bring thine harnessed horses hither: drink the 
presorted Soma till it make thee joyful.
2 Whoso to thee, the Mighty, brings oblation, pure Soma unto 
thee, pure-drinking Vayu,
That man thou makest famous among mortals: to him strong 
sons are born in quick succession.
3 The God whom both these worlds brought forth for riches, 
whom heavenly Dhisana for our wealth appointeth,
His team of harnessed horses waits on Vayu, and, foremost, on 
the radiant Treasure-bearer.
4 The spotless Dawns with fair bright days have broken; they 
found the spacious light when they were shining.
Eagerly they disclosed the stall of cattle: floods streamed for 
them as in the days afoertime.
5 These with their truthful spirit, shining brightly, move on 
provided with their natural insight.
Viands attend the car that beareth Heroes, your car, ye Sovran 
Pair, Indra and Vayu.
6 May these who give us heavenly light, these rulers, with gifts 
of kine and horses, gold and treasures.
These princes, through full life, Indra and Vayu! o'ercome in 
battle with their steeds and heroes.
7 Like coursers seeking fame will we Vasisthas, O Indra-Vayu, 
with our fair laudations.
Exerting all our power call you to aid us. Preserve us 
evermore, ye Gods, with blessings.

HYMN XCI. Vayu.
1. WERE not in sooth, the Gods afoertime blameless, whose 
pleasure was increased by adoration?
For Vayu and for man in his affliction they caused the 
Morning to arise with Surya.
2 Guardians infallible, eager as envoys' preserve us safe 
through many months and autumns.
Addressed to you, our fair praise, Indra-Vayu, implores your 
favour and renewed well-being.
3 Wise, bright, arranger of his teams, he. seeketh men with rich 
food whose treasures are abundant.
They have arranged them of one mind with Vayu: the men 
have wrought all noble operations.
4 So far as native power and strength permit you, so far as men 
behold whose eyes have vision,
O ye pure-drinkers, drink with us pure Soma: sit on this sacred 
grass, Indra and Vayu.
5 Driving down teams that bear the lovely Heroes, hitherward, 
Indra-Vayu, come together.
To you this prime of savoury juice is offered: here loose your 
horses and be friendly-minded.
6 Your hundred and your thousand teams, O Indra and Vayu, 
all munificent, which attend you, 
With these most gracious-minded come ye hither, and drink, O 
Heroes of the meath we offer.
7 Like coursers seeking fame will we Vasisthas, O Indra-Vayu, 
with our fair laudations, 
Exerting all our powe-., call you to aid us. Preserve us 
evermore, ye Gods, with blessings.

HYMN XCII. Vayu
1. O VAYU, drinker of the pure, be near us: a thousand teams 
are thine, Allbounteous Giver.
To thee the rapture-bringing juice is offered, whose first 
draught, God, thou takest as thy portion.
2 Prompt at the holy rites forth came the presser with Soma-
draught, God, thou takest as thy portion.
3 The teams wherewith thou seekest him who offers, within his 
home, O Vayu, to direct him, 
Therewith send wealth: to us with full enjoyment, a hero son 
and gifts of kine and horses. 
4 Near to the Gods and making Indra joyful, devout and 
offering precious gifts to Vayu,
Allied with princes, smiting down the hostile, may we with heroes conquer foes in battle.
5 With thy yoked teams in hundreds and in thousands come to our sacrifice and solemn worship.
Come, Vayu, make thee glad at this libation. Preserve us evermore, ye Gods, with blessings.

HYMN XCIII. Indra-Agni.
1. SLAYERS of enemies, Indra and Agni, accept this day our new-born pure laudation.
Again, again I call you prompt to listen, best to give quickly strength to him who craves it.
2 For ye were strong to gain, exceeding mighty, growing together, waxing in your vigour.
Lords of the pasture filled with ample riches, bestow upon us strength both fresh and lasting.
3 Yea when the strong have entered our assembly, and singers seeking with their hymns your favour,
They are like steeds who come into the race-course, those men who call aloud on Indra-Agni.
4 The singer, seeking with his hymns your favour, begs splendid riches of their first possessor.
Further us with new bounties, Indra-Agni, armed with strong thunder, slayers of the foeman.
5 When two great hosts, arrayed against each other, meet clothed with brightness, in the fierce encounter
Stand ye beside the godly, smite the godless; and still assist the men who press the Soma.
6 To this our Soma-pressing, Indra-Agni, come ye prepared to show your loving-kindness,
For not at any time have ye despised us. So may I draw you with all strengthenings hither.
7 So Agni, kindled mid this adoration, invite thou Mitra, Varuna, and Indra.
Forgive whatever sin we have committed may Aryaman and Aditi remove it.
8 While we accelerate these our sacrifices, may we win strength from both of you, O Agni:
Ne'er may the Maruts, Indra, Visnu slight us. Preserve us evermore, ye Gods, with blessings.

HYMN XCIV. Indra-Agni.
1. As rain from out the cloud, for you, Indra and Agni, from my soul
This noblest praise hath been produced.
2 Do ye, O Indra-Agni, hear the singer's call: accept his songs.
Ye Rulers, grant his heart's desire.
3 Give us not up to poverty, ye Heroes, Indra-Agni, nor To slander and reproach of men.
4 To Indra and to Agni we bring reverence, high and holy hymn,
And, craving help, softwords with prayer.
5 For all these holy singers here implore these Twain to succour them,
And priests that they may win them strength.
6 Eager to laudyou, we with songs invoke you, bearing sacred food,
Fain for success in sacrifice.
7 Indra and Agni, come to us with favour, ye who conquer men:
Let not the wicked master us.
8 At no time let the injurious blow of hostile mortal fall on us:
O Indra-Agni, shelter us.
9 Whatever wealth we crave of you, in gold, in cattle, or in steeds,
That, Indra-Agni, let us gain;
10 When heroes prompt in worship call Indra and Agni, Lords of steeds,
Beside the Soma juice effused.
11 Call lither with the song and lauds those who best slay the foemen, those
Who take delight in hymns of praise.
12 Slay ye the wicked man whose thought is evil of the demon kind.
Slay him who stays the waters, slay the Serpent with your deadly dart.

HYMN XCV. Sarasvati.
1. THIS stream Sarasvati with fostering current comes forth,
our sure defence, our fort of iron.
As on a car, the flood flows on, surpassing in majesty and might all other waters.
2 Pure in her course from mountains to the ocean, alone of streams Sarasvati hath listened.
Thinking of wealth and the great world of creatures, she poured for Nahusa her milk and fatness.
3 Friendly to man he grew among the women, a strong young Steer amid the Holy Ladies.
He gives the fleet steed to our wealthy princes, and decks their bodies for success in battle.
4 May this Sarasvati be pleased and listen at this our sacrifice, auspicious Lady,
When we with reverence, on our knees, implore her close-knit to wealth, most kind to those she loveth.
5 These offerings have ye made with adoration: say this, Sarasvati, and accept our praises;
And, placing us under thy dear protection, may we approach thee, as a tree, for shelter.
6 For thee, O Blest Sarasvati, Vasistha hath here unbarred the doors d sacred Order.
Wax, Bright One, and give strength to him who lauds thee.
Preserve us evermore, ye Gods, with blessings.

HYMN XCVI. Sarasvati.
1. I SING a lofty song, for she is mightiest, most divine of Streams.
Sarasvati will I exalt with hymns and lauds, and, O Vasistha, Heaven and Earth.
2 When in the fulness of their strength the Purus dwell,
Beauteous One, on thy two grassy banks,
Favour us thou who hast the Maruts for thy friends: stir up the bounty of our chiefs.
3 So may Sarasvati auspicious send good luck; she, rich in spoil, is never niggardly in thought,
HYMN XCVII. Brhaspati.
1. WHERE Heaven and Earth combine in men's assembly, and those who love the Gods delight in worship, Where the libations are effused for Indra, may he come first to drink and make him stronger.
2 We crave the heavenly grace of Gods to guard us—so may Brhaspati, O friends, exult us—That he, the Bounteous God, may find us sintess, who giveth from a distance like a father.
3 That Brahmanaspati, most High and Gracious, I glorify with offerings and with homage. May the great song of praise divine, reach Indra who is the King of prayer the Gods' creation.
4 May that Brhaspati who brings all blessings, most dearly loved, be seated by our altar. Heroes and wealth we crave; may he bestow them, and bear us safe beyond the men who vex us.
5 To us these Deathless Ones, erst born, have granted this laud of ours which gives the Immortal pleasure. Let us invoke Brhaspati, the foeless, the clear-voiced God, the Holy One of households.
6 Him, this Brhaspati, his red-hued horses, drawing together, full of strength, bring hither. Robed in red colour like the cloud, they carry the Lord of Might whose friendship gives a dwelling.
7 For he is pure, with hundred wings, refulgent, with sword of gold, impetuous, winning sunlight. Sublime Brhaspati, easy of access granteth his friends most bountiful refreshment.
8 Both Heaven and Earth, divine, the Deity's Parents, have made Brhaspati increase in grandeur. Glorify him, O friends, who merits glory: may he give prayer fair way and easy passage.
9 This, Brahmanaspati, is your laudation prayer hath been made to thunderwielding Indra. Favour our songs, wake up our thought and spirit: destroy the godless and our foes' malice.
10 Ye Twain are Lords of wealth in earth and heaven, thou, O Brhaspati, and thou, O Indra. Mean though he be, give wealth to him who lauds you. Preserve us evermore, ye Gods, with blessings.

HYMN XCIX. Visnu.
1. MEN come not nigh thy majesty who growest beyond all bound and measure with thy body. Both thy two regions of the earth, O Visnu, we know: thou God, knowest the highest also.
2 None who is born or being born, God Visnu, hath reached the utmost limit of thy grandeur. The vast high vault of heaven hast thou supported, and fixed earth's eastern pinnacle securely.
3 Rich in sweet food be ye, and rich in milch-kine, with fertile earth's eastern pinnacle securely.
4 Ye have made spacious room for sacrificing by generating fixed the earth with pegs around it.
5 I will declare the earliest deeds of Indra, and recent acts which Maghavan hath accomplished. When he had conquered godless wiles and magic, Soma became his own entire possession.
6 Thine is this world of flocks and herds around thee, which with the eye of Surya thou beholdest. Thou, Indra, art alone the Lord of cattle; may we enjoy the treasure which thou givest.
7 Ye Twain are Lords of wealth in earth and heaven, thou, O Brhaspati, and thou, O Indra. Mean though he be, give wealth to him who lauds you. Preserve us evermore, ye Gods, with blessings.

HYMN XCVIII. Indra.
1. PRIESTS, offer to the Lord of all the people the milked-out stalk of Soma, radiant-coloured.
No wild-bull knows his drinking-place like Indra who ever seeks him who hath pressed the Soma,
2 Thou dost desire to drink, each day that passes, the pleasant food which thou hast had aforetime,
O Indra, gratified in heart and spirit, drink eagerly the Soma set before thee.
3 Thou, newly-born, for strength didst drink the Soma; the Mother told thee of thy future greatness. O Indra, thou hast filled mid-air's wide region, and given the Gods by battle room and freedom.
4 When thou hast urged the arrogant to combat, proud in their strength of arm, we will subdue them.
Or, Indra, when thou fightest girt by heroes, we in the glorious fray with thee will conquer.
5 I will declare the earliest deeds of Indra, and recent acts which Maghavan hath accomplished.
6 This is the lofty hymn of praise, exalting the Lords of Mighty Stride, the strong and lofty. Ye Twain smote down a hundred times a thousand resistless heroes of the royal Varzin.
7 Ye Twain are Lords of wealth in earth and heaven, thou, O Brhaspati, and thou, O Indra. Mean though he be, give wealth to him who lauds you. Preserve us evermore, ye Gods, with blessings.
HYMN C. Visnu.
1 NE'ER doth the man repent, who, seeking profit, bringeth his
gift to the far-striding Visnu.
He who adoreth him with all his spirit winneth himself so great
a benefactor.
2 Thou, Visnu, constant in thy courses, gavest good-will to all
men, and a hymn that lasteth,
That thou mightst move us to abundant comfort of very
splendid wealth with store of horses.
3 Three times strode forth this God in all his grandeur over this
earth bright with a hundred splendours.
Foremost be Visnu, stronger than the strongest: for glorious is
his name who lives for ever.
4 Over this earth with mighty step strode Visnu, ready to give
it for a home to Manu.
In him the humble people trust for safety: he, nobly born, hath
made them spacious dwellings.
5 To-day I laud this name, O gipivista, I, skilled in rules, the
name of thee the Noble.
Yea, I the poor and weak praise thee the Mighty who dwelleth
in the realm beyond this region.
6 What was there to be blamed in thee, O Visnu, when thou
declaredst, I am Sipivista?
Hide not this form from us, nor keep it secret, since thou didst
wear another shape in battle.
7 O Visnu, unto thee my lips cry Vasat! Let this mine offering,
Sipivista, please thee.
8 May these my songs of eulogy exalt thee. Preserve us
evermore, ye Gods, with blessings.

HYMN CII. Parjanya.
1 SPEAK forth three words, the words which light precedeth,
which milk this udder that produceth nectar.
Quickly made manifest, the Bull hath bellowed, engendering
the germ of plants, the Infant.
2 Giver of growth to plants, the God who ruleth over the
waters and all moving creatures,
Vouchsafe us triple shelter for our refuge, and threefold light
to succour and befriend us.
3 Now he is sterile, now begetteth offspring, even as he willeth
dothe he change his figure.
The Father's genial flow bedews the Mother; therewith the
Sire, therewith the son is nourished.
4 In him all living creatures have their being, and the three
heavens with triplyflowing waters.
Three reservoirs that sprinkle down their treasure shed their
sweet streams around him with a murmur.
5 May this my song to Sovran Lord Parjanya come near unto
his heart and give him pleasure.
May we obtain the showers that bring enjoyment, and God-
protected plants with goodly fruitage.
6 He is the Bull of all, and their impregnuer lie holds the life of
all things fixed and moving.
May this rite save me till my hundredth autumn. Preserve us
evermore, ye Gods, with blessings.

HYMN CIII. Frogs.
1. THEY who lay quiet for a year, the Brahmans who fulfil
their vows,
The Frogs have lifted up their voice, the voice Parjanya hath
inspired.
2 What time on these, as on a dry skin lying in the pool's bed,
the floods of heaven descended,
The music of the Frogs comes forth in concert like the cows
lowing with their calves beside them.
3 When at the coming of the Rains the water has poured upon
them as they yearned and thirsted,
One seeks another as he talks and greets him with cries of
pleasure as a son his father.
4 Each of these twain receives the other kindly, while they are
revelling in the flow of waters,
When the Frog moistened by the rain springs forward, and
Green and Spotty both combine their voices.
5 When one of these repeats the other's language, as he who
learns the lesson of the teacher,
Your every limb seems to be growing larger as ye converse
with eloquence on the waters.
6 One is Cow-bellow and Goat-bleat the other, one Frog is
Green and one of them is Spotty.
They bear one common name, and yet they vary, and, talking,
modulate the voice diversely.
7 As Brahmans, sitting round the brimful vessel, talk at the
Soma-rite of Atiratra,
So, Frogs, ye gather round the pool to honour this day of all
the year, the first of Rain-time.
8 These Brahmans with the Soma juice, performing their year-
long rite, have lifted up their voices;
And these Adhvaryus, sweating with their kettles, come forth
and show themselves, and none are hidden.
9 They keep the twelve month's God-appointed order, and
never do the men neglect the season.
Soon as the Rain-time in the year returneth, these who were
heated kettles gain their freedom.
10 Cow-bellow and Goat-bleat have granted riches, and Green
and Spotty have vouchsafed us treasure.
The Frogs who give us cows in hundreds lengthen our lives in
this most fertilizing season.

HYMN CIV. Indra-Soma.
1. INDRA and Soma, burn, destroy the demon foe, send
downward, O ye Bulls, those who add gloom to gloom.
Annihilate the fools, slay them and burn them up: chase them
away from us, pierce the voracious ones.
2 Indra and Soma, let sin round the wicked boil like as a
caldron set amid the flames of fire.
Against the foe of prayer, devourer of raw flesh, the vile fiend
fierce of eye, keep ye perpetual hate.
3 Indra and Soma, plunge the wicked in the depth, yea, cast
them into darkness that hath no support,
So that not one of them may ever thence return: so may your
wrathful might prevail and conquer them.
4 Indra and Soma, hurl your deadly crushing bolt down on the
wicked fiend from heaven and from the earth.
Yea, forge out of the mountains your celestial dart wherewith
ye burn to death the waxing demon race.
5 Indra and Soma, cast ye downward out of heaven your
deadly darts of stone burning with fiery flame,
Eternal, scorching darts; plunge the voracious ones within the
depth, and let them sink without a sound.
6 Indra and Soma, let this hymn control you both, even as the
girth encompasses two vigorous steeds-
The song of praise which I with wisdom offer you: do ye, as
Lords of men, animate these my prayers.
7 In your impetuous manner think ye both thereon: destroy
these evil beings, slay the treacherous fiends.
Indra and Soma, let the wicked have no bliss who evermore
assails us with malignity.
8 Whoso accuses me with words of falsehood when I pursue
my way with guileless spirit,
May he, the speaker of untruth, be, Indra, like water which the
hollowed hand compresses.
9 Those who destroy, as is their wont, the simple, and with
their evil natures barm the righteous,
May Soma give them over to the serpent, or to the lap of Nirrti
consign them.
10 The fiend, O Agni, who designs to injure the essence of our
food, kine, steeds, or bodies,
May he, the adversary, thief, and robber, sink to destruction,
both himself and offspring.
11 May he be swept away, himself and children: may all the
three earths press him down beneath them.
May his fair glory, O ye Gods, be blighted, who in the day or
night would fain destroy us.
12 The prudent finds it easy to distinguish the true and false:
their words oppose each other.
Of these two that which is the true and honest, Soma protects,
and brings the false to nothing.
13 Never doth Soma aid and guide the wicked or him who
falsely claims the Warrior's title.
He slays the fiend and him who speaks untruly: both lie
entangled in the noose of Indra.
14 As if I worshipped deities of falsehood, or thought vain
thoughts about the Gods, O Agni.
Why art thou angry with us, Jatavedas? Destruction fall on
those who lie against thee!
15 So may I die this day if I have harassed any man's life or if I
be a demon.
Yea, may he lose all his ten sons together who with false
tongue hath called me Yatudhana.
16 May Indra slay him with a mi weapon, and let the vilest
ofghty
all creatures perish,
The fiend who says that he is pure, who calls me a demon
though devoid of demon nature.
17 She too who wanders like an owl at night-time, hiding her
body in her guile and malice,
May she fall downward into endless caverns. May press-stones
with loud ring destroy the demons.
18 Spread out, ye Maruts, search among the people: seize ye
and grind the Raksasas to pieces,
Who fly abroad, transformed to birds, at night-time, or sully
and pollute our holy worship.
19 Hurl down from heaven thy bolt of stone, O Indra: sharpen
it, Maghavan, made keen by Soma.
Forward, behind, and from above and under, smite down the
demons with thy rocky weapon.
20 They fly, the demon dogs, and, bent on mischief, fain
would they harm indomitable Indra.
Sakra makes sharp his weapon for the wicked: now, let him
cast his bolt at fiendish wizards.
21 Indra hath ever been the fiends' destroyer who spoil
oblations of the Gods' invokers:
Yea, Sakra, like an axe that splits the timber, attacks and
smashes them like earthen vessels.
22 Destroy the fiend shaped like an owl or owlet, destroy him
in the form of dog or cuckoo.
Destroy him shaped as eagle or as vulture as with a stone, O
Indra, crush the demon.
23 Let not the fiend of witchcraft-workers reach us: may Dawn
drive off the couples of Kimidins.
Earth keep us safe from earthly woe and trouble: from grief
that comes from heaven mid-air preserve us.
24 Slay the male demon, Indra! slay the female, joying and
triumphing in arts of magic.
Let the fools' gods with bent necks fall and perish, and see no
more the Sun when he arises.
25 Look each one hither, look around Indra and Soma, watch
ye well.
Cast forth your weapon at the fiends against the sorcerers
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' Strengtheners.
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.
24 A thousand and a hundred Steeds are harnessed to thy golden car.
So may the long-mancd Bays, yoked by devotion, bring Indra
to drink the Soma juice.
25 Yoked to thy chariot wrought of gold, may thy two Bays with peacock tails, Convey thee hither, Steeds with their white backs, to quaff sweet juice that makes us eloquent.
26 So drink, thou Lover of the Song, as the first drinker, of this juice. This the outpouring of the savoury sap prepared is good and meet to gladden thee.
27 He who alone by wondrous deed is Mighty, Strong by holy works, May he come, fair of cheek; may he not stay afar, but come and turn not from our call.
28 Susna's quick moving castle thou hast crushed to pieces with thy bolts. Thou, Indra, from of old, hast followed after light, since we have had thee to invoke.
29 My praises when the Sun hath risen, my praises at the time of noon, My praises at the coming of the gloom of night, O Vasu, have gone forth to thee.
30 Praise yea, praise him. Of princes these are the most liberal of their gifts, These, Paramajya, Ninditasva, Prapathi, most bounteous, O Medhyatithi.
31 When to the car, by faith, I yoked the horses longing for the way- For skilled is Yadu's son in dealing precious wealth, he who is rich in herds of kine.
32 May he who gave me two brown steeds together with their cloths of gold, May he, Asanga's son Svanadratha, obtain all joy and high felicities.
33 Playoga's son Asanga, by ten thousand, O Agni, hath surpassed the rest in giving. For me ten bright-hued oxen have come forward like lotus-stalks from out a lake upstanding.
34 What time her husband's perfect restoration to his lost strength and manhood was apparent, His consort Sasvati with joy addressed him, Now art thou well, my lord, and shalt be happy.

HYMN II. Indra.
1. HERE is the Soma juice expressed; O Vasu, drink till thou art full:
   Undaunted God, we give it thee.
2. Washed by the men, pressed out with stones, strained through the filter made of wool,
   'Tis like a courser bathed in stream. This juice have we made sweet for thee like barley, blending it with milk.
3. Indra, I call thee to our feast.
4. Beloved of all, Indra alone drinks up the flowing Soma juice Among the Gods and mortal men.
5. The Friend, whom not the brilliant-hued, the badly-mixt or bitter draught, Repels, the far-extending God;
6. While other men than we with milk chase him as hunters chase a deer, And with their kine inveigle him.
7. For him, for Indra, for the God, be pressed three draughts of Soma juice In the juice-drinker's own abode.
8. Three reservoirs exude their drops, filled are three beakers to the brim, All for one offering to the God.
9. Pure art thou, set in many a place, and blended in the midst with milk And curd, to cheer the Hero best.
10. Here, Indra, are thy Soma-draughts pressed out by us, the strong, the pure: They crave admixture of the milk.
11. O Indra, pour in milk, prepare the cake, and mix the Soma-draught. I hear them say that thou art rich.
12. Quaffed juices fight within the breast. The drunken praise not by their wine, The naked praise not when it rains.
13. Rich be the praiser of one rich, munificent and famed like thee: High rank be his, O Lord of Bays.
14. Foe of the man who adds no milk, he heeds not any chanted hymn Or holy psalm that may he sung.
15. Give us not, Indra, as a prey unto the scornful or the proud: Help, Mighty One, with power and might.
16. This, even this, O Indra, we implore. as thy devoted friends, The Kanvas praise thee with their hymns.
17. Naught else, O Thunderer, have I praised in the skilled singer's eulogy: On thy land only have I thought.
18. The Gods seek him who presses out the Soma; they desire not sleep They punish sloth unwearyedly.
19. Come hither swift with gifts of wealth - be not thou angry with us-like A great man with a youthful bride.
20. Let him not, wrathful with us, spend the evening far from us to-day, Like some unpleasant son-in-law.
21. For well we know this Hero's love, most liberal of the boons he gives, His plans whom the three worlds display.
22. Pour forth the gift which Kanvas bring, for none more glorious do we know Than the Strong Lord with countless aids.
23. O presser, offer Soma first to Indra, Hero, Sakra, him The Friend of man, that he may drink;
24. Who, in untroubled ways, is best provider, for his worshippers. Of strength in horses and in kine.
25. Pressers, for him blend Soma juice, each draught most excellent, for him The Brave, the Hero, for his joy.
26 The Vrtra-slayer drinks the juice. May he who gives a hundred aids Approach, nor stay afar from us.
27 May the strong Bay Steeds, yoked by prayer, bring hither unto us our Friend, Lover of Song, renowned by songs.
28 Sweet are the Soma juices, come! Blent are the Soma juices, come!
29 And lauds which strengthen thee for great bounty and valour, and exalt Indra who doeth glorious deeds,
30 And songs to thee who loveth song, and all those hymns addressed to thee-
    These evermore confirm thy might.
31 Thus he, sole doer of great deeds whose hand holds thunder, gives us strength,
    He who hath never been subdued.
32 Vrtra he slays with his right hand, even Indra, great with mighty power,
    And much-invoked in many a place.
33 He upon whom all men depend, all regions, all achievements, he
    Takes pleasure in our wealthy chiefs.
34 All this hath he accomplished, yea, Indra, most gloriously renowned,
    Who gives our wealthy princes strength.
35 Who drives his chariot seeking spoil, from afar, to him he loves:
    For swift is he to bring men wealth.
36 The Sage who, winning spoil with steeds, slays Vrtra, Hero with the men,
    His servant's faithful succourer.
37 O Priyamedhas, worship with collected mind this Indra whom
    The Soma hath full well inspired.
38 Ye Kanvas, sing the Mighty One, Lord of the Brave, who loveth renown,
    All-present, glorified by song.
39 Strong Friend, who, with no trace of feet, restores the cattle to the men,
    Who rest their wish and hope on him.
40 Shaped as a Ram, Stone-hurler I once thou camest hither to the son
    Of Kanva, wise Medhyatithi.
41 Vibhindu, thou hast helped this man, giving him thousands four times ten,
    And afterward eight thousand more.
42 And these twain pouring streams of milk, creative, daughters of delight,
    For wedlock sake I glorify.

HYMN III. Indra.
1. DRINK, Indra, of the savoury juice, and cheer thee with our milky draught.
    Be, for our weal, our Friend and sharer of the feast, and let thy wisdom guard us well.
    2 In thy kind grace and favour may we still be strong: expose us not to foe's attack.
    With manifold assistance guard and succour us, and bring us to felicity.
    3 May these my songs of praise exalt thee, Lord, who hast abundant wealth.
    Men skilled in holy hymns, pure, with the hues of fire, have sung them with their lauds to thee.
    4 He, with his might enhanced by Rsis thousandfold, hath like an ocean spread himself.
    His majesty is praised as true at solemn rites, his power where holy singers rule.
    5 Indra for worship of the Gods, Indra while sacrifice proceeds,
        Indra, as worshippers in battle-shock, we call, Indra that we may win the spoil.
    6 With might hath Indra spread out heaven and earth, with power hath Indra lighted up the Sun.
    In Indra are all creatures closely held; in him meet the distilling Soma-drops.
    7 Men with their lauds are urging thee, Indra, to drink the Soma first.
    The Rbhus in accord have lifted up their voice, and Rudras sung thee as the first.
    8 Indra increased his manly strength at sacrifice, in the wild rapture of this juice,
        And living men to-day, even as of old, sing forth their praises to his majesty.
    9 I crave of thee that hero strength, that thou mayst first regard this prayer,
        Wherewith thou holpest Bhrgu and the Yatis and Praskanva when the prize was staked.
    10 Wherewith thou sentest mighty waters to the sea, that, Indra, is thy manly strength.
        For ever unattainable is this power of him to whom the worlds have cried aloud.
    11 Help us, O Indra, when we pray to thee for wealth and hero might.
        First help thou on to strength the man who strives to win, and aid our laud, O Ancient One.
    12 Help for us, Indra, as thou holpest Paura once, this man's devotions bent on gain.
        Help, as thou gavest Rugama and Syavaka and Svarnara and Kṛpa aid.
    13 What newest of imploring prayers shall, then, the zealous mortal sing?
        For have not they who laud his might, and Indra-power won for themselves the light of heaven?
    14 When shall they keep the Law and praise thee mid the Gods? Who counts as Rsi and as sage?
        When ever wilt thou, Indra Maghavan, come nigh to presser's or to praiser's call?
    15 These songs of ours exceeding sweet, these hymns of praise ascend to thee,
        Like ever-conquering chariots that display their strength, gain wealth, and give unfailing aid.
16 The Bhrgus are like Suns, like Kanvas, and have gained all that their thoughts were bent upon. The living men of Priyamedha's race have sung exalting Indra with their lauds.
17 Best slayer of the Vrtras, yoke thy Bay Steeds, Indra, from afar. Come with the High Ones hither, Maghavan, to us, Mighty, to drink the Soma juice.
18 For these, the bards and singers, have cried out to thee with prayer, to gain the sacrifice. As such, O Maghavan, Indra, who loveth song, even as a lover bear my call.
19 Thou from the lofty plains above, O Indra, hurledst Vrtra down. Thou dravest forth the kine of guileful Mrgaya and Arbuda from the mountain's hold.
20 Bright were the flaming fires, the Sun gave forth his shine, and Soma, Indra's juice, shone clear. Indra, thou blewest the great Dragon from the air - men must regard that valorous deed.
21 The fairest courser of them all, who runneth on as 'twere to heaven. Which Indra and the Maruts gave, and Pakasthaman Kaurayan.
22 To me hath Pakasthaman given, a ruddy horse, good at the pole, Filling is girth and rousing wealth; Compared with whom no other ten strong coursers, harnessed to the pole, Bear Tugrya to his dwelling place. 24 Raiment is body, food is life, and healing ointment giveth strength. As the free-handed giver of the ruddy steed, I have named Pakasthaman fourth. HYMN IV. Indra.
1. THOUGH, Indra, thou art called by men eastward and westward, north and south, Thou chiefly art with Anava and Turvasa, brave Champion I urged by men to Come. 2 Or, Indra, when with Ruma, Rusama, Syavaka, and Krpa thou rejoicest thee, Still do the Kanvas, bringing praises, with their prayers, O Indra, draw thee hither: come. 3 Even as the wild-bull, when he thirsts, goes to the desert's watery pool, Come hither quickly both at morning and at eve, and with the Kanvas drink thy fill. 4 May the drops gladden thee, rich Indra, and obtain bounty for him who pours the juice. 5 With mightier strength he conquered strength, with energy he crushed their wrath. O Indra, Strong in youth, all those who sought the fray bent and bowed down to thee like trees. 6 He who wins promise of thine aid goes girt as with a thousand mighty men of war. He makes his son preeminent in hero might - he serves with reverential prayer. 7 With thee, the Mighty, for our Friend, we will riot fear or feel fatigue. May we see Turvasa and Yadu: thy great deed, O Hero, must be glorified. 8 On his left hip the Hero hath reclined himself: the proffered feast offends him not. The milk is blended with the honey of the bee: quickly come hither, baste, and drink. 9 Indra, thy friend is fair of form and rich in horses, cars, and kine. He evermore hath food accompanied by wealth, and radiant joins the company. 10 Come like a thirsty antelope to the drinking-place: drink Soma to thy heart's desire. Raining it down, O Maghavan, day after day, thou gainest thy surpassing might. 11 Priest, let the Soma juice flow forth, for Indra longs to drink thereof. He even now hath yoked his vigorous Bay Steeds: the Vrtra-slayer hath come near. 12 The man with whom thou fillest thee with Soma deems himself a pious worshipper. This thine appropriate food is here poured out for thee: come, hasten forward. drink of it, 13 Press out the Soma juice, ye priests, for Indra borne upon his car. The pressing-stones speak loud of Indra, while they shed the juice which, offered, honours him. 14 To the brown juice may his dear vigorous Bay Steeds bring Indra, to our holy task. Hither let thy Car-steeds who seek the sacrifice bring thee to our drink-offerings. 15 Pusan, the Lord of ample wealth, for firm alliance we elect. May he with wisdom, Sakra! Looser! Much-invoked! aid us to riches and to seed. 16 Sharpen us like a razor in the barber's hands: send riches thou who settest free. Easy to find with thee are treasures of the Dawn for mortal man whom thou dost speed. 17 Pusan, I long to win thy love, I long to praise thee, Radiant God. Excellent Lord, 'tis strange tome, no wish have I to sing the psalm that Pajra sings. 18 My kine, O Radiant God, seek pasture where they will, my during wealth, Immortal One. Be our protector, Pusan! be, most liberal Lord, propitious to our gathering strength. 19 Rich was the gift Kurunga gave, a hundred steeds at morning rites. Among the gifts of Turvunas we thought of him, the opulent, the splendid King. 20 What by his morning songs Kanva, the powerful, hath, with the Priyamedhas, gained? 71 The herds of sixty thousand pure and spotless kine, have I, the Rsi, driven away.
21 The very trees were joyful at my coming: kine they 
obtained in plenty, steeds in plenty.

HYMN V. Asvins.
1. WHEN, even as she were present here, red Dawn hath shone 
from far away, 
She spreadeth light on every side.
2. Like Heroes on your will-yoked car farshining, Wonder-
Workers! ye 
Attend, O Asvins, on the Dawn.
3 By you, O Lords of ample wealth our songs of praise have 
been observed: 
As envoy have I brought the prayer.
4 Kanvas must praise the Asvins dear to many, making many 
glad, 
Most rich, that they may succour us.
5 Most liberal, best at winning strength, inciters, Lords of 
splendour who 
Visit the worshipper's abode.
6 So for devout Sudeva dew with fatness his unfailing mead, 
And make it rich for sacrifice.
7 Hitherward running speedily with horses, as with rapid 
hawks, 
Come, Asvins, to our song of praise 
8 Wherewith the three wide distances, and all the lights that 
are in heaven.
Ye traverse, and three times of night.
9 O Finders of the Day, that we may win us food of kine and 
wealth, 
Open the paths for us to tread.
10 O Asvins, bring us wealth in kine, in noble heroes, and in 
cars: 
Bring us the strength that horses give.
11 Ye Lords of splendour, glorified, ye Wonder-Workers 
borne on paths 
Of gold, drink sweets with Somajuice.
12 To us, ye Lords of ample wealth, and to our wealth chiefs 
extend 
Wide shelter, ne'er to be assailed.
13 Come quickly downward to the prayer of people whom ye 
favour most: 
Approach not unto other folk.
14 Ye Asvins whom our minds perceive, drink of this lovely 
gladdening draught, 
The mchath which we present to you.
15 Bring riches hither unto us in hundreds and in thousands, 
source 
Of plenteous food, sustaining all.
16 Verily sages call on you, ye Heroes, in full many a place. 
Moved by the priests, O Asvins, conic.
17 Men who have trimmed the sacred grass, bringing oblations 
and prepared, 
O Asvins, are invoking you.
18 May this our hymn of praise to-day, most powerful to bring 
you, be, 
O Asvins, nearest to your hearts.
19 The skin filled full of savoury meath, laid in the pathway of 
your car-
O Asvins, drink ye both therefrom.
20 For this, ye Lords of ample wealth, bring blessing for our 
herd, our kine, 
Our progeny, and plenteous food.
21 Ye too unclose to us like doors the strengthening waters of 
the sky, 
And rivers, ye who find the day.
22 When did the son of Tugra serve you, Men? Abandoned in 
the sea, 
That with winged steeds your car might fly.
23 Ye, O Nasatyas, ministered to Kanva with repeated aid, 
When cast into the heated pit.
24 Come near with those most recent aids of yours which merit 
eulogy, 
When I invoke you, Wealthy Gods.
25 As ye protected Kanva erst, Priyamedha and Upastuta, 
Atri, Sinjara, Asvins Twain 
26 And Amsu in decisive fight, Agastya in the fray for kine. 
And, in his battles, Sobhari.
27 For so much bliss, or even more, O Asvins, Wealthy Gods, 
than this, 
We pray white singing hymns to you.
28 Ascend your car with golden seat, O Asvins, and with reins 
of gold, 
That reaches even to the sky.
29 Golden is its supporting shaft, the axle also is of gold, 
And both the wheels are made of gold.
30 Thereon, ye Lords of ample wealth, come to us even from 
afar, 
Come ye to this mine eulogy.
31 From far away ye come to us, Asvins, enjoying plenteous 
food 
Of Dasas, O Immortal Ones.
32 With splendour, riches, and renown, O Asvins, hither come 
to us, 
Nasatyas, shining brilliantly.
33 May dappled horses, steeds who fly with pinions, bring you 
hitherward 
To people skilled in sacrifice.
34 The whcel delayeth not that car of yours accompanied by 
song, 
That cometh with a store of food.
35 Borne on that chariot wrought of gold, with coursers very 
feet of foot, 
Come, O Nasatyas, swift as thought.
36 O Wealthy Gods, ye taste and find the brisk and watchful 
wild beast good. 
Associate wealth with food for us.
37 As such, O Asvins, find for me my share of new-presented 
gifts, 
As Kasu, Cedi's son, gave me a hundred head of buffaloes, and 
ten thousand kine.
38 He who hath given me for mine own ten Kings like gold to 
look upon. 
At Caidya's feet are all the people round about, all those who 
think upon the shield.
39 No man, not any, goes upon the path on which the Cedis walk.
No other prince, no folk is held more liberal of gifts than they.

HYMN VI Indra
1. INDRA, great in his power and might, and like Parjanya rich in rain,
Is magnified by Vatsa's lauds.
2 When the priests, strengthening the Son of Holy Law,
present their gifts,
Singers with Order's hymn of praiser.
3 Since Kanvas with their lauds have made Indra complete the sacrifice.
Words are their own appropriate arms.
4 Before his hot displeasure all the peoples, all the men, bow down,
As rivers bow them to the sea.
5 This power of his shone brightly forth when Indra brought together, like
A skin, the worlds of heaven and earth.
6 The fiercely-moving Vrtra's head he severed with his thunderbolt,
His mighty hundred-knotted bolt.
7 Here are-we sing them loudly forth our thoughts among-the best of songs.
Even lightnings like the blaze of fire.
8 When hidden thoughts, spontaneously advancing, glow, and with the stream
Of sacrifice the Kanvas shine.
9 Indra, may we obtain that wealth in horses and in herds of cows,
And prayer that may be noticed first.
10 I from my Father have received deep knowledge of the Holy Law
I was born like unto the Sun.
11 After the lore of ancient time I make, like Kanva, beauteous songs,
And Indra's selfgains strength thereby.
12 Whatever Rsis have not praised thee, Indra, or have lauded thee,
By me exalted wax thou strong.
13 When his wrath thundered, when he rent Vrtra to pieces, limb by limb,
He sent the waters to the sea.
14 Against the Dasyu gusna thou, Indra, didst hurl thy burning bolt:
Thou, Dread one, hast a hero's fame.
15 Neither the heavens nor firmaments nor regions of the earth contain
Indra, the Thunderer with his might.
16 O Indra him who lay at length staying thy copious waters thou,
In his own footsteps, smoteldest down
17 Thou hiddest deep in darkness im, O Indra, who had set his grasp
On spacious heaven and earth conjoined.
18 Indra, whatever Yatis and Bhrgus have offered praise to thee,
Listen, thou Mighty, to my call.
19 Indra, these spotted cows yield thee their butter and the milky draught;
Aiders, thereby, of sacrifice;
20 Which, teeming, have received thee as a life-germ, Indra, with their mouth,
Like Surya who sustaineth all.
21 O Lord of Might, with hymns of praise the Kanvas have increased thy power,
The drops poured forth have strengthened thee.
22 Under thy guidance, Indra, mid thy praises, Lord of Thunder, shall
The sacrifice be soon performed.
23 Indra, disclose much food for us, like a stronghold with store of kine:
Give progeny and heroic strength.
24 And, Indra, grant us all that wealth of fleet steeds which shone bright of old
Among the tribes of Nahusas.
25 Hither thou seest to attract heaven's fold which shines before our eyes,
When, Indra, thou art kind to us.
26 Yea, when thou puttest forth thy power, Indra, thou governest the folk.
Mighty, unlimited in strength.
27 The tribes who bring oblations call to thee, to thee to give them help,
With drops to thee who spreadest far.
28 There where the mountains downward slope, there by the meeting of the streams
The Sage was manifest with song.
29 Thence, marking, from his lofty place downward he looks upon the sea,
And thence with rapid stir he moves.
30 Then, verify, they see the light refulgent of primeval seed,
Kindled on yonder side of heaven.
31 Indra, the Kanvas all exalt thy wisdom and thy manly power,
And, Mightiest! thine heroic strength.
32 Accept this eulogy of mine, Indra, and guard me carefully:
Strengthen my thought and prosper it.
33 For thee, O Mighty, Thunder-armed, we singers through devotion have
Fashioned the hymn that we may live.
34 To Indra have the Kanvas sung, like waters speeding down a slope:
The song is fain to go to him.
35 As rivers swell the ocean, so our hymns of praise make Indra strong,
Eternal, of resistless wrath.
36 Come with thy lovely Bay Steeds, come to us from regions far away
O Indra, drink this Soma juice.
37 Best slayer of Vrtras, men whose sacred grass is ready trimmed
Invoke thee for the gain of spoil.
38 The heavens and earth come after thee as the wheel follows
Etasa:
To thee flow Sorna-drops effused.
39 Rejoice, O Indra, in the light, rejoice in Saryandyan, be
Glad in the sacrificer's hymn.
40 Grown strong in heaven, the Thunder-armed hath bellowed,
Vrtra-slayer, Bull,
Chief drinker of the Soma juice.
41 Thou art a Rsi born of old, sole Ruler over all by might:
Thou, Indra, guardest well our wealth.
42 May thy Bay Steeds with beauteous backs, a hundred, bring
thee to the feast,
Bring thee to these our Soma-draughts.
43 The Kanvas with their hymns of praise have magnified this
ancient thought
That swells with streams of meath and oil.
44 Mid mightiest Gods let mortal man choose Indra at the
sacrifice,
Indra, whoe'er would win, for help.
45 Thy steeds, by Priyamedhas praised, shall bring thee, God
whom all invoke,
Hither to drink the Soma juice.
46 A hundred thousand have I gained from Parsu, from
Tirindira,
And presents of the Yadavas.
47 Ten thousand head of kine, and steeds three times a
hundred they bestowed
On Pajra for the Sama-song.
48 Kakuha hath reached up to heaven, bestowing buffaloes
yoked in fours,
And matched in fame the Yadavas.

HYMN VII. Maruts.
1. O MARUTS, when the sage hath poured the Trstup forth as
food for you,
Ye shine amid the mountain-clouds.
2 When, Bright Ones, fain to show your might ye have
determined on your course,
The mountain-clouds have bent them down.
3 Loud roaring with the winds the Sons of Prsni have upraised
themselves:
They have poured out the streaming food.
4 The Maruts spread the mist abroad and make mountains rock
and reel,
When with the winds they go their way
5 What time the rivers and the hills before your coming bowed
them down,
So to sustain your mighty force.
6 We call on you for aid by night, on you for succour in the
day,
On you while sacrifice proceeds.
7 These, verily, wondrous, red of hue, speed on their courses
with a roar
Over the ridges of the sky.
8 With might they drop the loosened rein so that the Sun may
run his course,
And spread themselves with beams of light.
9 Accept, ye Maruts, this my song, accept ye this mine hymn
of praise,
Accept, Rbhuksans, this my call.
10 The dappled Cows have poured three lakes, meath for the
Thunder-wielding God,
From the great cask, the watery cloud.
11 O Maruts, quickly come to us when, longing for felicity,
We call you hither from the sky.
12 For, Rudras and Rbhuksans, ye, Most Bountiful, are in the
house,
Wise when the gladdening draught is drunk.
13 O Maruts, send us down from heaven riches distilling
rapturous joy,
With plenteous food, sustaining all.
14 When, Bright Ones, hither from the hills ye have resolved
to take your way,
Ye revel in the drops effused.
15 Man should solicit with his lauds happiness which belongs
to them,
So great a band invincible.
16 They who like fiery sparks with showers of rain blow
through the heaven and earth,
Milking the spring that never fails.
17 With chariots and tumultuous roar, with tempests and with
hymns of praise
The Sons of Prsni hurry forth.
18 For wealth, we think of that whereby ye aided Yadu,
Turvasa,
And KanVa who obtained the spoil.
19 May these our viands Bounteous Ones I that flow in
streams like holy oil,
With Kanva's hymns, increase your might.
20 Where, Bounteous Lords for whom the grass is trimmed,
are ye rejoicing now?
What Brahman is adoring you?
21 Is it not there where ye of old, supplied with sacred grass,
for lauds
Inspired the strong in sacrifice?
22 They brought together both the worlds, the mighty waters,
and the Sun,
And, joint by joint, the thunderbolt.
23 They sundered Vrtra limb from limb and split the gloomy
mountain-clouds,
Performing a heroic deed.
24 They reinforced the power and strength of Trita as he
fought, and helped
Indra in battle with the foe.
25 They decked themselves for glory, bright, celestial, lightning
in their hands,
And helms of gold upon their heads.
26 When eagerly ye from far away came to the cavern of the
Bull,
He bellowed in his fear like Heaven.
27 Borne by your golden-footed steeds, O Gods, come hither
to receive
The sacrifice we offer you.
28 When the red leader draws along their spotted deer yoked to
the car.
The Bright Ones come, and shed the rain.
29 Susoma, Saryakiavan, and Arjika full of homes, have they.
These Heroes, sought with downward car.
30 When, Maruts, ye come to him, the singer who invokes you thus,
With favours to your suppliant?
31 What now? where have ye still a friend since ye left Indra all alone?
Who counteth on your friendship now?
32 The Kanvas sing forth Agni's praise together with our Maruts' who
Wield thunder and wear swords of gold.
33 Hither for new felicity may I attract the Impetuous Ones,
The Heroes with their wondrous strength
34 Before them sink the very hills deeming themsevies abysses: yea,
Even the mountains bend them down.
35 Steeds flying on their tortuous path through mid-air carry them, and give
The man who lauds them strength and life.
36 Agni was born the first of all, like Surya lovely with his light:
With lustre these have spread abroad.

HYMN VIII. Asvins.
1. WITH all the succours that are yours, O Asvins, hither come to us:
Wonderful, borne on paths of gold, drink ye the meath with Soma juice.
2 Come now, ye Asvins, on your car decked with a sun-bright canopy,
Bountiful, with your golden forms, Sages with depth of intellect.
3 Come hither from the Nahusas, come, drawn by pure hymns, from mid-air.
O Asvins, drink the savoury juice shed in the Kanvas' sacrifice.
4 Come to us hither from the heavens, come from mid-air, well-loved by us:
Here Kanva's son hath pressed for you the pleasant meath of Soma juice.
5 Come, Asvins, to give car to us, to drink the Soma, Asvins, come.
Hail, Strengtheners of the praise-song speed onward, ye Heroes, with your thoughts.
6 As, Heroes, in the olden time the Rsis called you to their aid, So now, O Asvins, come to us, come near to this mine eulogy.
7 Even from the luminous sphere of heaven come to us, ye who find the light,
Carers for Vatsa, through our prayers and lauds, O yewho heaurour call.
8 Do others more than we adore the Asvins with their hymns of praise?
The Rsi Vatsa, Kanva's son, hath magnified you with his songs.
9 The holy singer with his hymns hath called you, Asvins, hither-ward;
Best Vrtra-slayers, free from stain, as such bring us felicity.
10 What time, ye Lords of ample wealth, the Lady mounted on your car,
Then, O ye Asvins, ye attained all wishes that your hearts desired.
11 Come thence, O Asvins, on your car that hath a thousand ornaments:
Vatsa the sage, the sage's son, hath sung a song of sweets to you.
12 Cheers of many, rich in goods, discoverers of opulence, The Asvins, Riders through the sky, have welcomed this my song of praise.
13 O Asvins, grant us all rich gifts wherewith no man may interfere.
Make us observe the stated times: give us not over to reproach.
14 Whether, Nasatyas, ye be nigh, or whether ye be far away, Come thence, O Asvins, on your car that hath a thousand ornaments.
15 Vatsa the Rsi with his songs, Nasatyas, hath exalted you: Grant him rich food distilling oil, graced with a thousand ornaments.
16 Bestow on him, O Asvins, food that strengthens, and that drops with oil,
On him who praises you for bliss, and, Lords of bounty, prays for wealth.
17 Come to us, ye who slay the foe, Lords of rich treasure, to this hymn.
O Heroes, give us high renown and these good things of earth for help.
18 The Priyamedhas have invoked you with all succours that are yours,
You, Asvins, Lords of solemn rites, with calls entreating you to come.
19 Come to us, Asvins, ye Who bring felicity, auspicious Ones,
To Vatsa who with prayer and hymn, lovers of song, hath honoured you.
20 Aid us, O Heroes, for those hymns for which ye helped GoSarya erst,
Gave Vasa, Dasavraja aid, and Kanva and Medhatithi:
21 And favoured Trasadasyu, ye Heroes, in spoil-deciding fray:
For these, O Asvins, graciously assist us in acquiring strength.
22 O Asvins, may pure hymns of ours, and songs and praises, honour you:
Best slayers everywhere of foes, as such we fondly yearn for you.
23 Three places of the Asvins, erst concealed, are made apparent now.
Both Sages, with the flight of Law come hither unto those who live.

HYMN IX. Asvins.
1. To help and favour Vatsa now, O Asvins, come ye hitherward.
Bestow on him a dwelling spacious and secure, and keep malignities away.
2 All manliness that is in heaven, with the Five Tribes, or in mid-air, 
Bestow, ye Asvins, upon us. 
3 Remember Kanva first of all among the singers, Asvins, who 
Have thought upon your wondrous deeds. 
4 Asvins, for you with song of praise this hot oblation is effused, 
This your sweet Soma juice, ye Lords of ample wealth, 
through which ye think upon the foe. 
5 Whatever ye have done in floods, in the tree, Wonder-Workers, and in growing plants, 
Therewith, O Asvins, succour me. 
6 What force, Nasatyas, ye exert, whatever, Gods, ye tend and heal, 
This your own Vatsa gains not by his hymns alone: ye visit him who offers gifts. 
7 Now hath the Rsi splendidly thought out the Asvins' hymn of praise. 
Let the Atharvan pour the warm oblation forth, and Soma very rich in sweets. 
8 Ye Asvins, now ascend your car that lightly rolls upon its way. 
May these my praises make you speed hitherward like a cloud of heaven. 
9 When, O Nasatyas, we this day make you speed hither with our hymns, 
Or, Asvins, with our songs of praise, remember Kanya specially. 
10 As erst Kaksivan and the Rsi Vyasva, as erst Dirghatamas invoked your presence, 
Or, in the sacrificial chambers, Vainya Prthi, so be ye mindful of us here, O Asvins. 
11 Come as home-guardians, saving us from foemen, guarding our living creatures and our bodies, 
Come to the house to give us seed and offspring, 
12 Whether with Indra ye be faring, Asvins, or resting in one dwelling-place with Vayu, 
In concord with the Rbhus or Adityas, or standing still in Visnu's striding-places. 
13 When I, O Asvins, call on you to-day that I may gather strength, 
Or as all-conquering might in war, be that the Asvins' noblest grace. 
14 Now come, ye Asvins, hitherward: here are oblations set for you; 
These Soma-draughts to aid Yadu and Turvasa, these offered you mid Kaniva's Sons. 
15 Whatever healing balm is yours, Nisatyas, near or far away, 
Therewith, great Sages, grant a home to Vatsa and to Vimada. 
16 Together with the Goddess, with the Asvins' Speech have I awoke. 
17 Awake the Asvins, Goddess Dawn! Up Mighty Lady of sweet strains! 
Rise, straightway, priest of sacrifice! High glory to the gladdening draught! 
18 Thou, Dawn, approaching with thy light shiniest together with the Sun, 
And to this man-protecting home the chariot of the Asvins comes. 
19 When yellow stalks give forth the juice, as cows from udders pour their milk, 
And voices sound the song of praise, the Asvins' worshippers show first. 
20 Forward for glory and for strength, protection that shall conquer men, 
And power and skill, most sapient Ones! 
21 When Asvins, worthy of our lauds, ye seat you in the father's house. 
With wisdom or the bliss ye bring.

HYMN X. Asvins. 
1. WHETHER ye travel far away or dwell in yonder light of heaven, 
Or in a mansion that is built above the sea, come thence, ye Asvins, hitherward. 
2 Or if for Manu.ye prepared the sacrifice, remember also Kanva's son. 
I call Brhaspati, Indra, Visnu, all the gods, the Asvins borne by rapid steeds. 
3 Those Asvins I invoke who work marvels, brought hither to receive, 
With whom our friendship is most famed, and kinship passing that of Gods. 
4 On whom the solemn rites depend, whose worshippers rise without the Sun: 
These who foreknow the holy work of sacrifice, and by their Godhead drink the sweets of Soma juice. 
5 Whether ye, Lords of ample wealth, now linger in the cast or west, 
With Druhyu, or with Anu, Yadu, Turvaga, I call you hither; come to me. 
6 Lords of great riches, whether through the firmament ye fly or speed through heaven and earth, 
Or with your Godlike natures stand upon your cars, come thence, O Asvins, hitherward. 

HYMN XI. Agni. 
1. THOU Agni, God mid mortal men, art guard of sacred rites, thou art 
To be adored at sacrifice. 
2 O Mighty Agni, thou must be glorified at our festivals, 
Bearing our offerings to the Gods. 
3 O Jatavedas Agni, fight and drive our foes afar from us, 
Themand their godless enmities. 
4 Thou, Jatavedas, seekest not the worship of a hostile man, 
However nigh it be to thee. 
5 We sages, mortals as we are, adore the mighty name oof thee, 
Immortal Jatavedas' name. 
6 Sages, we call the Sage to help, mortals, we call the God to aid: 
We call on Agni with our songs.
HYMN XII. Indra.

1. JOY, Mightiest Indra, known and marked, sprung most from Soma-draughts, wherewith Thou sittest down to aid and want, for that we long.
2 Wherewith thou boldest Adhrigu, the great Dasagva, and the God Who stirs the sunlight, and the sea, for that we long.
3 Wherewith thou drawest forth like cars Sindhu and all the mighty floods To go the way ordained by Law, for that we long.
4 Accept this laud for aid, made pure like oil, thou Caster of the Stone, Whereby even in a moment thou hast waxen great.
5 Be pleased, Song-lover, with this song it flows abundant like the sea.
6 The God who from afar hath sent gifts to maintain our friendship's bond, Thou spreading them like rain from heaven, hast waxen great.
7 The beams that mark him have grown strong, the thunder rests between his arms, When, like the Sun, he hath increased both Heaven and Earth.
8 When, Mighty Lord of Heroes, thou didst cat a thousand buffaloes,

Then grew and waxed exceeding great thine Indra-power.
9 Indra consumeth with the rays of Surya the malicious man: Like Agni conquering the woods, he hath grown strong.
10 This newest thought of ours that suits the time approaches unto thee:
Serving, beloved in many a place it metes and marks.
11 The pious germ of sacrifice directly purifies the soul.
By Indra's lauds it waxeth great, it metes and marks.
12 Indra who wins the friend hath spread himself to drink the Soma-draught:
Like worshipper's dilating praise; it metes and marks.
13 He whom the sages, living men, have gladdened, offering up their hymns,
Hath swelled like oil of sacrifice in Agni's mouth.
14 Aditi also hath brought forth a hymn for Indra, Sovran Lord:
The work of sacrifice for help is glorified.
15 The ministering priests have sung their songs for aid and eulogy:

God, thy Bays turn not from the rite which Law ordains.
16 If, Indra, thou drink Soma by Visnu's or Trta Aptya's side,
Or with the Maruts take delight in flowing drops;
17 Or, Sakra, if thou gladden thee afar or in the sea of air,
Rejoice thee in this juice of ours, in flowing drops.
18 Or, Lord of Heroes if thou aid the worshipper who shed the juice,
Or him whose laud delighteth, and his flowing drops.
19 To magnify the God, the God, Indra, yea, Indra for your help,
And promptly end the sacrifice-this have they gained.
20 With worship, him whom men adore, with Soma, him who drinks it most,
Indra with lauds have they increased this have they gained.
21 His leadings are with power and might and his instructions manifold:
He gives the worshipper all wealth: this have they gained.
22 For slaying Vrtra have the Gods set Indra in the foremost place.
23 We to the Mighty with our might, with lauds to him who hears our call,
With holy hymns have sung aloud, for vigorous strength.
24 Not earth, nor heaven, nor firmaments contain the Thunder-wielding God:
They shake before his violent rush and vigorous strength.
25 What time the Gods, O Indra, get thee foremost in the furious fight,
Then thy two beautiful Bay Steeds carried thee on.
26 When Vrtra, stayer of the floods, thou sittest, Thuendeir with might,
Then thy two beautiful Bay Steeds carried thee on.
27 When Visnu, through thine energy, strode wide those three great steps of his,
Then thy two beautiful Bay Steeds carried thee on.
28 When thy two beautiful Bay Steeds grew great and greater day by day,
Even then all creatures that had life bowed down to thee.
29 When, Indra, all the Marut folk humbly submitted them to thee,
Even then all creatures that had life bowed down to thee.
30 When yonder Sun, that brilliant light, thou settest in the heaven above,
Even then all creatures that had life bowed down to thee.
31 To thee, O Indra, with this thought the sage lifts up this eulogy,
Akin and leading as on foot to sacrifice.
32 When in thine own dear dwelling all gathered have lifted up the voice
Milk-streams at worship's central spot, for sacrifice,
33 As Priest, O Indra, give us wealth in brave men and good steeds ana kine
That we may first remember thee for sacrifice.

HYMN XIII. Indra.

1. INDRA, when Soma juices flow, makes his mind pure and meet for lauds.
He gains the power that brings success, for great is he.

2 In heaven's first region, in the seat of Gods, is he who brings success,
Most glorious, prompt to save, who wins the water-floods.

3 Him, to win strength, have I invoked, even Indra mighty for the fray.
Be thou most near to us for bliss, a Friend to aid.

4 Indra, Song-lover, here for thee the worshipper's libation flows.
Rejoicing in this sacred grass thou shinest forth.
5 Even now, O Indra, give us that which, pressing juice, we crave of thee.
Bring us wealth manifold which finds the light of heaven.
6 What time the zealous worshipper hath boldly sung his songs to thee,
Like branches of a tree up-grows what they desire.
7 Generate songs even as of old, give car unto the singer's call.
Thou for the piouse hast grown great at each carouse.
8 Sweet strains that glorify him play like waters speeding down a slope,
Yea, him who in this song is called the Lord of Heaven;
9 Yea, who alone is called the Lord, the single Ruler of the folk,
By worshippers seeking aid: may he joy in the draught.
10 Praise him, the Glorious, skilled in song, Lord of the two victorious Bays:
They seek the worshipper's abode who bows in prayer.
11 Put forth thy strength: with dappled Steeds come, thou of mighty intellect,
With swift Steeds to the sacrifice, for 'tis thy joy.
12 Grant wealth to those who praise thee, Lord of Heroes,
Most glorious, prompt to save, who wins the water-floods.

HYMN XIV. Indra.
1. IF I, O Indra, were, like thee, the single Sovran of all wealth,
My worshipper should be rich in kine.
2 I should be fain, O Lord of Power, to strengthen and enrich the sage,
Were I the Lord of herds of kine.
3 To worshippers who press the juice thy goodness, Indra, is a cow
Yielding in plenty kine and steeds.
4 None is there, Indra, God or man, to hinder thy munificence,
The wealth which, lauded, thou wilt give.
5 The sacrifice made Indra strong when he unrolled the earth, and made Himself a diadem in heaven.
6 Thine aid we claim, O Indra, thine who after thou hast waxen great
Hast won all treasures for thine own.
7 In Soma's ecstasy Indra spread the firmament and realms of light,
When he cleft Vala limb from limb.
8 Showing the hidden he drove forth the cows for the Angirases, 
And Vala he cast headlong down. 
9 By Indra were the luminous realms of heaven established and secured, 
Firm and immovable from their place. 
10 Indra, thy laud moves quickly like a joyous wave of water-floods: 
Bright shine the drops that gladden thee. 
11 For thou, O Indra, art the God whom hymns and praises magnify: 
Thou blessest those who worship thee. 
12 Let the two long-maned Bay Steeds bring Indra to drink the Soma juice, 
The Bountiful to our sacrifice. 
13 With waters' foam thou torest off, Indra, the head of Namuci, 
Subduing all contending hosts. 
14 The Dasyus, when they fain would climb 
by magic arts and mount to heaven, 
Thou, Indra, castest down to earth. 
15 As Soma-drinker conquering all, thou scatteredst to every side 
Their settlement who poured no gifts.

HYMN XV. Indra. 
1. SING forth to him whom many men invoke, to him whom many laud. 
Invite the powerful Indra with your songs of praise. 
2 Whose lofty might-for doubly strong is he-supports the heavens and earth, 
And hills and plains and floods and light with manly power. 
3 Such, Praised by many! thou art King alone thou smitest Vrtras dead, 
To gain, O Indra, spoils of war and high renown. 
4 We sing this strong and wild delight of thine which conquers in the fray, 
Which, Caster of the Stone! gives room and shines like gold. 
5 Wherewith thou also foundest lights for Ayu and for Manu's sake: 
Now joying in this sacred grass thou beamest forth. 
6 This day too singers of the hymn praise, as of old, this might of thine: 
Win thou the waters day by day, thralls of the strong. 
7 That lofty Indra-power of thine, thy strength and thine intelligence, 
Thy thunderbolt for which we long, the wish makes keen. 
8 O Indra, Heaven and Earth augment thy manly power and thy renown; 
The waters and thy mountains stir and urge thee on. 
9 Visnu the lofty ruling Power, Varuna, Mitra sing thy praise: 
In thee the Marat3 company have great delight. 
10 O Indra, thou wast born the Lord of men, most liberal of thy gifts: 
Excellent deeds for evermore are all thine own. 
11 Ever, alone, O highly-praised, thou sendest Vrtras to their rest: 
None else than Indra executes the mighty deed. 
12 Though here and there, in varied hymns, Indra, men call on thee for aid, 
Still with our heroes fight and win the light of heaven. 
13 Already have all forms of him entered our spacious dwelling-place: 
For victory stir thou Indra, up, the Lord of Might. 

HYMN XVI. Indra. 
1. PRAISE Indra whom our songs must laud, sole Sovran of mankind, the Chief 
Most liberal who controlleth men. 
2 In whom the hymns of praise delight, and all the glory-giving songs. 
Like the floods' longing for the sea. 
3 Him I invite with eulogy, best King, effective in the fight, 
Strong for the gain of mighty spoil. 
4 Whose perfect ecstasies are wide, profound, victorious, and give 
joy in the field where heroes win. 
5 Him, when the spoils of war are staked, men call to be their advocate: 
They who have Indra win the day. 
6 Men honour him with stirring songs and magnify with solemn rites: 
Indra is he who giveth case. 
7 Indra is priest and Rsi, he is much invoked by many men, 
And mighty by his mighty powers. 
8 Meet to be lauded and invoked, true Hero with his deeds of might, 
Victorious even when alone. 
9 The men, the people magnify that Indra with their Slina songs, 
With hymns and sacred eulogies 
10 Him who advances them to wealth, sends light to lead them in the war, 
And quells their foemen in the fray. 
11 May he, the saviour much-invoked, may Indra bear us in a ship Safely beyond all enemies. 
12 As such, O Indra, honour us with gifts of booty, further us, 
And lead us to felicity. 

HYMN XVII Indra. 
1. COME, we have pressed the juice for thee; O Indra, drink this Soma here 
Sit thou on this my sacred grass. 
2 O Indra, let thy long-maned Bays, yoked by prayer, bring thee hitherward 
Give car and listen to our prayers. 
3 We Soma-bearing Brahmans call thee Soma-drinker with thy friend, 
We, Indra, bringing Soma juice. 
4 Come unto us who bring the juice, come unto this our eulogy, 
Fair-visored! drink thou of the juice. 
5 I pour it down within thee, so through all thy members let it
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spread:

Take with thy tongue the pleasant drink.

6 Sweet to thy body let it be, delicious be the savoury juice:
Sweet be the Soma to thine heart.

7 Like women, let this Soma-draught, invested with its robe,
approach, O active Indra, close to thee.

8 Indra, transported with the juice, vast in his bulk, strong in
his neck
And stout arms, smites the Vrtras down.

9 O Indra, go thou forward, thou who rulest over all by might:
Thou Vrtra-slayer slay the fiends,
10 Long be thy grasping-hook wherewith thou givest ample
wealth to him
Who sheds the juice and worships thee.

11 Here, Indra, is thy Soma-draught, made pure upon the
sacred grass:
Run hither, come and drink thereof.

12 Famed for thy radiance, worshipped well this juice is shed
for thy delight
Thou art invoked, Akhandala!

13 To Kundapayya, grandson's son, grandson of Srngavrs! to the,

14 Strong pillar thou, Lord of the home armour of Soma-
offerrers:
The drop of Soma breaketh all the strongholds down, and Indra
is the Rsis' Friend.

15 Holy Prdikusanu, winner of the spoil, one eminent o'er
many men,
Lead on the wild horse Indra with his vigorous grasp forward
to drink the Soma juice.

HYMN XVIII. Adityas.
1. Now let the mortal offer prayer to win the unexampled grace
Of these Adityas and their aid to cherish life.

2 For not an enemy molesteth the paths which these Adityas
tread:
Infallible guards, they watch us in happiness.

3 Now soon may Bhaga, Savitar, Varuna, Mitra, Aryaman
Give us the shelter widely spread which we implore.

4 With Gods come thou whose fostering care none checks, O
Goddess Aditi:
Come, dear to many, with the Lords who guard us well.

5 For well these Sons of Aditi know to keep enmities aloof,
Unrivalled, giving ample room, they save from woe.

6 Aditi guard our herd by day, Aditi, free from guile, by night,
Aditi, ever strengthening, save us from grief!

7 And in the day our hymn is this: May Aditi come nigh to
help,
With loving-kindness bring us weal and chase our foes.

8 May they remove iniquity and chase our foes.

9 Drive ye disease and strife away, drive ye away malignity:
Adityas, keep us ever far from sore distress.

10 Remove from us the arrow, keep famine, Adityas! far away:
Keep enmities afar from us, Lords of all wealth!

11 Now, O Adityas, grant to us the shelter that lets man go
free,
Yea, even the sinner from his sin, ye Bounteous Gods 1

12 Whatever mortal with the power of demons fain would
injure us,
May he, impetuous, suffer harm by his own deeds.

13 May sin o'ertake our human foe, the man who speaks evil
thing,
Him who would cause our misery, whose heart is false.

14 15 Gods, ye are with the simple ones, ye know each mortal in
your hearts;
Ye, Vasus, well discriminate the false and true.

16 Fain would we have the sheltering aid of mountains and of
water-floods:
Keep far from us iniquity, O Heaven and Earth.

17 So with auspicious sheltering aid do ye, O Vasus, carry us
Beyond all trouble and distress, borne in your ship.

18 Adityas, ye Most Mighty Ones, grant to our children and
their seed
Extended term of life that they may live long days.

19 Sacrifice, O Adityas, is your inward monitor: be kind,
For in the bond of kindred we are bound to you.

20 The Maruts' high protecting aid, the Asvins, and the God
who saves,
Mitra and Varuna for weal we supplicate.

21 Grant us a home with triple guard, Aryaman, Mitra,
Varuna!
Unthreatened, Maruts! meet for praise, and filled with men.

22 And as we human beings, O Adityas, are akin to death,
Graciously lengthen ye our lives that we may live.

HYMN XIX. Agni.

1. SING praise to hiin, the Lord of Light. The Gods have made
the God to be their messenger,
And sent oblation to Gods.

2 Agni, the Bounteous Giver, bright with varied flames, laud
thou, O singer Sobhari-
Him who controls this sacred food with Soma blent, who hath
first claim to sacrifice.

3 Thee have we chosen skilftillest in sacrifice, Immortal Priest
among the Gods,
Wise finisher of this holy rite:

4 The Son of Strength, the blessed, brightly shining One, Agni
whose light is excellent.
May be by sacrifice win us in heaven the grace of Mitra,
Varuna, and the Floods.

5 The mortal who hath ministered to Agni with oblation, fuel,
ritual lore,

6 Verily swift to run are his fleet-footed steeds, and most
resplendent fame is his.
No trouble caused by Gods or wrought by mortal man from
any side o'ertaketh him.

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7 May we by thine own fires be well supplied with fire, O Son of Strength, O Lord of Might:
Thou as our Friend hast worthy men.
8 Agni, who praises like a guest of friendly mind, is as a car that brings us gear.
Also in thee is found perfect security thou art the Sovran Lord of wealth.
9 That man, moreover, merits praise who brings, auspicious Agni, sacrificial gifts
May he win riches by his thoughts.
10 He for whose sacrifice thou standest up erect is prosperous and rules o'er men.
He wins with coursers and with singers killed in song: with heroes he obtains the prize.
11 He in whose dwelling Agni is chief ornament, and, all-desired, loves his laud well,
And zealously tends his offerings-
12 His, or the lauding sage's word, his, Son of Strength! who is most prompt with sacred gifts,
Set thou beneath the Gods, Vasu, above mankind, the speech of the intelligent.
13 He who with sacrificial gifts or homage bringeth very skilful Agni nigh,
Or him who flashes fast with song.
14 The mortal who with blazing fuel, as his laws command, adores the Perfect God,
Blest with his thoughts in splendour shall exceed all men, as though he overpassed the floods.
15 Give us the splendour, Agni, which may overcome each greedy fiend in our abode,
The wrath of evil-hearted folk.
16 That, wherewith Mitra, Varuna, and Aryaman, the Asvins, Bhaga give us light,
That may we, by thy power finding best furtherance, worship,
O Indra, helped by thee.
17 O Agni, most devout are they, the sages who have set thee Sage exceeding wise,
O God, for men to look upon:
18 Who have arranged thine altar Blessed God, at morn brought thine oblation, pressed the juice.
They by their deeds of strength have won diem, mighty wealth, who have set all their hope in thee.
19 -May Agni worshipped bring us bliss, may the gift, Blessed One, and sacrifice bring bliss;
Yea, may our praises bring us bliss.
20 Show forth the mind that brings success in war with fiends, wherewith thou conquerest in fight.
Bring down the many firm hopes of our enemies, and let us vanquish with thine aid.
21 I praise with song the Friend of man, whom Gods sent down to be herald and messenger,
Best worshipper, bearer of our gifts.
22 Thou unto sharp-toothed Agni, Young and Radiant God, proclaimest with thy song the feast-
Agni, who for our sweet strains moulds heroic strength when sacred oil is offered him,
23 While, served with sacrificial oil, now upward and now downward Agni moves his sword,
As doth the Asura his robe.
24 The God, the Friend of man, who bears our gifts to heaven, the God with his sweet-smelling mouth,
Distributes, skilled in sacrifice, his precious things, Invoking Priest, Immortal God.
25 Son of Strength, Agni, if thou wert the mortal, bright as Mitra, I worshipped with our gifts!
And I were the Immortal God
26 I would not give thee up, Vasu, to calumny, or misery, O Bounteous One.
My worshipper should feel no hunger or distress, nor, Agni, should he live in sin.
27 Like a son cherished in his father's house, let our oblation rise unto the Gods.
28 With thine immediate aid may I, excellent Agni, ever gain my wish
A mortal with a God to help.
29 O Agni, by thy wisdom, by thy bounties, by thy leading may I gather wealth.
Excellent Agni, thou art called my Providence: delight thou to be liberal.
30 Agni, he conquers by thine aid that brings him store of noble heroes and great strength,
Whose bond of friendship is thy choice.
31 Thy spark is black and crackling, kindled in due time, O Bounteous, it is taken up.
Thou art the dear Friend of the mighty Mornings: thou shinest in glimmerings of the night.
32 We Sobharis have come to him, for succour, who is good to help with thousand powers,
The Sovran, Trasadasyu's Friend.
33 O Agni, thou on whom all other fires depend, as branches on the parent stem,
I make the treasures of the folk, like songs, mine own, while I exalt thy sovran might.
34 The mortal whom, Adityas, ye, Guilelew, lead to the farther bank
Of all the princes, Bounteous Ones
35 Whoe'er he be, Man-ruling Kings! the Regent of the race of men-
May we, O Mitra, Varuna, and Aryaman, like him be furtherers of your law.
36 A gift of fifty female slaves hath Trasadasyu given me, Purukutsa's son,
Most liberal, kind, lord of the brave.
37 And Syava too for me led forth a strong steed at Suvastu's ford:
A herd of three times seventy kine, good lord of gifts, he gave to me.

HYMN XX Maruts.
1. LET none, Swift Travellers! check you: come hither, like-spirited, stay not far away,
Ye benders even of what is firm.
2 Maruts, Rbhuksans, Rudras come ye with your cars strong-fellied and exceeding bright.
Come, ye for whom we long, with food, to sacrifice, come ye with love to Sobbari.
3 For well we know the vigorous might of Rudra's Sons, the Maruts, who are passing strong.
Swift Visnu's band, who send the rain.,
4 Islands are bursting forth and misery is stayed: the heaven and earth are joined in one.
Decked with bright rings, ye spread the broad expanses out, when ye, Self. luminous, stirred yourselves.
5 Even things immovable shake and reel, the mountains and the forest trees at your approach,
And the earth trembles as ye come.
6 To lend free course, O Maruts, to your furious rush, heaven high and higher still gives way,
Where they, the Heroes mighty with their arms, display their gleaming ornaments on their forms.
7 After their Godlike nature they, the bull. like Heroes, dazzling and impetuous, wear
Great splendour as they show erect.
8 The pivot of the Sobharis' chariot within the golden box is balmed with milk.
May they the Well-born, Mighty, kindred of the Cow, aid us to food and to delight.
9 Bring, ye who sprinkle balmy drops. oblations to your
food and to delight.
10 Come hither, O ye Mares, on your stronghorsed car, solid in look, with solid naves.
Lightly like winged falcons, O ye Heroes, come, come to enjoy our offerings.
11 Their decoration is the same: their ornaments of gold are bright upon their arms;
Their lances glitter splendidly.
12 They toil not to defend their bodies from attack, strong Heroes with their mighty arms.
Strong are your bows and strong the weapons in your cars, and glory sits on every face.
13 Whose name extendeth like a sea, alone, resplendent, so that all have joy in it,
And life-power like ancestral might.
14 Pay honour to these Maruts and sing praise to them, for of the wheel-spokes of the car
Of these loud roarsers none is last: this is their power, this moves them to give mighty gifts.
15 Blest by your favouring help was he, O Maruts, at the earlier flushings of the morn,
And even now shall he be blest.
16 The strong man to whose sacrifice, O Heroes, ye approach that ye may taste thereof,
With glories and with war that winneth spoil shall gain great bliss, ye Shakers of the world.
17 Even as Rudra's Sons, the brood of the Creator Dyaus, the Asura, desire,
O Youthful Ones, so shall it be:
18 And these the bounteous, worthy of the Maruts who move onward pouring down the rain-
Even for their sake, O Youthful Ones, with kindest heart take
us to you to be your own.
19 O Sobbari, with newest song sing out unto the youthful purifying Bulls,
Even as a plougher to his steers.
20 Who, like a celebrated boxer, overcome the challengers in every fight:
They who, like shining bulls, are most illustrious-honour those Maruts with thy song.
21 Allied by common ancestry, ye Maruts, even the Cows, alike in energy,
Lick, all by turns, each other's head.
22 Even mortal man, ye Dancers breast adorned with gold, attains to brotherhood with you.
Mark ye and notice us, O Maruts; evermore your friendship is secured to us.
23 O Maruts, rich in noble gifts, bring us a portion of the Maruts' medicine,
Ye Courers who are Friends to us.
24 Haters of those who serve you not, bliss-bringers, bring us bliss with those auspicious aids
Wherewith ye are victorious and guard Sindhu well, and succour Krv in his need.
25 Maruts, who rest on fair trimmed grass, what balm soever
Or mountains or the seas contain.
26 Ye carry on your bodies, ye who see it all: so bless us graciously therewith.
Cast, Maruts, to the ground our sick man's malady: replace the dislocated limb.

HYMN XXI. Indra.
1. WE call on thee, O Matchless One! We seeking help,
possessing nothing firm ourselves,
Call on thee wonderful in fight
2 On thee for aid in sacrifice. This youth of ours, the bold, the mighty, hath gosne forth.
We therefore, we thy friends, Indra, havie chosen thee, free-giver, as our Guardian God.
3 Come hither, for the drops are here, O Lord of corn-lands.
Lord of horses, Lord of kine:
Drink thou the Soma, Soma's Lord!
4 For we the kinless singers have drawn hither thee, O Indra, who hast numerous kin.
With all the forms thou hast, comic thou of bull-like strength, come near to drink the Soma juice.
5 Sitting like birds beside thy meath., mingled with milk, that gladdeneth and exalteth thee,
Indra, to thee we sing aloud.
6 We speak to thee with this our reverential prayer. Why art thou pondering yet awhile?
Here are our wishes; thou art liberal, Lord of Bays: we and our hymns are present here.
7 For not in recent times alone, O Indra, Thunder-armed, have we obtained thine aid.
Of old we knew thy plenteous wealth.
8 Hero, we knew thy friendship and thy rich rewards: these, Thunderer, now we crave of thee.
O Vasu, for all wealth that cometh of the kine, sharpen our
powers, fair-visored God.

9 Him who of old hath brought to us this and that blessing, him
I magnify for you,
Even Indra, O my friends, for help
10 Borne by Bay Steeds, the Lord of heroes, ruling men, for it
is he who takes; delight.
May Maghavan bestow on us his worshippers hundreds of
cattle and of steeds.

11 Hero, may we, with thee for Friend, withstand the man who
pants against us in his wrath,
In fight with people rich in kine.
12 May we be victors in the singer's battlesong, and meet the
wicked, Much invoked!
With heroes smite the foeman and show forth our strength. O
Indra, further thou our thoughts.

13 O Indra, from all ancient time rivalless ever and
companionless art thou:
Thou seekest comradeship in war.
14 Thou findest not the wealthy man to be thy friend: those
scorn thee who are flown with wine.

What time thou thunderest and gatherest, then thou, even as a
Father, art invoked.

15 O Indra, let us not, like fools who waste their lives at home,
Strip even the strong places of the foe, and bring: thy gifts can
never be made vain.

17 Indra or blest Sarasvati alone bestows such wealth, treasure
so great, or thou,
O Citra, on the worshipper.
18 Citra is King, and only kinglings are the rest who dwell
beside Sarasvati.
He, like Parjanya with his rain, hath spread himself with
thousand, yea, with myriad gifts.

HYMN XXII. Asvins.
1. HITHERWARD have I called to-day, for succour, that most
wondrous car
Which ye ascended, Asvins, ye whose paths are red, swift to
give Car, for Surya's sake.
2 Car ever young, much longed-for, easily invoked, soon
guided, first in deeds of might,
Which waits and serves, O Sobhari, with benevolence, without
a rival or a foe.
3 These Asvins with our homage, these Two Omnipresent
Deities
Hitherward will we bring for kind help, these who seek the
dwelling of the worshipper.
4 One of your chariot wheels is moving swiftly round, one
speeds for you its onward course.
Like a milch-cow, O Lords of splendour, and with haste let
your benevolence come to us.

HYMN XXIII. Agni.
1. WORSHIP thou Jatavedas, pray to him who willingly
accepts,
Whose smoke wanders at will, and none may grasp his flame.
2 Thou, all men's friend, Visvamanas, exaltest Agni with thy
song.
The Giver, and his flames with which no cars contend.
3 Whose resolute assault, to win vigour and food, deserves our praise,-
Through whose discovering power the priest obtaineth wealth.
4 Up springs the imperishable flame, the flame of the
Refulgent One
Most bright, with glowing jaws and glory in his train.
5 Skilled in fair sacrifice, exulted, arise in Godlike loveliness,
Shining with lofty splendour, with effulgent light.
6 Called straight to our oblations, come, O Agni, through our eulogies,
As thou hast been our envoy bearing up our gifts.
7 I call your Agni, from old Invoking Priest of living men:
Him with this song I laud and magnify for you.
8 Whom, wondrous wise, they animate with solemn rites and
his fair form,
Kind as a friend to men who keep the holy Law.
9 Him, true to Law, who perfecteth the sacrifice, Law-loving
ones!
Ye with your song have gratified in the place of prayer.
10 May all our sacrifices go to him the truest Angiras,
Who is among mankind the most illustrious Priest.
11 Imperishable Agni, thine are all these high enkindled lights,
Like horses and like stallions showing forth their strength.
12 So give us, Lord of Power and Might, riches combined with
hero strength,
And guard us with our sons and grand. sons in our frays.
13 Soon as the eager Lord of men is friendly unto Manti's race,
And guard us with our sons and grand. sons in our frays.
14 O Hero Agni, Lord of men, on hearing this new laud of
mine,
Burn down the Raksasas, enchanters, with thy flame.
15 No mortal foe can e'er prevail by arts of magic over him
Who serveth Agni well with sacrificial gifts.
16 Vyasa the sage, who sought the Bull, hath won thee, finder
of good things:
As such may we enkindle thee for ample wealth.
17 Usana Kavya stablished thee, O Agni, as Invoking Priest:
Thee, Jatavedas, Sacrificing Priest for man.
18 All Deities of one accord appointed thee their messenger:
Thou, God, through hearing, hadst first claim to sacrifice.
19 Him may the mortal hero make his own immortal
messenger.
20 With lifted ladles let us call him splendid with his brilliant
flame,
Men's ancient Agni, wasting not, adorabel.
21 The man who pays the worship due to him with sacrificial
gifts
Obtains both plenteous nourishment and hero fame.
22 To Jatavedas Agni, chief in sacrifices, first of all
With homage goes the ladle rich with sacred gifts.
23 Even as Vyatya did, may we with these most high and
liberal hymns
Pay worship unto Agni of the splendid flame.
24 Now sing, as Sthurayupa sang, with lands to him who
spreadeth far,
To Agni of the home, O Rsi, Vyasa's son.
25 As welcome guest of human kind, as offspring of the forest
kings,
The sages worship ancient Agni for his aid.
26 For men's oblations brought to him who is the mighty Lord
of all,
Sit, Agni, mid our homage, on the sacred grass.
27 Grant us abundant. treasures, grant the opulence which
many crave,
With store of heroes, progeny, and high renown.
28 Agni, Most Youthful of the Gods, send evermore the gift of
wealth
Unto Varoususaman and to all his folk.
29 A mighty Conqueror art thou, O Agni, so disclose to us
Food in our herds of kine and gain of ample wealth.
30 Thou, Agni, art a glorious God: bring hither Mitra, Varuna,
Imperial Sovrans, holy-minded, true to Law.

HYMN XXIV. Indra.
1. COMPANIONS, let us learn a prayer to Indra. whom the
thunder arms,
To glorify your bold and most heroic Friend.
2 For thou by slaying Vrtra art the Vrtra-slayer, famed for
might.
Thou, Hero, in rich gifts surpasseth wealthy chiefs.
3 As such, when glorified, bring us riches of very wondrous
fame,
Fulfil the wish and thought of him who sings thy praise.
4 Yea, Indra, thou disclosest that preeminent dear wealth of
men:
Boldly, O Bold One, glorified, bring it to us.
5 The workers of destruction stay neither thy right hand nor
thy left:
Nor hosts that press about thee, Lord of Bays, in fight.
6 O Thunder-armed, I come with songs to thee as to a stall
with kine:
Fulfil the wish and thought of him who sings thy praise.
7 Chief Vrtra-slayer, through the hymn of Visvamanas think of
all,
All that concerneth us, Excellent, Mighty Guide.
8 May we, O Vrtra-slayer, O Hero, find this thy newest boon,
Longed-for, and excellent, thou who art much invoked!
9 O Indra, Dancer, Much-invoked! as thy great power is
unsurpassed,
So be thy bounty to the worshipper unchecked.
10 Most Mighty, most heroic One, for mighty bounty fill thee
full.
Though strong, strengthen thyself to win wealth, Maghavan!
11 O Thunderer, never have our prayers gone forth to any God
but thee:
So help us, Maghavan, with thine assistance now.
12 For, Dancer, verily I find none else for bounty, saving thee,
For splendid wealth and power, thou Lover of the Song.
13 For Indra pour ye out the drops meath blent with Soma let
him drink
With bounty and with majesty will he further us.

RIG VEDA – BOOK EIGHT
HYMN XXV. Mitra-Varuna.

1. I WORSHIP you who guard this All, Gods, holiest among the Gods,
   You, faithful to the Law, whose power is sanctified.
2. So, too, like charioteers are they, Mitra and sapient Varuna,
   Sons high-born from of old, whose holy laws stand fast.
3. These Twain, possessors of all wealth, most glorious, for
   supremest sway
   Aditi, Mighty Mother, true to Law, brought forth.
4. Great Varuna and Mitra, Gods, Asuras and imperial Lords,
   True to Eternal Law proclaim the high decree.
5. The offspring of a lofty Power, Daksa's Two Sons exceeding
   strong,
   Who, Lords of flowing rain, dwell in the place of food.
6. Ye who have gathered up your gifts, celestial and terrestrial
   food,
   Let your rain come to us fraught with the mist of heaven.
7. The Twain, who from the lofty sky seem to look down on
   herds below,
   Holy, imperial Lords, are set to be revered.
8. They, true to Law, exceeding strong, have sat them down for
   savran rule:
   Princes whose laws stand fast, they have obtained their sway.
9. Pathfinders even better than the eye, with unobstructed sight,
   Even when they close their lids, observant, they perceive.
10. So may the Goddess Aditi, may the Nasatyas guard us well,
    The Martis guard us well, endowed with mighty strength.
11. Do ye, O Bounteous Gods, protect our dwelling place by day
    and night:
    With you for our defenders may we go unharmed.
12. May we, unharmed, serve bountiful Visnu, the God who
    slayeth none:
    Self-moving Sindhu hear and be the first to mark.
13. This sure protection we elect, desirable and reaching far,
    Which Mitra, Varuna, and Aryaman afford.
14. And may the Sindhu of the floods, the Maruts, and the
    Asvin Pair,
    Boon Indra, and boon Visnu have one mind with us.
15. Because these warring Heroes stay the enmity of every foe,
    As the fierce water-flood repels the furious ones.
16. Here this one God, the Lord of men, looks forth exceeding
    far and wide:
    And we, for your advantage, keep his holy laws.
17. We keep the old accustomed laws, the statutes of
    supremacy,
    The long-known laws of Mitra and of Varuna.
18. He who hath measured with his ray the boundaries of
    heaven and earth,
    And with his majesty hath filled the two worlds full,
19. Surya hath spread his light aloft up to the region of the sky,
    Like Agni all aflame when gifts are offered him.
20. With him who sits afar the word is lord of food that comes
    from kine,
    Controller of the gift of unpoisoned food.
21. So unto Surya, Heaven, and Earth at morning and at eve I
    speak.
    Bringing enjoyments ever rise thou up for us.
22. From Uksanyayana a bay, from Harayana a white steed,
    And from Susaman we obtained a hamessed car.
23. These Twain, possessors of all wealth, most glorious, for
   So is the Hero praised who ever prospers us.
   18 We, seeking glory, have invoked this Master of all power
   and might
   Who must be glorified by constant sacri fice.
   19 Come, sing we praise to Indra, friends, the Hero who
   deserves the laud,
   Him who with none to aid o' comes all tribes of men.
   20 To him who wins the kine, who keeps no cattle back,
   Celestial God,
   Speak wondrous speech more sweet than butter and than
   meath.
   21 Whose hero powers are measureless, whose bounty ne'er
   may be surpassed,
   Whose liberality, like light, is over all.
   22 As Vyasva did, praise Indra, praise the Strong unfluctuating
   Guide,
   Who gives the foe's possessions to the worshipper.
   23 Now, son of Vyasva, praise thou him who to the tenth time
   still is new,
   The very Wise, whom living men must glorify
   24 Thou knowest, Indra, Thunder-armed, how to avoid
   destructive powers,
   As one secure from pitfalls each returning day.
   25 O Indra, bring that aid wherewith of old, Most Wondrous!
   thou didst slay
   His foes for active Kuttsa: send it down to us.
   26 So now we seek thee fresh in might, Most Wonderful in
   act! for gain:
   For thou art he who conquers all our foes for us.
   27 Who will set free from ruinous woe, or Arya on the Seven
   Streams:
   O valiant Hero, bend the Dasa's weapon down.
   28 As to Varousaman thou broughtest great riches, for their
   gain,
   To Vyasva's sons, Blest Lady, rich in ample wealth!
   29 Let Narya's sacrificial meed reach Vyasva's Soma-bearing
   sons:
   In hundreds and in thousands be the great reward.
   30 If one should ask thee, Where is he who sacrificed?
   Whither lookest thou?
   May we, unharmed, serve bountiful Visnu, the God who
   slayeth none:
   Self-moving Sindhu hear and be the first to mark.
   18 We, seeking glory, have invoked this Master of all power
   and might
   Who must be glorified by constant sacri fice.
   19 Come, sing we praise to Indra, friends, the Hero who
   deserves the laud,
   Him who with none to aid o' comes all tribes of men.
   20 To him who wins the kine, who keeps no cattle back,
   Celestial God,
   Speak wondrous speech more sweet than butter and than
   meath.
   21 Whose hero powers are measureless, whose bounty ne'er
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   Who gives the foe's possessions to the worshipper.
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   The very Wise, whom living men must glorify
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   destructive powers,
   As one secure from pitfalls each returning day.
   25 O Indra, bring that aid wherewith of old, Most Wondrous!
   thou didst slay
   His foes for active Kuttsa: send it down to us.
   26 So now we seek thee fresh in might, Most Wonderful in
   act! for gain:
   For thou art he who conquers all our foes for us.
   27 Who will set free from ruinous woe, or Arya on the Seven
   Streams:
   O valiant Hero, bend the Dasa's weapon down.
   28 As to Varousaman thou broughtest great riches, for their
   gain,
   To Vyasva's sons, Blest Lady, rich in ample wealth!
   29 Let Narya's sacrificial meed reach Vyasva's Soma-bearing
   sons:
   In hundreds and in thousands be the great reward.
   30 If one should ask thee, Where is he who sacrificed?
   Whither lookest thou?
   Like Vala he hath passed away and dwelleth now on Gomati.
   HYMN XXV. Mitra-Varuna.
   1. I WORSHIP you who guard this All, Gods, holiest among
   the Gods,
   You, faithful to the Law, whose power is sanctified.
   2. So, too, like charioteers are they, Mitra and sapient Varuna,
   Sons high-born from of old, whose holy laws stand fast.
   3. These Twain, possessors of all wealth, most glorious, for
   supreemest sway
   Aditi, Mighty Mother, true to Law, brought forth.
   4. Great Varuna and Mitra, Gods, Asuras and imperial Lords,
   True to Eternal Law proclaim the high decree.
   5. The offspring of a lofty Power, Daksa's Two Sons exceeding
   strong,
   Who, Lords of flowing rain, dwell in the place of food.
   6. Ye who have gathered up your gifts, celestial and terrestrial
   food,
   Let your rain come to us fraught with the mist of heaven.
   7. The Twain, who from the lofty sky seem to look down on
   herds below,
   Holy, imperial Lords, are set to be revered.
   8. They, true to Law, exceeding strong, have sat them down for
   savran rule:
   Princes whose laws stand fast, they have obtained their sway.
   9. Pathfinders even better than the eye, with unobstructed sight,
   Even when they close their lids, observant, they perceive.
   10. So may the Goddess Aditi, may the Nasatyas guard us well,
    The Martis guard us well, endowed with mighty strength.
   11. Do ye, O Bounteous Gods, protect our dwelling place by day
    and night:
    With you for our defenders may we go unharmed.
   12. May we, unharmed, serve bountiful Visnu, the God who
   slayeth none:
   Self-moving Sindhu hear and be the first to mark.
   13. This sure protection we elect, desirable and reaching far,
    Which Mitra, Varuna, and Aryaman afford.
   14. And may the Sindhu of the floods, the Maruts, and the
    Asvin Pair,
    Boon Indra, and boon Visnu have one mind with us.
   15. Because these warring Heroes stay the enmity of every foe,
    As the fierce water-flood repels the furious ones.
   16. Here this one God, the Lord of men, looks forth exceeding
    far and wide:
    And we, for your advantage, keep his holy laws.
   17. We keep the old accustomed laws, the statutes of
    supremacy,
    The long-known laws of Mitra and of Varuna.
   18. He who hath measured with his ray the boundaries of
    heaven and earth,
    And with his majesty hath filled the two worlds full,
   19. Surya hath spread his light aloft up to the region of the sky,
    Like Agni all aflame when gifts are offered him.
   20. With him who sits afar the word is lord of food that comes
    from kine,
    Controller of the gift of unpoisoned food.
   21. So unto Surya, Heaven, and Earth at morning and at eve I
    speak.
    Bringing enjoyments ever rise thou up for us.
   22. From Uksanyayana a bay, from Harayana a white steed,
    And from Susaman we obtained a hamessed car.
   23. These Twain, possessors of all wealth, most glorious, for
And the two great strong coursers, with my newest song.

HYMN XXVI. Asvins.
1. I CALL your chariot to receive united praise mid princely men, Strong Gods who pour down wealth, of never vanquished might!
2. Ye to Varousaman come, Nasatyas, for this glorious rite. With your protecting aid. Strong Gods, who pour down wealth.
3. So with oblations we invoke you, rich in ample wealth, today, When night hath passed, O ye who send us plenteous food.
4. O Asvins, Heroes, let your car, famed, best to travel, come to us, And, for his glory, mark your zealous servant's lauds.
5. Asvins, who send us precious gifts, even when offended, think of him:
6. For ye, O Rudras, lead us safe beyond our foes.
7. O Asvins, Heroes, let your car, famed, best to travel, come to us, And, for his glory, mark your zealous servant's lauds.
8. For ye, O Rudras, lead us safe beyond our foes.
9. Asvins, who send us precious gifts, even when offended, think of him:
10. For ye, O Rudras, lead us safe beyond our foes.
11. O Heroes, listen to the son of Vyasva, and regard me here, Varuna, Mitra, Aryaman, of one accord.
12. Gods whom we yearn for, of your gifts, of what ye bring to us, bestow
13. By princes' hands on me, ye Mighty, day by day.
14. Him whom your sacrifices clothe, even as a woman with her robe,
The Asvins help to glory honouring him well.
15. Whoso regards your care of men as succour widest in its reach,
16. About his dwelling go, ye Asvins, loving us.
17. Come to us ye who pour down wealth, come to the home which men must guard:
18. Like shafts, ye are made meet for sacrifice by song.
19. Most fetching of all calls, the laud, as envoy, Heroes, called to you
20. Be it your own, O Asvin Pair.
21. Be ye in yonder sea of heaven, or joying in the home of food,
22. Listen to me, Immortal Ones.
23. This river with his lucid flow attracts you, more than all the streams,-
24. Even Sindhu with his path of gold.
25. O Asvins, with that glorious fame come hither, through our brilliant song,
26. Come ye whose ways are marked with light.

20 Harness the steeds who draw the car, O Vasu, bring the well-fed pair.
21 O Vayu, drink thou of our meath: come unto our drink-offerings.
22 Wonderful Vayu, Lord of Right, thou who art Tvastar's son-in-law,
23 Thy saving succour we elect.
24 To Tvastar's son-in-law we pray for wealth whereof he hath control:
25 For glory we seek vayu, men with juice effused.
26 Come on thy mighty car with wide-extending seat.
27 We call thee to the homes of men, thee wealthiest in noble food,
28 And liberal as a press-stone with a horse's back.
29 So, glad and joyful in thine heart, do thou, God, Vayu, first of all
30 Vouchsafe us water, strength, and thought.

HYMN XXVII. Visvedevas.
1. CHEIF Priest is Agni at the laud, as stones and grass at sacrifice:
2. I sing to cattle and to Earth, to trees, to Dawns, to Night, to plants.
3. O all ye Vasus, ye possessors of all wealth, be ye the furtherers of our thoughts.
4. Forth go, with Agni, to the Gods our sacrifice of ancient use,
5. Lords of all wealth, may they be strengtheners of man,
6. Lords of all wealth, do ye, with guards which none may harm, preserve our dwelling free from foes.
7. Come to us with one mind to-day, come to us all with one accord,
8. Send us delightful things, ye Maruts, on your steeds: come ye, O Mitra, to our gifts.
9. Let Indra, Varuna, and the Adityas sit, swift Heroes, on our sacred grass.
10. We who have trimmed the grass for you, and set the banquet in array,
11. And pressed the Soma, call you, Varuina, like men, with sacrificial fires aflame.
12. O Maruts, Visinu, Asvins, Pusan, haste away with minds turned hitherward to Me.
13. Let the Strong Indra, famed as Vrtra's slayer, come first with the winners of the spoil.
14. Ye Guileless Gods, bestow on us a refuge strong on every side,
15. A sure protection, Vasus, unassailable from near at hand or from afar.
16. Kinship have I with you, and close alliance O ye Gods,
destroyers of our foes.
Call us to our prosperity of former days, and soon to new klictory.
11 For now have I sent forth to you, that I may win a fair reward,
Lords of all wealth, with homage, this my song of praise. like a milk-cow that faileth not.
12 Excellent Savitar hath mounted up on high for you, ye sure and careful Guides.
Bipeds and quadrupeds, with several hopes and aims, and birds have settled to their tasks.
13 Singing their praise with God-like thought let us invoke each God for grace,
Each God to bring you help, each God to strengthen you.
14 For of one spirit are the Gods with mortal man, co-sharers all of gracious gifts.
May they increase our strength hereafter and to-day, providing case and ample room.
15 I laud you, O ye Guileless Gods, here where we meet to render praise.
None, Varuna and Mitra, harins the mortal, man who honours and obeys your laws.
16 He makes his house endure, he gathers plenteous food who pays obedience to your will.
Born in his sons anew he spreads as Law commands, and prospers every way unharmed.
17 E'en without war he gathers wealth, and goes his way on pleasant paths,
Whom Mitra, Varuna and Aryaman protect, sharing the gift, of one accord.
18 E'en on the plain for him ye make a sloping path, an easy way where road is none:
And far away from him the ineffectual shaft must vanish, shot at him in vain.
19 If ye appoint the rite to-day, kind Rulers, when the Sun ascends,
Lords of all wealth, at sunset or at waketime, or be it at the noon of day,
20 Or, Asuras, when ye have sheltered the worshipper who goes to sacrifice, at eve
may we, O Vasus, ye possessors of all wealth, come then into the midst of You.
21 If ye to-day at sunrise, or at noon, or in the gloom of eve, Lords of all riches, give fair treasure to the man, the wise man who hath sacrificed,
22 Then we, imperial Rulers, claim of you this boon, your wide protection, as a son.
May we, Adityas, offering holy gifts, obtain that which shall bring us greater bliss.

HYMN XXVIII. Visvedevas.
1. THE Thirty Gods and Three besides, whose seat hath been the sacred grass.
From time of old have found and gained.
2 Varuna, Mitra, Aryaman, Agnis, with Consorts, sending boons, 
To whom our Vasat! is addressed:
3 These are our guardians in the west, and northward here, and in the south, 
And on the cast, with all the tribe.
4 Even as the Gods desire so verily shall it be. None minisheth this power of theirs, 
No demon, and no mortal 
5 The Seven carry seven spears; seven are the splendours they possess, 
And seven the glories they assume.

HYMN XXIX Visvedevas.
1. ONE is a youth brown, active, manifold he decks the golden one with ornament.
2 Another, luminous, occupies the place of sacrifice, Sage, among the Gods.
3 One brandishes in his hand an iron knife, firm, in his seat amid the Deities.
4 Another holds the thunderbolt, wherewith he slays the 
Vrtras, resting in his hand.
5 Another bears a pointed weapon: bright is he, and strong, with healing medicines.
6 Another, thief-like, watches well the ways, and knows the places where the treasures lie.
7 Another with his mighty stride hath made his three steps thither where the Gods rejoice.
8 Two with one Dame ride on with winged steeds, and journey forth like travellers on their way.
9 Two, highest, in the heavens have set their seat, worshipped with holy oil, imperial Kings.
10 Some, singing lauds, conceived the Sama-hymn, great hymn whereby they caused the Sun to shine.

HYMN XXX. Visvedevas.
1. NOT one of you, ye Gods, is small, none of you is a feeble child:
All of you, verily, are great.
2 Thus be ye lauded, ye destroyers of the foe, ye Three-and-Thirty Deities, 
The Gods of man, the Holy Ones.
3 As such defend and succour us, with benedictions speak to us:
Lead us not from our fathers' and from Manu's path into the distance far away.
4 Ye Deities who stay with us, and all ye Gods of all mankind, Give us your wide protection, give shelter for cattle and for steed.

HYMN XXXI. Various Deities.
1. THAT Brahman pleases Indra well, who worships, sacrifices, pours Libation, and prepares the meal.
2 Sakra protects from woe the man who gives him sacrificial cake. And offers Soma blent with milk.
3 His chariot shall be glorious, sped by Gods, and mighty shall he be, Subduing all hostilities.
4 Each day that passes, in his house flows his libation, rich in
milk,
Exhaustless, bringing progeny.
5 O Gods, with constant draught of milk, husband and wife
with one accord
Press out and wash the Soma juice.
6 They gain sufficient food: they come united to the sacred
grass,
And never do they fail in strength.
7 Never do they deny or seek to hide the favour of the Gods:
They win high glory for themselves.
8 With sons and daughters by their side they reach their full
extent of life,
Both decked with ornaments of gold.
9 Serving the Immortal One with gifts of sacrificial meal and
wealth,
They satisfy the claims of love and pay due honour to the
Gods.
10 We claim protection from the Hills, we claim protection of
the Floods,
Of him who stands by Visnu's side.
11 May Pusan come, and Bhaga, Lord of wealth, All-
bounteous, for our weal
Broad be the path that leads to bliss:
12 Aramati, and, free from foes, Visva with spirit of a God,
And the Adityas' peerless might.
13 Seeing that Mitra, Aryaman, and Varuna are guarding us,
The paths of Law are fair to tread.
14 I glorify with song, for wealth, Agni the God, the first of
you.
We honour as a well-loved Friend the God who prospereth our
fields.
15 As in all frays the hero, so swift moves his car whom Gods
attend.
The man who, sacrificing, strives to win the heart of Deities
will conquer those who worship not.
16 Ne'er are ye injured, worshipper, presser of juice, or pious
man.
The man who, sacrificing, strives to win the heart of Deities
will conquer those who worship not.
17 None in his action equals him, none holds him far or keeps
him off.
The man who, sacrificing, strives to win the heart of Deities
will conquer those who worship not.
18 Such strength of heroes shall be his, such mastery of fleet-
foot steeds.
The man who, sacrificing, strives to win the heart of Deities
will conquer those who worship not.

HYMN XXXII. Indra.
1. KANVAS, tell forth with song the deeds of Indra, the
Impetuous,
Wrought in the Soma's wild delight.
2 Strong God, he slew Anarsani, Srbinda, Pipru, and the fiend,
Ahi-suva, and loosed the floods.
3. Thou broughtest down the dwelling-place, the height of
lofty Arbuda.
That exploit, Indra, must be famed.
4 Bold, to your famous Soma I call the fair-visored God for
aid,
Down like a torrent from the hill.
5 Rejoicing in the Soma-draughts, Hero, burst open, like a fort,
The stall of horses and of kine.
6 If my libation gladdens, if thou takest pleasure in my laud,
Come with thy Godhead from afar.
7 O Indra, Lover of the Song, the singers of thy praise are we:
O Soma-drinker, quicken us.
8 And, taking thy delight with us bring us still undiminished
food:
Great is thy wealth, O Maghavan.
9 Make thou us rich in herds of kine, in steeds, in gold: let us
exert
Our strength in sacrificial gifts.
10 Let us call him to aid whose hands stretch far, to whom
high laud is due.
Who worketh well to succour us.
11 He, Satakratu, even in fight acts as a Vrtra-slayer, still:
He gives his worshippers much wealth.
12 May he, this A;akra, strengthen us, Boon God who satisfies
our needs,
Indra, with all his saving helps.
13 To him, the mighty stream of wealth, the Soma-presser's
rescuing Friend,
To Indra sing your song of praise;
14 Who bringeth what is great and firm, who winneth glory in
his wars,
Lord of vast wealth through power and might.
15 There liveth none to check or stay his energies and gracious
deeds:
None who can say, He giveth not.
16 No debt is due by Brahmans now, by active men who press
the juice:
Well hath each Soma-draught been paid.
17 Sing ye to him who must be praised, say lauds to him who
must be praised,
Bring prayer to him who must be praised.
18 May be, unchecked, strong, meet for praise, bring hundreds,
thousands forth to light,
Indra who aids the worshipper.
19 Go with thy God-like nature forth, go where the folk are
calling thee:
Drink, Indra, of the drops we pour.
20 Drink milky draughts which are thine own, this too which
was with Tugrya once,
This is it, Indra, that is thine.
21 Pass him who pours libations out in angry mood or after
sin:
Here drink the juice we offer thee.
22 Over the three great distances, past the Five Peoples go thy
way,
O Indra, noticing our voice.
23 Send forth thy ray like Surya: let my songs attract thee
hitherward,
Like waters gathering to the vale.
24 Now to the Hero fair of cheek, Adhvaryu, pour the Soma
forth:
Bring of the juice that he may drink
25 Who cleft the water-cloud in twain, loosed rivers for their downward flow,
And set the ripe milk in the kine.
26 He, meet for praise, slew Vṛtra, slew Ahisuva, Urmavabha's son,
And pierced through Arbuda with frost.
27 To him your matchless Mighty One, unconquerable Conqueror,
Sing forth the prayer which Gods have given:
28 Indra, who in the wild delight of Soma juice considers here All holy Laws among the Gods.
29 Hither let these thy Bays who share thy banquet, Steeds with golden manes,
Convey thee to the feast prepared.
30 Hither, O thou whom many laud, the Bays whom Priyamedha praised,
Shall bring thee to the Soma-draught.

HYMN XXXIII. Indra.
1. WE compass thee like waters, we whose grass is trimmed and Soma pressed.
Here where the filter pours its stream, thy worshippers round thee, O Vṛtra-slayer, sit.
2 Men, Vasu! by the Soma, with lauds call thee to the foremost place:
When comest thou athirst unto the juice as home, O Indra, like a bellowing bull?
3 Boldly, Bold Hero, bring us spoil in thousands for the Kanvas' sake.
O active Maghavan, with eager prayer we crave the yellow-hued with store of kine.
4 Medhyatithi, to Indra sing, drink of the juice to make thee glad.
Close-knit to his Bay Steeds, bolt-armed, beside the juice is he: his chariot is of gold.
5 He Who is praised as strong of hand both right and left, most wise and hold:
Indra who, rich in hundreds, gathers thousands up, honoured as breaker-down of forts.
6 The bold of heart whom none provokes, who stands in bearded confidence;
Much-lauded, very glorious, overthrowing foes, strong Helper, like a bull with might.
7 Who knows what vital ower he wins, drinking beside the flowing juice?
This is the fair-checked God who, joying in the draught, breaks down the castles in his strength.
8 As a wild elephant rushes on this way and that way, mad with heat,
None may compel thee, yet come hither to the draught: thou movest mighty in thy power.
9 When he, the Mighty, ne'er o'erthrown, steadfast, made ready for the fight,
When Indra Maghavan lists to his praiser's call, he will not stand aloof, but come.
10 Yea, verily, thou art a Bull, with a bull's rush. whom none may stay:
Thou Mighty One, art celebrated as a Bull, famed as a Bull both near and far.
11 Thy reins are very bulls in strength, bulls' strength is in thy golden whip.
Thy car, O Maghavan, thy Bays are strong as bulls: thou, Satakrau, art a Bull.
12 Let the strong presser press for thee. Bring hither, thou straight-rushing Bull.
The mighty makes the mighty run in flowing streams for thee whom thy Bay Horses bear.
13 Come, thou most potent Indra, come to drink the savoury Soma juice.
Maghavan, very wise, will quickly come to hear the songs, the prayer, the hymns of praise.
14 When thou hast mounted on thy car let thy yoked Bay Steeds carry thee,
Past other men's libations, Lord of Hundred Powers, thee, Vṛtra-slayer, thee our Friend.
15 O thou Most Lofty One, accept our laud as nearest to thine heart.
May our libations be most sweet to make thee glad, O Soma-drinker, Heavenly Lord.
16 Neither in thy decree nor mine, but in another's he delights,-
The man who brought us unto this.
17 Indra himself hath said, The mind of woman brooks not discipline,
Her intellect hath little weight.
18 His pair of horses, rushing on in their wild transport, draw his car:
High-lifted is the stallion's yoke.
19 Cast down thine eyes and look not up. More closely set thy feet. Let none
See what thy garment veils, for thou, a Brahman, hast become a dame.

HYMN XXXIV. Indra.
1. Come hither, Indra, with thy Bays, come thou to Kanva's eulogy.
Ye by command of yonder Dyaus, God bright by day! have gone to heaven.
2 May the stone draw thee as it speaks, the Soma-stone with ringing voice.
Ye by command of yonder Dyaus, God bright by day! have gone to heaven.
3 The stones' rim shakes the Soma here like a wolf worrying a sheep.
Ye by command of yonder Dyaus, God bright by day! have gone to heaven.
4 The Kanvas call thee hitherward for succour and to win the spoil.
Ye by command of yonder Dyaus, God bright by day! have gone to heaven.
5 I set for thee, as for the Strong, the first draught of the juices shed.
6 Come with abundant blessings, come with perfect care to
Accordant, of one mind with Surya and with Dawn, O Asvins, 
nigh, O ye Twain Gods, to all libations here.
4 Accept our praise-song as a youth accepts a maid. Come 
7 Ye fly like swans, like those who travel on their way; like 
buffaloes ye seek the Soma we have shed.
8 Ye fly like swans, like those who travel on their way; like 
buffaloes ye seek the Soma we have shed.
9 Ye fly to our oblation like a pair of hawks; like buffaloes ye 
seek the Soma we have shed.
10 Come hitherward and drink and satisfy yourselves, bestow 
upon us progeny and affluence.
11 Conquer your foes, protect us, praise your worshippers; 
bestow upon us progeny and affluence.
12 Lord of well-nourished Horses, come with well-fed Steeds 
seek the Soma we have shed.
13 Come hither with thine car inclined to hear, take pleasure in 
our lauds.
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 VasiVocis 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.
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 Surya 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 vigorous strength.
12 Slay enemies, animate men whom ye befriend; bestow upon 
us progeny and affluence.
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.
Accordant, of One mind with Surya and with Dawn, -the 
pressor's Soma, Asvins drink.
17 Strengthen the Ruling Power, strengthen the men of war; 
slay ye the Raksasas and drive away disease.
Accordant, of one mind with Surya and with Dawn, the 
pressor's Soma, Asvins drink.
18 Give strength unto the milch-kine, give the people strength, 
slay ye the Raksasas and drive away disease.
Accordant, of one mind with Surya and with Dawn, the 
pressor's Soma, Asvins drink.
19 As ye heard Atri's earliest eulogy, so hear Syavasva, Somapresser, ye who reel in joy.
Accordant, of one mind with Surya and with Dawn, Soma- 
pressor, ye who reel in joy.
18 Give strength unto the milch-kine, give the people strength, 
slay ye the Raksasas and drive away disease.
Accordant, of one mind with Surya and with Dawn, the 
pressor's Soma, Asvins drink.
19 As ye heard Atri's earliest eulogy, so hear Syavasva, Soma- 
pressor, ye who reel in joy.
Accordant, of one mind with Surya and with Dawn, drink 
juice, O Asvins, three days old.
20 Further like running streams Syavasva's eulogies who 
presses out the Soma, ye who reel in joy.
Accordant, of one mind with Surya and with Dawn, drink 
juice, O Asvins, three days old.
21 Seize, as ye grasp the reins, Syavasva's solemn rites who 
presses out the Soma, ye who reel in joy.
Accordant, of one mind with Surya and with Dawn, drink juice, O Asvins, three days old.

22 Drive down your chariot hitherward drink ye the Soma's savoury juice.
Approach, ye Asvins, come to us: I call you, eager for your aid. Grant treasures to the worshipper.

23 When sacrifice which tells our reverence hath begun.
Heroes! to drink the gushing juice,
Approach, ye Asvins, come to us: I call you, eager for your aid. Grant treasures to the worshipper.

24 Sate you with consecrated drink, with juice effused, ye Deities.
Approach, ye Asvins, come to us: I call you, eager for your aid. Grant treasures to the worshipper.

HYMN XXXVI. Indra.
1. THOU helpest him whose grass is trimmed, who sheds the juice, O Satakratu, drink Soma to make thee glad.
The share which they have fixed for thee, thou, Indra, Victor o'er all hosts and space, begirt with Maruts, Lord of Heroes, winner of the floods.

2 Maghavan, help thy worshipper: let him help thee. O Satakratu, drink Soma to make thee glad.
The share which they have fixed for thee, etc.

3 Thou aidest Gods with food, and that with might aidg thee, O Satakratu, drink Soma to make thee glad.

4 Creator of the heaven, creator of the earth, O Satakratu, drink Soma to make thee glad.

5 Father of cattle, father of all steeds art thou. O Satakratu, drink Soma to make thee glad.

6 Stone-hurler, glorify the Atris' hymn of praise. O Satakratu, drink Soma to make thee glad.

7 Hear thou Syayagva while he pours to thee, as erst thou heardest Atri when he wrought his holy rites.

Indra, thou only gavest Trasadasyu aid in the fierce fight with heroes, strengthening his powers.

HYMN XXXVII. Indra.

1. THIS prayer, and those who shed the juice, in wars with Vrtra thou holpest, Indra, Lord of Strength, with all thy succours.

O Vrtra-slayer, from libation poured at noon, drink of the Soma juice, thou blameless Thunderer.

2 Thou mighty Conqueror of hostile armaments, O Indra, Lord of Strength, with all thy saving aid.

3 Sole Ruler, thou art Sovran of this world of life, O Indra, Lord of Strength, with all thy saving help.

4 Thou only sunderest these two consistent worlds, O Indra, Lord of Strength, with all thy saving help.

5 Thou art the Lord supreme o'er rest and energy, O Indra, Lord of Strength, with all thy saving help.

6 Thou helpest one to power, and one thou hast not helped, O Indra, Lord of Strength, with all thy saving aid.

7 Hear thou Syayavasva while he sings to thee, as erst thou heardest Atri when he wrought his holy rites.

Indra, thou only gavest Trasadasyu aid in the fierce fight with heroes, strengthening his powers.

HYMN XXXVIII. Indra-Agni.

1. YE Twain are Priests of sacrifice, wmmers in war and holy works:
Indra and Agni, mark this well.

2 Ye bounteous riders on the car, ye Vrtra-slayers unsubdued: Indra and Agni, mark this well.

3 The men with pressing-stones have pressed this meath of yours which gives delight:
Indra, and Agni, mark this well.

4 Accept our sacrifice for weal, sharers of praise! the Soma shed:
Indra and Agni, Heroes, come.

5 Be pleased with these libations which attract you to our sacred gifts
Indra and Agni, Heroes, come.

6 Accept this eulogy of mine whose model is the Gayatri:
Indra and Agni, Heroes, Come.

7 Come with the early-faring Gods, ye who are Lords of genuine wealth:
Indra-Agni, to the Soma-draught

8 Hear ye the call of Atris, hear Syayasva as he sheds the juice:
Indra-Agni to the Soma-draught

9 Thus have I called you to our aid as sages called on you of old:
Indra-Agni to the Soma draught!

10 Indra's and Agni's grace I claim, Sarasvati's associates
To whom this psalm of praise is sung.

HYMN XXXIX. Agni.

1. THE glorious Agni have I praised, and worshipped with. the sacred food.
May Agni deck the Gods for us. Between both gathering-places he goes on his embassy, the Sage. May all the others die away.

2 Agni, burn down the word within their bodies through our newest speech,
All hatreds of the godless, all the wicked man's malignities.
Away let the destroyers go. May all the others die away.

3 Agni, I offer hymns to thee, like holy oil within thy mouth.
Acknowledge them. among the Gods, for thou art the rmost excellent, the worshipper's blissful messenger. Let all the others die away.

4 Agni bestows all vital power even as each man supplicates.
He brings the Vasus strengthening gifts, and grants delight, in rest and stir, for every calling on the Gods. Let all the others die away.

5 Agni hath made himself renowned by wonderful victorious act.
He is the Priest of all the tribes, chosen with sacrificial meeds.
He urges Deities to receive. Let all the others die away.

6 Agni knows all that springs from Gods, he knows the mystery of men.
Giver of wealth is Agni, he uncloses both the doors to us when worshipped with our newest gift. Let all the others die away.

7 Agni inhabiteth with Gods and men who offer sacrifice.
He cherisheth with great delight much wisdom, as all things
that be, God among Gods adorable. May all the others die away.
8 Agni who liveth in all streams, Lord of the Sevenfold Race of men,
Him dweller in three homes we seek, best slayer of the Dasytis for Mandhatar, first in sacrifice. Let all the others die away.
9 Agni the Wise inhabiteth three gathering-places, triply formed.
Decked as our envoy let the Sage bring hither and conciliate the Thrice Eleven Deities. Let all the others die away.
10 Our Agni, thou art first among the Gods, and first mid living men.
Thou only rulset over wealth. Round about thee, as natural dams, circumfluous the waters run. Let all the others die away.

HYMN XL. Indra-Agni.
1. INDRA and Agni, surely ye as Conquerors will give us wealth,
Whereby in fight we may o'ercome that which is strong and firmly fixed, as Agni burns the woods with wind. Let all the others die away.
2 We set no snares to tangle you; Indra we worship and adore,
Hero of heroes mightiest.
Once may he come unto us with his Steed, come unto us to win us strength, and to complete the sacrifice.
3 For, famous Indra-Agni, ye are dwellers in the midst of frays.
Sages in wisdom, ye are knit to him who seeketh you as friends. Heroes, bestow on him his wish.
4 Nabhaka-like, with sacred song Indra's and Agni's praise I sing,
Theiris to whom all this world belongs, this heaven and this mighty earth which bear rich treasure in their lap.
5 To Indra and to Agni send your prayers, as was Nabhaka's wont,-
Who oped with sideway opening the sea with its foundations seven-Indra all powerful in his might.
6 In whom all wisdom centres, as the nave is set within the varied form.
7 When time with this same song these men call Indra-Agni sundry ways,
May we with our own heroes quell those who provoke us to the fight, and conquer those who strive with us.
8 The Two refulgent with their beams rise and come downward from the sky.
By Indra's and by Agni's hest, flowing away, the rivers, run which they released from their restraint.
9 O Indra, many are thine aids, many thy ways of guiding us, Lord of the Bay Steeds, Hinva's Son. To a Good Hero come our prayers, which soon shall have accomplishment.
10 Inspire him with your holy hymns, the Hero bright and glorious,
Him who with might demolisbeth even the brood of Susna, and winneth for us the heavenly streams.
11 Inspire him worshipped with fair rites, the glorious Hero truly brave.

He brake in pieces Susna's brood who still expected not the stroke, and won for us the heavenly streams. Let all the others die away.
12 Thus have we sung anew to Indra-Agni, as sang our sires, Angiras, and Mandhatar.
Guard us with triple shelter and preserve us: may we be masters of a store of riches.

HYMN XLI. Varuna.
1. To make this Varuna come forth sing thou a song unto the band of Maruts wiser than thyself,-
This Varuna who guardeth well the thoughts of men like herds of kine.
Let all the others die away.
2 Him altogether praise I with the song and hymns our fathers sang, and with Nabhaka's eulogies,-
Him dwelling at the rivers' source, surrounded by his Sisters Seven.
3 The nights he hath encompassed, and stablished the morns with magic art visible over all is he.
His dear Ones, following his Law, have prospered the Three Dawns for him.
4 He, visible o'er all the earth, stablished the quarters of the sky:
He measured out the eastern place, that is the fold of Varuna: like a strong herdsman is the God.
5 He who supports the worlds of life, he who well knows the hidden names mysterious of the morning beams,
He cherishes much wisdom, Sage, as heaven brings forth each varied form.
6 In whom all wisdom centres, as the nave is set within the wheel.
Haste ye to honour Trita, as kine haste to gather in the fold, even as they muster steeds to yoke.
7 He wraps these regions as a robe; he contemplates the tribes of Gods and all the works of mortal men.
Before the home of Varuna all the Gods follow his decree.
8 He is an Ocean far-removed, yet through the heaven to him ascends the worship which these realms possess.
With his bright foot he overthrew their magic, and went up to heaven.
9 Ruler, whose bright far-seeing rays, pervading all three earths, have filled the three superior realms of heaven.
Firm is the seat of Varuna: over the Seven he rules as King.
10 Who, after his decree, o'erspread the Dark Ones with a robe of light;
Who measured out the ancient seat, who pillar'd both the worlds apart as the Unborn supported heaven. Let all the others die away.

HYMN XLII Varuna.
1. LORD of all wealth, the Asura propped the heavens, and measured out the broad earth's wide expanse.
He, King supreme, approached all living creatures. All these are Varuna's holy operations.
2 So humbly worship Varuna the Mighty revere the wise Guard of World Immortal.
May he vouchsafe us triply-barred protection. O Earth and Heaven, within your lap preserve us.
3 Sharpen this song of him who strives his utmost, sharpen, God Varuna, his strength and insight;
May we ascend the ship that bears us safely, whereby we may pass over all misfortune.
4 Asvins, with songs the singer stones have made you hasten hitherward,
Nasatyas, to the Soma-draught. Let all the others die away.
5 As the sage Atri with his hymns, O Asvins, called you eagerly,
Nasatyas, to the Soma-draught. Let all the others die away.
6 So have I called you to our aid, even as the wise have called of old,
Nasatyas, to the Soma-draught. Let all the others die away.

HYMN XLIII. Agni.
1. THESE songs of mine go forth as lauds of Agni, the disposing Sage,
Whose worshipper is ne'er o'erthrawn.
2 Wise Agni Jatavedas, I beget a song of praise for thee.
Who willingly receivest it.
3 Thy sharpened flames, O Agni, like the gleams of light that glitter through,
Devour the forests with their teeth.
4 Gold-coloured, bannered with the smoke, urged by the wind,
Rise, lightly borne, the flames of fire.
5 These lightly kindled fiery flames are all around made visible,
Even as the glearings of the Dawns.
6 As Jatavedas speeds along, the dust is black beneath his feet,
When Agni spreads upon the earth.
7 Making the plants his nourishment, Agni devours and wearies not,
Seeking the tender shrubs again.
8 Bending him down with all his tongues, he flickers with his fiery glow
Splendid is Agni in the woods.
9 Agni, thine home is in the floods: into the plants thou forcest way,
And as their Child art born anew.
10 Worshipped with offerings shines thy flame, O Agni, from the sacred oil,
With kisses on the ladle's mouth.
11 Let us serve Agni with our hymns, Disposer, fed on ox and cow,
Who bears the Soma on his back.
12 Yea, thee, O Agni, do we seek with homage and with fuel, Priest
Whose wisdom is most excellent.
13 O worshipped with oblations, pure Agni, we call on thee as erst,
Did Bhrgu, Manus, Angiras.
14 For thou, O Agni, by the fire, Sage by the Sage, Good by the Good,
Friend by the Friend, art lighted up.
15 So wealth in thousands, food with store of heroes give thou to the sage,
O Agni, to the worshipping.
16 O Agni, Brother, made by strength, Lord of red steeds and brilliant sway,
Take pleasure in this laud of mine.
17 My praises, Agni, go to thee, as the cows seek the stall to meet,
The lowing calf that longs for milk.
18 Agni, best Angiras, to thee all people who have pleasant homes,
Apart, have turned as to their wish.
19 The sages skilled in holy song and thin. kers with their thoughts have urged
Agni to share the sacred feast.
20 So, Agni, unto thee the Priest, Invoker, strong in forays, pray
'hose who spin out the sacrifice.
21 In many a place, the same in look art thou, a Prince o'er all the tribes
In battles we invoke thine aid.
22 Pray thou to Agni, pray to him who blazes served with sacred oil:
Let him give ear to this our call.
23 We call on thee as such, as one who hears, as Jatavedas, one,
Agni! who beats away our foes.
24 I pray to Agni, King of men, the Wonderful, the President
Of holy Laws: may he give ear.
25 Him like a bridegroom, him who stirs all people, like a noble horse,
Like a fleet steed, we instigate.
26 Slaying things deadly, burning up foes, Riksasas, on every side,
Shine, Agni, with thy sharpened flame.
27 Thou whom the people kindle even as Manus did, best Angiras!
O Agni, mark thou this my speech.
28 O Agni, made by strength! be thou born in the heavens or born in floods,
As such we call on thee with songs.
29 Yea, all the people, all the folk who have good dwellings, each apart,
Send food for thee to eat thereof.
30 O Agni, so may we, devout, gazed at by men, throughout our days,
Pass lightly over all distress.
31 We venerate with cheerful hearts the cheerful Agni, dear to all,
Burning, with purifying flame.
32 So thou, O Agni rich in light, beaming like Surya with thy rays
Boldly demolishest the gloom.
33 We pray to thee for this thy gift, Victor the gift that faileth not,
O Agni, choicest wealth from thee.
HYMN XLIV. Agni.
1. PAY service unto Agni with your fuel, rouse your Guest with oil:
In him present your offerings.
2 Agni, do thou accept my laud, be magnified by this my song:
Welcome my sweedy-spoken words.
3 Agni, envoy, I place in front; the oblation-bearer I address:
Here let him seat the Deities.
4 Agni, the lofty flames of thee enkindled have gone up on high,
Thy bright flames, thou Refulgent One.
5 Beloved! let my ladles full of sacred oil come near to thee:
Agni, accept our offerings.
6 I worship Agni—may he hear!—the cheerful, the Invoker, Priest,
Of varied splendour, rich in light.
7 Ancient Invoker, meet for praise, beloved Agni, wise and strong,
The visitant of solemn rites.
8 Agni, best Angiras, accept straightway these offerings, and guide
The seasonable sacrifice.
9 Excellent God, with brilliant flames, enkindled bring thou hitherward,
Knowing the way, the Heavenly Host.
10 Him, Sage and Herald, void of guile, ensign of sacrifices, him
Smoke-bannered, rich in light, we seek.
11 O Agni, be our Guardian thou, God, against those who injure us:
Destroy our foes, thou Son of Strength.
12 Making his body beautiful, Agni the Sage hath waxen by
The singer and his ancient hymn.
13 I invoke the Child of Strength, Agni with purifying flame,
At this well-ordered sacrifice.
14 So Agni, rich in many friends, with fiery splendour, seat thyself
With Gods upon our sacred grass.
15 The mortal man who serves the God Agni within his own abode,
For him he causes wealth to shine.
16 Agni is head and height of heaven, the Master of the earth is he:
He quickeneth the watere seed.
17 Upward, O Agni, rise thy flames, pure and resplendent, blazing high,
Thy lustres, fair effulgences.
18 For, Agni, thou as Lord of Light rulest o'er choicest gifts: may I,
Thy singer, find defence in thee.
19 O Agni, they who understand stir thee to action with their thoughts:
So let our songs enhance thy might.
20 We ever claim the friendship of Agni, the singing messenger,
Of God-like nature, void of guile.
21 Agni who bears most holy sway, the holy Singer, holy Sage,
Shines holy when we worship him.
22 Yea, let my meditations, let my songs exalt thee evermore.
Think, Agni, of our friendly bond,
23 If I were thou and thou wert I, O Agni, every prayer of thine
Should have its due fulfilment here.
24 For Excellent and Lord of wealth. art thou O Agni, rich in light:
May we enjoy thy favouring grace.
25 Agni, to thee whose laws stand fast our resonant songs of praise speed forth,
As rivers hasten to the sea.
26 Agni, the Youthful Lord of men, who stirreth much and eateth all,
The Sage, I glorify with hymns.
27 To Agni let us haste with lauds, the Guide of sacrificial rites,
Armed with sharp teeth, the Mighty One.
28 And let this man, good Agni, be with thee the singer of thy praise:
Be gracious, Holy One, to him.
29 For thou art sharer of our feast, wise, ever watchful as a Sage:
Agni, thou shinest in the sky.
30 O Agni, Sage, before our foes, before misfortunes fall on us.
Excellent Lord, prolong our lives.

HYMN XLV. Indra
1. HITHERWARD! they who light flame and straightway trim the sacred grass.
Whose Friend is Indra ever young.
2 High is their fuel, great their laud, wide is their splinter from the stake,
Whose Friend is Indra ever young.
3 Unequelled in fight the hero leads his army with the warrior chiefs.
4 The new-born Vṛtra-slayer asked his Mother, as he seized his shaft,
Who are the fierce? Who are renowned?
5 Savāsi answered, He who seeks thine enmity will battle like A stately elephant on a hill.
6 And hear, O Maghavan; to him who craves of thee thou grantest all
Whate'er thou makest firm is firm.
7 What time the Warrior Indra goes to battle, borne by noble steeds, Best of all charioteers is he.
8 Repel, O Thunder-armed, in all directions all attacks on us: And be our own most glorious God.
9 May Indra set our car in front, in foremost Place to win the spoil, He whom the wicked injure not.
10 Thine enmity may we escape, and, gakra, for thy bounty, rich
In kine, may we come near to thee
11 Softly approaching, Thunder-armed wealthy by hundreds, rich in steeds, Unrivalled, ready with our gifts.
12 For thine exalted excellence gives to thy worshippers each day Hundreds and thousands of thy boons.
13 Indra, we know thee breaker-down even of strong forts, winner of spoil, A one who conquers wealth for us.
14 Though thou art highest, Sage and Bold let the drops cheer thee when we come To thee as to a trafficker.
15 Bring unto us the treasure of the opulent man who, loth to give, Hath slighted thee for gain of wealth.
16 Indra, these friends of ours, supplied with Soma, wait and look to thee, As men with fodder to the herd.
17 And thee who art not deaf, whose cars are quick to listen, for our aid, We call to us from far away.
18 When thou hast listened, make our call one which thou never wilt forget, And be our very nearest Friend.
19 When even now, when we have been in trouble, we have thought of thee, O Indra, give us gifts of kine.
20 O Lord of Strength, we rest on thee, as old men rest upon a staff: We long to have. thee dwell with us.
21 To Indra sing a song of praise, Hero of mighty valour, him Whom no one challenges to war.
22 Hero, the Soma being shed, I pour the juice for thee to drink: Sate thee and finish thy carouse.
23 Let not the fools, or those who mock beguile thee when they seek thine aid Love not the enemies of prayer.
24 Here let them with rich milky draught cheer thee to great munificence: Drink as the wild-bull drinks the lake.
25 Proclaim in our assemblies what deeds, new and ancient, far away, The Vrtra-slayer hath achieved.
26 In battle of a thousand arms Indra drank Kadru's Soma juice: There he displayed his manly might.
27 True undeniable strength he found in Yadu and in Turvasa, And conquered through the sacrifice.
28 Him have I magnified, our Lord in, common, Guardian of your folk, Discloser of great wealth in kine;
29 Rbhuksan, not to be restrained, who strengthened Tugra's son in lauds, Indra beside the flowing juice;
30 Who for Trisoka clave the hill that formed a wide receptacle, So that the cows might issue forth.
31 Whate'er thy plan or purpose be, whate'er, in transport, thou wouldst do, Do it not, Indra, but be kind.
32 But little hath been heard of done upon the earth by one like thee i Let thine heart, Indra, turn to us.
33 Thine then shall be this high renown, thine shall these lofty praises be, When, Indra, thou art kind to us.
34 Not for one trespass, not for two, O Hero, slay us, nor for three, Nor yet for many trespasses.
35 I fear one powerful like thee, the crusherdown of enemies, Mighty, repelling all attacks.
36 O wealthy God, ne'er may I live to see my friend or son in need*:
Hitherward let thy heart be turned.
37 What friend, O people, unprovoked, hath ever said unto a friend, He turns and leaves us in distress?
38 Hero, insatiate enjoy this Soma juice so near to thee, Even as a hunter rushing down.
39 Hither I draw those Bays of thine yoked by our hymn, with splendid car, That thou mayst give unto the priests.
40 Drive all our enemies away, smite down the foes who press around, And bring the wealth for which we long:
41 O Tndra, that which is concealed in strong firm place precipitous: Bring us the wealth for which we long
42 Great riches which the world of men shall recognize as sent by thee: Bring us the wealth for which we long.

HYMN XLVI. Indra.
1. WE, Indra, Lord of ample wealth, our Guide, depend on one like thee, Thou driver of the Tawny Steeds.
2 For, Hurler of the Bolt, we know thee true, the giver of our food, We know the giver of our wealth.
3 O thou whose majesty the bards celebrate with their songs, thou Lord, Of hundred powers and hundred aids.
4 Fair guidance hath the mortal man whom Aryaman, the Marut host, And Mitra, void of guile, protect.
5 Kine, steeds, and hero strength he gains, and prospers, by the Adityas sped, Ever in wealth which all desire.
6 We pray to Indra for his gift, to him the Fearless and the Strong, We pray to him the Lord of wealth.
7 For verily combined in him are all the fearless powers of aid.
Him, rich in wealth, let swift Steeds bring to us, his Bays, to Soma juice for his carouse:
8 Ye, that most excellent carouse, Indra, which slays most enemies,
With Heroes wins the light of heaven, and is invincible in war:
9 Which merits fame, all-bountiful! and, unsubdued, hath victory in deeds of might.
So come to our libations, Strongest! Excellent! May we obtain a stall of kine.
10 Responding to our wish for cows, for steeds, and chariots, as of old,
Be gracious, Greatest of the Great
11 For, Hero, nowhere can I find the bounds of thy munificence.
Still do thou favour us, O Bolt-armed Maghavan: with strength hast thou rewarded hymns.
12 High, glorifier of his friend, he knows all generations, he whom many praise.
All races of mankind with ladies lifted up invoke that Mighty Indra's aid.
13 Be he our Champion and Protector in great deeds, rich in all wealth, the Vrtra-slayer, Maghavan.
14 In the wild raptures of the juice sing to your Hero with high laud, to him the Wise,
To Indra, glorious in his name, the Mighty One, even as the hymn alloweth it.
15 Thou givest wealth to me myself, thou givest treasure, Excellent! and the strong steed,
O Much-invoked, in deeds of might, yea, even now.
16 Him, Sovran Ruler of all precious things, who even hath mighty
O Much-invoked, in deeds of might, yea, even now.
16 Him, Sovran Ruler of all precious things, who even hath power o'er this fair form of his,
As the birds spread their sheltering wings let your protection over us.
17 We praise, so that the Mighty One may speed to you,
Pourer of bounties, Traveller, prepared to go.
18 In the sacrifice perform their will whose voice is lifted high,
The worship of those Thundering Ories who o'er the ridges of these mountains fly in troops.
19 O Indra, Mightiest, bring us that which crushes men of evil minds,
Wealth suited to our needs, O Stirrer of the thought, best wealth, O thou who stirrest thought.
20 O Winner, noble winner, strong, wondrous, most splendid, excellent,
Sole Lord in beauty meet for praise, O Vayu, dropping fatness down,
Hurried along by steeds, by camels, and by hounds, spreads forth thy train: even this it is.
21 Now let the godless man approach who hath received reward so great
As Vasa, Asvya, when this light of morning dawned, received from Prthusrasvas, from Kanita's son.
22 Steeds sixty thousand and ten thousand kine, and twenty hundred camels I obtained;
Ten hundred brown in hue, and other ten red in three spots: in all, ten thousand kine.
23 Ten browns that make my wealth increase, fleet steeds whose tails are long and fair,
Turn with swift whirl my chariot wheel;
24 The gifts which Prthusrasvas gave, Kanita's son munificent.
He gave a chariot wrought of gold: the prince was passing bountiful, and won himself most lofty fame.
25 Come thou to this great rite of ours, Vayu! to give us vigorous light.
We have served thee that thou mightest give much to us, yea, mightest quickly give great wealth.
26 Who with thrice seven times seventy horses comes to us, invested with the rays of morn,
Through these our Soma-draughts and those who press, to give, drinker of pure bright Soma Juice.
27 Who hath inclined this glorious one, munificent himself, to give me gifts.
Borne on firm chariot with the prosperous Nahup, wise, to a man yet more devout.
28 Sole Lord in beauty meet for praise, O Vayu, dropping fatness down,
Hurried along by steeds, by camels, and by hounds, spreads forth thy train: even this it is.
29 So, as a prize dear to the strong, the sixty thousand have I gained,
Bulls that resemble vigorous steeds.
30 To me come oxen like a herd, yea, unto me the oxen come.
31 And in the grazing herd he made a hundred camels bleat for me,
And twenty hundred mid the white.
32 A hundred has the sage received, Dasa Balbutha's and Taruksa's gifts.
These are thy people, Vayu, who rejoice with Indra for their guard, rejoice with Gods for guards.
33 And now to Vasa Asvya here this stately woman is led forth,
Adorned with ornaments of gold.

HYMN XLVII. Adityas.
1. GREAT help ye give the worshipper, Varuna, Mitra, Mighty Ones! No sorrow ever reaches him whom ye, Adityas, keep from harm. Yours are incomparable aids, and good the succour they afford.
2 O Gods, Adityas, well ye know the way to keep all woes afar.
As the birds spread their sheltering wings, spread your protection over us.
3 As the birds spread their sheltering wings let your protection cover us.
We mean all shelter and defence, ye who have all things for your own.
4 To whomsoever they, Most Wise, have given a home and means of life,
O'er the whole riches of this man they, the Adityas, have control.
5 As drivers of the car avoid ill roads, let sorrows pass us by.
May we be under Indra's guard, in the Adityas' favouring grace.
6 For verily men sink and faint through loss of wealth which
ye have given.
Much hath he gained from you, O Gods, whom ye, Adityas,
have approached.
7 On him shall no fierce anger fall, no sore distress shall visit
him,
To whom, Adityas, ye have lent your shelter that extendeth far.
8 Resting in you, O Gods, we are like men who fight in coats
of mail.
Ye guard us from each great offence, ye guard us from each
lighter fault.
9 May Aditi defend us, may Aditi guard and shelter us,
To whom, Adityas, ye have lent your shelter that extendeth far.
10 The shelter, Gods, that is secure, auspicious, free from
malady,
Much hath he gained from you, O Gods, whom ye, Adityas,
have approached.
11 Look down on us, Adityas, as a guide exploring from the
bank.
Lead us to pleasant ways as men lead horses to an easy ford.
12 Ill be it for the demons' friend to find us or come near to us.
But for the milch-cow be it well, and for the man who strives
for fame.
13 Each evil deed made manifest, and that which is concealed,
O Gods,
The food to which all Deities and mortals, calling it meath,
gather themselves together.
14 Daughter of Heaven, the dream that bodes evil to us or to
our kine.
Remove, O Lady of the Light, to Trita Aptya far away.
15 Even if, O Child of Heaven, it make a garland or a chain of
gold,
The whole bad dream, whate'er it be, to Trita Aptya we
consign.
16 To him whose food and work is this, who comes to take his
share therein,
To Trita, and to Dvita, Dawn! bear thou the evil dream away.
17 As we collect the utmost debt, even the eighth and sixteenth
part,
So unto Aptya we transfer together all the evil dream.
18 Now have we conquered and obtained, and from our
trespasses are free.
Shine thou away the evil dream, O Dawn, whereof we are
afraid. Yours are incomparable aids, and good the succour they
afford.

HYMN XLVIII. Soma.
1. WISELY have I enjoyed the savoury viand, religious-
thoughted, best to find out treasure,
The food to which all Deities and mortals, calling it meath,
gather themselves together.
2 Thou shalt be Aditi as thou hast entered within, appeaser of
celestial anger.
Indu, enjoying Indra's friendship, bring us - as a swift steed the
car - forward to riches.
3 We have drunk Soma and become immortal; we have
attained the light, the Gods discovered.
Now what may foeman's malice do to harm us? What, O
Immortal, mortal man's deception?
4 Absorbed into the heart, be sweet, O Indu, as a kind father to
his son, O Soma,
As a wise Friend to friend: do thou, wide-ruler, O Soma,
lengthen out our days for living.
5 These glorious drops that give me freedom have I drunk.
Closely they knit my joints as straps secure a car.
Let them protect my foot from slipping on the way: yea, let the
drops I drink preserve me from disease.
6 Make me shine bright like fire produced by friction: give us
a clearer sight and make us better.
For in carouse I think of thee, O Soma, Shall I, as a rich man,
attain to comfort?
7 May we enjoy with an enlivened spirit the juice thou givest,
like ancestral riches.
O Soma, King, prolong thou our existence as Surya makes the
shining days grow longer.
8 King Soma, favour us and make us prosper: we are thy
devotees; of this be mindful.
Spirit and power are fresh in us, O Indu give us not up unto our
foeman's pleasure.
9 For thou hast settled in each joint, O Soma, aim of men's
eyes and guardian of our bodies.
When we offend against thine holy statutes, as a kind Friend,
God, best of all, be gracious.
10 May I be with the Friend whose heart is tender, who, Lord
of Bays! when quaffed will never harm me-
This Soma now deposited within me. For this, I pray for longer
life to Indra.
11 Our maladies have lost their strength and vanished: they
fared, and passed away into the darkness.
Soma hath risen in us, exceeding mighty, and we are come
where men prolong existence.
12, Fathers, that Indu which our hearts have drunken, Immortal
in himself, hath entered mortals.
So let us serve this Soma with oblation, and rest securely in his
grace and favour.
13 Associate with the Fathers thou, O Soma, hast spread
thyself abroad through earth and heaven.
So with oblation let us serve thee, Indu, and so let us become
the lords of riches,
14 Give us your blessing, O ye Gods' preservers. Never may
sleep or idle talk control us.
But evermore may we, as friends of Soma, speak to the synod
with brave sons around us.
15 On all sides, O Soma, thou art our life-giver: aim of all eyes,
light-finder, come within us.
Indu, of one accord with thy protections both from behind and
from before preserve us.

HYMN XLIX. Agni.
1. AGNI, come hither with thy fires; we choose thee as
Invoking Priest.
Let the extended ladle full of oil balm thee, best Priest, to sit
on sacred grass.
2 For unto thee, O Angiras, O Son of Strength, move ladies in
the sacrifice.
To Agni, Child of Force, whose locks drop oil, we seek,
foremost in sacrificial rites.
3 Agni, thou art Disposer, Sage, Herald, bright God! and worshipful, 
Best offerer, cheerful, to be praised in holy rites, pure Lord! by singers with their hymns.
4 Most Youthful and Eternal, bring the longing Gods to me, the guileless, for the feast.
Come, Vasu, to the banquet that is well-prepared: rejoice thee, gracious, with our songs.
5 Famed art thou, Agni, far and wide, Preserver, righteous, and a Sage.
The holy singers, O refulgent kindled God! arrangers, call on thee to come -
6 Shine, Most Resplendent! blaze, send bliss unto the folk, and to thy worshipper
Great art thou.
So may my princes, with good fires, subduing foes, rest in the keeping of the Gods.
7 O Agni, as thou burnest down to earth even high-grown underwood,
So, bright as Mitra is, burn him who injures us, him who plots ill against thy friend.
8 Give us not as a prey to mortal enemy, nor to the wicked friend of fiends.
With conquering guards, auspicious, unassailable, protect us,
O Most Youthful God.
9 Protect us, Agni, through the first, protect us through the second hymn,
Protect us through three hymns, O Lord of Power and Might, through four hymns, Vasu, guard thou us.
10 Preserve us from each fiend who brings the Gods no gift, preserve thou us in deeds of strength:
For we possess in thee the nearest Friend of all, for service of the Gods and weal.
11 O Holy Agni, give us wealth renowned with men and strengthening life.
Bestow on us, O Helper, that which many crave, more glorious still by righteousness;
12 Wherewith we may o' ercome our rivals in the war, o'erpowering the foe's designs.
So wax thou by our food, O Excellent in strength. Quicken our thoughts that find out wealth.
13 Agni is even as a bull who whets and brandishes his horns.
Well-sharpened are his jaws which may not be withstood: the Child of Strength hath powerful teeth.
14 Not to be stayed, O Bull, O Agni, are thy teeth when thou art spreading far and wide.
Make our olationours duly offered up, O Priest, and give us store of precious things.
15 Thou liest in the wood: from both thy Mothers mortals kindle thee.
Unweariedly thou bearest up the offerer's gifts, then shinest bright among the Gods.
16 And so the seven priests, O Agni, worship thee, Free-giver, Everlasting One.
Thou cleavest through the rock with heat and fervent glow.
Agni, rise up above the men.
17 For you let us whose grass is trimmed call Agni, Agni, restless God.
Let us whose food is offered call to all the tribes Agni the Invoking Priest of men.
18 Agni, with noble psalm that tells his wish he dwells, thinking on thee who guarded him.
Speedily bring us strength of many varied sorts to be most near to succour us.
19 Agni, Praise-singer! Lord of men, God burner-up of Raksasas,
Mighty art thou, the ever-present Household-Lord, Homefriend and Guardian from the sky.
20 Let no fiend come among us, O thou rich in light, no spell of those who deal in spells.
To distant pastures drive faint hunger: far away, O Agni, chase the demons' friends.

HYMN L. Indra.
1. BOTH boons,-may Indra, hitherward turned, listen to this prayer of ours,
And mightiest Maghavan with thought inclined to us come near to drink the Soma juice.
2 For him, strong, independent Ruler, Heaven and Earth have fashioned forth for power and might.
Thou seatest thee as first among thy peers in place, for thy soul longs for Soma juice.
3 Fill thyself full, O Lord of wealth, O Indra, with the juice we shed.
We know thee, Lord of Bay Steeds victor in the fight, vanquishing e'en the invincible.
4 Changeless in truth, O Maghavan Indra, let it be as thou in wisdom willest it.
May we, O fair of check, win booty with thine aid, O Thunderer, swiftly seeking it.
5 Indra, with all thy saving helps give us assistance, Lord of power.
For after thee we follow even as glorious bliss, thee, Hero, finder-out of wealth.
6 Increaser of our steeds and multiplying kine, a golden well, O God, art thou,
For no one may impair the gifts laid up in thee. Bring me whatever thing I ask.
7 For thou,-come to the worshipper!-wilt find great wealth to make us rich.
Fill thyself full, O Maghavan, for gain of kine, full, Indra, for the gain of steeds.
8 Thou as thy gift bestowest many hundred herds, yea, many thousands dost thou give.
With singers' hymns have we brought the Fort-render near, singing to Indra for his grace.
9 Whether the simple or the sage, Indra, have offered praise to thee,
Destroyer, hear my call,
He Satakratu! by his love hath gladdened thee, ambitious! ever pressing on!
10 If he the Strong of arm, the breaker-down of forts, the great Destroyer, hear my call,
We, seeking riches cry to Indra, Lord of wealth, to Satakratu with our lauds.
11 We count not then as sinners, nor as niggardly or foolish
men.

When with the Soma juice which we have shed we make
Indra, the Mighty One, our Friend.

12 Him have we yoked in fight, the powerful Conqueror, debt-
claimer, not to be deceived.

Best charioteer, the Victor marks each fault, he knows the
strong to whom he will come near.

13 Indra, give us security from that whereof we are afraid.

Help us, O Maghavan, let thy succour give us this: drive away
foes and enemies.

14 For thou, O liberal Lord of bounty, strengthenest his ample
home who worships thee.

So Indra, Maghavan, thou Lover of the Song, we with pressed
Soma call on thee,

15 Indra is Vrtra-slayer, guard, our best defender from the foe.

May he preserve our last and middlemost, and keep watch
from behind us and before.

16 Defend us from behind, below, above, in front, on all sides,
Indra, shield us well.

Keep far away from us the terror sent from heaven: keep
impious weapons far away.

17 Protect us, Indra, each to-day, each morrow, and each
following day.

Our singers, through all days, shalt thou, Lord of the brave,
keep safely both by day and night.

18 A crushing Warrior, passing rich is Maghavan, endowed
with all heroic might.

Thine arms, O Satakratu, are exceeding strong, arms which
have grasped the thunderbolt.

HYMN LI. Indra.

1. OFFER ye up as praise to him that wherein Indra takes
delight.

The Soma-bringers magnify Indra's great energy with hymns.

Good are the gifts that Indra gives.

2 Sole among chiefs, companionless, impetuous, and peerless,
he

Hath waxen great o'er many folk, yea., over all things born, in
might.

3 Lord of swift bounty, he will win e'en with a steed of
worthless sort.

This, Indra, must be told of thee who wilt perform heroic
deeds.

4 Come to us, hither: let us pay devotions that enhance thy
might,

For which, Most Potent! thou wouldst fain bless the man here
who strives for fame.

5 For thou, O Indra, makest yet more bold the spirit of the bold
Who with strong Soma serveth thee, still ready with his
reverent prayers.

6 Worthy of song, he looketh down as a man looketh into
wells.

Pleased with the Soma-bringer's skill he maketh him his mate
and friend.

7 In strength and wisdom all the Gods, Indra, have yielded
unto thee.

Be thou the Guard of all, O thou whom many praise.

8 Praised, Indra, is this might of thine, best for the service of
the Gods,

That thou with power dost slay Vrtra, O Lord of Strength.

9 He makes the races of mankind like synods of the Beauteous
One.

Indra knows this his manifest deed, and is renowned.

10 Thy might, O Indra, at its birth, thee also, and thy mental
power,

In thy care, Maghavan rich in kine! they have increased
exceedingly.

11 O Vrtra-slayer, thou and I will both combine for winning
spoil.

Even malignity will consent, O Bolt-armed Hero, unto us.

12 Let us extol this Indra as truthful and never as untrue.

Dire is his death who pours no gifts great light hath he who
offers them. Good are the gifts that Indra gives.

HYMN LI. Indra.

1. WITH powers of Mighty Ones hath he, Ancient, Beloved,
been equipped,

Through whom the Father Manu made prayers efficacious with
the Gods.

2 Him, Maker of the sky, let stones wet with the Soma ne'er
forsake,

Nor hymns and prayer that must be said.

3 Indra who knew full well disclosed the kine to the Angirases.

This his great deed must be extolled.

4 Indra, promoter of the song, the sage's Strengthener as of old,
Shall come to bless and succour us at presentation of this laud.

5 Now after their desire's intent the pious singers with the cry
Of Hail! have sung loud hymns to thee, Indra, to gain a stall of
kine.

6 With Indra rest all deeds of might, deeds done and yet to be
performed,

Whom singers know devoid of guile.

7 When the Five Tribes with all their men to Indra have sent
out their voice,

And when the priest hath strewn much grass, this is the
Friend's own dwellingplace.

8 This praise is verily thine own: thou hast performed these
manly deeds,

And sped the wheel upon its way.

9 At the o'erflowing of this Steer, boldly he strode for life, and
took
Soma as cattle take their corn.

10 Receiving this and craving help, we, who with you are
Daksa's sons,

Would fain exalt the Maruts' Lord.

11 Yea, Hero, with the singers we sing to the duly-coming
Band.

Allied with thee may we prevail.

12 With us are raining Rudras, clouds accordant in call to
battle, at the death of Vrtra,

The strong assigned to him who sings and praises. May Gods
with Indra at their head protect us.

HYMN LIII. Andra.

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1. MAY our hymns give thee great delight. Display thy bounty, Thunderer. Drive off the enemies of prayer. 2 Crush with thy foot the niggard churls who bring no gifts. Mighty art thou There is not one to equal thee. 3 Thou art the Lord of Soma pressed, Soma impressed is also thine. Thou art the Sovran of the folk. 4 Come, go thou forth, dwelling in heaven and listening to the prayers of men: Thou fillest both the heavens and earth. 5 Even that hill with rocky heights, with hundreds, thousands, held within. Thou for thy worshippers brakest through. 6 We call on thee both night and day to taste the flowing Soma juice: Do thou fulfil our heart's desire. 7 Where is that ever-youthful Steer, strong. necked and never yet bent down? What Brahman ministers to him? 8 To whose libation doth the Steer, betake him with delight therein? Who takes delight in Indra now? 9 Whom, Vrtra-slayer, have thy gift and hero powers accompanied? Who is thy dearest in the laud? 10 For thee among mankind, among the Purus is this Soma shed. Hasten thou hither: drink thereof. 11 This, growing by Soma and by Saryanavan, dear to thee, In Arjikiya, cheers thee best. Hasten thou hitherward, and drink this for munificence to-day, Delightful for thine eager draught.

HYMN LIV. Indra.
1. THOUGH, Indra, thou art called by men from east and west, from north and south, Come hither quickly with fleet steeds 2 If in the effluence of heaven, rich in its light, thou takest joy, Or in the sea in Soma juice. 3 With songs I call thee, Great and Wide, even as a cow to profit us, Indra, to drink the Soma-draught. 4 Hither, O Indra, let thy Bays bear up and, bring upon thy car Thy glory, God! and majesty. 5 Thou, Indra, wouldst be sung and praised as great, strong, lordly in thy deeds Come hither, drink our Soma juice. 6 We who have shed the Soma and prepared the feast are calling thee. To sit on this our sacred grass. 7 As, Indra, thou art evermore the common Lord of all alike, As such we invoke thee now. 8 The men with stones have milked for thee this nectar of the Soma juice: Indra, be pleased with it, and drink. 9 Neglect all pious men with skill in sacred song: come hitherward, With speed, and give us high renown. 10 Gods, may the mighty rest unharmed, the King who gives me spotted kine, Kine decked with golden ornaments. 11 Beside a thousand spotted kine I have received a gift of gold, Pure, brilliant, and exceeding great. 12 Durgaha's grandsons, giving me a thousand kine, munificent, Have won renown among the Gods.
RIG VEDA – BOOK EIGHT

12 O thou of mighty acts, the aids that are in thee call forward many an eager hope.
Past the drink-offerings, Vasu, even of the good, hear my call, Strongest God, and come.
13 Verily, Indra, we are thine, we worshippers depend on thee. For there is none but only thou to show us race, O Maghavan, thou much invoked.
14 From this our misery and famine set us free, from this dire curse deliver us. Succour us with thine help and with thy wondrous thought. Most Mighty, finder of the way.
15 Now let your Soma juice be poured; be not afraid, O Kali's sons. This darkening sorrow goes away; yea, of itself it vanishes.

HYMN LVI. Adityas.
1. Now pray we to these Ksatriyas, to the Adityas for their aid, These who are gracious to assist.
2 May Mitra bear us o'er distress, and Varuna and Aryaman, Yea, the Adityas, as they know.
3 For wonderful and meet for praise is these Adityas' saving help To him who offers and prepares.
4 The mighty aid of you, the Great, Varuna, Mitra, Aryarnan, We claim to be our sure defence.
5 Guard us, Adityas, still alive, before the deadly weapon strike: Are ye not they who hear our call?
6 What sheltering defence ye have for him who toils in pouring gifts, Graciously bless ye us therewith.
7 Adityas, Gods, from sorrow there is freedom; for the sinless, wealth, O ye in whom no fault is seen.
8 Let not this fetter bind us fast: may he release us for success; For strong is Indra and renowned.
9 O Gods who fain would lend your aid, destroy not us as ye destroy Your enemies who go astray.
10 And thee too, O Great Aditi, thee also, Goddess, I address, Thee very gracious to assist.
11 Save us in depth and shallow from the foe, thbu Mother of Strong Sons Let no one of our seed be harmed.
12 Far-spread! wide-ruling! grant that we, unharmed by envy, may expand Grant that our progeny may live.
13 Those who, the Princes of the folk, in native glory, neer deceived, Maintain their statutes, void of guilt-
14 As such, from mouth of ravening wolves, O ye Adityas, rescue us, Like a bound thief, O Aditi.
15 Adityas, let this arrow, yea, let this mali, gnity depart From us or eer it strike us dead.
16 Fori Bountiful Adityas, we have evermore enjoyed your help, Both now and in die days of old.
17 To every one, O ye Most Wise, who turneth even from sin to you, Ye Gods vouchsafe that he may live.
18 May this new mercy profit us, which, ye Adityas, frees like one, Bound from his bonds, O Aditi.
19 O ye Adityas, this your might is not to be despised by us: So be ye graciously inclined.
20 Let not Vivasvan's weapon nor the shaft, Adityas, wrought with skill, Destroy us ere old age be nigh.
21 On every side dispel all sin, Adityas, all hostility, Indigence, and combined attack.

HYMN LVII. Indra.
1. EVEN as a car to give us aid, we draw thee hither for our bliss, Strong in thy deeds, checking assault, Lord, Mightiest Indra, of the brave!
2 Great in thy power and wisdom, Strong, with thought that comprehendeth all Thou hast filled full with majesty.
3 Thou very Mighty One, whose hands by virtue of thy greatness grasp, The golden bolt that breaks its way.
4 Your Lord of might that ne'er hath bent, that ruleth over all mankind, I call, that he, as he is wont, may aid the chariots and the men.
5 Whom, ever furthering, in frays that win the light, in both the hosts Men call to succour and to help.
6 Indra, the Strong, the measureless, worthy of praise, Most Bountiful, Sole Ruler even over wealth.
7 Him, for his ample bounty, him, this Indra do I urge to drink, Who, as his praise was sung of old, the Dancer, is the Lord of men.
8 Thou Mighty One, whose friendship none of mortals ever hath obtained None will attain unto thy might.
9 Aided by thee, with thee allied, in frays for water and for sun, Bolt-armed! may we win ample spoil.
10 So seek we thee with sacrifice and songs, chief Lover of the Song, As, in our battles Indra, thou to Purumayya gavest help.
11 O Thunderer, thou whose friendship and whose onward guidance both are sweet, Thy sacrifice must be prepared.
12 To us, ourselves, give ample room, give for our dwelling ample room Give ample room to us to live.
13 We count the banquet of the Gods a spacious pathway for the men, And for the cattle, and the car.
14 Six men, yea, two and two, made glad with Soma juice,
come near to me
With offerings pleasant to the taste.
15 Two brown-hued steeds, Indrota's gift, two bays from
Rksa's son were mine,
From Asvamedha's son two red.
16 From Atithigva good car-steeds; from Arksa rein-obeying
steeds,
From Asvamedha beauteous ones.
17 Indrota, Atithigva's son, gave me six horses matched with
mares
And Patakru gave besides.
18 Marked above all, amid the brown, is the red mare
Vrsanvati,
Obedient to the rein and whip.
19 O bound to me by deeds of might, not even the man who
loves to blame.
Hath found a single fault in you.

HYMN LVIII. Indra.
1. I SEND you forth the song of praise for Indu, hero-
gladener.
With hymn and plenty he invites you to complete the sacrifice.
2 Thou wishest for thy kine a bull, for those who long for his
approach,
For those who turn away from him, lord of thy cows whom
none may kill.
3 The dappled kine who stream with milk prepare his draught
of Soma juice:
Clans in the birth-place of the Gods, in the three luminous
realms of heaven.
4 Praise, even as he is known, with song Indra the guardian of
the kine,
The Son of Truth, Lord of the brave.
5 Hither his Bay Steeds have been sent, red Steeds are on the
sacred grass,,
Where we in concert sing our songs.
6 For Indra Thunder-armed the kine have yielded mingled milk
and meath,
What time he found them in the vault.
7 When I and Indra mount on high up to the Bright One's place
and home,
We, having drunk of meath, will reach his seat whose Friends
are three times seven.
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.

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 aftar, 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,
The liberal princely patron, never to be harmed?
14 By many a sage whose grass is trimmed thou art continually praised, That thou, O Sara, hast bestowed here one and here another calf.
15 The noble, Suradeva's son, hath brought a calf, led by the car to three of us. As a chief brings a goat to milk.

HYMN LX. Agni.
1. O AGNI, with thy mighty wealth guard us from all malignity,
Yea, from all hate of mortal man.
2 For over thee, O Friend from birih, the wrath of man hath no control:
Nay, Guardian of the earth art thou.
3 As such, with all the Gods, O Son of Strength, auspicious in thy flame.
Give us wealth bringing all things good.
4 Malignities stay not from wealth the mortal man whom, Agni, thou Protectest while he offers gifts.
5 Sage Agni, be whom thou dost urge, in worship of the Gods, to wealth,
With thine assistance winneth kine.
6 Riches with many heroes thou hast for the man who offers gifts: Lead thou us on to higher bliss.
7 Save us, O Jatavedas, nor abandon us to him who sins, Unto the evil-hearted man.
8 O Agni, let no godless man avert thy bounty as a God: Over all treasures thou art Lord.
9 So, Son of Strength, thou aidest us to what is great and excellent.
Those, Vasu! Friend! who sing thy praise.
10 Let our songs come anear to him beauteous and bright with piercing flame
Our offerings, with our homage, to the Lord of wealth, to him whom many praise, for help:
11 To Agni Jatavedas, to the Son of Strength, that he may give us precious gifts, Immortal, from of old Priest among mortal men, the most delightful in the house.
12 Agni, made yours by sacrifice, Agni, while holy rites advance;
Agni, the first in songs, first with the warrior steed; Agri to win the land for us.
13 May Agni who is Lord of wealth vouchsafe us food for friendship sake.
Agni we ever seek for seed and progeny, the Vasu who protects our lives.
14 Solicit with your chants, for help, Agni the God with piercing flame, For riches famous Agni, Purumilha and ye men! Agni to light our dwelling well.
15 Agni we laud that he may keep our foes afar, Agni to give us health and strength.
Let him as Guardian be invoked in all the tribes, the lighter-up of glowing brands.

HYMN LXI. Agni.
1. PREPARE oblation: let him come; and let the minister serve again
Who knows the ordering thereof,
2 Rejoicing in his friendship, let the priest be seated over man, Beside the shoot of active power.
3 Him, glowing bright beyond all thought, they seek among the race of man; With him for tongue they seize the food.
4 He hath inflamed the twofold plain: lifegiving, he hath climbed the wood, And with his tongue hath struck the rock.
5 Wandering here the radiant Calf finds none to fetter him, and seeks The Mother to declare his praise.
6 And now that great and mighty team, the team of horses that are his, And traces of his car, are seen.
7 The seven milk a single cow; the two set other five to work, On the stream's loud-resounding bank.
8 Entreated by Vivasvan's ten, Indra cast down the water-jar With threefold hammer from the sky.
9 Three times the newly-kindled flame proceeds around the sacrifice:
The priests anoint it with the meath.
10 With reverence they drain the fount that circles with its wheel above, Exhaustless, with the mouth below.
11 The pressing-stones are set at work: the meath is poured into the tank, At the out-shedding of the fount.
12 Ye cows, protect the fount: the two Mighty Ones bless the sacrifice.
The handles twain are wrought of gold.
13 Pour on the juice the ornament which reaches both the heaven and earth
Supply the liquid to the Bull.
14 These know their own abiding-place: like calves beside the mother cows
They meet together with their kin.
15 Devouring in their greedy jaws, they make sustaining food in heaven,
To Indra, Agni light and prayer.
16 The Pious One milked out rich food, sustenance dealt in portions seven,
Together with the Sun's seven rays.
17 I took some Soma when the Sun rose up, O Mitra, Varuna.
That is the sick man's medicine.
18 From where oblations must be laid, which is the Well-beloved's home,
He with his tongue hath compassed heaven.

HYMN LXII. Asvins.
1. ROUSE ye for him who keeps the Law, yoke your steeds, Aiyins, to your car
Let your protecting help be near.
2. Come, Asvins, with your car more swift than is the twinkling of an eye
Let your protecting help be near.
3. Asvins, ye overlaid with cold the fiery pit for Atri's sake:
Let your protecting help be near.
4. Where are ye? whither are ye gone? whither, like falcons, have ye flown?
Let your protecting help be near.
5. If ye at any time this day are listening to this my call,
Let your protecting help be near.
6. The Asvins, fast to hear our prayer, for closest kinship I approach:
Let your protecting help be near.
7. For Atri ye, O Asvins, made a dwellingplace to shield him well,
Let your protecting help be near.
8. Ye warded off the fervent heat for Atri when he sweetly spake:
Let your protecting help be near.
9. Erst Saptavadbri by his prayer obtained the trenchant edge of fire:
Let your protecting help be near.
10. Come hither, O ye Lords of wealth, bright like Indra, who shall fill the car.
Whose high renown ye celebrate, and people praise each glorious deed.

HYMN LXIII. Agni.
1. EXERTING all our strength with thoughts of power we glorify in speech
Agni your dear familiar Friend, the darling Guest in every home.
2. Whom, served with sacrificial oil like Mitra, men presenting gifts
Eulogize with their songs of praise.
3. Much-lauded Jatavedas, him who bears oblations up to heaven
Prepared in service of the Gods.
4. To noblest Agni, Friend of man, best Vrtra-slayer, are we come,
Him in whose presence Rksa's son, mighty Srutarvan, waxes great.
5. To deathless Jatavedas, meet for praise, adored, with sacred oil,
Visible through the gloom of night.
6. Even Agni whom these priestly men worship with sacrificial gifts,
With lifted ladles offering them.
7. O Agni, this our newest hymn hath been addressed from us to thee,
O cheerful Guest, well-born, most wise, worker of wonders, ne'er deceived.
8. Agni, may it be dear to thee, most grateful, and exceeding sweet:
Grow mightier, eulogized therewith.
9. Splendid with splendours may it be, and in the battle with the foe
Add loftier glory to thy fame.
10. Steed, cow, a lord of heroes, bright like Indra, who shall fill the car.
Whose high renown ye celebrate, and people praise each glorious deed.
11. Thou whom Gopavana made glad with song, O Agni Angiras,
Hear this my call, thou Holy One.
12. Thou whom the priestly folk implore to aid the gathering of the spoil,
Such be thou in the fight with foes.
13. I, called to him who reels with joy, Srutarvan, Rksa's son,
shall stroke
The heads of four presented steeds, like the long wool of
fleecy rams.
14 Four coursers with a splendid car, Savistha's horses, fleet of
foot,
Shall bring me to the sacred feast, as flying steeds brought
Tugra's son.
15 The very truth do I declare to thee, Parusni, mighty flood.
Waters! no man is there who gives more horses than Savistha
gives.

HYMN LXIV. Agni.
1. YOKE, Agni, as a charioteer, thy steeds who best invite the
Gods: As ancient Herald seat thyself.
2 And, God, as skilfullest of all, call for us bitherward the
Gods:
Give all our wishes sure effect.
3 For thou, Most Youthful, Son of Strength, thou to whom
sacrifice is paid,
Art holy, faithful to the Law.
4 This Agni, Lord of wealth and spoil hundredfold,
thousandfold, is head
And chief of riches and a Sage.
5 As craftsmen bend the felly, so bend at our general call: come nigh,
Angiras, to the sacrifice.
6 Now, O Virupa, rouse for him, Strong God who shines at
early morn,
Fair praise with voice that ceases not.
7 With missile of this Agni, his who looks afar, will we lay
low
The thief in combat for the kine.
8 Let not the Companies of Gods fail us, like Dawns that float
away,
Like cows who leave the niggardly.
9 Let not the sinful tyranny of any fiercely hating foe
Smite us, as billows smite a ship.
10 O Agni, God, the people sing reverent praise to thee for
strength:
With terrors trouble thou the foe.
11 Wilt thou not, Agni, lend us aid in winning cattle, winning
wealth?
Maker of room, make room for us.
12 In this great battle cast us not aside as one who bears a load:
Snatch up the wealth and win it all.
13 O Agni, let this plague pursue and fright another and not us:
Make our impetuous strength more strong.
14 The reverent or unwearied man whose holy labour he
accepts,
Him Agni favours with success.
15 Abandoning the foeman's host pass hither to this company:
Assist the men with whom I stand.
16 As we have known thy gracious help, as of a Father, long
ago,
So now we pray to thee for bliss.

HYMN LXV. Indra.
1. SCARCELY was Satakratu, born when of his Mother he
inquired,
Who are the mighty? Who are famed?
2. Then Savassi declared to him Aurnavabha, Ahisuva:
Son, these be they thou must o'erthrow
3 The Vrtra-slayer smote them all as spokes are hammered into
naves:
The Dasyu-killer waxed in might.
4 Then Indra at a single draught drank the contents of thirty
pails,
Pails that were filled with Soma juice.
5 Indra in groundless realms of space pierced the Gandharva
through, that he
Might make Brahmans' strength increase.
6 Down from the mountains Indra shot hither his well-directed
shaft:
He gained the ready brew of rice.
7 One only is that shaft of thine, with thousand feathers,
hundred barbs,
Which, Indra, thou hast made thy friend.
8 Strong as the gbhush at thy birth, therewith to those who
praise thee, men,
And women, bring thou food to eat.
9 By thee these exploits were achieved, the mightiest deeds,
abundantly:
Firm in thy heart thou settest them.
10 All these things Visnu brought, the Lord of ample stride
whom thou hadst sent-
A hundred buffaloes, a brew of rice and milk: and Indra, slew
the ravening boar
11 Most deadly is thy bow, successful, fashioned well: good is
thine arrow, decked with gold.
Warlike and well equipped thine arms are, which increase
sweetness for him who drinks the sweet.

HYMN LXVII. Indra.
1. BRING us a thousand, Indra, as our guerdon for the Soma
juice:
Hundreds of kine, O Hero, bring.
2 Bring cattle, bring us ornament, bring us embellishment and
steeds,
Give us, besides, two rings of gold.
3 And, Bold One, bring in ample store rich jewels to adorn thi;
ear,
For thou, Good Lord, art far renowned.
4 None other is there for the priest, Hero! but thou, to give him
gifts,
To win much spoil and prosper him.
5 Indra can never be brought low, Sakra can never be subdued:
He heareth and beholdeth all.
6 He spieth out the wrath of man, he who can never be
deceived:
Ere blame can come he marketh it.
7 He hath his stomach full of might, the Vrtra-slayer,
Conqueror,
The Soma-drinker, ordering all.
8 In thee all treasures are combined, Soma all blessed things in
thee,
Uninjured, easy to bestowed.
9 To thee speeds forth my hope that craves the gift of corn, and
kine and gold,
Yea, craving horses, speeds to thee.
10 Indra, through hope in thee alone even this sickle do I
grasp.
Fill my hand, Maghavan, with all that it can hold of barley cut
or gathered up.

HYMN LXVIII. Soma.
1. THIS here is Soma, ne'er restrained, active, all-conquering
bursting forth,
Rsi and Sage by sapience,
2 All that is bare he covers o'er, all that is sick he medicines;
The blind man sees, the cripple walks.
3 Thou, Soma, givest wide defence against the hate of alien
men,
Hatreds that waste and weaken us.
4 Thou by thine insight and thy skill, Impetuous One, from
heaven and earth
Drivest the sinner's enmity.
5 When to their task they come with zeal, may they obtain the
Giver's grace,
And satisfy his wish who thirsts.
6 So may he find what erst was lost, so may be speed the pious
man,
And lengthen his remaining life.
7 Gracious, displaying tender love, unconquered, gentle in thy
thoughts,
Be sweet, O Soma, to our heart.
8 O Soma, terrify us not; strike us not with alarm, O King:
Wound not our heart with dazzling flame.
9 When in my dwelling-place I see the wicked enemies of
Gods,
King, chase their hatred far away, thou Bounteous One, dispel
our foes.

HYMN LXIX. Indra
1. O Sarakratu! truly I have made none else my Comforter.
Indra; be gracious unto us.
2 Thou who hast ever aided us kindly of old to win the spoil,
As such, O Indra, favour us.
3 What now? As prompter of the poor thou helpest him who
sheds the juice.
Wilt thou not, Indra, strengthen us?
4 O Indra, help our chariot on, yea, Thunderer, though it lag
behind:
Give this my car the foremost place.
5 Ho there! why sittest thou at ease? Make thou my chariot to
be first
And bring the fame of victory near.
6 Assist our car that seeks the prize. What can be easier for
thee?
So make thou us victorious.
7 Indra, be firm: a fort art thou. To thine appointed place
proceeds
The auspicious hymn in season due.
8 Let not our portion be disgrace. Broad is the course, the prize
is set,
The barriers are opened wide.
9 This thing we wish. that thou mayst take thy fourth, thy
sacrificial name.
So art thou held to be our Lord.
10 Ekadyu hath exalted you, Immortals: both Goddesses and
Gods hath he delighted.
Bestow upon him bounty meet for praises. May he, enriched
with prayer, come soon and early.

HYMN LXX. Indra.
1. INDRA, God of the mighty arm, gather for us with thy right
hand
Manifold and nutritious spoil.
2 We know thee mighty in thy deeds, of mighty bounty,
mighty wealth,
Mighty in measure, prompt to aid.
3 Hero, when thou art fain to give, neither may Gods nor
mortal men
Restrain thee like a fearful Bull.
4 Come, let us glorify Indra, Lord supreme of wealth, Self-
ruling King:
In bounty may he harm us not.
5 Let prelude sound and following chant so let him hear the Saman sung,
And with his bounty answer us.
6 O Indra, with thy right hand bring, and with thy left remember us.
Let us not lose our share of wealth.
7 Come nigh, O Bold One, boldly bring hither the riches of the churl
Who giveth least of all the folk.
8 Indra, the booty which thou hast with holy singers to receive,
Even that booty win with us.
9 Indra, thy swiftly-coming spoil, the booty which rejoiceth all,
Sounds quick in concert with our hopes.

HYMN LXXI. Indra.
1. HASTE forward to us from afar, or, Vrtra-slayer, from anear,
To meet the offering to the meath.
2 Strong are the Soma-draughts; come nigh: the juices fill thee with delight:
Drink boldly even as thou art wont'.
3 Joy, Indra, in the strengthening food et it content thy wish and thought,
And be delightful to thine heart.
4 Come to us thou who hast no foe: we call thee down to hymns of praise,
In heaven's sublimest realm of light.
5 This Soma here expressed with stones and dressed with milk for thy carouse,
Indra, is offered up to thee.
6 Graciously, Indra, hear my call. Come and obtain the draught, and sate
Thyself with juices blent with milk.
7 The Soma, Indra, which is shed in chalices and vats for thee,
Drink thou, for thou art Lord thereof.
8 The Soma seen within themats, as in the flood the Moon is seen,
Drink thou, for thou art Lord thereof.
9 That which the Hawk brought in his claw, inviolate, through the air to thee,
Drink thou, for thou art Lord thereof.

HYMN LXXII. Visvedevas.
1. WE choose unto ourselves that high protection of the Mighty Gods
That it may help and succour us.
2 May they be ever our allies, Varuna, Mitra, Aryaman,
Far-seeing Gods who prosper us.
3 Ye furtherers of holy Law, transport us safe o'er many woes,
As over water-floods in ships.
4 Dear wealth be Aryaman to us, Varuna dear wealth meet for praise:
Dear wealth we choose unto ourselves.
5 For Sovrans of dear wealth are ye, Adityas, not of sinner's wealth,
Ye sapient Gods who slay the foe.

HYMN LXXIII. Agni.
1. AGNI, your dearest Guest, I laud, him who is loving as a friend,
Who brings us riches like a car.
2 Whom as a far-foreseeing Sage the Gods have, from the olden time,
Established among mortal men.
3 Do thou, Most Youthful God, protect the men who offer, hear their songs,
And of thyself preserve their seed.
4 What is the praise wherewith, O God, Afigiras, Agni, Son of Strength,
We, after thine own wish and thought, may serve thee, O thou Child of Power, and with what sacrifice's plan?
What prayer shall I now speak to thee?
6 Our God, make all of us to dwell in happy habitations, and Reward our songs with spoil and wealth.
7 Lord of the house, what plenty fills the songs which thou inspirest now,
Thou whose hymn helps to win the kine?
8 Hirn Wise and Strong they glorify, the foremost Champion in the fray,
And mighty in his dwelling-place.
9 Agni, he dwells in rest and peace who smites and no one smites again:
With hero sons he prospers well

HYMN LXXIV. Asvins.
1. To this mine invocation, O ye Asvins, ye Nasatyas, come,
To drink the savoury Soma juice.
2 This laud of mine, ye Asvins Twain, and this mine invitation hear,
To drink the savoury Soma juice.
3 Here Krsna is invoking you, O Asvins, Lords of ample wealth.
To drink the savoury Soma juice.
4 List, Heroes, to the singer's call, the call of Krsna lauding you,
To drink the savoury Soma juice.
5 Chiefs, to the sage who sings your praise grant an inviolable home,
To drink the savoury Soma juice.
6 Come to the worshipper's abode, Asvins, who here is lauding you,
To drink the savoury Soma juice.
7 Yoke to the firmly jointed car the ass which draws you, Lords of wealth.
To drink the savoury Soma juice.
8 Come hither, Asvins, on your car of triple form with triple seat,
To drink the savoury Soma juice.
9 O Asvins, O Nasatyas, now accept with favouring grace my songs,
To drink the savoury Soma juice.

HYMN LXXV. Asvins.
1. YE Twain are wondrous strong, well-skilled in arts that heal, both bringers of delight, ye both won Daksa's praise. Visvaka calls on you as such to save his life. Break ye not off our friendship, come and set me free.
2 How shall he praise you now who is distraught in mind? Ye Twain give wisdom for the gain of what is good. Visvaka calls on you as such to save his life. Break ye not off our friendship, come and set me free.
3 Already have ye Twain, possessors of great wealth, prospered Visnapu thus for gain of what is good. Visvaka calls on you as such to save his life. Break ye not off our friendship, come and set me free.
4 And that Impetuous Hero, winner of the spoil, though he is far away, we call to succour us. Whose gracious favour, like a father's, is most sweet. Break ye not off our friendship, come and set me free.
5 About the holy Law toils Savitar the God the horn of holy Law hath he spread far and wide. The holy Law hath quelled even mighty men of war. Break ye not off our friendship, come and act me free.

HYMN LXXVI. Asvins.
1. SPLENDID, O Asvins, is your praise. Come fountain-like, to pour the stream.
Of the sweet juice effused-dear is it, Chiefs, in heaven-drink like two wild bulls at a pool.
2 Drink the libation rich in sweets, O Asvins Twain: sit. Heroes, on the sacred grass.
Do ye with joyful heart in the abode of man preserve his life by means of wealth.
3 The Priyamedhas bid you come with all the succours that are yours. Come to his house whose holy grass is trimmed, to dear sacrifice at the morning rites.
4 Drink ye the Soma rich in meath, ye Asvins Twain: sit gladly on the sacred grass.
So, waxen mighty, to our eulogy from heaven come ye as wild-bulls to the pool.
5 Come to us, O ye Asvins, now with steeds of many a varied hue,
Ye Lords of splendour, wondrous, borne on paths of gold, drink Soma, ye who strengthen Law.
6 For we the priestly singers, fain to hymn your praise, invoke you for the gain of strength.
So, wondrous, fair, and famed for great deeds come to us, through our hymn, Asvins, when ye hear.

HYMN LXXVII. Indra.
1. As cows low to their calves in stalls, so with our songs we glorify
This Indra, even your Wondrous God who checks attack, who joys in the delicious juice.
2 Celestial, bounteous Giver, girl about with might, rich, mountain-like, in precious things, Him swift we seek. for foodful booty rich in kine, brought hundredfold and thousandfold.
3 Indra, the strong and lofty hills are powerless to bar thy way. None stay that act of thine when thou wouldst fain give wealth to one like me who sings thy praise.
4 A Warrior thou by strength, wisdom, and wondrous deed, in might excellest all that is.
Hither may this our hymn attract thee to our help, the hymn which Gotamas have made.
5 For in thy might thou stretchest out beyond the boundaries of heaven.
The earthly region, Indra, comprehends thee not. After thy Godhead hast thou waxed.
6 When, Maghavan, thou honourest the worshipper, no one is there to stay thy wealth.
Most liberal Giver thou, do thou inspire our song of praise, that we may win the spoil.

HYMN LXXVIII. Indra.
1. To Indra sing the lofty hymn, Maruts that slays the Vrtras best.
Whereby the Holy Ones created for the God the light divine that ever wakes.
2 Indra who quells the curse blew curses far away, and then in splendour came to us. Indra, refulgent with thy Marut host! the Gods strove eagerly to win thy love.
3 Sing to your lofty Indra, sing, Maruts, a holy hymn of praise. Let Satakratu, Vrtra-slayer, kill the foe with hundred-knotted thunderbolt.
4 Aim and fetch boldly forth, O thou whose heart is bold: great glory will be thine thereby.
In rapid torrent let the mother waters spread. Slay Vrtra, win the light of heaven.
5 When thou, unequalled Maghavan, wast born to smite the Vrtras dead,
Thou spreadest out the spacious earth and didst support and prop the heavens.
6 Theri was the sacrifice produced for thee, the laud, and song of joy, Thou in thy might surpassest all, all that now is and yet shall be.
7 Raw kine thou fillest with ripe milk. Thou madest Surya rise to heaven...
Heat him as milk is heated with pure Sama hymns, great joy to him who loves the song.

HYMN LXXIX. Indra.

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1. MAY Indra, who in every fight must be invoked, be near to us.
   May the most mighty Vrtra-slayer, meet for praise, come to libations and to hymns.
2 Thou art the best of all in sending bounteous gifts, true art thou, lordly in thine act.
   We claim alliance with the very Glorious One, yea, with the Mighty Son of Strength.
3 Prayers unsurpassed are offered up to thee the Lover of the Song.
   Indra, Lord of Bay Steeds, accept these fitting hymns, hymns which we have thought out for thee.
4 For thou, O Maghavan, art truthful, ne'er subdued and bringest many a Vrtra low.
   As such, O Mightiest Lord, Wielder of Thunder, send wealth hither to the worshipper.
5 O Indra, thou art far-renowned, impetuous, O Lord of Strength.
   Alone thou slayest with the guardian of mankind resistless never-conquered foes.
6 As such we seek thee now, O Asura, thee most wise, craving thy bounty as our share.
   Thy sheltering defence is like a mighty cloak. So may thy glories reach to us.

HYMN LXX. Indra.

1. DOWN to the stream a maiden came, and found the Soma by the way.
   Bearing it to her home she said, For Indra will I press thee out, for Sakra will I press thee out.
2 Thou roaming yonder, little man, beholding every house in turn,
   Drink thou this Soma pressed with teeth, accompanied with grain and curds, with cake of meal and song of praise.
3 Fain would we learn to know thee well, nor yet can we attain to thee.
   Still slowly and in gradual drops, O Indu, unto Indra flow.
4 Will he not help and work for us? Will he not make us wealthier?
   Shall we not, hostile to our lord, unite ourselves to Indra now?
5 O Indra, cause to sprout again three places, these which I declare,-
   My father's head, his cultured field, and this the part below my waist.
6 Make all of these grow crops of hair, you cultivated field of ours,
   My body, and my father's head.
7 Cleansing Apala, Indra! thrice, thou gavest sunlike skin to her,
   Drawn, Satakruatu! through the hole of car, of wagon, and of yoke.

HYMN LXXXI. Indra.

1. INVITE ye Indra with a song to drink your draught of Soma juice,
   All-conquering Satakruatu, most munificent of all who live.
2 Lauded by many, much-invoked, leader of song, renowned of old:
   His name is Indra, tell it forth.
3 Indra the Dancer be to us the giver of abundant strength:
   May he, the mighty, bring it near.
4 Indra whose jaws are strong hath drunk of worshipping Sudaksa's draught,
   The Soma juice with barley mixt.
5 Call Indra loudly with your songs of praise to drink the Soma juice.
   For this is what augments his strength.
6 When he hath drunk its gladdening drops, the God with vigour of a God
   Hath far surpassed all things that are.
7 Thou speedest down to succour us this ever-conquering God of yours,
   Him who is drawn to all our songs
8 The Warrior not to he restrained, the Soma-drinker ne'er o'erthrown,
   The Chieftain of resistless might.
9 O Indra, send us riches, thou Omniscient, worthy of our praise:
   Help us in the decisive fray.
10 Even thence, O Indra, come to us with food that gives a hundred powers,
   With food that gives a thousand powers.
11 We sought the wisdom of the wise. Sakra, Kine-giver, Thunder-armed!
   May we with steeds o'ercome in fight.
12 We make thee, Satakruatu, find enjoyment in the songs we sing.
   Like cattle in the pasture lands.
13 For, Satakruatu, Thunder-armed, all that we craved, as men are wont,
   All that we hoped, have we attained.
14 Those, Son of Strength, are come to thee who cherish wishes in their hearts
   O Indra, none excelleth thee.
15 So, Hero, guard us with thy care, with thy most liberal providence,
   Speedy, and terrible to foes.
16 O Satakruatu Indra, now rejoice with that carouse of thine
   Which is most splendid of them all
17 Even, Indra, that carouse which slays the Vrtras best, most widely famed,
   Best giver of thy power and might.
18 For that which is thy gift we know, true Soma-drinker, Thunder-armed,
   Mighty One, amid all the folk.
19 For Indra, Lover of Carouse, loud be our songs about the juice:
   Let poets sing the song of praise.
20 We summon Indra to the draught, irl whom all glories rest, in whom
   The seven communities rejoice.
21 At the Trikadrukas the Gods span sacrifice that stirs the mind:
   Let our songs aid and prosper it.
22 Let the drops pass within thee as the rivers flow into the sea:
O Indra, naught excelleth thee.
23 Thou, wakeful Hero, by thy might hast taken food of Soma juice,
Which, Indra, is within thee now.
24 O Indra, Vṛtra-slayer, let Soma be ready for thy maw,
The drops be ready for thy forms.
25 Now Śrutakākṣa sings his song that cattle and the steed may come,
That Indra's very self may come.
26 Here, Indra, thou art ready by our Soma juices shed for thee,
Sakra, at hand that thou mayst give.
27 Even from far away our songs reach thee, O Caster of the Stone:
May we come very close to thee.
28 For so thou art the hero's Friend, a Hero, too, art thou, and strong:
So may thine heart be won to us.
29 So hath the offering, wealthiest Lord, been paid by all the worshippers:
So dwell thou, Indra, even with me.
30 Be not thou like a slothful priest, O Lord of spoil and wealth: rejoice
In the pressed Soma blent with milk.
31 O Indra, let not ill designs surround us in the sunbeams' light:
This may we gain with thee for Friend.
32 With thee to help us, Indra, let us answer all our enemies:
For thou art ours and we are thine.
33 Indra, the poets and thy friends, faithful to thee, shall loudly sing
Thy praises as they follow thee.

HYMN LXXXII. Indra.
1. SURYA, thou mountest up to meet the Hero famous for his wealth,
Who hurls the bolt and works for man
2 Him who with might of both his arms brake nine-and-ninety castles down,
Slew Vṛtra and smote Ahi dead.
3 This Indra is our gracious Friend. He sends us in a full broad stream
Riches in horses, kine, and corn.
4 Whatever, Vṛtra-slayer! thou, Surya, hast risen upon to-day,
Tbat, Indra, all is in thy power.
5 When, Mighty One, Lord of the brave, thou thinkest thus, I shall not die,
That thought of thine is true indeed.
6 Thou, Indra, goest unto all Soma libations shed for thee,
Both far away and near at hand.
7 We make this Indra very strong to strike the mighty Vṛtra dead:
A vigorous Hero shall he be.
8 Indra was made for giving, set, most mighty, o'er the joyous draught.

Bright, meet for Soma, famed in song.
9 By song as 'twere, the powerful bolt which none may parry was prepared
Lofty, invincible he grew.
10 Indra, Song-lover, lauded, make even in the wilds fair ways for us,
Whenever, Maghavan, thou wilt.
11 Thou whose commandment and behest of sovran sway none disregards,
Neither audacious man nor God.
12 And both these Goddesses, Earth, Heaven, Lord of the beauteous helm! revere
Thy might which no one may resist.
13 Thou in the black cows and the red and in the cows with spotted skin
This white milk hast deposited.
14 When in their terror all the Gods shrank from the Dragon's furious might,
Fear of the monster fell on them.
15 Then he was my Defender, then, Invincible, whose foe is not,
The Vṛtra-slayer showed his might.
16 Him your best Vṛtra-slayer, him the famous Champion of mankind
I urge to great munificence,
17 To come, Much-lauded! Many-named with this same thought that longs for milk,
Where'er the Soma juice is shed.
18 Much-honoured by libations, may the Vṛtra-slayer wake for us:
May Sakra listen to our prayers.
19 O Hero, with that aid dost thou delight us, with what succour bring
Riches to those who worship thee?
20 With whose libation joys the Strong, the Hero with his team who quells
The foe, to drink the Soma juice?
21 Rejoicing in thy spirit bring thousandfold opulence to us:
Enrich thy votary with gifts.
22 These juices with their wedded wives flow to enjoyment lovingly:
To waters speeds the restless one.
23 Presented strengthening gifts have sent Indra away at sacrifice,
To waters speeds the restless one.
24 These two who share his feast, Bay Steeds with golden manes, shall bring him to
The banquet that is laid for him.
25 For thee, O Lord of Light, are shed these Soma-drops, and grass is strewn
Bring Indra to his worshippers.
26 May Indra give thee skill, and lights of heaven, wealth to his votary
And priests who praise him: laud ye him.
27 O Satakratu, wondrous strength and all our lauds I bring to thee:
Be gracious to thy worshippers.
28 Bring to us all things excellent, O Satakratu, food and strength:
For, Indra, thou art kind to us.
29 O Satakratu, bring to us all blessings, all felicity:
For, Indra, thou art kind to us.
30 Bearing the Soma juice we call, best Vrtra-slayer, unto thee:
For, Indra, thou art kind to us.
31 Come, Lord of rapturous joys, to our libation with thy Bay Steeds, come
To our libation with thy Steeds.
32 Known as best Vrtra-slayer erst, as Indra Satakratu, come
With Bay Steeds to the juice we shed.
33 O Vrtra-slayer, thou art he who drinks these drops of Soma:
With Bay Steeds to the juice we shed.
34 May Indra give, to aid us, wealth handy that rules the Skilful Ones:
Yea, may the Strong give potent wealth.

HYMN LXXXIII. Maruts.
1. THE Cow, the famous Mother of the wealthy Maruts, pours her milk:
Both horses of the cars are yoked,-
2 She in whose bosom all the Gods, and Sun and Moon for men to see,
Maintain their everlasting Laws.
3 This all the pious sing to us, and sacred poets evermore:
The Maruts to the Soma-draught
4 Here is the Soma ready pressed of this the Maruts drink, of this
Self-luminous the Asvins drink.
5 Of this, moreover, purified, set in three places, procreant,
Drink Varuna, Mitra, Aryaman.
6 And Indra, like the Herald Priest, desirous of the milky juice,
At early morn will quaff thereof.
7 When have the Princes gleamed and shone through waters as through troops of foes?
When hasten they whose might ispure?
8 What favour do I claim this day of you great Deities, you who are
Wondrously splendid in yourselves?
9 I call, to drink the Soma, those Maruts who spread all realms of earth
And luminous regions of the sky.
10 You, even such, pure in your might, you, O ye Maruts, I invoke
From heaven to drink this Somajuice.
11 The Maruts, those who have sustained and propped the heavens and earth apart,
12 That vigorous band of Maruts that abidetb in the mountains,
I invoke to drink this Soma juice.

HYMN LXXXIV. Indra.
1. SONG-LOVER! like a charioteer come songs to thee when Soma flows.
O Indra, they have called to thee as mother-kine unto their calves.
2 Bright juices bitherward have sped thee, Indra, Lover of the Song.
Drink, Indra, of this flowing sap: in every house 'tis set for thee.
3 Drink Soma to inspirit thee, juice, Indra, which the Falcon brought:
For thou art King and Sovran Lord of all the families of men.
4 O Indra, hear Tirasci's call, the call of him who serveth thee.
Satisfy him with wealth of kine and valiant offspring: Great art thou.
5 For he, O Indra, hath produced for thee the newest gladdening song,
A hymn that springs from careful thought, ancient, and full of sacred truth.
6 That Indra will we laud whom songs and hymns of praise have magnified.
Striving to win, we celebrate his many deeds of hero might.
7 Come now and let us glorify pure Indra with pure Sama hymns.
Let the pure milky draught delight him strengthened by pure songs of praise.
8 O Indra, come thou pure to us, with pure assistance, pure thyself.
Pure, send thou riches down to us, and, meet for Soma, pure, be glad.
9 O Indra, pure, vouchsafe us wealth, and, pure, enrich the worshipper.
Pure, thou dost strike the Vrtras dead, and strivest, pure, to win the spoil.

HYMN LXXXV. Indra.
1. FOR him the Mornings made their courses longer, and Nights with pleasant voices spake to Indra.
For him the Floods stood still, the Seven Mothers, Streams easy for the heroes to pass over.
2 The Darter penetrated, though in trouble, thrice-seven close-pressed ridges of the mountains.
Neither might God nor mortal man accomplish what the Strong Hero wrought in full-grown vigour.
3 The mightiest force is Indra's bolt of iron when firmly grasped in both the arms of Indra.
His head and mouth have powers that pass all others, and all his people hasten near to listen.
4 I count thee as the Holiest of the Holy, the caster-down of what hath ne'er been shaken.
I count thee as the Banner of the heroes, I count thee as the Chief of all men living.
5 What time, O Indra, in thine arms thou tookest thy wildly rushing bolt to Slay the Dragon,
The mountains roared, the cattle loudly bellowed, the Brahmans with their hymns drew nigh to Indra.
6 Let us praise him who made these worlds and creatures, all things that after him sprang into being.
May we win Mitra with our songs, and Indra, and. wait upon
our Lord with adoration.
7 Flying in terror from the snort of Vrtra, all Deities who were thy friends forsook thee.
So, Indra, be thy friendship with the Maruts: in all these battles thou shalt be the victor.
8 Thrice-sixty Maruts, waxing strong, were with thee, like thou shalt be the victor.
So, Indra, be thy friendship with the Maruts: in all these battles thy friends forsook thee.
9 A sharpened weapon is the host of Maruts. Who, Indra, dares might with this oblation.
We come to thee: grant us a happy portion. Let us adore thy wheel, Impetuous Hero.
10 To him the Strong and Mighty, most auspicious, send up the beAuteous hymn for sake of cattle.
Lay oa his body many songs for Indra invoked with song, for will not he regard. them?
11 To him, the Mighty, who accepts laudation, send forth thy thought as by a boat o'er rivers,
Stir with thy hymn the body of the Famous and Dearest One, for will not he regard it?
12 Serve him with gifts of thine which Indra welcomes: praise with fair praise, invite him with thine homage.
Draw near, O singer, and refrain from outcry. Make thy voice heard, for will not he regard it?
13 The Black Drop sank in Amsumati's bosom, advancing with thousand round about it,
Indra with might longed for it as it panted: the hero-hearted laid aside his weapons.
14 1 saw the Drop in the far distance moving, on the slope bank of Amsumati's river,
Like a black cloud that sank into the water. Heroes, I send you forth. Go, fight in battle.
15 And then the Drop in Amsumati's bosom, splendid with light, assumed its proper body;
And Indra, with Brhaspati to aid him, conquered the godless tribes that came against him.
16 Then, at thy birth, thou wast the foe man, Indra, of those the seven who ne'er had met a rival.
The hidden Pair, the Heaven and Earth, thou foundest, and to the mighty worlds thou gavest pleasure.
17 So, Thunder-armed! thou with thy bolt of thunder didst boldly smite that power which none might equal;
With weapons broughtest low the might of Susna, and, Indra, foundest by thy strength the cattle.
18 Then wast thou, Chiefman of all living mortals, the very mighty slayer of the Vrtras.
Then didst thou set the obstructed rivers flowing, and win the floods that were enthralled by Dasas.
19 Most wise is he, rejoicing in libations, splendid as day, resistless in his anger.
He only doth great deeds, the only Hero, sole Vrtra-slayer he, with none beside him.
20 Indra is Vrtra's slayer, man's sustainer: he must be called; with fair praise let us call him.
Maghavan is our Helper, our Protector, giver of spoil and wealth to make us famous.

21 This Indra, Vrtra-slayer, this Rbhuksan, even at his birth, was meet for invocation.
Doer of many deeds for man's advantage, like Soma quaffed, for friends we must invoke him.

HYMN LXXXVI. Indra.
1. O INdra, Lord of Light, what joys thou broughtest from the Asuras,
Prosper therewith, O Maghavan, him who lauds that deed, and those whose grass is trimmed for thee.
2 The unwasting share of steeds and kine which, Indra, thou hast fast secured,
Grant to the worshipper who presses Soma and gives guerdon, not unto the churl.
3 The riteless, godless man who sleeps, O Indra, his unbroken steep,-
May he by following his own devices die. Hide from him wealth that nourishes.
4 Whether, O Sakra, thou be far, or, Vrtra-slayer, near at hand,
Thence by heaven-reaching songs he who hath pressed the juice invites thee with thy long-maned Steeds.
5 Whether thou art in heaven's bright sphere, or in the basin of the sea;
Whether, chief Vrtra-slayer, in some place on earth, or in the firmament, approach.
6 Thou Soma-drinker, Lord of Strength, beside our flowing Soma juice
Delight us with thy bounty rich in pleasantness, O Indra, with abundant wealth.
7 O Indra, turn us not away: be the companion of our feast.
For thou art our protection, yea, thou art our kin: O Indra, turn us not away.
8 Sit down with us, O Indra, sit beside the juice to drink the meath.
Show forth great favour to the Singer, Maghavan; Indra, with us, beside the juice.
9 O Caster of the Stone, nor Gods nor mortals have attained to thee.
Thou in thy might surpassest all that hath been made: the Gods have not attained to thee.
10 Of one accord they made and formed for kingship Indra, the Hero who in all encounters overcometh,
Most eminent for power, destroyer in the conflict, fierce and exceeding strong, stalwart and full of vigour.
11 Bards joined in song to Indra so that he might drink the Soma juice,
The Lord of Light, that he whose laws stand fast might aid with power and with the help he gives.
12 Tle holy sages form a ring, looking and singing to the Ram.
Inciters, full of vigour, not to he deceived, are with the chanters, nigh to bear.
13 Loudly I call that Indra, Maghavan the Mighty, who evermore possesses power, ever resistless.
Holy, most liberal, may he lead us on to riches, and, Thunder-armed, make all our pathways pleasant for us.
14 Thou knowest well, O Sakra, thou Most Potent, with thy strength, Indra, to destroy these castles.
Before thee, Thunder-armed! all beings tremble: the heavens and earth before thee shake with terror,
15 May thy truth, Indra, Wondrous Hero be my guard: bear me o'er much woe, Thunderer! as over floods.
When, Indra, wilt thou honour us with opulence, all-nourishing and much-to-be. desired, O King?

HYMN LXXXVII. Indra. 1. To Indra sing a Sama hymn, a lofty song to Lofty Sage,
To him who guards the Law, inspired, and fain for praise.
2 Thou, Indra, art the Conqueror: thou gavest splendour to the Sun.
Maker of all things, thou art Mighty and All-God.
3 Radiant with light thou wentest to the sky, the luminous realm of heaven.
ne Deities, Indra strove to win thee for their Friend.
4 Come unto us, O Indra, dear, still conquering, unconcealable,
Vast as a mountain spread on all sides, Lord of Heaven.
5 O truthful Soma-drinker, thou art mightier than both the worlds.
Thou strengthenest him who pours libation, Lord of Heaven.
6 For thou art he, O Indra, who stormeth all castles of the foe,
Slayer of Dasyus, man's Supporter, Lord of Heaven.
7 Now have we, Indra, Friend of Song, sent our great wishes forth to thee.
Coming like floods that follow floods.
8 As rivers swell the ocean, so, Hero, our prayers increase thy might,
Though of thyself, O Thunderer, waxing day by day.
9 With holy song mey bind to the broad wide-yoked car the Bay Steeds of the rapid God,
Bearers of Indra, yoked by word.
10 O Indra, bring great strength to us, bring valour, Satakratu,
thou most active, bring
A hero conquering in war.
11 For, gracious Satakratu, thou hast ever been a Mother and a Sire to us,
So now for bliss we pray to thee.
12 To thee, Strong, Much-invoked, who showest forth thy strength, O Satakratu, do I speak:
So grant thou us heroic strength.

HYMN LXXXVIII. Indra. 1. O THUNDERER, zealous worshippers gave thee drink this time yesterday.
So, Indra, listen here to those who bring the laud: come near unto our dwellingplace.
2 Lord of Bay Steeds, fair-helmed, rejoice thee: this we crave.
Here the disposers wait on thee.
Thy loftiest glories claim our lauds beside the juice, O Indra,
Lover of the Song.
3 Turning, as 'twere, to meet the Sun, enjoy from Indra all good things.
When he who will be born is born with power we look to treasures as our heritage.
4 Praise him who sends us wealth, whose bounties injure none: good are the gifts which Indra. grants.
He is not worth with one who satisfies his wish: he turns his mind to giving boons.
5 Thou in thy battles, Indra, art subduer of all hostile bands.
Father art thou, all-conquering, cancelling the curse, thou victor of the vanquisher.
6 The Earth and Heaven clung close to thy victorious might as to their calf two mother-cows.
When thou attackest Vrtra all the hostile bands shrink and faint, Indra, at thy wrath.
7 Bring to your aid the Eternal One, who shoots and none may shoot at him,
Inciter, swift, victorious, best of Charioteers. Tugrya's unvanquished Strengthener;
8 Arranger of things unarranged, e'en Satakratu, source of might,
Indra, the Friend of all, for succour we invoke, Guardian of treasure, sending wealth.

HYMN LXXXIX Indra. Vak. 1. I MOVE before thee here present in person, and all the Deities follow behind me.
When, Indra, thou securest me my portion, with me thou shalt perform heroic actions.
2 The food of meath in foremost place I give thee, thy Soma shall be pressed, thy share appointed.
Thou on my right shalt be my friend and comrade: then shall we two smite dead full many a foeman.
3 Striving for strength bring forth a laud to Indra, a truthful hymn if he in truth existeth.
One and another say, There is no Indra. Who hath beheld him? Whom then shall we honour?
4 Here am I, look upon me here, O singer. All that existeth I surpass in greatness.
The Holy Law's commandments make me mighty. Rending with strength I rend the worlds asunder.
5 When the Law's lovers mounted and approached me as I sate lone upon the dear sky's summit.
Then spake my spirit to the heart within me, My friends have cried unto me with their children.
6 All these thy deeds must be declared at Soma-feasts, wrought, Indra, Bounteous Lord, for him who sheds the juice,
When thou didst open wealth heaped up by many, brought from far away to Sarablia, the Rsi's kin.
7 Now run ye forth your several ways: he is not here who kept you back.
For hath not Indra sunk his bolt deep down in Vrtra's vital part?
8 On-rushing with the speed of thought within the iron fort he pressed:
The Falcon went to heaven and brought the Soma to the Thunderer.
9 Deep in the ocean lies the bolt with waters compassed round about,
And in continuous onward flow the floods their tribute bring to it.
10 When, uttering words which no one comprehended, Vak, Queen of Gods, the Gladdener, was seated,
The heaven's four regions drew forth drink and vigour: now whither hath her noblest portion vanished?
11 The Deities generated Vak the Goddess, and animals of every figure speak her.
May she, the Gladener, yielding food and vigour, the Milch-cow Vak, approach us meetly lauded.
12 Step forth with wider stride, my comrade Visnu; make room, Dyaus, for the leaping of the lightning.
Let us slay Vrtra, let us free the rivers let them flow loosed at the command of Indra.

HYMN XC. Various.
1. YEA, specially that mortal man hath toiled for service of the Gods,
Who quickly hath brought near Mitra and Varuna. to share his sacrificial gifts.
2 Supreme in sovran power, far-sighted, Chiefs and Kings, most swift to hear from far away,
Both, wondrously, set them in motion as with arms, in company with Surya's beams.
3 The rapid messenger who runs before you, Mitra-Varuna, with iron head, swift to the draught,
4 He whom no man may question, none may summon back, who stands not still for colloquy.-
From hostile clash with him keep ye us safe this day: keep us in safety with your arms.
5 To Aryaman and Mitra sing a reverent song, O pious one,
A pleasant hymn that shall protect to Varuna: sing forth a laud unto the Kings.
6 The true, Red Treasure they have sent, one only Son born of the Three.
They, the Immortal Ones, never deceived, survey the families of mortal men.
7 My songs are lifted up, and acts most splendid are to be performed.
Come hither, ye Nasatyas, with accordant mind, to meet and to enjoy my gifts.
8 Lords of great wealth, when we invoke your bounty which no demon checks,
Both of you, furthering our eastward-offered praise, come, Chiefs whom Jamadagni lauds!
9 Come, Vayu, drawn by fair hymns, to our sacrifice that reaches heaven.
Poured on the middle of the strainingcloth, and cooked, this bright drink hath been offered ılice.
10 He comes by straightest paths, as ministering Priest, to taste the sacrificial gifts.
Then, Lord of harnessed teams I drink of the twofold draught, bright Soma mingled with the milk.
11 Verily, Surya, thou art great; truly, Aditya, thou art great. As thou art great indeed, thy greatness is admired: yea, verily, thou, God, art great.
12 Yea, Surya, thou art great in fame thou evermore, O God, art great.
Thou by thy greatness art the Gods' High Priest, divine, far-spread unconquerable light.
13 She yonder, bending lowly down, clothed in red hues and rich in rays,
Is seen, advancing as it were with various tints, amid the ten surrounding arms.
14 Past and gone are three mortal generations: the fourth and last into the Sun hath entered.
He mid the worlds his lofty place hath taken. Into green plants is gone the Purifying.
15 The Rudras' Mother, Daughter of the Vasus, centre of nectar, the Adityas' Sister-
To folk who understand will I proclaim it-injure not Aditi, the Cow, the sinless.
16 Weak-minded men have as a cow adopted me who came hither from the Gods, a Goddess,
Who, skilled in eloquence, her voice uplifeth, who standeth near at hand with all devotions.

HYMN XCI. Agni.
1. LORD of the house, Sage, ever young, high power of life, O Agni, God,
Thou givest to thy worshipper.
2 So with our song that prays and serves, attentive, Lord of spreading light,
Agni, bring hitherward the Gods.
3 For, Ever-Youthful One, with thee, best Furtherer, as our ally,
We overcome, to win the spoil.
4 As Aurva Bhrgu used, as Apnavana used, I call the pure Agni who clothes him with the sea.
5 I call the Sage who sounds like wind, the Might that like Parjanya roars,
Agni who clothes him with the sea.
6 As Savitar's productive Power, as him who sends down bliss,
I call Agni who clothes him with the sea.
7 Hither, for powerful kirship, I call Agni, him Who prospers you,
Most frequent at our solemn rites
8 That through this famed One's power, he may stand by us even as Tvastar comes
Unto the forms that must he shaped.
9 This Agni is the Lord supreme above all glories mid the Gods:
May he come nigh to us with strength.
10 Here praise ye him the most renowned of all the ministering Priests,
Agni, the Chief at sacrifice;
11 Piercing, with purifying flame, enkindled in our homes, most high,
Swiftest to hear from far away.
12 Sage, laud the Mighty One who wins the spoil of victory like a steed,
And, Mitra like, unites the folk.
13 Still turning to their aim in thee, the oblation-bearer's sister hymns
Have come to thee before the wind.
14 The waters find their place in him, for whom the threefold sacred grass
Is spread unbound, unlimited.
15 The station of the Bounteous God hath, through his aid which none impair, A pleasant aspect like the Sun.
16 Blazing with splendour, Agni, God, through pious gifts of sacred oil, Bring thou the Gods and worship them.
17 The Gods as mothers brought thee forth, the Immortal Sage, O Afigiras, The bearer of our gifts to heaven.
18 Wise Agni, Gods established thee, the Seer, noblest messenger, As bearer of our sacred gifts.
19 No cow have I to call mine own, no axe at hand wherewith to work, Yet what is here I bring to thee.
20 O Agni, whatsoever be the fuel that we lay for thee, Be pleased therewith, Most Youthful God
21 That which the white-ant cats away, that over which the emmet crawls- May all of this be oil to thee.
22 When he enkindles Agni, man should with his heart attend the song: I with the priests have kindled him.

HYMN XCII. Agni
1. THAT noblest Furtherer hath appeared, to whom men bring their holy works. Our songs of praise have risen aloft to Agni who was born to give the Arya strength.
2 Agni of Divodasa turned, as 'twere in majesty, to the Gods. Onward he sped along the mother earth, and took his station in the height of heaven.
3 Him before whom the people shrink when he performs his glorious deeds, Him who wins thousands at the worship of the Gods, himself, that Agni, serve with son s.
4 The mortal man whom thou wouldst lead to opulence, O Vasu, he who brings thee gifts. He, Agni, wins himself a hero singing lauds, yea, one who feeds a thousand men.
5 He with the steed wins spoil even in the fenced fort, and gains imperishable fame. In thee, O Lord of wealth, continually we lay all precious offerings to the Gods.
6 To him who dealeth out all wealth, who is the cheerful Priest of men, To him, like the first vessels filled with savoury juice, to Agni go the songs of praise.
7 Votaries, richly-gifted, deck him with their songs, even as the steed who draws the car. On both, Strong Lord of men! on child and grandson pour the bounties which our nobles give.
8 Sing forth to him, the Holy, most munificent, sublime with his refulgent glow, To Agni, ye Upastutas.
9 Worshipped with gifts, enkindled, splendid, Maghavan shall win himself heroic fame. And will not his most newly shown benevolence come to us with abundant strength?
10 Priest, presser of the juice! praise now the dearest Guest of all our friends, Agni, the driver of the cars.
11 Who, finder-out of treasures open and concealed, bringeth them hither, Holy One; Whose waves, as in a cataract, are hard to pass, when he, through song, would win him strength.
12 Let not the noble Guest, Agni, be wroth with us: by many a man his praise is sung, Good Herald, skilled in sacrifice.
13 O Vasu, Agni, let not them be harmed who come in any way with lauds to thee. Even the lowly, skilled in rites, with offered gifts, seeketh thee for the envoy's task.
14 Friend of the Maruts, Agni, come with Rudras to the Soma-draught, To Sobhar's fair song of praise, and be thou joyful in the light.

VALAKHILYA
APPENDIX: (Book VIII. Hymns 49-59. M. Müller.)

HYMN I. Indra.
1. TO you will I sing Indra's praise who gives good gifts as well we know; The praise of Maghavan who, rich in treasure, aids his singers with wealth thousandfold.
2 As with a hundred hosts, he rushes boldly on, and for the offerer slays his foes. As from a mountain flow the water-brooks, thus flow his gifts who feedeth many a one.
3 The drops effused, the gladdening draughts, O Indra, Lover of the Son As waters seek the lake where they are wont to rest, fill thee, for bounty, Thunderer.
4 The matchless draught that strengthens and gives eloquence, the sweetest of the meath drink thou, the sweetest of the meath drink thou, That in thy joy thou may'st scatter thy gifts o'er us, plenteously, even as the dust.
5 Come quickly to our laud, urged on by Soma-pressers like a horse-Laud, Godlike Indra, which milch-kine make sweet for thee: with Kanva's sons are gifts for thee.
6 With homage have we sought thee as a Hero, strong, preeminent, with unfailing wealth. O Thunderer, as a plenteous spring pours forth its stream, so, Indra, flow our songs to thee.
7 If now thou art at sacrifice, or if thou art upon the earth, Come thence, high-thoughted! to our sacrifice with the Swift, come, Mighty with the Mighty Ones.
8 The active, fleet-foot, tawny Coursers that are thine are swift to victory, like the Wind, Wherewith thou goest round to visit Manus' seed, wherewith all heaven is visible.
9 Indra, from thee so great we crave prosperity in wealth of
kine,
As, Maghavan, thou favourdest Medhyatithi, and, in the fight, 
Nipatithi.
10 As, Maghavan, to Kanya, Trasadasyu, and to Paktha and 
Dasavrajra;
As, Indra, to Gosarya and Rjisvan, thou vouchsafedst wealth in 
kine and gold.

HYMN II. Indra.
1. SAKRA I praise, to win his aid, far-famed, exceeding 
bountiful,
Who gives, as 'twere in thousands, precious wealth to him who 
sheds the juice and worships him.
2 Arrows with hundred points, unconquerable, are this Indra's 
nighty arms in war.
He streams on liberal worshippers like a hill with springs, 
when juices poured have gladdened him.
3 What time the flowing Soma-drops have gladdened with 
their taste the Friend, 
Like water, gracious Lord! were my libations made, like 
milch-kine to the worshipper, 
4 To him the peerless, who is calling you to give you aid, forth 
flow the drops of pleasant meath.
The Soloa-drops which call on thee, O gracious Lord, have 
brought thee to our hymn of praise.
5 He rushes hurrying like a steed to Soma that adorns our rite, 
Which hymns make sweet to thee, lover of pleasant food. The 
call to Paura thou dost love.
6 Praise the strong, grasping Hero, winner of the spoil, ruling 
supreme o'er mighty wealth.
Like a full spring, O Thunderer, from thy store hast thou 
poured on the worshipper evermore.
7 Now whether thou be far away, or in the heavens, or on the 
earth, 
O Indra, mighty- thoughted, harnessing thy Bays, come Lofty 
with the Lofty Ones.
8 The Bays who draw thy chariot, Steeds who injure none, 
surpass the wind's impetuous strength-
With whom thou silencest the enemy of man, with whom; thou 
goest round the sky.
9 O gracious Hero, may we learn anew to know thee as thou 
art: 
As in decisive fight thou holpest Etasa, or Vasa 'gainst 
Dasavrajra,
10 As, Maghavan, to Kanya at the sacred feast, to Dirghanitha 
thy home-friend, 
As to Gosarya thou, Stone-darter, gavest wealth, give me a 
gold-bright stall of kine.

HYMN IV. Indra.
1. As, Sakra, thou with Manu called Vivasvan drankest Soma 
juice,
As, Indra, thou didst love the hymn by Trita's side, so dost thou 
joy with Ayu now.
2 As thou with Matarisvan, Medhya, Prsadhra, hast cheered 
thee Indra, with pressed juice, 
Drunk Soma with Rjunas, Syumarasmi, by Dasonya's 
Dasasipra's side.
3 'Tis he who made the lauds his own and boldly drank the 
Soma juice, 
He to whom Visnu came striding his three wide steps, as 
Mitra's statutes ordered it.
4 In whose laud thou didst joy, Indra, at the great deed, O 
Satakratu, Mighty One!
Seeking renown we call thee as the milkers call the cow who 
yields abundant milk.
5 He is our Sire who gives to us, Great, Mighty, ruling as he 
wills.
Unsought, may he the Strong, Rich, Lord of ample wealth, 
give us of horses and of kine.
6 He to whom thou, Good Lord, givest that he may give 
increases wealth that nourishes.
Eager for wealth we call on Indra, Lord of wealth, on Satakratu 
with our lauds.
7 Never art thou neglectful: thou guardest both races with thy care.
The call on Indra, fourth Aditya! is thine own. Amrta is established in the heavens.
8 The offerer whom thou, Indra, Lover of the Song, liberal Maghavan, favourest,-As at the call of Kanva so, O gracious Lord, hear, thou our songs and eulogy.
9 Sung is the song of ancient time: to Indra have ye said the prayer.
They have sung many a Brhati of sacrifice, poured forth the worshipper's many thoughts.
10 Indra hath tossed together mighty stores of wealth, and both the worlds, yea, and the Sun.
Pure, brightly-shining, mingled with the milk, the draughts of Soma have made Indra glad.

HYMN V. Indra.
1. As highest of the Maghavans, preeminent among the Bulls,
Best breaker-down of forts, kine-winner, Lord of wealth, we seek thee, Indra Maghavan.
2 Thou who subduedst Ayu, Kutsa, Atithigva, waxing daily in thy might,
As such, rousing thy power, we invocate thee now, thee Satakratu, Lord of Bays.
3 The pressing-stones shall pour for us the essence of the meath of all,
Drops that have been pressed out afar among the folk, and those that have been pressed near us.
4 Repel all enmities and keep them far away: let all win treasure for their own.
Even among Sistas are the stalks that make thee glad, where thou with Soma satest thee.
5 Come, Indra, very near to us with aids of firmly-based resolve;
Come, most auspicious, with thy most auspicious help, good Kinsman, with good kinsmen, come!
6 Bless thou with progeny the chief of men, the lord of heroes, victor in the fray.
Aid with thy powers the men who sing thee lauds and keep their spirits ever pure and bright.
7 May we be such in battle as are surest to obtain thy grace:
With holy offerings and invocations of the Gods, we mean, that we may win the spoil.
8 Thine, Lord of Bays, am I. Prayer longeth for the spoil. Still with thy help I seek the fight.
So, at the raiders' head, I, craving steeds and kine, unite myself with thee alone.

HYMN VI. Indra.
1. INDRA, the poets with. their hymns extol this hero might of thine:
They strengthened, loud in song, thy power that droppeth oil.
With hymns the Pauras came to thee.
2 Through piety they came to Indra for his aid, they whose libations give thee joy.
As thou with, Krsra and Samvarta hast rejoiced, so, Indra, be thou glad with us.
3 Agreeing in your spirit, all ye Deities, come nigh to us.
Vasus and Rudras shall come near to give us aid, and Maruts listen to our call.
4 May Pusan, Visnu, and Sarasvati befriend, and the Seven Streams, this call of mine:
May Waters, Wind, the Mountains, and the Forest-Lord, and Earth give ear unto my cry.
5 Indra, with thine own bounteous gift, most liberal of the Mighty Ones,
Be our boon benefactor, Vrtra-slayer, be our feast-companion for our weal.
6 Leader of heroes, Lord of battle, lead thou us to combat, thou Most Sapient One.
High fame is theirs who win by invocations, feasts and entertainment of the Gods.
7 Our hopes rest on the Faithful One: in Indra is the people's life.
O Maghavan, come nigh that thou mayst give us aid: make plenteous food stream forth for us.
8 Wee would we worship, Indra, with our songs of praise: O Satakratu, be thou ours.
Pour down upon Praskanva bounty vast and firm, exuberant, that shall never fail.

HYMN VII. Praskanva's Gift.
1. GREAT, verily, is Indra's might. I have beheld, and hither comes Thy bounty, Dasyave-vrka!
2 A hundred oxen white of hue are shining like the stars in heaven,
So tall, they seem to prop the sky.
3 Bamboos a hundred, a hundred dogs, a hundred skins of beasts well-tanned,
A hundred tufts of Balbaja, four hundred red-hued mares are mine.
4 Blest by the Gods, Kinvayanas! be ye who spread through life on life:
Like horses have ye stridden forth.
5 Then men extolled the team of seven not yet full-grown, its fame is great.
The dark mares rushed along the paths, so that no eye could follow them.

HYMN VIII Praskanva's Go.
1. THY bounty, Dasyave-vrka, exhaustless hath displayed itself:
Its fulness is as broad as heaven.
2 Ten thousand Dasyave-vrka, the son of Putakrata, hath From his own wealth bestowed on me.
3 A hundred asses hath he given, a hundred head of fleecy sheep,
A hundred tufts of Balbaja, four hundred red-hued mares are mine.
4 Bless by the Gods, Kinvayanas! be ye who spread through life on life:
Like horses have ye stridden forth.
5 Then men extolled the team of seven not yet full-grown, its fame is great.
The dark mares rushed along the paths, so that no eye could follow them.

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5 Observant Agni hath appeared, oblation-bearer with his car. Agni with his resplendent flame hath shone on high as shines the Sun, hath shone like Surya in the heavens.

HYMN IX. Asvins.
1. ENDOWED, O Gods, with your primeval wisdom, come quickly with your chariot, O ye Holy. Come with your mighty powers, O ye Nasatyas; come hither, drink ye this the third libation.
2 The truthful Deities, the Three-and-Thirty, saw you approach before the Ever-Truthful. Accepting this our worship and libation, O Asvins bright with fire, drink ye the Soma.
3 Asvins, that work of yours deserves our wonder,—the Bull of heaven and earth and air's mid region; Yea, and your thousand promises in battle,—to all of these come near and drink beside us.
4 Here is your portion laid for you, ye Holy: come to these songs of ours, O ye Nasatyas. Drink among us the Soma full of sweetness, and with your powers assist the man who worships.

HYMN X. Visvedevas.
1. HE whom the priests in sundry ways arranging the sacrifice, of one accord, bring hither, Who was appointed as a learned Brahman,—what is the sacrificer's knowledge of him?
2 Kindled in many a spot, still One is Agni; Surya is One though high o'er all he shineth. Illumining this All, still One is usas. That which is One hath into All developed.
3 The chariot bright and radiant, treasure-laden, three-wheeled, with easy seat, and lightly rolling,

Which She of Wondrous Wealth was born to harness,—this car of yours I call. Drink what remaineth.

HYMN XI. Indra-Varuna.
1. IN offerings poured to you, O Indra-Varuna, these shares of yours stream forth to glorify your state. Ye haste to the libations at each sacrifice when ye assist the worshipper who sheds the juice.
2 The waters and the plants, O Indra-Varuna, had efficacious vigour, and attained to might: Ye who have gone beyond the path of middle air,—no godless man is worthy to be called your foe.
3 True is your Krsna's word, Indra and Varuna: The seven holy voices pour a wave of meath. For their sake, Lords of splendour! aid the pious man who, unbewildered, keeps you ever in his thoughts.
4 Dropping oil, sweet with Soma, pouring forth their stream, are the Seven Sisters in the seat of sacrifice. These, dropping oil, are yours, O Indra-Varuna: with these enrich with gifts and help the worshipper.
5 To our great happiness have we ascribed to these Two Bright Ones truthfulness, great strength, and majesty. O Lords of splendour, aid us through the Three-times-Seven, as we pour holy oil, O Indra-Varuna.
6 What ye in time of old Indra and Varuna, gave Rsis revelation, thought, and power of song. And places which the wise made, weaving sacrifice,—these through my spirit's fervid glow have I beheld.,
7 O Indra-Varuna, grant to the worshippers cheerfulness void of pride, and wealth to nourish them. Vouchsafe us food, prosperity, and progeny, and lengthen out our days that we may see long life.

End of EIGHTH BOOK
The NINTH BOOK

HYMN I. Soma Pavamana.
1. In sweetest and most gladdening stream
   flow pure, O Soma, on thy way;
   Pressed out for Indra, for his drink.
   2 Fiend-queller, Friend of all men, he hath with the wood
      attained unto
   His place, his iron-fashioned home.
   3 Be thou best Vrtra-slayer, best granter of bliss, most liberal:
      Promote our wealthy princes' gifts.
   4 Flow onward with thy juice unto the banquet of the Mighty
      Gods:
      Flow bither for our strength and fame.
   5 O Indu, we draw nigh to thee, with this one object day by
      day:
      To thee alone our prayers are said
   6 By means of this eternal fleece may Surya's Daughter purify
      Thy Soma that is foaming forth.
   7 Ten sister maids of slender form seize him within the press
      and hold
      Him firmly on the final day.
   8 The virgins send him forth: they blow the the skin musician-
      like and fuse
      The triple foe-repelling meath.
   9 Inviolable milch-kine round about him blend for Indra's
      drink,
      The fresh young Soma with their milk.
   10 In the wild raptures of this draught, Indra slays all the
      Vrtras: he,
      The Hero, pours his wealth on us.

HYMN II. Soma Pavamana.
1. Soma, flow on, inviting Gods, speed to the purifying cloth:
   Pass into Indra, as a Bull.
   2 As mighty food speed hitherward, Indu, as a most splendid
      Steer:
      Sit in thy place as one with strength.
   3 The well-loved meath was made to flow, the stream of the
      creative juice
      ne Sage drew waters to himself.
   4 The mighty waters, yea, the floods accompany thee Mighty
      One,
      When thou wilt clothe thee with the milk.
   5 The lake is brightened in the floods. Soma, our Friend,
      heaven's prop and stay,
      Falls on the purifying cloth.
   6 The tawny Bull hath bellowed, fair as mighty Mitra to
      behold:
      He shines together with the Sun.

HYMN III. Soma Pavamana.
1. HERE present this Immortal God flies, like a bird upon her
   wings,
   To settle in the vats of wood.
   2 This God, made ready with the hymn, runs swiftly through
      the winding ways,
   Inviolable as he flows.
   3 This God while flowing is adorned, like a bay steed for war,
      by men
   Devout and skilled in holy songs.
   4 He, like a warrior going forth with heroes, as he flows along
      Is fain to win all precious boons.
   5 This God, as he is flowing on, speeds like a car and gives his
      gifts:
      He lets his voice be heard of all
   6 Praised by the sacred bards, this God dives into waters, and
      bestows
      Rich gifts upon the worshipper.
   7 Away he rushes with his stream, across the regions, into
      heaven,
      And roars as he is flowing on.
   8 While flowing, meet for sacrifice, he hath gone up to heaven
      across
      The regions, irresistible.
   9 After the 'way of ancient time, this God, pressed out for
      Deities,
      Flowes tawny to the straining-cloth.
   10 This Lord of many Holy Laws, even at his birth
      engendering strength,
      Effused, flows onward in a stream.

HYMN IV. Soma Pavamana.
1. O Soma flowing on thy way, win thou and conquer high
   renown;
   And make us better than we are.
2 Win thou the light, win heavenly light, and, Soma, all felicities; 
And make us better than we are.
3 Win skilful strength and mental power. O Soma, drive away our foes; 
And make us better than we are.
4 Ye purifiers, purify Soma for Indra, for his drink: 
Make thou us better than we are.
5 Give us our portion in the Sun through thine own mental power and aids; 
And make us better than we are.
6 Through thine own mental power and aid long may we look upon the Sun; 
Make thou us better than we are.
7 Well-weaponed Soma, pour to us a stream of riches doubly great; 
And make us better than we are.
8 As one victorious unsubdued in battle pour forth wealth to us; 
And make us better than we are.
9 By worship, Pavamana! men have strengthened thee to prop the Law: 
Make thou us better than we are.
10 O Indu, bring us wealth in steeds, manifold. quickening all life; 
And make us better than we are.

HYMN V Apris.
1. ENKINDLED, Pavamana, Lord, sends forth his light on, every side
   In friendly show, the bellowing Bull.
2 He, Pavamana, Self-produced, speeds onward sharpening his horns:
   He glitters through the firmament.
3 Brilliant like wealth, adorable, with splendour Pavamana shines,
   Mightily with the streams of meath.
4 The tawny Pavamana, who strews from of old the grass with might,
   Is worshipped, God amid the Gods.
5 The golden, the Celestial Doors are lifted with their frames on high,
   By Pavamana glorified.
6 With passion Pavamana longs for the great lofty pair, well-formed
   Like beauteous maidens, Night and Dawn
7 Both Gods who look on men I call, Celestial Heralds: Indra's Self
   Is Pavamana, yea, the Bull.
8 This, Pavamana's sacrifice, shall the three beauteous Goddesses,
   Sarasvati and Bharati and Ila, Mighty One, attend.
9 I summon Tvastar hither, our protector, champion, earliest-born,
   Indu is Indra, tawny Steer: Pavamana is Prajapati.
10 O Pavamana, with the meath in streams anoint Vanaspati,
    The ever-green. the golden-hued, refulgent, with a thousand boughs.
11 Come to the consecrating rite of Pavamana, all ye Gods,-
   Vayu, Surya, Brhaspati, Indra, and Agni, in accord.

HYMN VI. Soma Pavamana.
1. SOMA, flow on with pleasant stream, a Bull devoted to the Gods,
   Our Friend, unto the woollen sieve.
2 Pour hitherward, as Indra's Self, Indu, that gladdening stream of thine,
   And send us coursers full of strength.
3 Flow to the filter hitherward, pouring that ancient gladdening juice,
   Streaming forth power and high renown.
4 Hither the sparkling drops have flowed, like waters down a steep descent
   They have reached Indra purified.
5 Whom, having passed the filter, ten dames cleanse, as 'twere a vigorous steed,
   While he disports him in the wood,-
6 The steer-strong juice with milk pour forth, for feast and service of the Gods,
   To him who bears away the draught.
7. Effused, the God flows onward with his stream to Indra, to the God,
   So that his milk may strengthen him.
8 Soul of the sacrifice, the juice effused flows quickly on: he keeps
   His ancient wisdom of a Sage.
9 So pouring forth, as Indra's Friend, strong drink, best Gladdener! for the feast,
   Thou, even in secret, storest hymns.

HYMN VII. Soma Pavamana.
1. FORTH on their way the glorious drops have flowed for maintenance of Law,
   Knowing this sacrifice's course.
2 Down in the mighty waters sinks the stream of meath, most excellent,
   Oblation best of all in worth.
3 About the holy place, the Steer true, guileless, noblest, hath sent forth
   Continuous voices in the wood.
4 When, clothed in manly strength, the Sage flows in celestial wisdom round,
   The Strong would win the light of heaven.
5 When purified, he sits as King above the hosts, among his folk,
   What time the sages bring him nigh.
6 Dear, golden-coloured, in the fleece he sinks and settles in the wood:
   The Singer shows his zeal in hymns.
7 He goes to Indra, Vayu, to the Asvins, as his custom is,
   With gladdening juice which gives them joy.
8 The streams of pleasant Soma flow to Bhaga, Mitra-Varuna,-Well-knowing through his mighty powers.
   Heaven and Earth, riches of meath to win us wealth:
Gain for us treasures and renown.

HYMN VIII. Soma Pavamana.
1. OBEYING Indra's dear desire these Soma juices have flowed forth,
Increasing his heroic might.
2 Laid in the bowl, pure-flowing on to Vayu and the Asvins,
These give us great heroic strength.
3 Soma, as thou art purified, incite to bounty Indra's heart,
To sit in place of sacrifice.
4 The ten swift fingers deck thee forth, seven ministers impel thee on:
The sages have rejoiced in thee.
5 When through the filter thou art poured, we clothe thee with a robe of milk
To be a gladdening draught for Gods.
6 When purified within the jars, Soma, brightred and golden-hued,
Hath clothed him with a robe of milk.
7 Flow on to us and make us rich. Drive all our enemies away.
O Indu, flow into thy Friend.
Send down the rain from heaven, a stream of opulence from earth. Give us,
O Soma, victory in war.

1. LIKE cars that thunder on their way, like coursers eager for renown,
Have Soma-drops flowed forth for wealth.
2 Forth have they rushed from holding hands, like chariots that are urged to speed,
Like joyful songs of singing-men.
3 The Somas deck themselves with milk, as Kings are graced with eulogies,
And, with seven priests, the sacrifice.
4 Pressed for the gladdening draught, the drops flow forth abundantly with song, 
The Soma juices in a stream.
5 Winning Vivasvan's glory and producing Morning's light, the Suns
Pass through the openings of the cloth.
6 The singing-men of ancient time open the doors of sacred songs,-
Men, for the mighty to accept.
7 Combined in close society sit the seven priests, the brother-hood,
Filling the station of the One.
8 He gives us kinship with the Gods, and with the Sun unites our eye:
The Sage's offspring hath appeared.
9 The Sun with his dear eye beholds that quarter of the heavens which priests
Have placed within the sacred cell.

HYMN IX. Soma Pavamana.
1. THE Sage of Heaven whose heart is wise, when laid between both hands and pressed,
Sends us delightful powers of life.
2 On, onward to a glorious home; dear to the people void of guile,
With excellent enjoyment, flow.
3 He, the bright Son, when born illumined his Parents who had sprung to life,
Great Son great Strengtheners of Law.
4 Urged by the seven devotions he hath stirred the guileless rivers which
Have magnified the Single Eye.
5 These helped to might the Youthful One, high over all, invincible,
Even Indu, Indra! in thy law.
6 The immortal Coursier, good to draw, looks down upon the Seven: the fount
Hath satisfied the Goddesses
7 Aid us in holy rites, O Man: O Pavamana, drive away Dark shades that must be met in fight.
8 Make the paths ready for a hymn newer and newer evermore: Make the lights shine as erst they shone.
9 Give, Pavamana, high renown, give kine and steeds and hero sons:
Win for us wisdom, win the light.

HYMN X. Soma Pavamana.
1. LIKE cars that thunder on their way, like coursers eager for renown,
Have Soma-drops flowed forth for wealth.
2 Forth have they rushed from holding hands, like chariots that are urged to speed,
Like joyful songs of singing-men.
3 The Somas deck themselves with milk, as Kings are graced with eulogies,
And, with seven priests, the sacrifice.
4 Pressed for the gladdening draught, the drops flow forth abundantly with song, 
The Soma juices in a stream.
5 Winning Vivasvan's glory and producing Morning's light, the Suns
Pass through the openings of the cloth.
6 The singing-men of ancient time open the doors of sacred songs,-
Men, for the mighty to accept.
7 Combined in close society sit the seven priests, the brother-hood,
Filling the station of the One.
8 He gives us kinship with the Gods, and with the Sun unites our eye:
The Sage's offspring hath appeared.
9 The Sun with his dear eye beholds that quarter of the heavens which priests
Have placed within the sacred cell.

HYMN XI. Soma Pavamana.
1. SING forth to Indu, O ye men, to him who is purified,
Fain to pay worship to the Gods.
2 Together with thy pleasant juice the Atharvans have commingled milk,
Divine, devoted to the God.
3 Bring, by thy flowing, weal to kine, weal to the people, weal to steeds.
Weal, O thou King, to growing plants
4 Sing a praise-song to Soma brown of hue, of independent might.
The Red, who reaches up to heaven.
5 Purify Soma when effused with stones which bands move rapidly,
And pour the sweet milk in the meath.
6 With humble homage draw ye nigh; blend the libation with the curds:
To Indra offer Indu up.
7 Soma, foe-que chief o'er men, doing the will of pour forth Prosperity upon our kine.
8 Heart-knower, Sovran of the heart, thou art effused, O Soma, that Indra may drink thee and rejoice.
9 O Soma Pavamana, give us riches and heroic strength,- Indu! with. Indra for ally.

HYMN XII. Soma Pavamana.
1. To Indra have the Soma drops, exceeding rich in sweets, been poured,
Shed in the seat of sacrifice.
2 As mother kine low to their calves, to Indra have the sages called,
   Called him to drink the Soma juice.
3 In the stream's wave wise Soma dwells, distilling rapture, in his seat,
   Resting upon a wild-cow's hide.
4 Far-sighted Soma, Sage and Seer, is worshipped in the central point
   Of heaven, the straining-cloth of wool.
5 In close embraces Indu holds Soma when poured within the jars.
   And on the purifying sieve.
6 Indu sends forth a voice on high to regions of the sea of air,
   Shaking the vase that drops with meath.
7 The Tree whose praises never fail yields heavenly milk among our hymns,
   Urging men's generations on.
8 The Wise One, with the Sage's stream, the Soma urged to speed,
   Flows on to the dear places of the sky.
9 O Pavamana, bring us wealth bright with a thousand splendours. Yea.
   O Indu, give us ready help.

 HYMN XIII. Soma Pavamana.
1. PASSED through, the fleece in thousand streams the Soma, purified, flows on
   To Indra's, Vyu's special place.
2 Sing forth, ye men who long for help, to Pavamana, to the Sage,
   Effused to entertain the Gods.
3 The Soma-drops with thousand powers are purified for victory,
   Hymned to become the feast of Gods.
4 Yea, as thou flowest bring great store of food that we may win the spoil
   Indu, bring splendid manly might.
5 May they in flowing give us wealth in thousands, and heroic power,-
   These Godlike Soma-drops effused.
6 Like coursers by their drivers urged, they were poured forth, for victory,
   Swift through the woollen straining-cloth.
7 Noisily flow the Soma-drops, like milch-kine lowing to their calves:
   They have run forth from both the hands.
8 As Gladdener whom Indra loves, O Pavamana, with a roar
   Drive all our enemies away.
9 O Pavamamas, driving off the godless, looking on the light,
   Sit in the place of sacrifice.

 HYMN XIV. Soma Pavamana.
1. REPOSING on the river's wave the Sage hath widely flowed around,
   Bearing the hymn which many love.
2 When the Five kindred Companies, active in duty, with the song
   Established him, the Powerful,
3 Then in his juice whose strength is great, have all the Gods rejoiced themselves,
   When he hath clothed him in the milk.
4 Freeing himself he flows away, leaving his body's severed limbs,
   And meets his own Companion here.
5 He by the daughters of the priest, like a fair youth, hath been adorned,
   Making the milk, as 'twere, his robe.
6 O'er the fine fingers, through desire of milk, in winding course he goes,
   And utters voice which he hath found.
7 The nimble fingers have approached, adorning him the Lord of Strength:
   They grasp the vigorous Courser's back.
8 Comprising all the treasures that are in the heavens and on the earth,
   Come, Soma, as our faithful Friend.

 HYMN XV. Soma Pavamana.
1. THROUGH the fine fingers, with the song, this Hero comes with rapid ears,
   Going to Indra's special place.
2 In holy thought he ponders much for the great worship of the Gods
   Where the Immortals have their seat.
3 Like a good horse is he led out, when on the path that shines with light
   The mettled steeds exert their strength.
4 He brandishes his horns on high, and whets them Bull who leads the herd,
   Doing with might heroic deeds.
5 He moves, a vigorous Steed, adorned with beauteous rays of shining gold,
   Becoming Sovran of the streams.
6 He, over places rough to pass, bringing rich treasures closely packed.
   Descends into the reservoirs.
7 Men beautify him in the vats, him worthy to be beautified,
   Him who brings forth abundant food.
8 Him, even him, the fingers ten and the seven songs make beautiful,
   Well-weaponed, best of gladdeners.

 HYMN XVI. Soma Pavamana.
1. THE pressers from the Soma-press send forth thy juice for rapturous joy
   The speckled sap runs like a flood.
2 With strength we follow through the sieve him who brings might and wins the kine,
   Enrobbed in water with his juice.
3 Pour on the sieve the Soma, ne'er subdued in waters, waterless,
   And make it pure for Indra's drink.
4 Moved by the purifier's thought, the Soma flows into the sieve:
By wisdom it hath gained its home.
5 With humble homage, Indra, have the Soma-drops flowed
forth to thee,
Contending for the glorious prize.
6 Purified in his fleecy garb, attaining every beauty, he
Stands, hero-like, amid the kine.
7 Swelling, as 'twere, to heights of heaven, the stream of the
creative juice
Falls lightly on the cleansing sieve.
8 Thus, Soma, purifying him who knoweth song mid living
men,
Thou wanderest through the cloth of wool.

HYMN XVII. Soma Pavamana.
1. LIKE rivers down a steep descent, slaying the Vrtras, full of
zeal,
The rapid Soma-streams have flowed.
2 The drops of Soma juice effused fall like the rain upon the
earth:
To Indra flow the Soma-streams.
3 With swelling wave the gladdening drink, the Soma, flows
into the sieve;
Loving the Gods and slaying fiends.
4 It hastens to the pitchers, poured upon the sieve it waxes
strong
At sacrifices through the lauds.
5 Soma, thou shinest mounting heaven as 'twere above light's
triple realm,
And moving seem'st to speed the Sun.
6 To him, the head of sacrifice, singers and bards have sung
their songs,
Offering what he loves to see.
7 The men, the sages with their hymns, eager for help, deck
thee strong & sted,
Deck thee for service of the Gods.
8 Flow onward to the stream of meath rest efficacious in thy
home,
Fair, to be drunk at sacrifice.

HYMN XVIII. Soma Pavamana.
1. THOU, Soma, dweller on the hills, effused, hast flowed into
the sieve,:
All-bounteous art thou in carouse.
2 Thou art a sacred Bard, a Sage; the meath is offpring of thy
sap:
All-bounteous art thou in carouse.
3 All Deities of one accord have come that they may drink of
thee:
All-bounteous art thou in carouse.
4 He who containeth in his hands all treasures much to be
desired:
All-bounteous art thou in carouse.
5 Who milketh out this mighty Pair, the Earth and Heaven, like
mother kine
All-bounteous art thou in carouse.
6 Who in a moment mightily floweth around these two world-
halvcs:

HYMN XIX. Soma Pavamana.
1. O SOMA, being purified bring us the wondrous treasure, meet
For lauds, that is in earth and heaven.
2 For ye Twain, Indra, Soma, are Lords of the light, Lords of
the kine:
Great Rulers, prosper ye our songs.
3 The tawny Steer, while cleansed among the living, bellowing
on the grass,
Hath sunk and settled in his home.
4 Over the Steer's productive flow the sacred songs were
resonant,
The mothers of the darling Son.
5 Hath he not, purified, impregned the kine whb long to meet
their Lord,
The kine who yield the shining milk?
6 Bring near us those who stand aloof strike fear into our
enemies:
O Pavamana, find us wealth.
7 Soma, bring down the foeman's might, his vigorous strength
and vital pow'r,
Whether he be afar or near.

HYMN XX Soma Pavamana.
1. FORTH through the straining-cloth the Sage flows to the
banquet of the Gods,
Subduing all our enemies.
2 For he, as Pavamana, sends thousandfold treasure in the
shape
Of cattle to the singing-men.
3 Thou graspest all things with thy mind, and purifiest thee
with thoughts
As such, O Soma, find us fame.
4 Pour lofty glory on us, send sure riches to our liberal lords,
Bring food to those who sing thy praise.
5 As thou art cleansed, O Wondrous Steed, O Soma, thou hast
entered, like
A pious King, into the songs.
6 He, Soma, like a courser in the floods invincible, made clean
With hands, is resting in the jars.
7 Disporting, like a liberal chief, thou goest, Soma, to the
sieve,
Lending the laud a Hero's strength.

HYMN XXI. Soma Pavamana.
1. To Indra flow these running drops, these Somas frolicsome
in mood.
Exhilarating, finding light;
2 Driving off foes, bestowing room upon the presser, willingly
Bringing their praiser vitalforce.
3 Lightly disporting them, the drops flow to one common
reservoir,
HYMN XXII. Soma Pavamana.
1. THESE rapid Soma-streams have stirred themselves to motion like strong steeds, like cars, like armies hurried forth.
2. Swift as wide winds they lightly move, like rain-storms of Parjanya, like the flickering flames of burning fire.
3. These Soma juices, blent with curds, purified, skilled in sacred hymns, have gained by song their hearts' desire.
4. Immortal, cleansed, these drops, since first they flowed, have never wearied, fain to reach the regions and their paths.
5. Advancing they have travelled o'er the ridges of the earth and heaven, and this the highest realm of all.
6. Over the heights have they attained the highest thread that is spun out, and this which must be deemed most high.

HYMN XXIII. Soma Pavamana.
1. SWIFT Soma drops have been effused in streams of meath, the gladdening drink, for sacred lore of every kind.
2. Hither to newer. resting-place the ancient Living Ones are come. They made the Sun that he might shine.
3. O Pavamana, bring to us the unsacrificing foeman's wealth, and give us food with progeny.
4. The living Somas being cleansed diffuse exhilarating drink, turned to the vat which drips with meath.
5. Soma gows on intelligent, possessing sap and mighty strength, brave hero who repels the curse.
6. For Indra, Soma! thou art cleansed, a feast-companion for the Gods:
   Indu, thou fair wilt win us strength
7. When he had drunken draughts of this, Indra smote down resistless foes:
   Yea, smote them, and shall smite them still.

HYMN XXIV. Soma Pavamana.
1. HITHERWARD have the Soma streamed, the drops while they are purified: When blent, in waters they are rinsed.
2. The milk hath run to meet them like floods rushing down a precipice: They come to Indra, being cleansed.
3. O Soma Pavamana, thou art flowing to be Indra's drink: The men have seized and lead thee forth.
4. Victorious, to be hailed with joy, O Soma, flow, delighting men, to him who ruleth o'er mankind.
5. Thou, Indu, when, effused by stones, thou runnest to the filter, art, ready for Indra's high decree.
6. Flow on, best Vrtra-slayer; flow meet to be hailed with joyful lauds.
    Pure, purifying, wonderful.
7. Pure, purifying is he called the Soma of the meath effused, slayer of sinners, dear to Gods.

HYMN XXV. Soma Pavamana.
1. GREEN-HUED! as one who giveth strength flow on for Gods to drink, a draught for Vayu and the Marut host.
2. O Pavamana, sent by song, roaring about thy dwelling-place, pass into Vayu as Law bids.
3. The Steer shines with the Deities, dear Sage in his appointed home, foe-slayer, most beloved by Gods.
4. Taking each beauteous form, he goes, desirable, while purified, thither where- the Immortals sit.
5. To Indra Soma flows, the Red, engendering song, exceeding wise, the visitor of living men.
6. Flow, best exhilarator, Sage, flow to the filter in a stream to seat thee in the place of song.

HYMN XXVI. Soma Pavamana.
1. THE sages with the fingers' art have dressed and decked that vigorous Steed upon the lap of Aditi.
2. The kine have called aloud to him exhaustless with a thousand streams, to Indu who supporteth heaven.
3. Him, nourisher of many, Sage, creative Pavamana, they have sent, by wisdom, to the sky.
4. Him, dweller with Vivasvan, they with use of both arms have sent forth, the Lord of Speech infallible.
5. Him, green, beloved, many eyed, the Sisters with prosing stones send down to ridges of the sieve.
6. O Pavamana, Indu, priests hurry thee on to Indra, thee who aidest song and chearest him.
HYMN XXVII. Soma Pavamana.
1. THIS Sage, exalted by our lauds, flows to the purifying cloth,
Scattering foes as he is cleansed.
2 As giving power and winning light, for Indra and for Vayu he
Is poured upon the filtering-cloth.
3 The men conduct him, Soma, Steer, Omniscient, and the Head of Heaven,
Effused into the vats of wood.
4 Longing for kine, longing for gold hath Indu Pavamana lowed,
Still Conqueror, never overcome.
5 This Pavamana, gladdening draught, drops on the filtering cloth, and then
Mounts up with Surya to the sky.
6 To Indra in the firmament this mighty tawny Steer hath flowed,
This Indu, being purified.

HYMN XXVIII. Soma Pavamana.
1. URGED by the men, this vigorous Steed, Lord of the mind,
Omniscient,
Runs to the woollen straining-cloth.
2 Within the filter hath he flowed, this Soma for the Gods effused,
Entering all their essences.
3 He shines in beauty there, this God Immortal in his dwelling-place,
Foe-slayer, dearest to the Gods.
4 Directed by the Sisters ten, bellowing on his way this Steer Runs onward to the wooden vats.
5 This Pavamana, swiftest and strong, Omniscient, gave splendour to
The Sun and all his forms of light.
6 This Soma being purified, flows mighty and infallible,
Slayer of sinners, dear to Gods.

HYMN XXIX. Soma Pavamana.
1. FORWARD with mighty force have flowed the currents of this Steer effused,
Of him who sets him by the Gods.
2 The singers praise him with their song, and learned priests adorn the Steed,
Brought forth as light that merits laud.
3 These things thou winnest lightly while purified, Soma, Lord of wealth:
Fill full the sea that claims our praise.
4 Winning all precious things at once, flow on, O Soma, with thy stream
Drive to one place our enemies.
5 Preserve us from the godless, from ill-omened voice of one and all,
That so we may be freed from blame.
6 O Indu, as thou flowest on bring us the wealth of earth and heaven,
And splendid vigour, in thy stream.

HYMN XXX. Soma Pavamana.
1. STREAMS of this Potent One have flowed easily to the straining-cloth:
While he is cleansed he lifts his voice.
2 Indu, by pressers urged to speed, bellowing out while beautified.
Sends forth a very mighty sound.
3 Pour on us, Soma, with thy stream manconquering might which many crave,
Accompanied with hero sons.
4 Hither hath Pavamana flowed, Soma flowed hither in a stream,
To settle in the vats of wood.
5 To waters with the stones they drive thee tawny-hued, most rich in sweets,
O Indu, to be Indra's drink.
6 For Indra, for the Thunderer press the Soma very rich in sweets,
Lovely, inspiriting, for strength.

HYMN XXXI. Soma Pavamana.
1. THE, Soma-drops, benevolent, come forth as they are purified,
Bestowing wealth which all may see.
2 O Indu, high o'er heaven and earth be thou, increaser of our might:
The Master of all strength be thou.
3 The winds are gracious in their love to thee, the rivers flow to thee Soma, they multiply thy power.
4 Soma, wax great. From every side may vigorous powers unite in thee:
Be in the gathering-Place of strength.
5 For thee, brown-hued! the kine have poured imperishable oil and milk.
Aloft on the sublimest height.
6 Friendship, O Indu, we desire with thee who bearest noble arms,
With thee, O Lord of all that is.

HYMN XXXII. Soma Pavamana.
1. THE rapture-shedding Soma-drops, effused in our assembly,
Have flowed forth to glorify our prince.
2 Then Trita's Maidens onward urge the Tawny-coloured with the stones,
Indu for Indra, for his drink.
3 Now like a swan he maketh all the company sing each his hymn:
He, like a steed, is bathed in milk.
4 O Soma, viewing heaven and earth, thou runnest like a darting deer
Set in the place of sacrifice.
5 The cows have sung with joy to him, even as a woman to her love
He came as to a settled race.
6 Bestow illustrious fame on us, both on our liberal lords and me, Glory, intelligence, and wealth.

HYMN XXXIII. Soma Pavamana.
1. LIKE waves of waters, skilled in song the juices of the Soma speed
Onward, as buffaloes to woods.
2 With stream of sacrifice the brown bright drops have flowed with strength in store
Of kine into the wooden vats.
3 To Indra, Vayu, Varuna, to Visnu, and the Maruts, flow
The drops of Soma juice effused.
4 Three several words are uttered: kine are jowing, cows who give their milk:
The Tawny-hued goes bellowing on.
5 The young and sacred mothers of the holy rite have uttered praise:
They decorate the Child of Heaven.
6 From every side, O Soma, for our profit, pour thou forth four seas
Filled full of riches thousandfold.

HYMN XXXIV. Soma Pavamana.
1. THE drop of Soma juice effused flows onward with this stream impelled.
Rending strong places with its might.
2 Poured forth to Indra, Varuna, to Vayu and the Marut hosts,
To Visnu, flows the Soma juice.
3 With stones they press the Soma forth, the Strong conducted by the strong:
They milk the liquor out with skill.
4 'Tis he whom Trita must refine, 'tis he who shall make Indra glad:
The Tawny One is decked with tints.
5 Him do the Sons of Prsni milk, the dwelling-place of sacrifice,
Oblation lovely and most dear.
6 To him in one united stream thse songs flow on straight forward, he,
Loud voiced, hath made the milch-kine low.

HYMN XXXV. Soma Pavamana.
1. Pour forth on us abundant wealth, O Pavamana, with thy stream.
Wherewith thou mayest find us light
2 O Indu, swayer of the sea, shaker of all things, flow thou on, Bearer of wealth to us with might.
3 With thee for Hero, Valiant One! may we subdue our enemies:
Let what is precious flow to us.
4 Indu arouses strength the Sage who strives for victory, winning power,
Discovering holy works and means.
5 Mover of speech, we robe him with our songs as he is purified
Soma, the Guardian of the folk;
6 On whose way, Lord of Holy Law, most richi as he is purified.
The people all have set their hearts.

HYMN XXXVI. Soma Pavamana.
1. FORTH from the mortar is the juice sent, like a car-horse, to the sieve:
The Steed steps forward to the goal.
2 Thus, Soma, watchful, bearing well, cheering the Gods, flow past the sieve,
Turned to the vat that drops with meath.
3 Excellent Pavamana, make the lights shine brightly out for us.
Speed us to mental power and skill.
4 He, beautified by pious men, and coming from their hands adorned,
Flows through the fleecy straining-cloth.
5 May Soma pour all treasures of the heavens, the earth, the firmament
Upon the liberal worshipper.
6 Thou mountest to the height of heaven, O Soma, seeking steeds and kine,
And seeking heroes, Lord of Strength!

HYMN XXXVII. Soma Pavamana.
1. SOMA, the Steer, effused for draught, flows to the purifying sieve,
Slaying the fiends, loving the Gods.
2 Far-sighted, tawny-coloured, he flows to the sieve, intelligent,
Bellowing, to his place of rest.
3 This vigorous Pavamana runs forth to the luminous realm of heaven,
Fiend-slayer, through the fleecy sieve.
4 This Pavamana up above Trita's high ridge hath made the Sun,
Together with the Sisters, shine.
5 This Vrtra-slaying Steer, effused, Soma room-giver, ne'er deceived,
Hath gone, as 'twere, to win the spoil.
6 Urged onward by the sage, the God speeds forward to the casks of wood,
Indu to Indra willingly.

HYMN XXXVIII. Soma Pavamana.
1. THIS Steer, this Chariot, rushes through the woollen filter, as he goes
To war that wins a thousand spoils.
2 The Dames of Trita with the stones onward impel this Tawny One
Indu to Indra for his drink.
3 Ten active fingers carefully adorn him here; they make him bright
And beauteous for the gladdening draught.
4 He like a falcon settles down amid the families of men.
Speeding like lover to his love.
5 This young exhilarating juice looks downward from its place
in heaven,
This Soma-drop that pierced the sieve.
6 Poured for the draught, this tawny juice
flows forth, intelligent, crying out,
Unto the well-beloved place.

HYMN XXXIX Soma Pavamana.
1. FLOW On, O thou of lofty thought, flow swift in thy
beloved form,
Saying, I go where dwell the Gods.
2 Preparing what is unprepared, and bringing store of food to
man,
Make thou the rain descend from heaven.
3 With might, bestowing power, the juice enters the purifying
sieve,
Far-seeing, sending forth its light.
4 This is it which in rapid course hath with the river's wave
flowed down
From heaven upon the straining cloth.
5 Inviting him far from far away, and even from near at hand, the
juice
For Indra is poured forth as meath.
6 In union they have sung the hymn: with stones they urge the
Tawny One.

HYMN XL. Soma Pavamana.
1. THE Very Active hath assailed, while purified, all enemies:
They deck the Sage with holy songs.
2 The Red hath mounted to his place; to India, goes the mighty
juice:
He settles in his firm abode.
3 O Indu, Soma, send us now great opulence from every side,
Pour on us treasures thousandfold.
4 O Soma Pavamana, bring, Indu, all splendours hitherward:
Find for us food in boundless store.
5 As thou are cleansed, bring hero strength and riches to thy
worshipper,
And prosper thou the singer's hymns.
6 O Indu, Soma, being cleansed, bring hither riches
doublypiled,
Wealth, mighty Indu, meet for lauds.

HYMN XLI. Soma Pavamana.
1. ACTIVE and bright have they come forth, impetuous in
speed like bulls,
Driving the black skin far away.
2 Quelling the relentless Dasyu, may we think upon the bridge of
bliss,
Leaving the bridge of woe behind.
3 The mighty Pavamana's roar is heard as 'twere the rush of rain
Lightnings are flashing to the sky.
4 Pour out on us abundant food, when thou art pressed, O Indu
wealth
In kine and gold and steeds and spoil.
5 Flow on thy way, Most Active, thou. fill full the mighty
heavens and earth,
As Dawn, as Surya with his beams.
6 On every side, O Soma, flow round us with thy protecting
stream,
As Rasa flows around the world.

HYMN XLII. Soma Pavamana.
1. ENGENDERING the Sun in floods, engendering heaven's
lights, green-hued,
Robed in the waters and the milk,
2 According to primeval plan this Soma, with his stream,
effused
Flows purely on, a God for Gods.
3 For him victorious, waxen great, the juices with a thousand
powers
Are purified for winning spoil.
4 Shedding the ancient fluid he is poured into the cleansing
sieve:
He, thundering, hath produced the Gods.
5 Soma, while purifying, sends thither all things to be desired,
He sends the Gods who strengthen Law.
6 Soma, effused, pour on us wealth in kine, in heroes, steeds,
and spoil,
Send us abundant store of food.

HYMN XLIII. Soma Pavamana.
1. WE will enrobe with sacred song the Lovely One who, as a
Steed,
Is decked with milk for rapturous joy.
2 All songs of ours desiring grace adorn him in the ancient
way,
Indu for Indra, for his drink.
3 Soma flows on when purified, beloved and adorned with
songs,
Songs of the sage Medhyatithi.
4 O Soma Pavamana, find exceeding glorious wealth for us,
Wealth, Indu, fraught with boundless might.
5 Like courser racing to the prize Indu, the lover of the Gods,
Roars, as he passes, in the sieve.
6 Flow on thy way to win us strength, to speed the sage who
praises thee:
Soma, bestow heroic power.

HYMN XLIV. Soma Pavamana.
1. INDU, to us for this great rite, bearing as 'twere thy wave to
Gods,
Unwearied, thou art flowing for us.
2 Pleased with the hymn, impelled by prayer, Soma is hurried
far away,
The Wise One in the Singer's stream.
3 Watchful among the gods, this juice advances to the
cleansing sieve
Soma, most active, travels on.
4 Flow onward, seeking strength for us, embellishing the
sacrifice:
The priest with trimmed grass calleth thee.
5 May Soma, ever bringing power to Bhaga and to Vayu, Sage
And Hero, lead us to the Gods.
6 So, to increase our wealth to-day, Inspirer, best of Furtherers,
Win for us strength and high renown.

HYMN XLV. Soma Pavamana.
1. FLOW, thou who viewest men, to give delight, to entertain
   the Gods,
   Indu, to Indra for his drink.
2. Stream to thine embassy for us: thou hastenest, for Indra, to
   The Gods, O better than our friends.
3. We balm thee, red of hue, with milk to fit thee for the
   rapturous joy:
   Unbar for us the doors of wealth.
4. He through the sieve hath passed, as comes a courser to the
   pole, to run
   Indu belongs unto the Gods.
5. All friends have lauded him as he sports in the wood, beyond
   the fleece:
   Singers have chanted Indu's praise.
6. Flow, Indu, with that stream wherein steeped thou
   announcest to the man
   Who worships thee heroic strength.

HYMN XLVI. Soma Pavamana.
1. LIKE able coursers they have been sent forth to be the feast
   of Gods,
   joying in mountains, flowing on.
2. To Vayu flow the Soma-streams, the drops of juice made
   beautiful
   Like a bride dowered by her sire.
3. Pressed in the mortar, these, the drops of
   juice, the Somas rich in food,
   Give strength to Indra with their work.
4. Deft-handed men, run hither, seize the brilliant juices blent
   with meal,
   And cook with milk the gladdening draught.
5. Thus, Soma, Conqueror of wealth! flow, finding furtherance
   for us,
   Giver of ample opulence.
6. This Pavamana, meet to be adorned, the fingers ten adorn,
   The draught that shall make Indra glad.

HYMN XLVII. Soma Pavamana.
1. GREAT as he was, Soma hath gained strength by this high
   solemnity:
   joyous he riseth like a bull.
2. His task is done: his crushings of the Dasyus are made
   manifest:
   He sternly reckoneth their debts.
3. Soon as his song of praise is born, the Soma, Indra's juice,
   becomes
   A thousand-winning thunderbolt.
4. Seer and Sustainer, he himself desireth riches for the sage
   When he embellisheth his songs.
5. Fain would they both win riches as in races of the steeds. In
   war
   Thou art upon the conquerors' side.

HYMN XLVIII. Soma Pavamana.
1. WITH sacrifice we seek to thee kind Cherisher of manly
   might
   In mansions of the lofty heavens;
2. Gladdening crusher of the bold, ruling with very mighty
   sway,
   Destroyer of a hundred forts.
3. Hence, Sapient One! the Falcon, strong of wing, unwearied,
   brought thee down,
   Lord over riches, from the sky.
4. That each may see the light, the Bird brought us the guard of
   Law, the Friend
   Of all, the speeder through the air.
5. And now, sent forth, it hath attained to mighty power and
   majesty,
   Most active, ready to assist.

HYMN XLIX. Soma Pavamana.
1. Poust down the rain upon us, pour a wave of waters from the
   sky,
   And plenteous store of wholesome food.
2. Flow onward with that stream of thine, whereby the cows
   have come to us,
   The kine of strangers to our home.
3. Chief Friend of Gods in sacred rites, pour on us fatness with
   thy stream,
   Pur down on us a flood of rain.
4. To give us vigour, with thy stream run through the fleecy
   straining-cloth
   For verily the Gods will bear.
5. Onward hath Pavamana flowed and beaten off the Raksasas,
   Flashing out splendour as of old.

HYMN L. Soma Pavamana.
1. LOUD as a river's roaring wave thy powers have lifted up
   themselves:
   Urge on thine arrow's sharpened point.
2. At thine effusion upward rise three voices full of joy, when
   thou
   Flowest upon the fleecy ridge.
3. On to the fleece they urge with stone the tawny well-beloved
   One,
   Even Pavamana, dropping meath.
4. Flow with thy current to the sieve, O Sage most powerful to
   cheer,
   To seat thee in the place of song.
5. Flow, Most Exhilarating! flow anointed with the milk for
   balm,
   Indu, for Indra, for his drink.

HYMN LI. Soma Pavamana.
1. ADHVARYU, on the filter pour the Soma juice expressed
   with stones.
   And make it pure for Indra's drink.
2. Pour out for Indra, Thunder-armed, the milk of heaven, the
   Soma's juice,
   Most excellent, most rich in sweets.
3 These Gods and all the Marut host, Indu enjoy this juice of thine,
This Pavamana's flowing meath.
4 For, Soma, thou hast been effused, strengthening for the wild carouse,
O Steer, the singer, for our help.
5 Flow with thy stream, Far-sighted One, effused, into the cleansing sieve:
Flow on to give us strength and fame.

HYMN LII. Soma Pavamana.
1. WEALTH-WINNER, dwelling in the sky, bringing us vigour with the juice,
Flow to the filter when effused.
2. So, in thine ancient ways, may he, beloved, with a thousand streams
Run o'er the fleecy straining-cloth.
3 Him who is like a caldron shake: O Indu, shake thy gift to us
Shake it, armed Warrior! with thine arms.
4 Indu, invoked with many a prayer, bring down the vigour of these men,
Of him who threatens us with war.
5 Indu, Wealth-giver, with thine help pour out for us a hundred, yea,
A thousand of thy pure bright streams.

HYMN LIII. Soma Pavamana.
1. O THOU with stones for arms, thy powers, crushing the fiends, have raised themselves:
Chase thou the foes who compass us.
2 Thou conquerest thus with might when car meets car, and when the prize is staked:
With fearless heart will I sing praise.
3 No one with evil thought assails this Pavamana's holy laws:
Crush him who fain would fight with thee.
4 For Indra to the streams they drive the tawny rapture-dropping Steed,
Indu the bringer of delight.

HYMN LIV. Soma Pavamana.
1. AFTER his ancient splendour, they, the bold, have drawn the bright milk from
The Sage who wins a thousand gifts.
2 In aspect he is like the Sun; he runneth forward to the lakes,
Seven currents flowing through the sky.
3 He, shining in his splendour, stands high over all things that exist-
Soma, a God as Surya is.
4 Thou, Indu, in thy brilliancy, pourest on us, as Indra's Friend,
Wealth from the kine to feast the Gods.

HYMN LV. Soma Pavamana.
1. POURED on us with thy juice all kinds of corn, each sort of nourishment,
And, Soma, all felicities.
2 As thine, O Indu, is the praise, and thine what springeth from the juice,
Seat thee on the dear sacred grass.
3 And, finding for us kine and steeds, O Soma, with thy juice flow on
Through days that fly most rapidly.
4 As one who conquers, ne'er subdued, attacks and stays the enemy,
Thus, Vanquisher of thousands! flow.

HYMN LVI. Soma Pavamana.
1. SWIFT to the purifying sieve flows Soma as exalted Law,
Slaying the fiends, loving the Gods.
2 When Soma pours the strengthening food a hundred ever-active streams
To Indra's friendship win theirway.
3 Ten Dames have sung to welcome thee, even as a maiden greets her love:
O Soma, thou art decked to win.
4 Flow hitherward, O Indu, sweet to Indra and to Visnu: guard
The men, the singers, from distress.

HYMN LVII. Soma Pavamana.
1. THY streams that never fail or waste flow forth like showers of rain from heaven,
To bring a thousand stores of strength.
2 He flows beholding on his way all wellbeloved sacred lore,
Green-tinted, brandishing his arms.
3 He, when the people deck him like a docile king of elephants.
Sits as a falcon in the wood.
4 So bring thou hitherward to us, Indu, while thou art purified,
All treasures both of heaven and earth.

HYMN LVIII. Soma Pavamana.
1. SWIFT runs this giver of delight, even the stream of flowing juice:
Swift runs this giver of delight.
2 The Morning knows all precious things, the Goddess knows her grace to man:
Swift runs this giver of delight.
3 We have accepted thousands from Dhvasra's and Purusanti's hands:
Swift runs this giver of delight.
4 From whom we have accepted thus thousands and three times ten beside:
Swift runs this giver of delight.

HYMN LIX. Soma Pavamana.
1. FLOW onward, Soma, winning kine, and steeds, and all that gives delight:
Bring hither wealth with progeny.
2 Flow onward from the waters, flow, inviolable, from the plants:
Flow onward from the pressing-boards.
3 Soma, as Pavamana, pass over all trouble and distress:
Sit on the sacred grass, a Sage.
4 Thou, Pavamana, foundest light; thou at thy birth becamest great.
HYMN LX. Soma Pavamana.
1. SING forth and laud with sacred song most active Pavamana, laud
   Indu who sees with thousand eyes.
2 Thee who hast thousand eyes to see, bearer of thousand burthens, they
   Have filtered through the fleecy cloth.
3 He, Pavamana, hath streamed through the fleece then: he runs into the jars,
   Finding his way to Indra's heart.
4 That Indra may be bounteous, flow, most active Soma, for our weal:
   Bring genial seed with progeny.

HYMN LXI. Soma Pavamana.
1. FLOW onward, Indu, with this food for him who in thy wild delight
   Batterd the nine-and-ninety down,
2 Smote swiftly forts, and gambara, then Yadu and that Turvaga,
   For pious Divodasa's sake.
3 Finder of horses, pour on us horses and wealth in kine and gold,
   And, Indu, food in boundless store.
4 We seek to win thy friendly love, even Pavamana's flowing o'er
   The limit of the cleansing sieve.
5 With those same waves which in their stream oyerflow the purifying sieve,
   Soma; be gracious unto us.
6 O Soma, being purified, bring us from all sides,-for thou canst,-
   Riches and food with hero sons.
7 Him here, the Child whom streams have borne, the ten swift fingers beautify
   With the Adityas is he seen.
8 With Indra and with Vayu he, effused, flows onward with the beams
   Of Surya to the cleansing sieve.
9 Flow rich in sweets and lovely for our Bhaga, Vayu, Pusan flow
   For Mitra and for Varuna.
10 High is thy juice's birth: though set in heaven, on earth it hath obtained
   Strong sheltering power and great renown.
11 Striving to win, with him we gain all wealth from the ungodly man,
   Yea, all the glories of mankind.
12 Finder of room and freedom, flow for Indra whom we must adore,
   For Varuna and the Marut host.
13 The Gods have come to Indu well-descended, beautified with milk,
   The active crusher of the foe.
14 Even as mother cows their calf, so let our praise-songs strengthen him,
   Yea, him who winneth Indra's heart.
15 Soma, pour blessings on our kine, pour forth the food that streams with milk
   Increase the sea that merits laud.
16 From heaven hath Pavamana made, as 'twere, the marvellous thunder, and
   The lofty light of all mankind.
17 The gladdening and auspicious juice of thee, of Pavamana, King!
   Flows o'er the woolen straining-cloth.
18 Thy juice, O Pavamana, sends its rays abroad like splendid skill,
   Like lustre, all heaven's light, to see.
19 Flow onward with that juice of thine most excellent, that brings delight,
   Slaying the wicked, dear to Gods.
20 Killing the foeman and his hate, and winning booty every day,
   Gainer art thou of steeds and kine.
21 Red-hued, be blended with the milk that seems to yield its lovely breast,
   Falcon-like resting in thine home.
22 Flow onward thou who strengthenedst Indra to slaughter Vrtra who
   Compassed and stayed the mighty floods.
23 Soma who rainest gifts, may we win riches with our hero sons:
   Strengthen, as thou art cleansed, our hymns.
24 Aided by thee, and through thy grace, may we be slayers when we war:
   Watch, Soma, at our solemn rites.
25 Chasing our foemen, driving off the godless, Soma floweth on,
   Going to Indra's special place.
26 O Pavamana, hither bring great riches, and destroy our foes:
   O Indu, grant heroic fame.
27 A hundred obstacles have ne'er checked thee when fain to give thy boons,
   When, being cleansed, thou combatest.
28 Indu, flow on, a mighty juice; glorify us among the folk:
   Drive all our enemies away.
29 Indu, in this thy friendship most lofty and glorious may we Subdue all those who war with us.
30 Those awful weapons that thou hast, sharpened at point to strike men down-
   Guard us therewith from every foe.

HYMN LXII. Soma Pavamana.
1. THESE rapid Soma-drops have been poured through the purifying sieve
   To bring us all felicities.
2 Dispelling manifold mishap, giving the courser's progeny, Yea, and the warrior steed, success.
3 Bringing prosperity to kine, they make perpetual Ila flow
   To us for noble eulogy.
4 Strong, mountain-born, the stalk hath been
pressed in the streams for rapturous joy:
Hawk-like he settles in his home.
5 Fair is the God-loved juice; the plant is washed in waters,
pressed by men
The milch-kine sweeten it with milk.
6 As drivers deck a courser, so have they adorned the meat's
juice for
Ambrosia, for the festival.
7 Thou, Indu, with thy streams that drop sweet juices, which
were poured for
help,
Hast settled in the cleansing sieve.
8 So flow thou onward through the fleece, for Indra flow, to be
his drink,
Finding thine home in vats of wood.
9 As giving room and freedom, as most sweet, pour butter
forth and milk,
O Indu, for the Angirases.
10 Most active and benevolent, this Pavamana, sent to us
For lofty friendship, meditates.
11 Queller of curses, mighty, with strong sway, this Pavamana
shall
Bring treasures to the worshipper.
12 Pour thou upon us thousandfold possessions, both of kine
and steeds,
Exceeding glorious, much-desired.
13 Wandering far, with wise designs, the juice here present is
effused,
Made beautiful by living men.
14 For Indra flows the gladdening drink, the measurer of the
region, Sage,
With countless wealth and endless help.
15 Born on the mountain, lauded here, Indu for Indra is set
down,
As in her sheltering nest a bird.
16 Pressed by the men, as 'twere to war hath Soma Pavamana
sped,
To test with might within the vats.
17 That he may move, they yoke him to the three-backed
triple-seated car
By the Seven Rsis' holy songs.
18 Drive ye that Tawny Courser, O ye pressers, on his way to
war,
Swift Steed who carries off the spoil.
19 Pouring all glories hither, he, effused and entering the jar,
Stands like a hero mid the kine.
20 Indu, the living men milk out the juice to make the
rapturous draught:
Gods for the Gods milk out the meath.
21 Pour for the Gods into the sieve our Soma very rich in
sweets,
Him whom the Gods most gladly hear.
22 Into his stream who gladdens best these Soma juices have
been poured,
Lauded with songs for lofty fame.
23 Thou flowest to enjoy the milk, and bringest valour, being
cleansed:
Winning the spoil flow hitherward.
24 And, hymned by Jamadagnis, let all nourishment that kine
supply.
And general praises, flow to us.
25 Soma, as leader of the song flow onward with thy wondrous
aids,
For holy lore of every kind.
26 Do thou as leader of the song, stirring the waters of the sea,
Flow onward, thou who movest all.
27 O Soma, O thou Sage, these worlds stand ready to attest thy
might:
For thy behoof the rivers flow.
28 Like showers of rain that fall from heaven thy streams
perpetually flow
To the bright fleece spread under them.
29 For potent Indra purify Indu effectual and strong,
Enjoyment-giver, Mighty Lord.
30 Soma, true, Pavamana, Sage, is seated in the cleansing
sieve,
Giving his praiser hero strength.

HYMN LXIII. Soma Pavamana.
1. POUR hitherward, O Soma, wealth in thousands and heroic
strength,
And keep renown secure for us.
2 Thou makest food and vigour swell for Indra, best of
gladdeners!
Within the cups thou seatest thee.
3 For Indra and for Visnu poured, Soma hath flowed into the
jar:
May Vayu find it rich in sweets.
4 These Somas swift and brown of hue, in stream of solemn
sacrifice
Have flowed through twisted obstacles,
5 Performing every noble work, active, augmenting Indra's
strength,
Driving away the godless ones.
6 Brown Soma-drops, effused that seek Indra, to their
appropriate place
Flow through the region hitherward.
7 Flow onward with that stream of thine wherewith thou
gavest Surya light,
Urging on waters good to men.
8 He, Pavamana, high o'er man yoked the Sun's courser Etasa
To travel through the realm of air.
9 And those ten Coursers, tawny-hued, he harnessed that the
Sun might come
Indu, he said, is Indra's self.
10 Hence, singers, pour the gladdening juice to Vayu and to
Indra, pour
The drops upon the fleecy cloth.
11 O Soma Pavamana, find wealth for us not to be assailed,
Wealth which the foeman may not win.
12 Send riches hither with thy stream in thousands, both of
steeds and kine,
Send spoil of war and high renown.
13 Soma the God, expressed with stones, like Surya, floweth
on his way, Pouring the juice within the jar. 14 These brilliant drops have poured for us, in stream of solemn sacrifice, Worshipful laws and strength in kine. 15 Over the cleansing sieve have flowed the Somas, blent with curdled milk, Effused for Indra Thunder-armed. 16 Soma, do thou most rich in sweets, a gladdening drink most dear to Gods, Flow to the sieve to bring us wealth. 17 For Indra, living men adorn the Tawny Courser in the streams, Indu, the giver of delight. 18 Pour for us, Soma, wealth in gold, in horses and heroic sons, Bring hither strength in herds of kine. 19 For Indra pour ye on the fleece him very sweet to taste, who longs. For battle as it were in war. 20 The singers, seeking help, adorn the Sage who must be decked with songs. Loud bellowing the Steer comes on, 21 The singers with their thoughts and hymns have, in the stream of sacrifice, Caused Soma, active Steer, to roar. 22 God, working with mankind, flow on; to Indra go thy gladdening juice: To Vayu mount as Law commands 23 O Soma, Pavamana, thou pourest out wealth that brings renown: Enter the lake, as one we love. 24 Soma thou flowest chasing foes and bringing wisdom and delight: Drive off the folk who love not Gods. 25 The Pavamanas have been poured, the brilliant drops of Soma juice, For holy lore of every kind. 26 The Pavamanas have been shed, the beautiful swift Soma-drops, Driving all enemies afar. 27 From, heaven, from out the firmament, hath Pavamana been effused Upon the summit of the earth. 28 O Soma, Indu, very wise, drive, being purified, with thy stream All foes, all Raksasas away. 29 Driving the Raksasas afar, O Soma, bellowing, pour for us Most excellent and splendid strength. 30 Soma, do thou secure for us the treasures of the earth and heaven, Indu, all boons to be desired.

HYMN LXIV. Soma Pavamana. 1. Soma, thou art a splendid Steer, a Steer, O God, with steer-like thy drink A Steer indeed, O Steer, art thou. 3 Thou, Indu, as a vigorous horse, hast neighed together steeds and kine: Unbar for us the doors to wealth. 4 Out of desire of cows and steeds and horses. potent Soma-drops, Brilliant and swift, have been effused. 5 They purified in both the hands, made beautiful by holy men, Flow onward to the fleecy cloth. 6 These Soma juices shall pour forth all treasures for the worshipper From heaven and earth and firmament. 7 The streams of Pavamana, thine, Finder of all, have been effused, Even as Surya's rays of light. 8 Making the light that shines from heaven thou flowest on to every form Soma, thou swell'st like a sea. 9 Urged on thou sendest out thy voice, O Pavamana; thou hast moved, Like the God Surya, to the sieve. 10 Indu, Enlightener, Friend, hath been purified by the sages' hymns: So starts the charioteer his steed- 11 Thy God-delighting wave which hath flowed to purifying sieve, Alighting in the home of Law. 12 Flow to our sieve, a gladdening draught that hath most intercourse with Gods. Indu, to Indra for his drink. 13 Flow onward with a stream for food, made beautiful by sapient men: Indu with sheen approach the milk. 14 While thou art cleansed, Song-Lover, bring comfort and vigour to the folk, Poured, Tawny One! on milk and curds. 15 Purified for the feast of Gods, go thou to Indra's special place, Resplendent, guided by the strong. 16 Accelerated by the hymn, the rapid drops of Soma juice Have flowed, urged onward, to the lake. 17 Easily have the living drops, made beautiful, approached the lake, Yea, to the place of sacrifice. 18 Compass about, our faithful Friend, all our possessions with thy might: Guard, hero like, our sheltering home. 19 Loud neighs the Courser Etasa, with singers, harnessed for the place, Guided for travel to the lake. 20 What time the Swift One resteth in the golden place of sacrifice, He leaves the foolish far away. 21 The friends have sung in unison, the prudent wish to sacrifice: Down sink the unintelligent.
22 For Indra girt by Maruts, flow, thou Indu, very rich in
sweets,
To sit in place of sacrifice.
23 Controlling priests and sages skilled in holy song adorn
thee well:
The living make thee beautiful.
24 Aryaman, Mitra, Varuna drink Pavamana's juice, yea, thine:
O Sage, the Maruts drink thereof.
25 O Soma, Indu, thou while thou art purified urge forward
speech.
Thousandfold, with the lore of hymns.
26 Yea, Soma, Indu, while thou art purified do thou bring to us
Speech thousandfold that longs for war.
27 O Indu, Much-invoked, while thou art purifying, as the
Friend.
Of these men enter thou the lake.
28 Bright are these Somas blent with milk, with light that
flashes brilliantly. And form that uttereth loud acclaim.
29 Led by his drivers, and sent forth, the Strong Steed hath
come nigh for spoil,
Like warriors when they stand arrayed.
30 Specially, Soma, coming as a Sage from heaven to prosper
us,
Flow like the Sun for us to see.

HYMN LXV. Soma Pavamana.
1. THE, glittering maids send Sura forth, the glorious sisters,
close-allied,
Send Indu forth, their mighty Lord.
2 Pervade, O Pavamana, all our treasures with repeated light,
God, coming hither from the Gods.
3 Pour on us, Pavamana, rain, as service and rain praise for
Gods:
Pour all to be our nourishment.
4 Thou art a Steer by lustre: we, O Pavamana, faithfully
Call upon thee the Splendid One.
5 Do thou, rejoicing, nobly-armed! pour upon us heroic
strength:
O Indu, come thou bitherward.
6 When thou art cleansed with both the hands and dipped in
waters, with the wood.
Thou comest to the gathering-place.
7 Sing forth your songs, as Vyasva sang, to Soma Pavamana,
to,
The Mighty One with thousand eyes;
8 Whose coloured sap they drive with stones, the yellow
meath-distilling juice,
Indu for Indra, for his drink.
9 We seek to gain the friendly love of thee that Strong and
Mighty One,
Of thee the winner of all wealth.
10 Flow onward with thy stream, a Steer, inspiriting the
Maruts' Lord,
Winning all riches by thy might.
11 I send thee forth to battle from the press, O Pavamana,
Strong,
Sustainer, looker on the light.

12 Acknowledged by this song of mine, flow, tawny-coloured,
with thy stream
Incite to battle thine ally.
13 O Indu, visible to all pour out for us abundant food:
Soma, be thou our prosperer.
14 The pitchers, Indu, with thy streams have sung aloud in
vigorous might
Enter them, and let Indra drink.
15 O thou whose potent gladdening juice they milk out with
the stones, flow on,
Destroyer of our enemies.
16 King Pavamana is implored with holy songs, on man's
behalf,
To travel through the firmament.
17 Bring us, O Indu, hundredfold increase of kine, and noble
steeds,
The gift of fortune for our help.
18 Pressed for the banquet of the Gods, O Soma, bring us
might, and speed,
Like beauty for a brilliant show.
19 Soma, flow on exceeding bright with loud roar to the
wooden vats,
Falcon-like resting in thine home.
20 Soma, the Water-winner flows to Indra, Vayu, Varuna,
To Visnu and the Marut host.
21 Soma, bestowing food upon our progeny, from every sides,
Pour on us riches thousandfold
22 The Soma juices which have been expressed afar or near at
hand,
Or there on Saryanavan's bank,
23 Those pressed among Arjikas, pressed among the active, in
men's homes,
Or pressed among the Races Five-
24 May these celestial drops, expressed, pour forth upon us, as
they flow,
Rain from the heavens apd hero strength.
25 Urged forward o'er the ox-hide flows the Lovely One of
tawny hue,
Lauded by Jamadagni's song.
26 Like horses urged to speed, the drops, bright, stirring vital
power, when blent
With milk, are beautified in streams.
27 So they who toil with juices send thee forward for the Gods'
repast:
So with this splendour flow thou on.
28 We choose to-day that chariot-steed of thine, the Strong,
that brings us bliss,
The Guardian, the desire of all,
29 The Excellent, the Gladdener, the Sage with heart that
understands,
The Guardian, the desire of all;
30 Who for ourselves, O thou Most Wise, is wealth and fair
intelligence,
The Guardian, the desire of all.
HYMN LXVI. Soma Pavamana.
1. FOR holy lore of every sort, flow onward thou whom all
men love.
A Friend to be besought by friends.
2 O'er all thou rulest with these Two which, Soma Pavamana, stand,
   Turned, as thy stations, hitherward.
3 Wise Soma Pavamana, thou encompassest on every side
   Thy stations as the seasons come.
4 Flow onward, generating food, for precious boons of every kind,
   A Friend for friends, to be our help.
5 Upon the lofty ridge of heaven thy bright rays with their essences,
   Soma, spread purifying power.
6 O Soma, these Seven Rivers flow, as being thine, to give command:
   The Streams of milk run forth to thee.
7 Flow onward, Soma in a stream, effused to gladden Indra's heart,
   Bringing imperishable fame.
8 Driving thee in Vivasvan's course, the Seven Sisters with their hymns
   Made melody round thee the Sage.
9 The virgins deck thee o'er fresh streams to drive thee to the sieve when thou,
   A singer, bathest in the wood.
10 The streams of Pavamana, thine, Sage, Mighty One, have poured them forth.
   Like coursers eager for renown.
11 They have been poured upon the fleece towards the meat-distilling vat:
   The holy songs have sounded forth.
12 Like milch-kine coming home, the drops of Soma juice have reached the lake,
   Have reached the place of sacrifice.
13 O Indu, to our great delight the running waters flow to us,
   When thou wilt robe thyself in milk.
14 In this thy friendship, and with thee to help us, fain to sacrifice,
   Indu, we crave thy friendly love.
15 Flow on, O Soma, for the great Viewer of men, for gain of Indu
   Enter thou into Indra's throat.
16 Best art thou, Soma, of the great, Strongest of strong ones,
   Indu: thou As Warrior ever hast prevailed.
17 Mightier even than the strong, more valiant even than the brave,
   More liberal than the bountiful,
18 Soma, as Sura, bring us food, win offspring of our bodies: we
   Elect thee for our friendship, we elect thee for companionship.
19 Agni, thou poorest life; send down upon us food and vigorous strength;
   Drive thou misfortune far away,
20 Agni is Pavamana, Sage, Chief Priest of all the Races Five:
   To him whose wealth is great we pray.
21 Skilled in thy task, O Agni, pour splendour with hero strength on us,
   Granting me wealth that nourishes.
22 Beyond his enemies away to sweet praise Pavamana flows,
   Like Surya visible to all.
23 Adorned by living men, set forth for entertainment, rich in food,
   Far-sighted Indu is a Steed.
24 He, Pavamana, hath produced the lofty Law, the brilliant light,
   Destroying darkness black of hue.
25 From tawny Pavamana, the Destroyer, radiant streams have sprung.
   Quick streams from him whose gleams are swift.
26 Best rider of the chariot, praised with fairest praise mid beauteous ones,
   Gold-gleaming with the Marut host,
27 May Pavamana, best to win the booty, penetrate with rays,
   Giving the singer hero strength.
28 Over the fleecy sieve hath flowed the drop effused: to Indra comes
   Indu while he is purified.
29 This Soma, through the pressing-stones, is sporting on the oxide, and
   Summoning Indra to the draught.
30 O Pavamana, bless us, so that we may live, with that bright milk
   Of thine which hath been brought from heaven.

HYMN LXVII. Soma and Others.
1. THOU, Soma, hast a running stream, joyous, most strong at sacrifice:
   Flow bounteously bestowing wealth.
2 Effused as cheerer of the men, flowing best gladdener, thou art
   A Prince to Indra with thy juice.
3 Poured forth by pressing-stones, do thou with loud roar send us in a stream
   Most excellent illustrious might.
4 Indu, urged forward, floweth through the fleecy cloth: the Tawny One
   With his loud roar hath brought as strength.
5 Indu, thou flowest through the fleece, bringing felicities and fame,
   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
browned 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 rue pure by song.  
Purify me, ye General Gods; O Jatavedas, make me pure.  
28 Fill thyself full of juice, flow forth, O Soma, thou with all thy stalks,  
The best oblation to the Gods.  
29 We with our homage have approached the Friend who seeks our wondering praise,  
Young, strengthener of the solemn rite.  
30 Lost is Alayya's axe. O Soma, God do thou send it back hither in thy flow  
Even, Soma, God, if*twere a mole.  
31 The man who reads the essence stored by saints, the Pavamani hymns,  
Tastes food completely purified, made sweet by Matarisvan's touch.  
32 Whoever reads the essence stored by saints, the Pavamani hymns,  
Sarasvati draws forth for him water and butter, milk and meath.  

HYMN LXVIII. Soma Pavamana.  
1. THE drops of Soma juice like cows who yield their milk have flowed forth, rich in meath, unto the Shining One,  
And, seated on the grass, raising their voice, assumed the milk, the covering robe wherewith the udders stream.  
2 He bellows with a roar around the highest twigs: the Tawny One is sweetened as he breaks them up.  
Then passing through the sieve into the ample room, the God throws off the dregs according to his wish.  
3 The gladdening drink that measured out the meeting Twins fills full with milk the Eternal Ever-waxing Pair.  
Bringing to light the Two great Regions limitless, moving above them he gained sheen that never fades.  
4 Wandering through, the Parents, strengthening the floods, the Sage makes his place swell with his own native might.  
The stalk is mixed with grain: he comes led by the men together with the sisters, and preserves the Head.  
5 With energetic intellect the Sage is born, deposited as germ of Law, far from the Twins.  
They being young at first showed visibly distinct the Creature that is half-concealed and half-exposed.  
6 The sages knew the form of him the Gladdener, what time the Falcon brought the plant from far away.  
Him who assures success they beautified in streams, the stalk who yearned therefor, mighty and meet for praise.  
7 Together with the Rsis, with their prayers and hymns ten women deck thee, Soma, friendly when effused.  
Led by the men, with invocations of the Gods, through the fleece, thou hast given us strength to win the spoil.  
8 Songs resonant with praise have celebrated him. Soma, Friend, springing forth with his fair company.  
Even him who rich in meath, with undulating stream, Winnner of Wealth, Immortal, sends his voice from heaven,  
9 He sends it into all the region forth from heaven. Soma, while he is filtered, settles in the jars.  
With milk and waters is he decked when pressed with stones:  
Indu, when purified, shall find sweet rest and room.  
10 Even thus poured forth How on thy way, O Soma, vouchsafing us most manifold lively vigour.  
We will invoke benevolent Earth and Heaven. Give us, ye Gods, riches with noble heroes.  

HYMN LXIX. Soma Pavamana.  
1. LAID like an arrow on the bow the hymn hath been loosed like a young calf to the udder of its dam.  
As one who cometh first with full stream she is milked the Soma is impelled to this man's holy rites.  
2 The thought is deeply fixed; the savoury juice is shed; the tongue with joyous sound is stirring in the mouth;  
And Pavamana, like the shout of combatants, the drop rising in sweet juice, is flowing through the fleece.
HYMN LXX. Soma Pavamana.
1. THE guerdon is bestowed: the Mighty takes his Seat, and,
ever-Watchful, guards from fiend and evil sprite.
Gold-hued, he makes the cloud his diadem, the milk his carpet
in both worlds, and prayer his robe of state.
2 Strong, bellowing, he goes, like one who slays the folk; he
lets this hue of Asuras flow off from him,
Throws off his covering, seeks his father's meeting-place, and
thus makes for himself the bright robe he assumes.
3 Onward he flows, from both the hands, pressed out with
stones: excited by the prayer, the water makes him wild.
He frolics and draws near, completes his work with song, and
bathes in streams to satisfy the worshipper.
4 They pour out meath around the Master of the house,
Celestial Strengthenere of the mountain that gives might;
In whom, through his great powers, oblation-eating cows in
their uplifted udder mix their choicest milk.
5 They, the ten sisters, on the lap of Aditi, have sent him
thrice to the place which his inventions have produced.
He wanders and comes near the Cow's mysterious place, even
the place where the Heifer and the Sheep have joined.
6 Like as a falcon to his home, so speeds the God to his own
nest, where his strength is his own, and his courage.
He finds his own abode, and breathes no word of fear.
He求助s to the Cow, and she becomes the friend of his heart.
7 The Soma, the Cow, the Sheep, the God of the Earth,
are the Three who shelter and protect the worshipper.

HYMN LXXI. Soma Pavamana.
1. THE three times seven Milch-kine in the eastern heaven
have for this Soma poured the genuine milky draught.
Four other beauteous Creatures hath he made for his
adornment, when he waxed in strength through holy rites.
2 Longing for lovely Amrta, by his wisdom he divided, each
apart from other, earth and heaven.
He gladly wrapped himself in the most lucid floods, when
through their glory they found the God's resting-place.
3 May those his brilliant rays he ever free from death,
thus brings to the Golden-coloured hath flowed down.
8 Bright, making pure his body free from spot and stain, on the
sheep's back the Golden-coloured hath flowed down.
Acceptable to Mitra, Vayu, Varuna, he is prepared as threefold
meal by skilful men.
9 Flow on for the God's banquet, Soma, as a Steer, and enter
Indra's heart, the Soma's reservoir.
Bear us beyond misfortune ere we be oppressed. the man who
knows the land directs the man who asks.
10 Urged like a car-steed flow to strength, O Soma: Indu, flow
onward to the throat of Indra.
Skilled, bear us past, as in a boat o'er water: as battling Hero
save us from the foe man.

3 He flows about the sheep-skin, longing for a bride: he looses
Aditi's Daughters for the worshipper.
The sacred drink hath come, gold-tinted, well-restrained: like a
strong Bull he shines, whetting his manly might.
4 The Bull is bellowing; the Cows are coming nigh: the
Goddesses approach the God's own resting-place.
Onward hath Soma passed through the sheep's fair bright
fleece, and hath, as 'were, endured a garment newly washed.
5 The golden-hued, Immortal, newly bathed, puts on a brightly
shining vesture that is never harmed.
He made the ridge of heaven to be his radiant robe, by
sprinkling of the bowls from moisture of the sky.
6 Even as the beams of Surya, urging men to speed, that cheer
and send to sleep, together rush they forth,
These swift outpourings in long course of holy rites: no form
save only Indra shows itself so pure.
7 As down the steep slope of a river to the vale, drawn from
the Steer the swift strong draughts have found a way.
Well be it with the men and cattle in our home. May powers, O
Soma, may the people stay with us.
8 Pour out upon us wealth in goods, in gold, in steeds, in cattle
and in corn, and great heroic strength.
Ye, Soma, are my Fathers, lifted up on high as heads of heaven
and makers of the strength of life.
9 These Pavamanas here, these drops of Soma, to Indra have
shining vesture that is never harmed.

HYMN LXXII. Soma Pavamana.
1. THE three times seven Milch-kine in the eastern heaven
have for this Soma poured the genuine milky draught.
Four other beauteous Creatures hath he made for his
adornment, when he waxed in strength through holy rites.
2 Longing for lovely Amrta, by his wisdom he divided, each
apart from other, earth and heaven.
He gladly wrapped himself in the most lucid floods, when
through their glory they found the God's resting-place.
3 May those his brilliant rays he ever free from death,
thus brings to the Golden-coloured hath flowed down.
8 Bright, making pure his body free from spot and stain, on the
sheep's back the Golden-coloured hath flowed down.
Acceptable to Mitra, Vayu, Varuna, he is prepared as threefold
meal by skilful men.
9 Flow on for the God's banquet, Soma, as a Steer, and enter
Indra's heart, the Soma's reservoir.
Bear us beyond misfortune ere we be oppressed. the man who
knows the land directs the man who asks.
10 Urged like a car-steed flow to strength, O Soma: Indu, flow
onward to the throat of Indra.
Skilled, bear us past, as in a boat o'er water: as battling Hero
save us from the foe man.

RIG VEDA – BOOK NINE
1. THEY cleanse the Gold-hued: like a red Steed is he yoked, and Soma in the jar is mingled with the milk. He sendeth out his voice, and many loving friends of him the highly lauded hasten with their songs.
2. The many sages utter words in unison, while into Indra's throat they pour the Soma juice, When, with the ten that dwell together closely joined, the men whose hands are skilful cleanse the lovely meath.
3. He goes upon his way, unresting, to the cows, over the roaring sound which Sarya's Daughter loves. The Falcon brought it to him for his own delight: now with the twofold kindred sisters is his home.
4. Washed by the man, stone-pressed, dear on the holy grass, faithful to seasons, Lord of cattle from of old, Most liberal, completing sacrifice for men, O Indra, pure bright Soma, Indu, flows for thee.
5. O Indra, urged by arms of men and poured in streams, Soma flows on for thee after his Godlike kind. Plans thou fulfillest, gatherest thoughts for sacrifice: in the bowls sits the Gold-hued like a roosting bird.

HYMN LXXIII. Soma Pavamana.

1. THEY from the spouting drop have sounded at the rim: HYMN LXXIII. Soma Pavamana.

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

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

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

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

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

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

HYMN LXXIV. Soma Pavamana

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

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

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

4. Butter and milk are drawn from animated cloud; thence Soma in the jar is mingled with the milk. Down the steep slope, through song, he comes to sacrifice, and he will burst the water-holding cask of heaven.

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 light of heaven. From these the eyeless and the deaf have turned aside: the wicked travel not the pathway of the Law.

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

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

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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 pleasance.
   Within the lustrous region of the heavens the Son makes the third secret name of Mother and of Sire.
3 Sending forth flashes he hath bellowed to the jars, led by the men into the golden reservoir.
   The milky streams of sacrifice have sung to him: he of the triple height shines brightly through the morns.
4 Pressed by the stones, with hymns, and graciously inclined, illuminating both the Parents, Heaven and Earth,
   He flows in ordered season onward through the flee, a current of sweet juice still swelling day by day.
5 Flow onward, Soma, flow to bring prosperity: cleansed by the men, invest thee with the milky draught.
   What gladdening drinks thou hast, foaming, exceeding strong, even with these incite Indra to give us wealth.

HYMN LXXVI. Soma Pavamana.
1. ON flows the potent juice, sustainer of the heavens, the strength of Gods, whom men must hail with shouts of joy.
   The Gold-hued, started like a courser by brave men, strength of Gods, whom men must hail with shouts of joy.
2 He takes his weapons, like a hero, in his hands, fain to win impetuously winneth splendour in the streams.
   The Speaker, unassailable Master of this hymn, the Tongue of sacrifice pours forth the pleasant pleasance.
3 Sending forth flashes he hath bellowed to the jars, led by the men into the golden reservoir.
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   What gladdening drinks thou hast, foaming, exceeding strong, even with these incite Indra to give us wealth.

HYMN LXXVII. Soma Pavamana.
1. RAISING his voice the King hath flowed upon his way:
   invested with the waters he would win the kine.
The Mighty and Far-seeing One hath mounted now the mighty Surya's car which moves to every side.
2 Thou, Soma, art effused for Indra by the men, balmed in the wood as wave, Sage, Viewer of mankind.
   Full many are the paths whereon thou mayest go: a thousand bay steeds hast thou resting in the bowls.
3 Apsarases who dwell in waters of the sea, sitting within,
   like as a bull to herds, thou flowest to the pail, bellowing as
   Soma, as Pavamana thou, our faithful Friend, making for us
   the drop most sweet to taste, weal-bringing, red of hue.
4 Onward he flows, the King of all that sees the light: the Rsis'
   Near kin to thee, raised loftiest in the heavens: upon the
   as the first ingredient of the draught.
5 May that much-lauded Indu, with a heart inclined to us, well-
   As thirst subdueth in the desert, conquer thou, O Soma
   destroy to other hate.
3 Yea, yerily, foe of hate shown to himself is he, yea, verity,
   continually bear precious wealth away.
4 May that much-lauded Indu, with a heart inclined to us, well-
   As thirst subdueth in the desert, conquer thou, O Soma
   destroy to other hate.
5 The active potent juice of heaven is flowing on, great Varuna
   whose wisdom is beyond our reach.

HYMN LXXXI. Soma Pavamana.
1. MORE beauteous than the beautiful, as Indra's bolt, this
   drooping with oil, abundant, streams of sacrifice flow unto
   him like milch-kine, lowing, with their milk.
2 On flows that Ancient One whom, hitherward, from heaven,
   speeding through the region of the air, the Falcon snatch'd.
   He, quivering with alarm and terrified in heart before bow-
   armed Krsanu, holdeth fast the sweet.
3 May those first freshest drops of Soma juice effused flow on,
   Beaufteous as serpents, worthy to be looked upon, they whom
   this sacred gift and all our prayers have pleased.
4 May that much-lauded Indu, with a heart inclined to us, well-
   He who hath brought the germ beside the Strong One's seat
   moves onward to the widely-opened stall of kine.
5 The active potent juice of heaven is flowing on, great Varuna
   whom the forward man can ne'er deceive.

HYMN LXXXII. Soma Pavamana.
1. SPONTANEOUS let our drops of Soma juice flow on,
   Perish among us they who give no gifts of food! perish the
godless! May our prayers obtain success.
2 Forward to us the drops, distilling meath, shall flow, like
   riches for whose sake we urge the horses on.
   Beyond the crafty hindering of all mortal men may we
   continually bear precious wealth away.
3 Yea, yerily, foe of hate shown to himself is he, yea, verity,
   destroyer too of other hate.
As thirst subdueth in the desert, conquer thou, O Soma
   men of evil thoughts.
4 Near kin to thee is he, raised loftiest in the heavens: upon the
   earth's high ridge thy scions have grown forth.
   As thirst subdueth in the desert, conquer thou, O Soma
   destroyer too of other hate.
5 So do they hurry on thy strong and beauteous juice, O Indu,
   as the first ingredient of the draught.
   Bring low, thou Pavamana, every single foe, and be thy might
   shown forth as sweet and gladdening drink.

HYMN LXXXIII. Soma Pavamana.
1. ON flows the stream of Soma who beholds mankind: by
   everlasting Law he calls the Gods from heaven.
   He lightens with the roaring of Br aspati: h the lakes have not
contained the pourings of juice.
2 Thou, powerful Soma, thou to whom the cows have bowed, ascendest bright with sheen, thine iron-fashioned home. Thou, lengthening our princes’ life and high renown, flowest for Indra as his might to gladdening drink.
3 Best giver of delight, he flows to Indra’s throat, robing himself in might, Auspicious One, for fame. He spreads himself abroad to meet all things that be: the vigorous Tawny Steed flows sporting on his way.
4 The men, the ten swift fingers, milk thee out for Gods, even the most rich in meath, with thousand flowing streams. Soma who winnest thousands, driven by the men, expressed thee into waters, thee, the Steer enriched with sweets.
Thou, Soma, gladdening Indra, and the Heavenly Host, flowest as Pavamana like a river’s wave.

HYMN LXXXI. Soma Pavamana.
1. ONWARD to Indra’s throat move, beauteously adorned, the waves of Soma as he purifies himself.
When they, brought forward with the lovely curd of kine, effused, have cheered the Hero to bestow his gifts.
2 Hither hath Soma flowed unto the beakers, like a chariot-horse, a stallion swift upon his way. Thus, knowing both the generations, he obtains the rights and dues of Gods from yonder and from hence.
3 While thou art cleansed, O Soma, scatter wealth on us; Indu, bestow great bounty as a liberal Prince.
Giver of life, with wisdom help to opulence; strew not our home possessions far away from us.
4 Hither let Pusan Pavamana come to us, Varuna, Mitra, bountiful, of one accord,
The Maruts, Asvins, Vayu, and Brhaspati, Savitar, Tvastar, tractable Sarasvati.
5 Both Heaven and Earth, the all-invigorating Pair, Vidhatar, Aditi, and Aryaman the God, Bhaga who blesses men, the spacious Firmament,—let all the Gods in Pavamana take delight.

HYMN LXXXII. Soma Pavamana.
1. EVEN as a King hath Soma, red and tawny Bull, been pressed: the Wondrous One hath bellowed to the kine. While purified he passes through the filtering fleece to seat him hawk-like on the place that drops with oil.
2. To glory goest thou, Sage with disposing skill, like a groomed steed thou rusbest forward to the prize.
O Soma, be thou gracious, driving off distress: thou goest, clothed in butter, to a robe of state.
3 Parjanya is the Father of the Mighty Bird: on mountains, in earth’s centre hath he made his home.
The waters too have flowed, the Sisters, to the kine: he meets the pressing-stones at the beloved rite.
4 Thou givest pleasure as a wife delights her lord. Listen, O Child of Pauri, for to thee I speak.
Amid the holy songs go on that we may live: in time of trouble, Soma, watch thou free from blame.

HYMN LXXXIII. Soma Pavamana.
1. SPREAD is thy cleansing filter, Brahmanspati: as Prince, thou enterest its limbs from every side.
The raw, whose mass hath not been heated gains not this: they only which are dressed, which bear, attain to it.
2 High in the seat of heaven is spread the Scorcher’s sieve: its threads are standing separate, glittering with light.
The Swift Ones favour him who purifieth this: with consciousness they stand upon the height of heaven.
3 The foremost spotted Steer hath made the Mornings shine, and yearning after strength sustains all things that be.
By his high wisdom have the mighty Sages wrought: the Fathers who behold mankind laid down the germ,
4 Gandharva verily protects his dwellingplace; Wondrous, he guards the generations of the Gods.
Lord of the snare, he takes the foe man with the snare: those who are most devout have gained a share of meath.
5 Rich in oblations! robed in cloud, thou corapassest oblation, sacrifice, the mighty seat of Gods.
King, on thy chariot-sieve thou goest up to war, and with a thousand weapons winnest lofty fame.

HYMN LXXXIV. Soma Pavamana.
1. FLOW, cheering Gods, most active, winner of the flood, for Indra, and for Vayu, and for Varuna.
Bestow on us to-day wide room with happiness, and in thine ample dwelling laud the Host of Heaven.
2 He who hath come anear to creatures that have life, Immortal Soma flows onward to all of them.
Effecting, for our aid, both union and release, Indu, like Surya, follows closely after Dawn.
3 He who is poured with milk, he who within the plants hastes bringing treasure for the happiness of Gods, He, poured forth in a stream flows with the lightning’s flash, Soma who gladdens Indra and the Host of Heaven.
4 Winner of thousands, he, this Soma, flows along, raising a vigorous voice that wakens with the dawn.
Indu with winds drives on the ocean of the air, he sinks within the jars, he rests in Indra’s heart.
5 The kine with milk dress him who makes the milk increase, Soma, amid the songs, who finds the light of heaven.
Winner of wealth, the effectual juice is flowing on, Singer and Sage by wisdom, dear as heaven itself.

HYMN LXXXV. Soma Pavamana.
1. FLOW on to Indra, Soma, carefully effused: let sickness stay afar together with the fiends.
Let not the double-tongued delight them with thy juice. here be thy flowing drops laden with opulence.
2 O Pavamana, urge us forward in the fight thou art the vigour of the Gods, the well-loved drink.
Smite thou our enemies who raise the shout of joy: Indra, drink
Soma juice, and drive away our foes.
3 Unharmed, best Cheerer, thou, O Indu, flowest on: thou, even thou thyself, art Indra's noblest food.
Full many a wise man lifts to thee the song of praise, and hails thee with a kiss as Sosvan of this world.
4 Wondrous, with hundred streams, hymned in a thousand songs, Indu pours out for Indra his delightful meath.
Winning us land and waters, flow thou hitherward: Rainer of bounties, Indra, make broad way for us.
5 Roaring within the beaker thou art balmed with milk: thou passest through the fleecy filter all at once.
Carefully cleansed and decked like a prizewinning steed, O Soma, thou hast flowed down within Indra's throat.
6 Flow onward sweet of flavour for the Heavenly Race, for Indra sweet, whose name is easily invoked:
Flow sweet for Mitra, Varuna, and Vayu, rich in meath, inviolable for Brhaspati.
7 Ten rapid fingers deck the Courser in the jar: with hymns the holy singers send their voices forth.
The filtering juices hasten to their eulogy, the drops that gladden find their way to Indra's heart.
8 While thou art purified pour on us hero strength, great, far-extended shelter, spacious pasturage.
Let no oppression master this our holy work: may we, O Indu, gain all opulence through thee.
9 The Steer who sees afar hath risen above the sky: the Sage hath caused the lights of heaven to give their shine.
10 High in the vault of heaven, unceasing, honey-tongued, the Loving Ones besought with many voices the Eagle rich, in the stream's wave and in the cleansing sieve.
The drop that hath grown great in waters, in the lake meath- The Steer is purified by worshippers.
11 The vigorous and far-seeing one, the Lord of heaven, flows,
His ray hath shone abroad with gleaming splendour: pure, he shares the mighty booty in the van of war: the well-armed
12 In forefront of the rivers Pavamana speeds, in forefront of the hymn, foremost among the kine.
Coloured like gold he rests in seats where Mitra dwells, the Steer speeds with thousand currents to the reservoir, and passes through the filter bellowing as a bull.
13 This heedful Pavamana, like a bird sent forth, hath with his thousand streams.
Served with fair rites he flows, ensign of sacrifice: Soma speeds onward like a youth to youthful maids, and gains
14 He, clad in mail that reaches heaven, the Holy One, filling
The beams of Pavamana, sent from earth and heaven, his ensigns who is ever steadfast, travel round.
15 He who was first of all to penetrate his form bestowed upon
He hastens to the special place of Gods.
16 The beams of Pavamana, sent from earth and heaven, his ensigns who is ever steadfast, travel round.
When on the sieve the Golden-hued is cleansed, he rests within the vats as one who seats him in his place.
17 Your songs, exhilarating, tuneful, uttering praise, are come
Worshippers have exalted Soma with their hymns, and milch kine have come near to meet him with their milk.
18 O Soma, Indu, while they cleanse thee, pour on us accumulateds Plentiful, nutritious food.
Which, ceaseless, thrice a day shall yield us hero power
enriched with store of nourishment, and strength, and Meath.  
19 Far-seeing Soma flows, the Steer, the Lord of hymns, the  
   Furtherer of day, of morning, and of heaven.  
Mist with the streams he caused the beakers to resound, and  
   with the singers' aid they entered Indra's heart.  
20 On, with the prudent singers, flows the ancient Sage and  
   guided by the men hath roared about the vats.  
Producing Trita's name, may he pour forth the meath, that  
   Vayu and that Indra may become his Friends.  
21 He, being purified, hath made the Mornings shine: this,  
   even this is he who gave the rivers room.  
   He made the Three Times Seven pour out the milky flow:  
   Soma, the Cheerer, yields what'er the heart finds sweet.  
22 Flow, onward, Soma, in thine own celestial forms, flow,  
   Indu, poured within the beaker and the sieve.  
Sinking into the throat of Indra with a roar, led by the men  
   thou madest Surya mount to heaven.  
23 Pressed out with stones thou flowest onward to the sieve, O  
   Indu, entering the depths of Indra's throat.  
Far-sighted Soma, now thou lookest on mankind: thou didst  
   unbar the cowstall for the Angirases.  
24 In thee, O Soma, while thou purifiedst thee, high-  
   thoughted sages, seeking favour, have rejoiced.  
Down from the heavens the Falcon brought thee hitherward,  
   even thee, O Indu, thee whom all our hymns adorn.  
25 Seven Milk-kine glorify the Tawny-coloured One while  
   with his wave in wool he purifies himself.  
   The living men, the mighty, have impelled the Sage into the  
   waters' lap, the place of sacrifice.  
26 Indu, attaining purity, plunges through the foe, making Ilis  
   ways all easy for the pious man.  
   Making the kine his mantle, he, the lovely Sage, runs like a  
   sporting courser onward through the fleece.  
27 The ceaseless watery fountains with their hundred streams  
   sing, as they hasten near, to him the Golden-hued  
   Him, clad in robes of milk, swift fingers beautify on the third  
   height and in the luminous realm of heaven.  
28 These are thy generations of celestial seed thou art the  
   Sovran Lord of all the world of life.  
   This universe, O Pavamana, owns thy sway; thou, Indu, art the  
   first establisher of Law.  
29 Thou art the sea, O Sage who bringest all to light: under thy  
   Law are these five regions of the world.  
   Thou in the filter, Soma Pavamana, art purified to support  
   the region for the Gods.  
   The chief, the longing ones have sought to hold thee fast, and  
   all these living creatures have been turned to thee.  
31 Onward the Singer travels o'er the fleecy sieve, the Tawny  
   Steer hath bellowed in the wooden vats.  
Hymns have been sung aloud in resonant harmony, and holy  
   songs kiss him, the Child who claims our praise.  
32 He hath assumed the rays of Surya for his robe, spinning, as  
   he knows bow, the triply-twisted thread.  
   He, guiding to the newest rules of Holy Law, comes as the  
   Women's Consort to the special place.

33 On flows the King of rivers and the Lord of heaven: he  
   follows with a shout the paths of Holy Law.  
The Golden-hued is poured forth, with his hundred streams,  
   Wealth-bringer, lifting up his voice while purified.  
34 Fain to be cleansed, thou, Pavamana, pour'st out, like  
   wondrous Surya, through the fleece, an ample sea.  
   Purified with the hands, pressed by the men with stones, thou  
   speedest on to mighty booty-bringing war.  
35 Thou, Pavamana, sendest food and power in streams. thou  
   sittest in the beakers as a hawk on trees,  
For Indra poured as cheering juice to make him glad, as  
   nearest and farseeing bearer-up of heaven.  
36 The Sisters Seven, the Mothers, stand around the Babe, the  
   noble, new-born Infant, skilled in holy song,  
   Gandharva of the floods, divine, beholding men, Soma, that he  
   may reign as King of all the world.  
37 As Sovran Lord thereof thou Passest through these worlds,  
   O Indu, harnessing thy tawny well-winged Mares.  
   May they pour forth for thee milk and oil rich in sweets: O  
   Soma, let the folk abide in thy decree.  
38 O Soma, thou beholdest men from every side: O Pavamana,  
   Steer, thou wanderest through these.  
   Pour out upon us wealth in treasure and in gold: may we have  
   strength to live among the things that be.  
39 Winner of gold and goods and cattle flow thou on, set as  
   impregner, Indu, mid the worlds of life.  
Rich in brave men art thou, Soma, who winnest all: these holy  
   singers wait upon thee with the song.  
40 The wave of flowing meath hath wakened up desires: the  
   Steer enrobed in milk plunges into the streams.  
   Borne on his chariot-sieve the King hath risen to war, and with  
   a thousand rays hath won him high renown.  
41 Dear to all life, he sends triumphant praises forth, abundant,  
   bringing offspring, each succeeding day.  
   From Indra crave for us, Indu, when thou art quaffed, the  
   blessing that gives children, wealth that harbours steeds.  
42 When days begin, the strong juice, lovely, golden-hued, is  
   recognized by wisdom more and more each day,  
He, stirring both the Races, goes between the two, the bearer  
   of the word of men and word of Gods.  
43 They balm him, balm him over balm him thoroughly, caress  
   the mighty strength and balm it with the meath.  
They seize the flying Steer at the stream's breathing-place:  
   cleansing with gold they grasp the Animal herein.  
44 Sing forth to Pavamana skilled in holy song: the juice is  
   flowing onward like a mighty stream.  
He glideth like a serpent from his ancient skin, and like a  
   playful horse the Tawny Steer hath run.  
45 Dweller in floods, King, foremost, he displays his might,  
   set among living things as measurer of days.  
   Distilling oil he flows, fair, bilowy, golden-hued, borne on a  
   car of light, sharing one hom-e with wealth.  
46 Loosed is the heavens! support, the uplifted cheering juice:  
   the triply-mingled draught flows round into the worlds.  
The holy hymns caress the stalk that claims our praise, when  
   singers have approached his beauteous robe with song.  
47 Thy streams that flow forth rapidly collected run over the

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fine fleece of the sheep as thou art cleansed.
When, Indu, thou art. balmed with milk within the bowl, thou sinkest in the jars, O Soma, when expressed.
48 Winner of power, flow, Soma, worthy of our laud: run onward to the fleece as well-beloved meath.
Destroy, O Indu, all voracious Raksasas. With brave sons in the assembly let our speech be bold.

HYMN LXXXVII. Soma Pavamana.
1. RUN onward to the reservoir and seat thee: cleansed by the men speed forward to the battle.
Making thee beauteous like an able courser, forth to the sacred grass with reins they lead thee.
2 Indu, the well-armed God, is flowing onward, who quells the curse and guards from treacherous onslaught,
Father, begetter of the Gods, most skilful, the buttress of the heavens and earth's supporter.
3. Rsi and Sage, the Champion of the people, cleft and sagacious, Usana in wisdom,
He hath discovered even their hidden nature, the Cows' concealed and most mysterious title.
4 This thine own Soma rich in meath, O Indra, Steer for the Steer, hath flowed into the filter.
The strong Free-giver, winning hundreds, thousands, hath reached the holy grass that never fails him.
5 These Somas are for wealth of countless cattle, renown therefor, and mighty strength immortal.
These have been sent forth, urified by strainers, like steeds whose back bears meath, unwearied, awful.
6 He, while he cleanses him, invoked of many, hath flowed to give the people all enjoyment.
Thou whom the Falcon brought, bring, dainty viands, bestir thyself and send us wealth and booty.
7 This Soma, pressed into the cleansing filter, hath run as 'twere a host let loose, the Courser;
Like a strong bull who whets his horns kpen-pointed, like a brave warrior in the fray for cattle.
8 He issued forth from out the loftiest mountain, and found kine hidden somewhere in a stable.
Soma's stream clears itself for thee, O Indra, like lightning thundering through the clouds of heaven,
9 Cleansing thyself, and borne along with Indra, Soma, thou goest round the herd of cattle.
May thy praise help us, Mighty One, prompt Giver, to the full ample food which thou bestowest.

HYMN LXXXVIII. Soma Pavamana.
1. FOR thee this Soma is effused, O Indra: drink of this juice; for thee the stream is flowing-
Soma, which thou thyself hast made and chosen, even Indu, for thy special drink to cheer thee.
2 Like a capacious car hath it been harnessed, the Mighty; to acquire abundant treasures.
Then in the sacrifice they celebrated all triumphs won by Nahus -n the battle.
3 Like Vayu with his team, moving at pleasure, most gracious when invoked like both Nasatyas,
Thou art thyself like the Wealth-Giver, Soma! who grants all boons, like song-inspiring Pusan.
4 Like Indra who hath done great deeds, thou, Soma, art slayer of the Vrtras, Fort-destroyer.
Like Pedu's horse who killed the brood of serpents, thus thou, O Soma, slayest every Dasyu.
5 Like Agni loosed amid the forest, fiercely he winneth splendour in the running waters.
Like one who fights, the roaring of the mighty, thus Soma Pavamana sends his current.
6 These Somas passing through the fleecy filter, like rain descending from the clouds of heaven,
Have been effused and poured into the beakers, swiftly like rivers running lowly seaward.
7 Flow onward like the potent band of Maruts, like that Celestial Host whom none revileth.
Quickly be gracious unto us like waters, like sacrifice victorious, thousand-fashioned.
8 Thine are King Varuna's eternal statutes, lofty and deep, O Soma, is thy glory.
All-pure art thou like Mitra the beloved, adorable, like Aryaman, O Soma.

HYMN LXXXIX. Soma Pavamana.
1. THIS Chariot-horse hath moved along the pathways, and Pavamana flowed like rain from heaven.
With us hath Soma with a thousand currents sunk in the wood, upon his Mother's bosom.
2. King, he hath clothed him in the robe of rivers, mounted the straightest-going ship of Order.
Sped by the Hawk the drop hath waxed in waters: the father drains it, drains the Father's offspring.
3 They come to him, red, tawny, Lord of Heaven, the watchful Guardian of the meath, the Lion.
First, Hero in the fight, he seeks the cattle, and with his eye the Steer is our protector.
4 They harness to the broad-wheeled car the mighty Courser whose back bears meath, unwearied, awful.
The twins, the sisters brighten him, and strengthen-these children of one damethe vigorous Racer.
5 Four pouring out the holy oil attend him, sitting together in the same container.
To him they flow, when purified, with homage, and still, from every side, are first about him.
6 He is the buttress of the heavens, supporter of earth, and in his hand are all the people.
Be the team's Lord a well to thee the singer: cleansed is the sweet plant's stalk for deed of glory.
7 Fighting, uninjured come where Gods are feasted; Soma, as Vrtra-slayer flow for Indra.
Vouchsafe us ample riches very splendid may we be masters of heroic vigour.

HYMN XC. Soma Pavamana.
1. URGED On, the Father of the Earth and Heaven hath gone forth like a car to gather booty,
Going to Indra, sharpening his weapons, and in his hand containing every treasure.
2 To him the tones of sacred song have sounded, Steer of the
triple height, the Life-bestower.
Dwelling in wood as Varuna in rivers, lavishing treasure he
distributes blessings
3 Great Conqueror, warnor-girt, Lord of all heroes, flow on thy
way as he who winneth riches;
With sharpened, arms, with swift bow, never vanquished in
battle, vanquishing in fight the foemen.
4 Giving security, Lord of wide dominion, send us both earth
and heaven with all their fulness.
Striving to win the Dawns, the light, the waters, and cattle, call
to us abundant vigour.
5 O Soma, gladden Varuna and Mitra; cheer, Indu Pavamana!
Indra, Visnu.
Cheer thou the Gods, the Company of Maruts: Indu, cheer
mighty Indra to rejoicing.
6 Thus like a wise and potent King flow onward, destroying
with thy vigour all misfortunes.
For our well-spoken hymn give life, O Indu. Do ye preserve us
evermore with blessings.

HYMN XCI. Soma Pavamana.
1. As for a chariot-race, the skillful Speaker, Chief, Sage,
Inventor, hath, with song, been started.
The sisters ten upon the fleecy summit drive on the Car-horse
to the resting places.
2 The drop of Soma, pressed by wise Nahusyas, becomes the
banquet of the Heavenly People-
Indu, by hands of mortal men made beauteous, immortal, with
the sheep and cows and waters.
3 Steer roaring unto Steer, this Pavamana, this juice runs to the
white milk of the milch-cow.
Through thousand fine hairs goes the tuneful Singer, like Sura
by his fair and open pathways.
4 Break down the, strong seats even of the demons: cleansing
thee, Indu, robd thyself in vigour.
Rend with thy swift bolt, coming from above them, those who
are near and those who yet are distant.
5 Prepare the forward paths in ancient manner for the new
bymn, thou Giver of all bounties.
Those which are high and hard for foes to conquer may we
gain from thee, Active! Food-bestower!
6 So purifying thee vouchsafe us waters, heaven's light, and
cows, offspring and many children.
Give us health, ample land, and lights, O Soma, and grant us
long to look upon the sunshine.

HYMN XCII. Soma Pavamana.
1. WHEN beauties strive for him as for a charger, then strive
the songs like soldiers for the sunlight.
Acting the Sage, he flows enrob'd in waters and song as 'twere
a stall that kine may prosper.
2 Even as a youngling crying to his mothers, the bounteous
Steer hath flowed along to waters.
As youth to damsel, so with milk he hastens on to the, chose
meeting-place, the beaker.
3 Yea, swollen is the udder of the milch-cow: thither in
streams goes very sapient Indu.
The kine make ready, as with new-washed treasures, the Head
and Chief with milk within the vessels.
4 With all the Gods, O Indu Pavamana, while thou art roaring
send us wealth in horses.
Hither upon her car come willing Plenty, inclined to us, to give
us of her treasures.
5 Now unto us mete riches, while they cleanse them, all-
glorious, swelling wealth, with store of heroes.
Long be his life who worships, thee, O Indu. May he, enriched
with prayer, come soon and early.

HYMN XCIII. Soma Pavamana.
1. TEN sisters, pouring out the rain together, swift-moving
thinkers of the sage, adorn him.
Hither hath run the gold-hued Child of Surya and reached the
vat like a fleet vigorous courser.
2 Even as a youngling crying to his mothers, the bounteous
Steer hath flowed along to waters.
As youth to damsel, so with milk he hastens on to the, chose
meeting-place, the beaker.
3 Yea, swollen is the udder of the milch-cow: thither in
streams goes very sapient Indu.
The kine make ready, as with new-washed treasures, the Head
and Chief with milk within the vessels.
4 With all the Gods, O Indu Pavamana, while thou art roaring
send us wealth in horses.
Hither upon her car come willing Plenty, inclined to us, to give
us of her treasures.
5 Now unto us mete riches, while they cleanse them, all-
glorious, swelling wealth, with store of heroes.
Long be his life who worships, thee, O Indu. May he, enriched
with prayer, come soon and early.

HYMN XCIV. Soma Pavamana.
1. WHEN beauties strive for him as for a charger, then strive
the songs like soldiers for the sunlight.
Acting the Sage, he flows enrob'd in waters and song as 'twere
a stall that kine may prosper.
2 The worlds expand to him who from aforetime found light to
spread the law of life eternal.
The swelling songs, like kine within the stable, in deep
devotion call aloud on Indu.
3 When the sage bears his holy wisdom round him, like a car
visiting all worlds, the Hero,
Becoming fame, mid Gods, unto the mortal, wealth to the
skilled, worth praise mid the Ever-present,
4 For glory born be hath come forth to glory: he giveth life and
glory to the singers.
They, clothed in glory, have become immortal. He, measured
in his course, makes frays successful.
5 Stream to us food and vigour, kine and horses: give us broad
lights and fill th'Gods with rapture.
All there are easy things for thee to master thou, Pavamana Soma, quell'st foemen.

HYMN XCV Soma Pavamana.
1. Loud neighs the Tawny Steed when started, settling deep in the wooden vessel while they cleanse him. Led by the men he takes the milk for raiment: then shall he, through his powers, engender praise-songs.
2. As one who rows drives on his boat, he, Gold-hued, sends forth his voice, loosed on the path of Order. As God, the secret names of Gods he utters, to be declared on sacred grass more widely.
3. Hastening onward like the waves of waters, our holy hymns are pressing nigh to Soma. The Friend of Indra mounts his car well-knowing, he comes with steed-impelling homage.

HYMN XCVI. Soma Pavamana
1. IN forefront of the cars forth goes the Hero, the Leader, winning spoil: his host rejoices. Soma endues his robes of lasting colours, and blesses, for his friends, their calls on Indra.
2. Men decked with gold adorn his golden tendril, incessantly as a Bull who decks him on the upland. The Friend of Indra mounts his car well-knowing, he comes thereon to meet the prayer we offer.
3. O God, for service of the Gods flow onward, for food sublime, as Indra's drink, O Indu, as they cleanse thee. Making the floods, bedewing earth and heaven, come from the vast, comfort us while we cleanse thee.
4. Flow for prosperity and constant Vigour, flow on for happiness and high perfection. This is the wish of these friends assembled: this is my wish, O Soma Pavamana.
5. Father of holy hymns, Soma flows onward, the Father of the earth, Father of heaven: Father of Agni, Surya's generator, the Father who begat Indra and Visnu.
6. Brahman of Gods, the Leader of the poets, Rsi of sages, Bull of savage creatures, Falcon amid the vultures, Axe of forests, over the cleansing sieve goes Soma singing.
7. He, Soma Pavamana, like a river, hath stirred the wave of voice, our songs and praises. Beholding these inferior powers in cattle, he rests among them as a Steer well-knowing.
8. As Gladdener, Warrior never harmed in battle, with thousand genial streams, pour strength and vigour. As thoughtful Pavamana, urge O Indu, speeding the kine, the plant's wave on to Indra.
9. Dear, grateful to the Gods, on to the beaker moves Soma, sweet to Indra, to delight him. With hundred powers, with thousand currents, Indu, like a strong car-horse, goes to the assembly.
10. Born in old time as finder-out of treasures, drained with the stone, decking himself in waters, Warding off curses, King of all existence, he shall find way for prayer the while they cleanse him.
11. For our sage fathers, Soma Pavamana, of old performed, by thee, their sacred duties. Fighting unvanquished, open the enclosures: enrich us with large gifts of steeds and heroes.
12. As thou didst flow for Manu Life-bestowing, Foe-queller, Comforter, rich in oblations, Even thus flow onward now conferring riches: combine with Indra, and bring forth thy weapons.
13. Flow onward, Soma, rich in sweets and holy,. enrobed in waters on the fleecy summit. Settle in vessels that are full of fatness, as cheering and most gladdening drink for Indra.
14. Pour, hundred-streamed, winner of thousands, mighty at the Gods' banquet, Pour the rain of heaven, While thou with rivers roarest in the beaker, and blent with milk prolongest our existence.
15. Purified with our holy hymns, this Soma o'ertakes malignities like some strong charger, Like fresh milk poured by Aditi, like passage in ample room, or like a docile car-horse.
16. Cleansed by the pressers, armed with noble weapons, stream to us the fair secret name thou bearest. Pour booty, like a horse, for love of glory God, Soma, send us kine, and send us Vayu.
17. They deck him at his birth, the lovely Infant, the Maruts with their troop adorn the Car-horse. By songs a Poet and a Sage by wisdom, Soma soes singing through the cleansing filter.
18. Light-winner, Rsi-minded, Rsi-maker, hymned in a thousand hymns, Leader of sages, A Steer who strives to gain his third form, Soma is, like Viraj, resplendent as a Singer.
19. Hawk seated in the bowls, Bird wide-extended, the Banner seeking kine and wielding weapons, Following close the sea, the wave of waters, the great Bull tells his fourth form and declares it.
20. Like a fair youth who decorates his body, a courser rushing to the gain of riches, A steer to herds, so, flowing to the pitcher, he with a roar hath passed into the beakers.
21. Flow on with might as Pavamana, Indu flow loudly roaring through the fleecy filter. Enter the beakers sporting, as they cleanse thee, and let thy gladdening juice make Indra joyful.
22. His streams have been effused in all their fulness, and he hath entered, balméd with milk, the goblets. Singing his psalm, well-skilled in song, a Chanter, be comes as twere to his friend's sister roaring.
HYMN XCVII. Soma Pavamana
1. MADE pure by this man's urgent zeal and impulse the God hath to the Gods his juice imparted. He goes, effused and singing, to the filter, like priest to measured seats supplied with cattle.
2 Robed in fair raiment meet to wear in battle, a mighty Sage pronouncing invocations. Roll onward to the beakers as they cleanse thee, far-seeing at the feast of Gods, and watchful.
3 Dear, he is brightened on the fleecy summit, a Prince among us, nobler than the noble. Roar out as thou art purified, run forward. Do ye preserve us evermore with blessings.
4 Let us sing praises to the Gods: sing loudly, send ye the Soma forth for mighty riches. Let him flow, sweetly-flavoured, through the filter, and let our pious one rest in the pitcher.
5 Winning the friendship of the Deities, Indu flows in a thousand streams to make them joyful. Praised by the men after the ancient statute, he hath come nigh, for our great bliss, to Indra.
6 Flow, Gold-hued, cleansing thee, to enrich the singer: let thy juice go to Indra to support him. Come nigh, together with the Gods, for bounty. Do ye preserve us evermore with blessings.
7 The God declares the Deities' generations, like Usana, proclaiming lofty wisdom. With brilliant kin, far-ruling, sanctifying, the Boar advances, singing, to the places.
8 The Swans, the Vrsaganas from anear us have brought their restless spirit to our dwelling. Friends come to Pavamana meet for praises, and sound in concert their restless music.
9 He follows the Wide-strider's rapid movement: cows low, as 'twere, to him who sports at pleasure.
10 Strong Indu, bathed in milk, flows on for Indra, Soma exciting strength, to make him joyful. He quells malignities and slays the demons, the King of mighty power who brings us comfort.
11 Then in a stream he flows, milked out with press-stones, mingled with sweetness, through the fleecy filter-Indu rejoicing in the love of Indra, the God who gladdens, for the God's enjoyment.
12 As he is purified he pours out treasures, a God bedewing Gods with his own juices. Indu hath, wearing qualities by seasons, on the raised fleece engaged, the ten swift fingers.
13 The Red Bull bellowing to the kine advances, causing the heavens and earth to roar and thunder. Well is he heard like Indra's shout in battle: letting this voice be known he hastens hither.
14 Swelling with milk, abounding in sweet flavours, urging the meath-rich plant thou goest onward. Raising a shout thou flowest as they cleanse thee, when thou, O Soma, art effused for Indra.
15 So flow thou on inspiring, for rapture, aiming death-shafts at him who stays the waters, Flow to us wearing thy resplendent colour, effused and eager for the kine, O Soma.
16 Pleased with us, Indu, send us as thou flowest good easy paths in ample space and comforts. Dispelling, as 'twere with a club, misfortunes, run o'er the height, run o'er the fleecy summit.
17 Pour on us rain celestial, quickly streaming, refreshing, fraught with health and ready bounty. Flow, Indu, send these Winds thy lower kinsmen, setting them free like locks of hair unbraided. 18 Part, like a knotted tangle, while they cleanse thee, O Soma, righteous and unrighteous conduct. Neigh like a tawny coursers who is loosened, come like a youth, O God, a house-possessor.
19 For the God's service, for delight, O Indu, run o'er the height, run o'er the fleecy summit. With thousand streams, inviolate, sweet-scented, flow on for gain of strength that conquers heroes. 20 Without a car, without a rein to guide them, unyoked, like coursers started in the contest. These brilliant drops of Soma juice run forward. Do ye, O Deities, come nigh to drink them.
21 So for our banquet of the Gods, O Indu, pour down the rain of heaven into the vessels. May Soma grant us riches sought with longing, mighty, exceeding strong, with store of heroes.
22 What time the loving spirit's word had formed him Chief of all food, by statute of the Highest, Then loudly lowing came the cows to Indu, the chosen, well-loved Master in the beaker. 23 The Sage, Celestial, liberal, raining bounties, pours as he flows the Genuine for the Truthful. The King shall be effectual strength's upholder: he by the ten bright reins is mostly guided.
24 He who beholds mankind, made pure with filters, the King supreme of Deities and mortals, From days of old is Treasure-Lord of riches: he, Indu, cherishes fair well-kept Order. 25 Haste, like a steed, to vittory for glory, to Indra's and to Vayu's entertainment. Give us food ample, thousandfold: be, Soma, the finder-out of riches when they cleanse thee.
26 Effused by us let God-delighting Somas bring as they flow a home with noble heroes. Rich in all boons like priests acquiring favour, the worshippers of heaven, the best of Cheerers.
RIG VEDA – BOOK NINE

27 So, God, for service of the Gods flow onward, flow, drink of Gods, for ample food, O Soma.
For we go forth to war against the mighty make heaven and earth well stablished by thy cleansing.
28 Thou, yoked by strong men, neighest like a courser, swifter than thought is, like an awful lion.
By paths directed hitherward, the straightest, send thou us happiness, Indu, while they cleanse thee.
29 Sprung from the Gods, a hundred streams, a thousand, have been effused: sages prepare and purge them.
Bring us from heaven the means of winning, Indu; thou art forerunner of abundant riches.
30 The streams of days, were poured as twere from heaven: the wise King doth not treat his friend unkindly.
Like a son following his father's wishes, grant to this family success and safety.
31 Now are thy streams poured forth with all their sweetness, when, purified. thou goest through the filter.
The race of kine is thy gift, Pavarridna: when born thou madest Surya rich with brightness.
32 Bright, bellowing along the path of Order, thou shinest as the form of life eternal.
Thou flowest on as gladdening drink for Indra, sending thy voice out with the hymns of sages.
33 Pouring out streams at the Gods' feast with service, thou, Soma, lookest down, a heavenly Eagle.
Enter the Soma-holding beaker, Indu, and with a roar approach Soma, lookest down, a heavenly Eagle.
34 Three are the voices that the Courser utters: he speaks the thought of prayer, the law of Order.
To the Cow's Master come the Cows inquiring: the hymns with eager longing come to Soma.
35 To Soma come the Cows, the Milch-kine longing, to Soma sages with their hymns inquiring.
Soma, effused, is purified and blended our hymns and Trstup songs unite in Soma.
36 Thus, Soma, as we pour thee into vessels, while thou art purified flow for our welfare.
Pass into Indra with a mighty roaring make the voice swell, and generate abundance.
37 Singer of true songs, ever-watchful, Soma hath settled in the ladies when they cleanse him.
Him the Adhvaryus, paired and eager, follow, leaders of sacrifice and skilful-handed.
38 Cleansed near the Sun as twere he as Creator hath filled full heaven and earth, and hath disclosed them.
He by whose dear help men gain all their wishes shall yield the precious meed as to a victor.
39 He, being cleansed, the Strengthener andIncreaser, Soma the Bounteous, helped us with his lustre,
Wherewith our sires of old who knew the footsteps found light and stole the cattle from the mountain.
40 In the first vault of heaven loud roared the Ocean, King of all being, generating creatures.
Steer, in the filter, on the fleecy summit, Soma, the Drop effused, hath waxen mighty.
41 Soma the Steer, in that as Child of Waters he chose the
Gods, performed that great achievement.
He, Pavamana, granted strength to Indra; he, Indu, generated light in Surya.
42 Make Vayu glad., for furtherance and bounty: cheer Varuna and Mitra, as they cleanse thee.
Gladden the Gods, gladden the host of Maruts: make Heaven and Earth rejoice, O God, O Soma.
43 Flow onward righteous slayer of the wicked, driving away our enemies and sickness,
Blending thy milk with milk which cows afford us. We are thy friends, thou art the Friend of Indra.
44 Pour us a fount of meath, a spring of treasure; send us a hero son and happy fortune.
Be sweet to India when they cleanse thee, Indu, and pour down riches on us from the ocean.
45 Strong Soma, pressed, like an impetuous courser, hath flowed in stream as a flood speeding downward.
Cleansed, he hath settled in his wooden dwelling: Indu hath flowed with milk and with the waters.
46 Strong, wise, for thee who longest for his coming this Soma here flows to the bowls, O Indra.
He, chariot-borne, sun-bright, and truly potent, was poured forth like the longing of the pious.
47 He, purified with ancient vital vigour, pervading all his Daughter's forms and figures,
Finding his threefold refuge in the waters, goes singing, as a priest, to the assemblies.
48 Now, chariot-borne, flow unto us, God Soma, as thou art purified flow to the saucers,
Sweetet in waters, rich in meath, and holy, as Savitar the God is, truthfulminded.
49 To feast him, flow mid song and hymn, to Vayu, flow purified to Varuna and Mitra.
Flow to the song-inspiring car-borne Hero, to mighty Indra, him who wields the thunder.
50 Pour on us garments that shall clothe us meetly, send, purified, milk-kine, abundant yielders.
God Soma, send us chariot-drawing horses that they may bring us treasures bright and golden.
51 Send to us in a stream celestial riches, send us, when thou art cleansed, what earth containeth,
So that thereby we may acquire possessions and Rsihood in Jamadagni's manner.
52 Pour forth this wealth with this purification: flow onward to the yellow lake, O Indu.
Here, too, the Ruddy, wind-swift, full of wisdom, Shall give a son to him who cometh quickly.
53 Flow on for us with this purification to the famed ford of thee whose due is glory.
May the Foe-queller shake us down, for triumph, like a tree's ripe fruit, sixty thousand treasures.
54 Eagerly do we pray for those two exploits, at the blue lake and Prsana, wrought in battle.
He sent our enemies to sleep and slew them, and turned away the foolish and unfriendly.
55 Thou comest unto three extended filters, and hasteriest through each one as they cleanse thee.
Thou art the giver of the gift, a Bhaga, a Maghavan for liberal lords, O Indu.
56 This Soma here, the Wise, the All-obtainer, flows on his way as King of all existence.

Driving the drops at our assemblies, Indu completely traverses the fleecy filter.
57 The Great Inviolate are kissing Indu, and singing in his place like eager sages.
The wise men send him forth with ten swift fingers, and balm his form with essence of the waters.

58 Soma, may we, with thee as Pavamana, pile up together all our spoil in battle.
This boon vouchsafe us Varuna and Mitra, and Aditi and Sindhu, Earth and Heaven.

HYMN XCVIII. Soma Pavamana
1. STREAM on us riches that are sought by many, best at winning strength
Riches, O Indu, thousandfold, glorious, conquering the great.
2 Effused, he hath, as on a car, invested him in fleecy mail:
Onward hath Indu flowed in streams, impelled, surrounded by the wood.
3 Effused, this Indu hath flowed on, distilling rapture, to the fleece:
He goes erect, as seeking kine in stream, with light, to sacrifice.
4 For thou thyself, O Indu, God, to every mortal worshipper
Attractest riches thousandfold, made manifest in hundred forms.
5 Good Vrtra-slayer, may we be still nearest to this wealth of thine
Which many crave, nearest to food and happiness, Resistless One!
6 Whom, bright with native splendour, crushed between the pair of pressingstones-
The wavy Friend whom Indra loves-the twice-five sisters dip and bathe,
7 Him with the fleece they purify, brown, golden-hued, beloved of all,
Who with exhilarating juice goes forth to all the Deities.
8 Through longing for this sap of yours ye drink what brings ability,
Even him who, dear as heaven's own light, gives to our princes high renown.
9 Indu at holy rites produced you, Heaven and Earth, the Friends of men,
Hill-haunting God the Goddesses. They bruised him where the roar was loud.
10 For Vrtra-slaying Indra, thou, Soma, art poured that he may drink,
Poured for the guerdon-giving man, poured for the God who sitteth there.
11 These ancient Somas, at the break of day, have flowed into the sieve,
Snorting away at early morn these foolish evil-hearted ones.
12 Friends, may the princes, ye and we, obtain this Most Resplendent One.

Gain him who hath the smell of strength, win him whose home is very strength.

HYMN XCIX. Soma Pavamana.
1. THEY for the Bold and Lovely One ply manly vigour like a bow:
joyous, in front of songs they weave bright raiment for the Lord Divine.
2 And he, made beautiful by night, dips forward into strengthening food',
What time the sacrificer's thoughts speed on his way the Golden-hued.
3 We cleanse this gladdening drink of his the juice which Indra chiefly drinks--
That which kine took into their mouths, of old, and princes take it now.
4 To him, while purifying, they have raised the ancient psalm of praise:
And sacred songs which bear the names of Gods have supplicated him.
5 They purify him as he drops, courageous, in the fleecy sieve.
Him they instruct as messenger to bear the sage's morning prayer.
6 Soma, best Cheerer, takes his seat, the while they cleanse him in the bowls.
He as it were impregn the cow, and babbles on, the Lord of Song.
7 He is effused and beautified, a God for Gods, by skilful men.
He penetrates the mighty floods collecting all he knows therein.
8 Pressed, Indu, guided by the men, thou art led to the cleaning sieve.
Thou, yielding Indra highest joy, taketh thy seat within the bowls.

HYMN C. Soma Pavamana.
1. THE Guileless Ones are singing praise to Indra's well beloved Friend,
As, in the morning of its life, the mothers lick the new-born calf.
2 O Indu, while they cleanse thee bring, O Soma, doubly-waxing wealth
Thou in the worshipper's abode causest all treasures to increase.
3 Set free the. song which mind hath yoked, even as thunder frees the rain:
All treasures of the earth and heaven, O Soma, thou dost multiply.
4 Thy stream when thou art pressed runs on like some victorious warrior's steed
Hastening onward through the fleece like a fierce horse who wins the prize.
5 Flow on, Sage Soma, with thy stream to give us mental power and strength,
Effused for Indra, for his drink, for Mitra and for Varuna.
6 Flow to the filter with thy stream, effused, best winner, thou, of spoil.
O Soma, as most rich in sweets for Indra, Visnu, and the Gods.
7 The mothers, void of guiles, caress thee Golden-coloured, in
the sieve,
As cows, O Pavamana, lick the new-born calf, as Law
commands.
8 Thou, Pavamana, movest on with wondrous rays to great
renown.
Striving within the votary's house thou drivest all the glooms
away.
9 Lord of great sway, thou liftest thee above the heavens,
above the earth.
Thou, Pavamana hast assumed thy coat of mail in majesty.

HYMN CI. Soma Pavamana
1. FOR first possession of your juice, for the exhilarating
drink,
Drive ye away the dog, my friends, drive ye the long-tongued
dog away.
2 He who with purifying stream, effused, comes flowing
hitherward,
Indu, is like an able steed.
3 The men with all-pervading song send unassailable Soma
forth,
By pressing-stones, to sacrifice.
4 The Somas, very rich in sweets, for which the sieve is
destined, flow,
Effused, the source of Indra's joy: may your strong juices reach
the Gods.
5 Indu flows on for Indra's sake: thus have the Deities
declared.
The Lord of Speech exerts himself, Ruler of all, because of
might.
6 Inciter of the voice of song, with thousand streams the ocean
flows,
Even Soma, Lord of opulence, the Friend of Indra, day by day.
7 As Pusan, Fortune, Bhaga, comes this Soma while they make
him pure.
He, Lord of the multitude, hath looked upon the earth and
heaven.
8 The dear cows lowed in joyful mood together to the
gladdening drink.
The drops as they were purified, the Soma juices, made then
paths.
9 O Pavamana, bring the juice, the mightiest, worthy to be
famed,
Which the Five Tribes have over them, whereby we may win
opulence.
10 For us the Soma juices flow, the drops best furtherers of our
weal,
Effused as friends without a spot, benevolent, finders of the
light.
11 Effused by means of pressing-stones, upon the ox-hide
visible,
They, treasure-finders, have announced food unto us from
every side.
12 These Soma juices, skilled in song, purified, blent with milk
and curd,
When moving and when firmly laid in oil, resemble lovely
Suns.
13 Let not the power of men restrain the voice of the
outpouring juice:
As Bhrgu's sons chased Makha, so drive ye the greedy hound
away.
14 The Friend hath wrapped him in his robe, as in his parents
arms, a son.
He went, as lover to a dame, to take his station suitor-like.
15 That Hero who produces strength, he who hath propped
both worlds apart,
Gold-hued, hath wrapped him in the sieve, to settle, priest-like,
in his place.
16 Soma upon the ox's skin through the sheep's wool flows
purified.
Bellowing out, the Tawny Steer goes on to Indra's special
place.

HYMN CIL Soma Pavamana.
1. THE Child, when blended with the streams, speeding the
plan of sacrifice,
Surpasses all things that are dear, yea, from of old.
2 The place, near the two pressing-stones of Trita, hath he
occupied,
Secret and dear through seven lights of sacrifice.
3 Urge to three courses, on the heights of Trita, riches in a
stream.
He who is passing wise measures his courses out.
4 Even at his birth the Mothers Seven taught him, for glory,
like a sage,
So that he, firm and sure, hath set his mind on wealth.
5 Under his sway, of one accord, are all the guileless Deities:
Warriors to be envied, they, when they are pleased.
6 The Babe whom they who strengthen Law have generated
fair to see,
Much longed for at the sacrifice, most liberal Sage,-
7 To him, united, of themselves, come the young Parents of the
rite,
When they adorn him, duly weaving sacrifice.
8 With wisdom and with radiant eyes unbar to us the stall of
heaven,
Speeding at solemn rite the plan of Holy Law.

HYMN CIII. Soma Pavamana.
1. To Soma who is purified as ordering Priest the song is
raised:
Bring meed, as 'twere, to one who makes thee glad with
hymns.
2 Blended with milk and curds he flows on through the long
wool of the sheep.
The Gold-hued, purified, makes him three seats for rest.
3 On through the long wool of the sheep to the meath-dropping
vat he flows:
The Rsis' sevenfold quire hath sung aloud to him.
4 Shared by all Gods, Infallible, the Leader of our holy hymns,
Golden-hued Soma, being cleansed, hath reached the bowls.
5 After thy Godlike qualities, associate with Indra, go,
As a Priest purified by priests, Immortal One.
6 Like a car-horse who shows his strength, a God effused for Deities.
The penetrating Pavamana flows along.

HYMN CIV. Soma Pavamana.
1. SIT down, O friends, and sing aloud to him who purifies himself:
   Deck him for glory, like a child, with holy rites.
2 Unite him bringing household wealth, even as a calf, with mother kine,
   Him who hath double strength, the God, delighting juice.
3 Purify him who gives us power, that he, most Blessed One,
   may be
   A banquet for the Troop, Mitra, and Varuna.
4 Voices have sung aloud to thee as finderout of wealth for us:
   We clothe the hue thou wearest with a robe of milk.
5 Thou, Indu, art the food of Gods, O Sovran of all gladdening drinks:
   As Friend for friend, be thou best finder of success.
6 Drive utterly away from us each demon, each voracious fiend,
   The godless and the false: keep sorrow far away.

HYMN CV. Soma Pavamana.
1. SING; ye aloud, O friends, to him who makes him pure for gladdening drink:
   They shall make sweet the Child with sacrifice and laud.
2 Like as a calf with mother cows, so Indu is urged forth and sent,
   Glorified by our hymns, the God-delighting juice.
3 Effectual means of power is he, he is a banquet for the Troop,
   He who hath been effused, most rich in meath, for Gods.
4 Flow to us, Indu, passing, strong, effused, with wealth of kine and steeds:
   I will spread forth above the milk thy radiant hue.
5 Lord of the tawny, Indu thou who art the God's most special food,
   As Friend to friend, for splendour be thou good to men.
6 Drive utterly, far away from us each godless, each voracious foe.
   O Indu, overcome and drive the false afar.

HYMN CVI. Soma Pavamana.
1. To Indra, to the Mighty Steer, may these gold-coloured juices go,
   Drops rapidly produced, that find the light of heaven.
2 Effused, this juice victorious flows for Indra, for his maintenance.
   Soma bethinks him of the Conqueror, as he knows.
3 May Indra in his raptures gain from him the grasp that gathers spoil,
   And, winning waters, wield the steerstrong thunderbolt.
4 Flow vigilant for Indra, thou Soma, yea, Indu, run thou on:
   Bring hither splendid strength that finds the light of heaven.
5 Do thou, all-beautiful, purify for Indra's sake the mighty juice,
   Path-maker thou, far seeing, with a thousand ways.
6 Best finder of prosperity for us, most rich in sweets for Gods,
   Proceed thou loudly roaring on a thousand paths.
7 O Indu, with thy streams, in might, flow for the banquet of the Gods:
   Rich in meath, Soma, in our beaker take thy place.
8 Thy drops that swim in water have exalted Indra to delight:
   The Gods have drunk thee up for immortality.
9 Stream opulence to us, ye drops of Soma, pressed and purified,
   Pouring down rain from heaven in hoods, and finding light.
10 Soma, while filtered, with his wave flows through the long wool of the sheep,
   Shouting while purified before the voice of song.
11 With songs they send the Mighty forth, sporting in wood, above the fleece:
   Our psalms have glorified him of the triple height.
12 Into the jars hath he been loosed, like an impetuous steed for war,
   And lifting up his voice, while filtered, glided on.
13 Gold-hued and lovely in his course, through tangles of the wool he flows,
   And pours heroic fame upon the worshippers.
14 Flow thus, a faithful votary: the streams of meath have been effused.
   Thou comest to the filter, singing, from each side.

HYMN CVII. Soma Pavamana.
1. HENCE sprinkle forth the juice effused, Soma, the best of sacred gifts,
   Who, friend of man, hath run amid the water-streams. He hath pressed Soma out with stones.
2 Now, being purified, flow hither through the fleece inviolate and most odorous.
   We ladden thee in waters when thou art effused, blending thee still with juice and milk.
3 Pressed out for all to see, delighting Gods, Indu, Far-sighted One, is mental power.
   We hast become a Singer most like Angiras: thou madest Surya mount to heaven.
4 Cleansing thee, Soma, in thy stream, thou flowest in a watery robe:
   Giver of wealth, thou sittest in the place of Law, O God, a fountain made of gold.
5 Milking the heavenly udder for dear meath, he hath sat in the ancient gatheringplace.
   Washed by the men, the Strong Farseeing One streams forth nutriti us food that all desire.
6 O Soma, while they cleanse thee, dear and watchful in the sheep's long wool,
   Thou hast become a Singer most like Angiras: thou madest Surya mount to heaven.
7 Bountiful, best of furtherers, Soma floweth on, Rsi and Singer, keen of sight.
   Thou hast become a Sage most welcome to the Gods: thou madest Surya mount to heaven.
8 Pressed out by pressers, Soma goes over the fleecy backs of sheep,
Goes, even as with a mare, in tawny-coloured stream, goes in exhilarating stream.
9 Down to the water-Soma, rich in kine hath flowed with cows, with cows that have been milked. They have approached the mixing-vessel as a sea: the cheerer streams for the carouse.
10 Effused by stones, O Soma, and urged through the long wool of the sheep, Thou, entering the saucers as a man the fort, gold-hued hast settled in the wood.
11 He beautifies himself through the sheep's long fine wool, like an impetuous steed in war, Even Soma Pavamana who shall be the joy of sages and of holy bards.
12 O Soma, for the feast of Gods, river-like he hath swelled with surge, With the stalk's juice, exhilarating, resting not, into the vat that drops with meath.
13 Like a dear son who must be decked, the Lovely One hath clad him in a shining robe. Men skilful at their work drive him forth, like a car, into the rivers from their bands.
14 The living drops of Soma juice pour, as they flow, the gladdening drink, Intelligent drops above the basin of the sea, exhilarating, finding light.
15 May Pavamana, King and God, speed with his wave over the sea the lofty rite: May he by Mitra's and by Varuna's decree flow furthering the lofty rite.
16 Far-seeing, lovely, guided by the men, the God whose home is in the sea-
17 Soma, the gladdening juice, flows pressed for Indra with his Marut host: He hastens o'er the fleece with all his thousand streams: men make him bright and beautiful.
18 Purified in the bowl and gendering the hymn, wise Soma joys among the Gods. Robed in the flood, the Mighty One hath clad himself with milk and settled in the vats.
19 O Soma, Indu, every day thy friendship hath been my delight. Many fiends follow me; help me, thou Tawny-hued; pass on beyond these barriers.
20 Close to thy bosom am I, Soma, day and night. O Tawny-hued, for friendship sake. Surya himself refulgent with his glow have we o'ertaken in his course like birds.
21 Deft-handcd! thou when purified liighest thy voice amid the sea. Thou, Pavamana, makest riches flow to us, yellow, abundant, much-desired.
22 Making thee pure and bright in the sheep's long wool, thou hast bellowed, steerlike, in the wood. Thou flowest, Soma Pavamana, balmed with milk unto the special place of Gods.
23 Flow on to win us strength, flow on to lofty lore of every kind. Thou, Soma, as Exhilarator wast the first to spread the sea abroad for Gods.
24 Flow to the realm of earth, flow to the realm of heaven, O Soma, in thy righteous ways. Fair art thou whom the sages, O Far-seeing One, urge onward with their songs and hymns.
25 Over the cleansing sieve have flowed the Pavamanas in a stream, Girt by the Maruts, gladdening, Steeds with Indra's strength, for wisdom and for dainty food.
26 Urged onward by the pressers, clad in watery robes, Indu is speeding to the vat. He gendering light, hath made the glad Cows low, while he takes them as his garb of state.

HYMN CVIII. Soma Pavamana.
1. FOR Indra, flow thou Soma on, as gladdening juice most sweet, intelligent, Great, cheering, dwelling most in heaven.
2 Thou, of whom having drunk the Steer acts like a steer. drinking of this that finds the light, He, Excellently Wise, is come to strengthening food, to spoil and wealth like Etasa.
3 For, verily, Pavamana, thou bast, splendidest, called all the generations of The Gods to immortality.
4 By whom Dadhyac Navagva opens fastened doors, by whom the sages gained their wish, By whom they won the fame of lovely Amrta in the felicity of Gods.
5 Effused, he floweth in a stream, best rapture-giver, in the long wool of the sheep, Sporting, as 'twere the waters' wave.
6 He who from out the rocky cavern took with might the redmrefulgent watery Cows, Thou masterest the stable full of kine and steeds: burst it, brave Lord, like one in mail.
7 Press ye and pour him, like a steed, laudworthy, speeding through the region and the flood, Who swims in water, roan in wood;
8 Increaser of the water, Steer with thousand streams, dear to the race of Deities; Who born in Law hath waxen mighty by the Law, King, God, and lofty Ordinance.
9 Make splendid glory shine on us, thou Lord of strengthening food, God, as the Friend of Gods: Unclose the fount of middle air.
10 Roll onward to the bowls, O Mighty One, effused, as Prince supporter of the tribes. Pour on us rain from heaven, send us the waters' flow: incite our thoughts to win the spoil.
11 They have drained him the Steer of heaven, him with a thousand streams, distilling rapturous joy, Him who brings all things excellent.
12 The Mighty One was born Immortal, giving life, lightening darkness with his shine.
Well-praised by, sages he hath, by his wondrous power 
assumed the Threefold as his robe.
13 Effused is he who brings good things, who brings us 
bounteous gifts and sweet refreshing food,
Soma who brings us quiet homes:
14 He whom our Indra and the Marut host shall drink, Bhaga 
shall drink with Aryaman,
By whom we bring to us Mitra and Varuna and Indra for our 
great defence.
15 Soma, for Indra's drink do thou, led by the men, well- 
weaponed and most gladdening,
Flow on with greatest store of sweets.
16 Enter the Soma-holder, even Indra's heart, as rivers pass 
into the sea,
Acceptable to Mitra, Vayu, Varuna, the noblest Pillar of the 
heavens.

HYMN CIX. Soma Pavamana.
1. PLEASANT to Indra's Mitra's, Pusan's Bhaga's taste, sped 
onward, Soma, with thy flowing stream.
2 Let Indra drink, O Soma, of thy juice for wisdom, and all 
Deities for strength.
3 So flow thou on as bright celestial juice, flow to the vast, 
immortal dwelling-place.
4 Flow onward, Soma, as a mighty sea, as Father of the Gods 
to every form.
5 Flow on, O Soma, radiant for the Gods and Heaven and 
Earth and bless our progeny.
6 Thou, bright Juice, art Sustainer of the sky: flow, mighty, in 
accordance with true Law.
7 Soma, flow splendid with thy copious stream through the 
great fleece as in the olden time.
8 Bom, led by men, joyous, and purified, let the Light-finder 
make all blessings flow:
9 Indu, while cleansed, keeping the people safe, shall give us 
all possessions for our own.
10 Flow on for wisdom, Soma, and for power, as a strong 
courser bathed, to win the prize.
11 The pressers purify this juice of thine, the Soma, for 
delight, and lofty fame
12 They deck the Gold-hued Infant, newlyborn, even Soma, 
Indu, in the sieve for Gods.
13 Fair Indu hath flowed on for rapturous joy, Sage for good 
fortune in the waters' lap.
14 He bears the beauteous name of Indra, that wherewith he 
overcame all demon foes.
15 All Deities are wont to drink of him, pressed by the men 
and bient with milk and curds.
16 He hath flowed forth with thousand streams effused, flowed 
throug the filter and the sheep's long wool.
17 With endless genial flow the Strong hath run, purified by 
the waters, bient with milk.
18 Pressed out with stones, directed by the men, go forti, O 
Soma, into Indra's throat.
19 The mighty Soma with a thousand streams is poured to 
Indra through the cleansing sieve.
20 Indu they balm with pleasant milky juice for Indra, for the

Steer, for his delight.
21 Lightly, for sheen, they cleanse thee for the Gods, gold- 
coloured, wearing water as thy robe.
22 Indu to Indra streams, yea, downward streams, Strong, 
flowing to the floods, and mingling -there.

HYMN CX. Soma Pavamana.
1. O'ERPOWERING Vrtras, forward run to win great strength: 
Thou speedest to subdue like one exacting debts.
2 In thee, effused, O Soma, we rejoice ourselves for great 
supremacy in fight.
Thou, Pavamana, enterest into mighty deeds,
3 O Pavamana, thou didst generate the Sun, and spread the 
moisture out with power,
Hasting to us with plenty vivified with milk.
4 Thou didst produce him, Deathless God mid mortal men for 
maintenance of Law and lovely Amrta:
Thou evermore hast moved making strength flow to us.
5 All round about hast thou with glory pierced for us as 'twere 
a never-failing well for men to drink,
Borne on thy way in fragments from the presser's arms.
6 Then, beautifully radiant, certain Heavenly Ones, have sung 
to him their kinship as they looked thereon,
And Savitar the God opens as 'twere a stall.
7 Soma, the men of old whose grass was trimmed addressed 
the hymn to thee for mighty strength and for renown:
So, Hero, urge us onward to heroic power.
8 They have drained forth from out the great depth of the sky 
the old primeval milk of heaven that claims the laud:
They lifted up their voice to Indra at his birth.
9 As long as thou, O Pavamana, art above this earth and 
heaven and all existence in thy might,
Thou standest like a Bull the chief amid the herd.
10 In the sheep's wool hath Soma Pavamana flowed, while 
they cleanse him, like a playful infant,
Indu with hundred powers and hundred currents.
11 Holy and sweet, while purified, this Indu flows on, a wave 
of pleasant taste, to Indra-
Strength-winner, Treasure-finder, Life, bestower.
12 So flow thou on, subdued our assailants, chasing the 
demons hard to beencountered,
Well-armed and conquering our foes, O Soma.

HYMN CXI. Soma Pavamana.
1. WITH this his golden splendour purifying him, he with his 
own allies subdues all enemies, as Sara with his own allies. 
Cleansing himself with stream of juice he shines forth yellow- 
headed and red, when with the praisers he encompasses all 
forms, with praisers having seven mouths.
2 That treasure of the Panis thou discoveredest; thou with thy 
mothers deckest thee in thine abode, with songs of worship in 
thine home.
As 'twere from far, the hymn is heard, where holy songs 
resound in joy. He with the ruddy-hued, threefold hath won 
life-power, he, glittering, hath won life-power.
3 He moves intelligent, directed to the East. The very 
beauteous car rivals the beams of light, the beautiful celestial
car.
Hymns, lauding manly valour, came, inciting Indra to success,
that ye may be unconquered, both thy bolt and thou, both be
unconquered in the war.

HYMN CXII. Soma Pavamana.
1. WE all have various thoughts and plans, and diverse are the
ways of men.
The Brahman seeks the worshipper, wright seeks the cracked,
and leech the maimed. Flow, Indu, flow for Indra's sake.
2 The smith with ripe and seasoned plants, with feathers of the
birds of air,
With stones, and with enkindled flames, seeks him who hath a
store of gold. Flow, Indu, flow for Indra's sake.
3 A bard am I, my dad's a leech, mammy lays corn upon the
stones.
Striving for wealth, with varied plans, we follow our desires
like kine. Flow, Indu, flow for Indra's sake.
4 The horse would draw an easy car, gay hosts attract the laugh
and jest.
The male desires his mate's approach, the frog is eager for the
flood, Flow, Indu, flow for Indra's sake.

HYMN CXIII. Soma Pavamana.
1. LET Vrtra-slaying Indra drink Soma by Saryanavan's side,
Storing up vigour in his heart, prepared to do heroic deeds.
Flow, Indu, flow for Indra's sake.
2 Lord of the Quarters, flow thou on, boon Soma, from Arjika
land,
Effused with ardour and with faith, and the true hymn of
sacrifice. Flow, Indu, flow for Indra's sake.
3 Hither hath Surya's Daughter brought the wild Steer whom
Parjanya nursed.
Gandharvas have seized bold of him, and in the Soma laid the
juice. Flow, Indu, flow for Indra's sake.
4 Splendid by Law! declaring Law, truthspeaking, truthful in
thy works,
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 Pavamana, place me in that deathless, undecaying world
Wherein the light of heaven is set, and everlasting lustre
shines. Flow, Indu, flow for Indra's sake.
8 Make me immortal in that realm where dwells the King,
Vivasvan's Son,
Where is the secret shrine of heaven, where are those waters
young and fresh. Flow, Indu, flow for Indra's sake.
9 Make me immortal in that realm where they move even as
they list,
In the third sphere of inmost heaven where lucid worlds are
full of light. Flow, Indu, flow for Indra's sake.
10 Make me immortal in that realm of eager wish and strong
desire,
The region of the radiant Moon, where food and full delight
are found. Flow, Indu, flow for Indra's sake:
11 Make me immortal in that realm where happiness and
transports, where
Joys and felicities combine, and longing wishes are fulfilled.
Flow, Indu, flow for Indra's sake.

HYMN CXIV. Soma Pavamana.
1. THE man who walketh as the Laws of Indu Pavamana bid,-
Men call him rich in children, him, O Soma, who hath met thy
thought. Flow, Indu, flow for Indra's sake.
2 Kasyapa, Rsi, lifting up thy voice with hymn-composers'
lauds,
Pav reverence to King Soma born the Sovran Ruler of the
plants. Flow, Indu, flow for Indra's sake.
3 Seven regions have their several Suns; the ministering priests
are seven;
Seven are the Aditya Deities,-with these, O Soma, guard thou
us. Flow, Indu, flow for Indra's sake.
4 Guard us with this oblation which, King Soma, hath been
dressed for thee.
Let not malignity conquer us, let nothing evil do us harm.
Flow, Indu, flow for Indra's sake.
End of NINTH BOOK
HYMN I. Agni.
1. HIGH hath the Mighty risen before the dawning, and come to us with light from out the darkness. Fair-shapen Agni with white-shining splendour hath filled at birth all human habitations.
2 Thou, being born, art Child of Earth and Heaven, parted among the plants in beauty, Agni! The glooms of night thou, Brilliant Babe, subduest, and art come forth, loud roaring, from thy Mothers.
3 Here, being manifested, lofty Visnu, full wise, protects his own supremest station. When they have offered in his mouth their sweet milk, to him with one accord they sing forth praises.
4 Thence bearing food the Mothers come to meet thee, with food for thee who givest food its increase. These in their altered form again thou meetest. Thou art Invoking Priest in homes of mortals.
5 Priest of the holy rite, with car that glitters, refulgent Banner of each act of worship, Sharing every God through might and glory, even Agni Guest of men I summon hither.
6 So Agni stands on earth's most central station, invested in well-decorated garments. Born, red of hue, where men pour out libations, O King, as great High Priest bring the Gods hither.
7 Over the earth and over heaven, O Agni, thou, Son, hast ever spread above thy Parents. Come, Youthfullest! to those who long to meet thee, and hither bring the Gods, O Mighty Victor.

HYMN II. Agni.
1. GLADDEN the yearning Gods, O thou Most Youthful: bring them, O Lord of Seasons, knowing seasons, With all the Priests Celestial, O Agni. Best worshipper art thou of all Invokers.
2 Thine is the Herald's, thine the Cleanser's office, thinker thou, wealth-giver, true to Order. Let us with Svaha offer up oblations, and Agni, worthy God, pay the Gods worship.
3 To the Gods' pathway have we travelled, ready to execute what work we may accomplish. Let Agni, for he knows, complete the worship. He is the Priest: let him fix rites and seasons.
4 When we most ignorant neglect the statutes of you, O Deities with whom is knowledge, Wise Agni shall correct our faults and failings, skilled to assign each God his fitting season.
5 When, weak in mind, of feeble understanding, mortals bethink them not of sacrificing. Then shall the prudent and discerning Agni worship the Gods, best worshipper, in season.
6 Because the Father hath produced thee, Leader of all our solemn rites, their brilliant Banner: So win by worship pleasant homes abounding in heroes, and rich food to nourish all men.
7 Thou whom the Heaven and Earth, thou whom the Waters, and Tvastar, maker of fair things, created, Well knowing, all along the Fathers' pathway, shine with resplendent light, enkindled, Agni.

HYMN III. Agni.
1. O KING, the potent and terrific envoy, kindled for strength, is manifest in beauty. He shines, all-knowing, with his lotty splendour: chasing black Night he comes with white-rayed Morning.
2 Having o'ercome the glimmering Black with beauty, and bringing forth the dame the Great Sire's Daughter, Holding aloft the radiant light of Surya, as messenger of heaven he shines with treasures.
3 Attendant on the Blessed Dame the Blessed hath come: the Lover followeth his Sister. Agni, far-spreading with conspicuous lustre, hath compassed Night with whitelyshining garments.
4 His goings-forth kindle as 'twere high voices the goings of the auspicious Friend of Agni. The rays, the bright beams of the strong-jawed, mighty, adorable Steer are visible as he cometh.
5 Whose radiant splendours flow, like sounds, about us, his who is lofty, brilliant, and effulgent, Who reaches heaven with best and brightest lustres, sportive and piercing even to the summit.
6 His powers, whose chariot fellies gleam and glitter have loudly roared while, as with teams, he hasted. He, the most Godlike, far-extending envoy, shines with flames ancient, resonant, whitely-shining.
7 So bring us ample wealth: seat thee as envoy of the two youthful Matrons, Earth and Heaven. Let Agni rapid with his rapid, horses, impetuous with impetuous Steeds, come hither.

HYMN IV. Agni.
1. To thee will send praise and bring oblation, as thou hast
Wearing him as a mantle, Earth and Heaven grow strong by
times the goodly Infant.

HYMN V. Agni.
1. HE only is the Sea, holder of treasures: born many a time he
views the hearts within us.
He hides him in the secret couple's bosom. The Bird dwells in
the middle of the fountain.
2 Inhabiting one dwelling-place in common, strong Stallions
and the Mares have come together.
The sages guard the seat of Holy Order, and keep the highest
views the hearts within us.
1. THIS is that Agni, he by whose protection, favour, and help.
the singer is successful;
Who with the noblest flames of glowing fuel comes forth
encompassed with far-spread ing lustre.
2 Agni, the Holy One, the everlasting, who shines far beaming
with celestial splendours;
He who hath come unto his friends with friendship, like a fleet
steeed who never trips or stumbles.
3 He who is Lord of all divine oblation, shared by all living
men at break of morning.
Agni to whom our offerings are devoted, in whom rests he
whose ear, through might, is scatheless.
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,
waft the aim of invocations.
The Gods came near, obedient to thy sunimons, and thus
attained their rank as chief Protectors.

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 established 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.
In his swift flight the red Dawns borne by horses refresh their Him who hath grasped his Parents' head, they established at Chief in his own dwelling-places.

Bringing our offerings to the God's assembly, he moves as strong and never-ceasing Calf hath bellowed.

The Bull, the youngling with the hump, hath frolicked, the waxen in the lap of waters. He hath attained the sky's supremest limits. the Steer hath to the earth and heavens.

AGNI advances with his lofty banner: the Bull is bellowing 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 established 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.

HYMN IX. Waters.

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 leadest, 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.

HYMN X. Yama Yami.

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.

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

2. Give us a portion of the sap, the most auspicious that ye have, Like mothers in their longing love.

3. To you we gladly come for him to whose abode ye send us on; And, Waters, give us procreant strength.

4. The Waters. be to us for drink, Goddesses for our aid and bliss: Let them stream to us health and strength.

5. I beg the Floods to give us balm, these Queens who rule o'er precious things,
Forced by my love these many words I utter. Come near, and hold me in thy close embraces.
12 I will not fold mine arms about thy body: they call it sin when one comes near his sister. Not me,-prepare thy pleasures with another: thy brother seeks not this from thee, O fair one.
13 Alas! thou art indeed a weakling, Yama we find in thee no trace of heart or spirit. As round the tree the woodbine clings, another will cling about thee girt as with a girdle.
14 Embrace another, Yami; let another, even as the woodbine rings the tree, enfold thee.
Win thou his heart and let him win thy fancy, and he shall form with thee a blest alliance.

HYMN XI. Agni
1. THE Bull hath yielded for the Bull the milk of heaven: the Son of Aditi can never be deceived. According to his wisdom Varuna knoweth all: may he, the Holy, hallow times for sacrifice.
2 Gandharvi spake: may she, the Lady of the flood, amid the river's roaring leave my heart untouched. May Aditi accomplish all that we desire, and may our eldest Brother tell us this as Chief.
3 Yea, even this blessed Morning, rich in store of food, splendid, with heavenly lustre, hath shone out for man, Since they, as was the wish of yearning Gods, brought forth that yearning Agni for the assembly as the Priest.
4 And the fleet Falcon brought for sacrifice from afar this flowing Drop most excellent and keen of sight.
5 Still art thou kind to him who feeds thee as with grass, and, skilled in sacrifice, offers thee holy gifts.
When thou, having received the sage's strengthening food with lauds, after long toil, comest with many more.
6 Urge thou thy Parents, as a lover ' to delight: the Lovely One desires and craves it from his heart.
The priest calls out, the sacrificer shows his skill, the Asura tries his strength, and with the hymn is stirred.
7 Far-famed is he, the mortal man, O Agni, thou Son of Strength, who hath obtained thy favour. He, gathering power, borne onward by his horses, makes his days lovely in his might and splendour.
8 When, Holy Agni, the divine assembly, the sacred synod mid the Gods, is gathered, And when thou, Godlike One, dealest forth treasures, vouchsafe us, too, our portion of the riches.
9 Hear us, O Agni, in your common dwelling: harness thy rapid car of Amrta.
Bring Heaven and Earth, the Deities' Parents, hither: stay with us here, nor from the Gods be distant.

HYMN XII. Agni
1. HEAVEN and Earth, first by everlasting Order, speakers of truth, are near enough to hear us, When the God, urging men to worship. sitteth as Priest,
assuming all his vital vigour.
2 As God comprising Gods by Law Eternal, bear, as the Chief who knoweth, our oblation, Smoke-banneaned with the fuel, radiant, joyous, better to praise and worship, Priest for ever.
3 When the cow's nectar wins the God completely, men here below are heaven's sustainers. All the Gods came to this thy heavenly Yajus which from the motley Pair milked oil and water.
4 I praise your work that ye may make me prosper: hear, Heaven and Earth, Twain Worlds that drop with fatness. While days and nights go to the world of spirits, here let the Parents with sweet meath refresh us.
5 Hath the King seized us? How have we offended against his holy ordinance? Who knoweth?
For even Mitra mid the Gods is angry there are both song and strength for those who come not.
6 'Tis hard to understand the Immortal's nature, where she who is akin becomes a stranger.
Guard ceaselessly, great Agni, him who ponders Yama's name, easy to be comprehended.
7 They in the synod where the Gods rejoice them, where they are seated in Vivasvan's dwelling, Have given the Moon his beams, the Sun his splendour-the Two unweariedly maintain their brightness.
8 The counsel which the Gods meet to consider, their secret plan,-of that we have no knowledge. There let God Savitar, Aditi, and Mitra proclaim to Varuna that we are sinless.
9 Hear us, O Agni, in your common dwelling: harness thy rapid car, the car of Amrta.
Bring Heaven and Earth, the Deities' Parents, hither: stay with us here, nor from the Gods be distant.

HYMN XIII Havirdhanas.
1. I YOKE with prayer your ancient inspiration: may the laud rise as on the prince's pathway. All Sons of Immortality shall hear it, all the possessors of celestial natures.
2 When speeding ye came nigh us like twin sisters, religious-hearted votaries brought you forward.
Take your place, ye who know your proper station: be near, be very near unto our Soma.
3 Five paces have I risen from Earth. I follow her who hath four feet with devout observance.
This by the Sacred Syllable have I measured: I purify in the central place of Order,
4 He, for God's sake, chose death to be his portion. He chose not, for men's good, a life eternal. They sacrificed Brhaspati the Rsi. Yama delivered up his own dear body.
5 The Seven flow to the Youth on whom the Maruts wait: the Sons unto the Father brought the sacrifice.
Both these are his, as his they are the Lords of both: both toil; belonging unto both they prosper well.

HYMN XIV. Yama.
1. HONOUR the King with thine oblations, Yama, Vivasvan's Son, who gathers men together, Who travelled to the lofty heights above us, who searches out and shows the path to many.

2. Yama first found for us a place to dwell in: this pasture never can be taken from Us. Men born on earth tread their own paths that lead them whither our ancient Fathers have departed.


4. Come, seat thee on this bed of grass, O Yama, in company with Angirases and Fathers. Let texts recited by the sages bring thee O King, let this oblation make thee joyful.

5. Come, Yama, with the Angirases the Holy, rejoice thee here with children of Vinupa. To sit on sacred grass at this our worship, I call Vivasvan, too, thy Father hither.

6. Our Fathers are Angirases, Navagvas, Atharvans, Bhrugs who deserve the Soma. May these, the Holy, look on us with favour, may we enjoy their gracious loving-kindness.

7. Go forth, go forth upon the ancient pathways whereon our sires of old have gone before us. 'Mere shalt thou look on both the Kings enjoying their sacred food, God Varuna and Yama.

8. Meet Yama, meet the Fathers, meet the merit of free or ordered acts, in highest heaven. Leave sin and evil, seek anew thy dwelling, and bright with glory wear another body.

9. Go hence, depart ye, fly in all directions: this place for him the Fathers have provided. Yama bestows on him a place to rest in adorned with days and beams of light and waters.

10. Run and outspeed the two dogs, Sarama's offspring, brindled, four-eyed, upon thy happy pathway. Draw nigh then to the gracious-minded Fathers where they rejoice in company with Yama.

11. And those two dogs of thine, Yama, the watchers, four-eyed, who look on men and guard the pathway,- Entrust this man, O King, to their protection, and with prosperity and health endow him.

12. Dark-hued, insatiate, with distended nostrils, Yama's two envoys roam among the People; May they restore to us a fair existence here and to-day, that we may see the sunlight.

13. To Yama pour the Soma, bring to Yama consecrated gifts: To Yama sacrifice prepared and heralded by Agni goes.

14. Offer to Yama holy gifts enriched with butter, and draw near: So may he grant that we may live long days of life among the Gods.

15. Offer to Yama, to the King, oblation very rich in meath: Bow down before the Rsis of the ancient times, who made this path in days of old.

16. Into the six Expanses flies the Great One in Trkadrakus. The Gayatri, the Trstup, all metres in Yama are contained.

HYMN XV. Fathers.

1. MAY they ascend, the lowest, highest, midmost, the Fathers who deserve a share of Soma- May they who have attained the life of spirits, gentle and righteous, aid us when we call them.

2. Now let us pay this homage to the Fathers, to those who passed of old and those who followed, Those who have rested in the earthly region, and those who dwell among the Mighty Races.

3. I have attained the gracious-minded Fathers, I have gained son and progeny from Visnu. They who enjoy pressed juices with oblation seated on sacred grass, come oftenest hither.

4. Fathers who sit on sacred grass, come, help us: these offerings have we made for you; accept them. So come to us with most auspicious favour, and give us health and strength without a trouble.

5. May they, the Fathers, worthy of the Soma, invited to their favourite oblations. Laid on the sacred grass, come nigh and listen: may they be gracious unto us and bless us.

6. Bowing your bended knees and seated southward, accept this sacrifice of ours with favour. Punish us not for any sin, O Fathers, which we through human frailty have committed.

7. Lapped in the bosom of the purple Mornings, give riches to the man who brings oblations. Grant to your sons a portion of that treasure, and, present, give them energy, ye Fathers.

8. Our ancient Fathers who deserve the Soma, who came, most noble, to our Soma banquet,- With these let Yama, yearning with the yearning, rejoicing eat our offerings at his pleasure.

9. Come to us, Agni, with the gracious Fathers who dwell in glowing light, the very Kavyas, Who thirsted mid the Gods, who hasten hither, oblation winners, theme of singers' praises.

10. Come, Agni, come with countless ancient Fathers, dwellers in light, primeval, God-adorers, Eaters and drinkers of oblations, truthful, who travel with the Deities and Indra.

11. Fathers whom Agni's flames have tasted, come ye nigh: ye kindly leaders, take ye each your proper place. Eat sacrificial food presented on the grass: grant riches with a multitude of hero sons.

12. Thou, Agni Jatavedas, when entreated, didst bear the offerings which thou madest fragrant, And give them to the Fathers who did eat them with Svadha. Eat, thou God, the gifts we bring thee.

13. Thou, Jatavedas, knowest well the number of Fathers who are here and who are absent, Of Fathers whom we know and whom we know not: accept the sacrifice well prepared with portions.
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14 They who, consumed by fire or not cremated, joy in their offering in the midst of heaven,—
Grant them, O Sovran Lord, the world of spirits and their own body, as thy pleasure wills it.

HYMN XVI. Agni.
1. Burn him not up, nor quite consume him, Agni: let not his body or his skin be scattered.
O Jatavedas, when thou hast matured him, then send him on his way unto the Fathers.
2. When thou hast made him ready, Jatavedas, then do thou give him over to the Fathers.
When he attains unto the life that waits him, he shall become the Deities' controller.
3. The Sun receive thine eye, the Wind thy spirit; go, as thy merit is, to earth or heaven.
Go, if it be thy lot, unto the waters; go, make thine home in plants with all thy members.
4. Thy portion is the goat: with heat consume him: let thy fierce flame, thy glowing splendour, burn him.
With thine auspicious forms, o Jatavedas, bear this man to the region of the pious.
5. Again, O Agni, to the Fathers send him who, offered in thee, goes with our oblations.
Wearing new life let him increase his offspring: let him rejoin a body, Jatavedas.
6. What wound soe'er the dark bird hath inflicted, the emmet, or the serpent, or the jackal,
May Agni who devoureth all things heal it and Soma who hath passed into the Brahmans.
7. Shield thee with flesh against the flames of Agni, encompass thee about with fat and marrow,
So will the Bold One, eager to attack thee with fierce glow fail and cry of Vasat!
8. Forbear, O Agni, to upset this ladle: the Gods and they who merit Soma love it.
This ladle, this which serves the Gods to drink from, in this the Immortal Deities rejoice them.
9. I send afar flesh eating Agni, bearing off stains may he depart to Yama's subjects.
But let this other Jatavedas carry oblation to the Gods, for he is skilful.
10. I choose as God for Father-worship Agni, flesh-eater, who hath past within your dwelling,
While looking on this other Jatavedas. Let him light flames in the supreme assembly.
11. With offerings meet let Agni bring the Fathers who support the Law.
Let him announce oblations paid to Fathers and to Deities.
12. Right gladly would we set thee down, right gladly make thee burn and glow.
Gladly bring yearring Fathers nigh to cat the food of sacrifice.
13. Cool, Agni, and again refresh the spot which thou hast scorched and burnt.
Here let the water-lily grow, and tender grass and leafy herb.
14. O full of coolness, thou cool Plant, full of fresh moisture, freshening Herb,
Come hither with the female frog: fill with delight this Agni here.

HYMN XVII. Various Deities.
1. TVASTAR prepares the bridal of his Daughter: all the world hears the tidings and assemblies.
But Yama's Mother, Spouse of great Vivasvan, vanished as she was carried to her dwelling.
2. From mortal men they hid the Immortal Lady, made one like her and gave her to Vivasvan.
Saranyu brought to him the Asvin brothers, and then deserted both twinned pairs of children.
3. Guard of the world, whose cattle ne'er are injured, may Pusan bear thee hence, for he hath knowledge.
May he consign thee to these Fathers' keeping, and to the gracious Gods let Agni give thee.
4. May Ayu, giver of all life, protect thee, and bear thee forward on the distant pathway.
Thither let Savitar the God transport thee, where dwell the pious who have passed-before thee.
5. Pusan knows all these realms: may he conduct us by ways that are most free from fear and danger.
Giver of blessings, glowing, all-heroic, may he, thewise and watchful, go before us.
6. Pusan was born to move on distant pathways, on the road far from earth and far from heaven.
To both most wonted places of assembly he travels and returns with perfect knowledge.
7. The pious call Sarasvati, they worship Sarasvati while sacrifice proceedeth.
The pious called Sarasvati aforetime. Sarasvati send bliss to him who giveth.
8. Sarasvati, who camest with the Fathers, with them rejoicing thee in our oblations,
Seated upon this sacred grass be joyful, and give us strengthening food that brings no sickness.
9. Thou, called on as Sarasvati by Fathers who come right forward to our solemn service,
Give food and wealth to present sacrificers, a portion, worth a thousand, of refreshment.
10. The Mother Floods shall make us bright and shining, cleansers of holy oil, with oil shall cleanse us:
For, Goddesses, they bear off all defilement: I, rise up from them purified and brightened.
11. Through days of earliest date the Drop descended on this place and on that which was before it.
I offer up, throughout the seven oblations, the Drop which still to one same place is moving.
12. The Drop that falls, thy stalk which arms have shaken, which from the bosom of the press hath fallen,
Or from the Adhvaryu's purifying filter, I offer thee with heart and cry of Vasat!
13. That fallen Drop of thine, the stalk which from the ladle fell away,
This present God Brhaspati shall pour it forth to make us rich.
14. The plants of earth are rich in milk, and rich in milk is this my speech;
And rich in milk the essence of the Waters: make me pure therewith.

HYMN XVIII. Various Deities.
1. Go hence, O Death, pursue thy special pathway apart from that which Gods are wont to travel. To thee I say it who hast eyes and hearest: Touch not our offspring, injure not our heroes.
2. As ye have come effacing Mrtyu's footstep, to further times prolonging your existence, May ye be rich in children and possessions. cleansed, purified, and meet for sacrificing.
3. Divided from the dead are these, the living: now be our calling on the Gods successful. We have gone forth for dancing and for laughter, to further times prolonging our existence.
4. Here I erect this rampart for the living; let none of these, none other, reach this limit. May they survive a hundred lengthened autumns, and may they bury Death beneath this mountain.
5. As the days follow days in close succession, as with the seasons duly come the seasons, As each successor fails not his foregoer, so form the lives of these, O great Ordainer.
6. Live your full lives! Find old age delightful, all of you striving one behind the other. May Tvastar, maker of fair things, be gracious and lengthen out the days of your existence.
7. Let these unwidowed dames with noble husbands adorn themselves with fragrant balm and unguent. 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.

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 hitherward.
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. I 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. I 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.

HYMN XX. Agni.
1. SEND unto us a good and happy mind.
2. I 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.
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
HYMN XXI. Agni.
1. WITH offerings of our own we choose thee, Agni, as Invoking Priest,
For sacrifice with trimmed grass,—at your glad carouse-piercing
and brightly shining. Thou art waxing great.
2. The wealthy ones adorn thee, they who bring us horses as their gift:
The sprinkling ladle, Agni,—at your glad carouse —and glowing
offering taste thee. Thou art waxing great.
3. The holy statutes rest by thee, as 'twere with ladles that o'erflow.
Black and white-gleaming colours,—at your glad carouse— all
glories thou assurnest. Thou art waxing great.
4. O Agni, what thou deemest wealth, Victorious and Immortal
One!
Bring thou to give us vigour,—at your glad carouse —splendid at
sacrifices. Thou art waxing great.
5. Skilled in all lore is Agni, he whom erst Atharvan brought to life.
He was Vivasvan's envoy, at your glad carouse—the weIl-loved
friend of Yama, Thou art waxing great.
6. At sacrifices they adore thee, Agni, when the rite proceeds.
All fair and lovely treasures—at your glad carouse-thou givest
him who offers. Thou art waxing great.
7. Men, Agni, have established thee as welcome Priest at holy rites,
Thee whose face shines with butter,—at your glad carouse-bright,
with eyes most observant. Thou art waxing great.
8. Wide and aloft thou spreadest thee, O Agni, with thy brilliant flame.
A Bull art thou when bellowing,—at your glad carouse-thou dost
impreg the Sisters. Thou art waxing great.

HYMN XXII. Indra.
1. WHERE is famed Indra heard of? With what folk is he renowned to-day as Mitra is,—
Who in the home of Rsis and in secret is extolled with song?
2. Even here is Indra famed, and among us this day the glorious Thunderer is praised,
He who like Mitra mid the folk hath won complete and full renown.
3. He who is Sovran Lord of great and perfect strength, exerter of heroic might,
Who bears the fearless thunder as a father bears his darling son,
4. Harnessing to thy car, as God, two blustering Steeds Of the Wind-God, O Thunderer,
That speed along the shining path, thou making ways art glorified.
5. Even to these dark Steeds of Wind thou of thyself hast come to ride,
Of which no driver may be found, none, be he God or mortal man.
6. When ye approach, men ask you, thee and Usana: Why come ye to our dwelling-place?
Why are ye come to mortal man from distant realms of earth and heaven?
7. O Indra, thou shalt speak us fair: our holy prayer is offered up.
We pray to thee for help as thou didst strike the monster Susna dead.
8. Around us is the Dasyu, riteless, void of sense, inhuman, keeping alien laws.
Baffle, thou Slayer of the foe, the weapon which this Dasa wields.
9. Hero with Heroes, thou art ours: yea, strong are they whom thou dost help.
In many a place are thy full gifts, and men, like vassals, sing thy praise.
10. Urge thou these heroes on to slay the enemy, brave Thunderer! in the fight with swords.
Even when hid among the tribes of Sages numerous as stars.
11. Swift come those gifts of thine whose hand is prompt to rend and burn, O Hero Thunder-armed:
As thou with thy Companions didst destroy the whole of SuSnia's brood.
12. Let not thine excellent assistance come to us, O Hero Indra, profitless.
May we, may we enjoy the bliss of these thy favours, Thunderer!
13. May those soft impulses of thine, O Indra, be fruitful and innocent to us.
May we know these whose treasures are like those of milch-kine, Thunderer!
14. That Earth, through power of knowing things that may be known, handleless and footless yet might thrive,
Thou slewest, turning to the right, gu;na for every living man.
15. Drink, drink the Soma, Hero Indra; be not withheld as thou art good, O Treasure-giver.
Preserve the singers and our liberal princes, and make us wealthy with abundant riches.

HYMN XXIII. Indra.
1. INdra, whose right hand wields the bolt, we worship,
driver of Bay Steeds seeking sundered courses.
Shaking his beard with might he hath arisen, casting his weapons forth and dealing bounties.
2. The treasure which his Bay Steeds found at sacrifice,—this wealth made opulent Indra slayer of the foe.
Rbhu, Rbhusan, Vaja—he is Lord of Might. The Dasa's very name I utterly destroy.
3. When, with the Princes, Maghavari, famed of old, comes nigh the thunderbolt of gold, and the Controller's car
Which his two Tawny Coursers draw, then Indra is the Sovran...
Lord of power whose glory spreads afar.
4 With him too is this rain of his that comes like herds: Indra throws drops of moisture on his yellow beard.
When the sweet juice is shed he seeks the pleasant place, and stirs the worshipper as wind disturbs the wood.
5 We laud and praise his several deeds of valour who, fatherlike, with power hath made us stronger;
Who with his voice slew many thousand wicked ones who spoke in varied manners with contemptuous cries.
6 Indra, the Vimadas have formed for thee a laud, copious, unparalleled, for thee Most Bountiful.
We know the good we gain from him the Mighty One when we attract him as a herdsman calls the kine.
7 Ne'er may this bond of friendship be dissevered, the Rsi Vimada's and thine, O Indra.
We know thou carest for us as a brother with us, O God, be thine auspicious friendship.

HYMN XXIV. Indra. Asvins.
1. O INDRA, drink this Soma, pressed out in the mortar, full of sweets.
Send down to us great riches,—at your glad carouse,—grant-at your glad carouse-the wealth of kine.
2 To thee with sacrifices, with oblations, and with lauds we come.
Lord of all strength and power, grant-at your glad carouse—the all beings. Thou art waxing great.
3 Thou who art Lord of precious boons, inciter even of the heart.
Guardian of singers, Indra,—at your glad carouse—let men joy in thy love, Sweet juice!
4 We will bethink ourselves of thee, O Pusan, O thou God, as kine.
Strong, Lords of Magic power, ye Twain churned the united worlds apart,
When ye, implored by Vimada, Nasatyas, forced apart the pair.
5 When the united pair were rent asunder all the Gods complained.
The Rsi who is good to man, the singer's Friend and faithful Guard.
The Gods to the Nasatyas cried, Bring these together once again.
6 Sweet be my going forth, and rich in sweets be my approach to home.
So, through thy Deity, both Gods, enrich us with all pleasantness.

HYMN XXV. Soma.
1. SEND us a good and happy mind, send energy and mental power.
Then-at thy glad carouse-let men joy in thy love, Sweet juice! as kine in pasture. Thou art waxing great.
2 All thy forms, O Soma, rest thy powers that influence the heart.
So also these my longings-at thy 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 thy 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 thy 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 thy 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.
Chief slayer of our foemen, thou, Indu, art Indra's gracious Friend,
When warriors invoke him— at thy glad carouse— in fight, to win them offspring. Thou art waxing great.
8 Be watchful, Soma, passing wise, to give us store of vital strength.
6 Indra, the Vimadas have formed for thee a laud, copious, unparalleled, for thee Most Bountiful.
We know the good we gain from him the Mighty One when we attract him as a herdsman calls the kine.
7 Ne'er may this bond of friendship be dissevered, the Rsi Vimada's and thine, O Indra.
We know thou carest for us as a brother with us, O God, be thine auspicious friendship.

HYMN XXVI. Pusan.
1. FORWARD upon their way proceed the ready teams, the horse.
This to the sage who offers gifts brings power that comes from wealth in kine.
2 With sacred hymns let this man here, this singer, win the praise.
Victorious is this gladdening drink: to Indra dear it grows in strength.
3 Pusan the Strong hath knowledge of sweet praises even as Indu hath.
Hymn of the mighty one, the mighty one fam'd, the singer's Friend.
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 thy 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 thy 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.
Chief slayer of our foemen, thou, Indu, art Indra's gracious Friend,
When warriors invoke him— at thy glad carouse— in fight, to win them offspring. Thou art waxing great.
8 Be watchful, Soma, passing wise, to give us store of vital strength.
chariot-pole.
Friend of all suppliants; art thou, born in old time, and arm and
sure.
9 May the majestic Purusn speed our chariot with his power and
might.
May he increase our store of wealth and listen to this call of
ours.

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 dwell 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,
prepare at house a vigorous bullock, and pour for thee
the hundred-fold strong juices.

HYMN XXVIII. Indra. Vasukra.
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 dwell 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,
prepare at house a vigorous bullock, and pour for thee
the hundred-fold strong juices.

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flanks when he hath shed the Soma.
3 Men with the stone press out for thee, O Indra, strong,
  gladdening Soma, and thereof thou drinkest.
Bulls they dress for thee, and of these thou eatest when,
  Maghavan, with food thou art invited.
4 Resolve for me, O singer, this my riddle: The rivers send
  their swelling water backward:
The fox steals up to the approaching lion: the jackal drives the
  wild-boar from the brushwood.
5 How shall I solve this riddle, I, the simple, declare the
  thought of thee the Wise and Mighty?
Tell us, well knowing, as befits the season: Whitherward is thy
  thought of thee the Wise and Mighty?
6 Thus do they magnify me, me the mighty higher than even
  high heaven is my chariot.
I all at once demolish many thousands: my Sire begot me with
  no foe to match me.
7 Yea, and the Gods have known me also, Indra, as mighty,
  fierce and strong in every exploit.
Exulting with the bolt I slaughtered Vṛtra, and for the offerer
  oped with might the cow-stall.
8 The Deities approached, they carried axes; splitting the wood
  they came with their attendants.
They laid good timber in the fire-receivers, and burnt the grass
  up where they found it growing.
9 The hare hath swallowed up the opposing razor: I sundered
  with a clod the distant mountain.
The great will I make subject to the little: the calf shall wax in
  strength and cat the bullock.
10 There hath the strong-winged eagle left his talon, as a
  snared lion leaves the trap that caught him.
Even the wild steer in his thirst is captured: the leather strap
  snared lion leaves the trap that caught him.
11 So may the leather strap their foot entangle who fatten on
  the viands of the Brahman.
They all devour the bulls set free to wander, while they
  themselves destroy their bodies' vigour.
12 They were well occupied with holy duties who sped in
  person with their lauds to Soma.
Speaking like man, mete to us wealth and booty: in heaven
  thou hast the name and fame of Hero.

HYMN XXIX. Indra.
1. As sits the young bird on the tree rejoicing, ye, swift Pair,
   have been roused by clear laudation,
   Whose Herald-Priest through many days is Indra, earth's
   Guardian, Friend of men, the best of Heroes.
2 May we, when this Dawn and the next dance hither, be thy
   best servants, most heroic Hero!
   Let the victorious car with triple splendour bring hitherward
   the hundred chiefs with Kutsa.
3 What was the gladdening draught that pleased thee, Indra?
   Speed through our doors to songs, for thou art mighty.
   Why comest thou to me, what gift attracts thee? Fain would I
   bring thee food most meet to offer.
4 Indra, what fame hath one like thee mid heroes? With what
   plan wilt thou act? Why hast thou sought us?

As a true Friend, Wide-Strider! to sustain us, since food
  absorbs the thought of each among us.
5 Speed happily those, as Surya ends his journey, who meet his
  wish as bridegrooms meet their spouses;
Men who present, O Indra strong by nature, with food the
  many songs that tell thy praise.
6 Thine are two measures, Indra, wide-wellmeted, heaven for
  thy majesty, earth for thy wisdom.
Here for thy choice are Somas mixed with butter: may the
  sweet meath be pleasant for thy drinking.
7 They have poured out a bowl to him, to Indra, full of sweet
  juice, for faithful is his bounty.
O'er earth's expanse hath he grown great by wisdom, the
  Friend of man, and by heroic exploits.
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. 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 wounding 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 mchath 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.

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 case 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.
7 What was the tree, what wood, in sooth, produced it, from which they fashioned forth the Earth and Heaven?
These Twain stand fast and wax not old for ever: these have sung praise to many a day and morning.
8 Not only here is this: more is beyond us. He is the Bull, the Heaven's and Earth's supporter. With power divine he makes his skin a filter, when the Bay Coursers bear him on as Surya.
9 He passes o'er the broad earth like a Stega: he penetrates the world as Wind the mist-cloud.
He, balmed with oil, near Varuna and Mitra, like Agni in the wood, hath shot forth splendour.
10 When suddenly called the cow that erst was barren, she, self-protected, ended all her troubles. Earth, when the first son sprang from sire and mother, cast up the gami, that which men were seeking.
11 To Nrsad's son they gave the name of Kainva, and he the brown-hued courser won the treasure. For him dark-coloured streamed the shining udder: none made it swell for him. Thus Order willed it.

HYMN XXXII. Indra.
1. FORTH speed the Pair to bring the meditating God, benevolent with boons sent in return for boons. May Indra graciously accept both gifts from us, when he hath knowledge of the flowing Soma juice.
2 Thou wanderest far, O Indra, through the spheres of light and realms of earth, the region, thou whom many praise! Let those who often bring their solemn rites conquer the noisy babbler's who present no gifts.
3 More beautiful than beauty must this seem to me, when the son duly careth for his parents' line. The wife attracts the husband: with a shout of joy the man's auspicious marriage is performed aright.
4 This beauteous place of meeting have I looked upon, where, like milch-cows, the kine order the marriage train; Where the Herd's Mother counts as first and best of all, and round her are the seven-toned people of the choir.
5 The Pious One hath reached your place before the rest: One only moves victorious with the Rudras' band. To these your helpers pour our meath, Immortal Gods, with whom your song of praise hath power to win their gifts.
6 He who maintains the Laws of God informed me that thou wast lying hidden in the waters. Indra, who knoweth well, beheld and showed thee. By him instructed am I come, O Agni.
7 The stranger asks the way of him who knows it: taught by the skilful guide he travels onward. This is, in truth, the blessing of instruction: he finds the path that leads directly forward.
8 Even now he breathed: these days hath he remembered. Concealed, he sucked the bosom of his Mother. Yet in his youth old age hath come upon him: he hath grown gracious, good, and free from anger.
9 O Kalasa, all these blessings will we bring them, O Kurusravana, who give rich presents. May he, O wealthy princes, and this Soma which I am bearing in my heart, reward you.

HYMN XXXIII. Various Deities.
1. THE urgings of the people have impelled me, and by the nearest way I bring you Pusan. The Universal Gods have brought me safely. The cry was heard, Behold, Dubsasu cometh!
2 The ribs that compass me give pain and trouble me like rival wives. Indigence, nakedness, exhaustion press me sore: my mind is
flurrying like a bird's.
3 As rats eat weavers' threads, cares are consuming me, thy
singer, gatakratu, me.
Have mercy on us once, O Indra, Bounteous Lord: be thou a
Father unto us.
4 I the priest's' Rsi chose as prince most liberal Kurusravana,
The son of Trasadasyu's son,
5 Whose three bays harnessed to the car bear me straight
onward: I will laud
The giver of a thousand meeds,
6 The sire of Upamasravas, even him whose words were
passing sweet,
As a fair field is to its lord.
7 Mark, Upamasravas, his son, mark, grandson of Mitratithi:
I am thy father's eulogist.
8 If I controlled Immortal Gods, yea, even were I Lord of men,
My liberal prince were living still.
9 None lives, even had he hundred lives, beyond the statute of the
Gods
So am I parted from my friend.

HYMN XXXIV. Dice, Etc.
1. SPRUNG from tall trees on windy heights, these rollers
transport me as they turn upon the table.
Dearer to me the die that never slumbers than the deep draught
of Mujavan's own Soma.
2. She never vexed me nor was angry with me, but to my
friends and me was ever gracious.
For the die's sake, whose single point is final, mine own
devoted wife I alienated.
3 My wife holds me aloof, her mother hates me: the wretched
man finds none to give him comfort.
As of a costly horse grown old and feeble, I find not any profit
of the gamester.
4 Others caress the wife of him whose riches the die hath
coveted, that rapid courser:
Of him speak father, mother, brothers saying, We know him
not: bind him and take him with you.
5 When I resolve to play with these no longer, my friends
depart from me and leave me lonely.
When the brown dice, thrown on the board, have rattled, like a
depart from me and leave me lonely.
6 The sire of Upamasravas, even him whose words were
passing sweet,
As a fair field is to its lord.
7 Mark, Upamasravas, his son, mark, grandson of Mitratithi:
I am thy father's eulogist.
8 If I controlled Immortal Gods, yea, even were I Lord of men,
My liberal prince were living still.
9 None lives, even had he hundred lives, beyond the statute of the
Gods
So am I parted from my friend.

HYMN XXXV. Visvedevas.
1. THESE fires associate with Indra are awake, bringing their
light when first the Dawn begins to shine.
May Heaven and Earth, great Pair, observe our holy work. We
claim for us this day the favour of the Gods.
2 Yea, for ourselves we claim the grace of Heaven and Earth,
of Saryanavan, of the Hills and Mother Streams.
For innocence we pray to Surya and to Dawn. So may the
flowing Soma bring us bliss to-day.
3 May the great Twain, the Mothers, Heaven and Earth, this
day preserve us free from sin for peace and happiness.
May Morning sending forth her light drive sin afar. We pray to
kindled Agni for felicity.
4 May this first Dawn bring us the host of gracious Gods: rich,
may it richly shine for us who strive for wealth.
The wrath of the malignant may we keep afar. We pray to
kindled Agni for felicity.
5 Dawns, who come forward with the bright beams of the Sun,
and at your earliest flushing bring to us the light,
Shine ye on us to-day auspicious, for renown. We pray to
kindled Agni for felicity.
6 Free from all sickness may the Mornings come to us, and let
our fires mount upward with a lofty blaze.
The Asvin Pair have harnessed their swift-moving car. We
pray to kindled Agni for felicity.
7 Send us to-day a portion choice and excellent, O Savitar, for
thou art he who dealeth wealth.
I cry to Dhisana, Mother of opulence. We pray to kindled Agni
for felicity.
8 Further me this declaring of Eternal Law, the Law of Gods,
as we mortals acknowledge it!
The Sun goes up beholding all the rays of morn. We pray to
kindled Agni for felicity.
9 This day we pray with innocence in streyling grass, adjusting
pressing-stones, and perfecting the hymn.
HYMN XXXVI. Visvedevas.
1. THERE are the Dawn and Night, the grand and beauteous Pair, Earth, Heaven, and Varuna, Mitra, and Aryaman. Indra I call, the Maruts, Mountains, and the Floods, Adityas, Heaven and Earth, the Waters, and the Sky.

2. May Dyaus and Prthivi, wise, true to Holy Law, keep us in safety from distress and injury. Let not malignant Nirrti rule over us. We crave to-day this gracious favour of the Gods.

3. Mother of Mitra and of opulent Varuna, may Aditi preserve us safe from all distress. May we obtain the light of heaven without a foe. We crave this gracious favour of the Gods.

4. May ringing press-stones keep the Raksasas afar, ill dream, and Nirrti, and each voracious fiend. May the Adityas and the Maruts shelter us. We crave this gracious favour of the Gods to-day.

5. Full flow libations; on our grass let Indra sit; Brhaspati the singer laud with Sama hymns! Wise be our hearts' imaginings that we may live. We crave this gracious favour of the Gods to-day.

6. Ye Asvins, make our sacrifice ascend to heaven, and animate the rite that it may send us bliss, Offered with holy oil, with forward-speeding rein. We crave the gracious favour of the Gods to-day.

7. Hither I call the band of Maruts, swift to hear, great, purifying, bringing bliss, to he our Friends. May we increase our wealth to glorify our name. We crave this gracious favour of the Gods to-day.

8. We bring the Stay of Life, who makes the waters swell, swift-hearing, Friend of Gods, who waits on sacrifice. May we control that Power, Soma whose rays are bright. We crave this gracious favour of the Gods to-day.

9. Alive ourselves, with living sons, devoid of guilt, may we win this with winners by fair means to win. Let the prayer-haters bear our sin to every side. We crave this gracious favour of the Gods to-day.

10. To our great holy grass I bid the Gods at morn to banquet, and will seat them as the seven priests,- Varuna, Indra, Mitra, Bhaga for our gain. We pray to kindled Agni for felicity. Come hither, O Adityas, for our perfect weal: accordant help our sacrifice that we may thrive. Pusan, Brhaspati, Bhaga, both Asvins, and enkindled Agni we implore for happiness.

11. Adityas, Gods, vouchsafe that this our home may be praise-worthy, prosperous, our heroes' sure defence, For cattle, for our sons, for progeny, for life. We pray to kindled Agni for felicity.

12. This day may all the Maruts, all he near us with aid: may all our fires be well enkindled. May all Gods come to us with gracious favour. May spoil and wealth he ours, and all possessions.

13. This invocation, these our words may Heaven and Earth, and the Waters, and the Maruts hear. When Surya, we address our prayers to thee to-day, may the prayer-haters bear our sin to every side. We crave this gracious favour of the Gods to-day.

14. Ye Asvins, make our sacrifice ascend to heaven, and animate the rite that it may send us bliss, Offered with holy oil, with forward-speeding rein. We crave the gracious favour of the Gods to-day.
9 Thou by whose lustre all the world of life comes forth, and by thy beams again returns unto its rest, O Surya with the golden hair, ascend for us day after day, still bringing purer innocence.

10 Bless us with shine, bless us with perfect daylight, bless us with cold, with fervent heat and lustre. Bestow on us, O Surya, varied riches, to bless us in our home and when we travel.

11 Gods, to our living creatures of both kinds vouchsafe protection, both to bipeds and to quadrupeds, That they may drink and eat invigorating food. So grant us health and strength and perfect innocence.

12 If by some grievous sin we have provoked the Gods, O Vasus, so do thou. That they may drink and eat invigorating food. So grant us health and strength and perfect innocence.

HYMN XXXVIII. Indra.

1. O INDRA, in this battle great and glorious, in this loud din of war help us to victory, Where in the strife for kine among bold ring-decked men arrows fly all around and heroes are subdued.

2 At home disclose to us opulence rich in food, streaming with milk, O Indra, meet to be renowned. Sakra, may we be thine, the friendly Conqueror's: even as we desire, O Vasu, so do thou.

3 The godless man, much-lauded Indra, whether he be Dasa or be Arya, who would war with us,- Easy to conquer he for thee, with us, these foes: with thee may we subdue them in the clash of fight.

4 Him who must be invoked by many and by few, who standeth nigh with comfort in the war of men, Indra, famed Hero, winner in the deadly strife, let us bring hitherward to-day to favour us.

5 For, Indra, I have heard thee called Self. capturer, One, Steer! who never yields, who urges even the churl. Release thyself from Kutsa and come hither. How shall one like thee sit still bound that he may not move?

HYMN XXXIX. Asvins.

1. As twere the name of father, easy to invoke, we all assembled here invoke this Car of yours, Asvins, your swiftly-rolling circumambient Car which he who worships must invoke at eve and dawn.

2 Awake all pleasant strains and let the hymns flow forth: raise up abundant fulness: this is our desire. Asvins, bestow on us a glorious heritage, and give our princes treasure fair as Soma is.

3 Ye are the bliss of her who groweth old at home, and helpers of the slow although he linger last. Men call you too, Nasatyas, healers of the blind, the thin and feeble, and the man with broken bones.

4 Ye made Cyavana, weak and worn with length of days, young again, like a car, that he had power to move. Ye lifted up the son of Tugra from the floods. At our libations must all these your acts be praised.

5 We will declare among the folk your ancient deeds heroic; yea, ye were Physicians bringing health. You, you who must be lauded, will we bring for aid, so that this foe of ours, O Asvins, may believe.

6 Listen to me, O Asvins; I have cried to you. Give me-your aid as sire and mother aid their son. Poor, without kin or friend or ties of blood am I. Save me before it be too late, from this my curse.

7 Ye, mounted on your chariot brought to Vimada the comely maid of Purumitra as a bride. Ye, came unto the calling of the weakling's dame, and granted noble offspring to the happy wife.

8 Ye gave a ain the vigour of his youthful life to tge sage Kali when old age was coming nigh. Ye rescued Vandana and raised him from the pit, and in a moment gave Vispala power to move.

9 Ye Asvins Twain, endowed with manly strength, brought forth Reblia when hidden in the cave and well-nigh dead, Freed Saptavadliri, and for Atri caused the pit heated with fire to be a pleasant resting-place.

10 On Pedu ye bestowed, Asvins, a courser white, mighty with nine-and-ninety varied gifts of strength, A horse to be renowned, who bore his friend at speed, joy-giving, Bhaga-like to be invoked of men.

11 From no side, ye Two Kings whom none may check or stay, doth grief, distress, or danger come unto the man. Whom, Asvins swift to hear, borne on your glowing path, ye with your Consort make the foremost in the race.

12 Come on that Chariot which the Rhhus wrought for you, the Chariot, Asvins, that speedier than thought, At harnessing whereof Heaven's Daughter springs to birth, and from Vivasvan come auspicious Night and Day.

13 Come, Conquerors of the sundered mountain, to our home, distinctly and speedily hitherward to day to favour us. Asvins who made the cow stream milk for Sayu's sake, For worship, go each morning to the house.

14 We have prepared this laud for you, O Asvins, and, like the Bhrugus, as a car have framed it, Have decked it as a maid to meet the bridegroom, and brought it as a son, our stay for ever.

HYMN XL. Asvins.

1. YOUR radiant Chariot-whither goes it on its way?-who decks it for you, Heroes, for its happy course, Starting at daybreak, visiting each morning every house, borne hitherward through prayer unto the sacrifice?

2 Where are ye, Asvins, in the evening, where at morn? Where is your haltingplace, where rest ye for the night? Who brings you homeward, as the widow bedward draws her husband's brother, as the bride attracts the groom?

3 Early ye sing forth praise as with a herald's voice, and, meet for worship, go each morning to the house. From whither comes the heat? Unto whose libations come ye, Heroes, like two Sons of Kings?

4 Even as hunters follow two wild elephants, we with oblations call you down at morn and eve. To folk who pay you offerings at appointed times, Chiefs, Lords of splendour, ye bring food to strengthen them.
5 To you, O Asvins, came the daughter of a King, Ghosa, and said, O Heroes, this I beg of you:
Be near me in the day, he near me in the night: help me to gain a car-borne chieftain rich in steeds.
6 O Asvins, ye are wise: as Kutsa comes to men, bring your car nigh the folk of him who sings your praise.
The bee, O Asvins, bears your honey in her mouth, as the maid carries it purified in her hand.
7 To Bhujyu and to Vasa ye come near with help, O Asvins, to Sinjara and to Usana.
Your worshipper secures your friendship for himself. Through your protection I desire felicity.
8 Kṛṣa and Sayu ye protect, ye Asvins Twain: ye Two assist the widow and the worshipper;
And ye throw open, Asvins, unto those who win the cattle-stall that thunders with its serenfold mouth.
9 The Woman hath brought forth, the Infant hath appeared, the plants of wondrous beauty straightway have sprung up.
To him the rivers run as down a deep descent, and he this day becomes their master and their lord.
10 They mourn the living, cry aloud, at sacrifice: the men have set their thoughts upon a distant cast.
A lovely thing for fathers who have gathered here,-a joy to husbands,-are the wives their arms shall clasp.
11 Of this we have no knowledge. Tall it forth to us, now the youth rests within the chambers of the bride.
Fain would we reach the dwelling of the vigorous Steer who loves the kine, O Asvins: this is our desire.
12 Your favouring grace hath come, ye Lords of ample wealth: Asvins, our longings are stored up within your hearts.
Ye, Lords of splendour, have become our twofold guard: may we as welcome friends reach Arjaman's abode.
13 Even so, rejoicing in the dwelling-place of man, give hero sons and riches to the eloquent.
Make a ford, Lords of splendour, where men well may drink: remove the spiteful tree-stump standing in the path.
14 O Asvins, Wonder-Workers, Lords of lustre, where and with what folk do ye delight yourselves to-day?
Who hath detained them with him? Whither are they gone?
Unto what sage's or what worshipper's abode?

HYMN XLII. Asvins.
1. THAT general Car of yours, invoked by many a man, that comes to our libations, three-wheeled, meet for lauds,
That circumambient Car, worthy of sacrifice, we call with our pure hymns at earliest flush of dawn.
2 Ye, O Nasatyas, mount that early-harnessed Car, that travels early, laden with its freight of balm,
Wherewith ye, Heroes, visit clans who sacrifice, even the poor early, laden with its freight of balm,
3 If to the deft Adhvaryu with the meath in hand, or to the Kindler firm in strength, the household friend,
Or to the sage's poured libations ye approach, come thence, O Asvins, now to drink the offered meath.

HYMN XLII. Indra.
1. EVEN as an archer shoots afar his arrow, offer the laud to him with meet adornment.
Quell with your voice the wicked's voice, O sages. Singer, make Indra rest beside the Soma.
2 Draw thy Friend to thee like a cow at milking: O Singer, wake up Indra as a lover.
Make thou the Hero haste to give us riches even as a vessel filled brimful with treasure.
3 Why, Maghavan, do they call thee Bounteous; Giver?
Quicken me: thou, I hear, art he who quickens.
Sakra, let my intelligence be active, and bring us luck that finds great wealth, O Indra.
4 Standing, in battle for their rights, together, the people, Indra, in the fray invoke thee.
Him who brings gifts the Hero makes his comrade: with him who pours no juice he seeks not friendship.
5 Whoso with plenteous food for him expresses strong Somas as much quickly-coming treasure,
For him he overthrows in early morning his swift well-weaponed foes, and slays the tyrant.
6 He unto whom we offer praises, Indra, Maghavan, who hath joined to ours his wishes,-
Before him even afar the foe must tremble: low before him must bow all human glories.
7 With thy fierce bolt, O God invoked of many, drive to a distance from afar the foeman.
O Indra, give us wealth in corn and cattle, and make thy singer's prayer gain strength and riches.
8 Indra, the swallow of strong libations rich in the boons they bring, the potent Somas,
He, Maghavan, will not restrict his bounty he brings much wealth unto the Soma-presser.
9 Yea, by superior play he wins advantage, when he, a gambler, piles his gains in season.
Celestial-natured, he o'erwhelms with riches the devotee who keeps not back his treasure.
10 O Much-invoked, may we subdue all famine and evil want with store of grain and cattle.
May we allied, as first in rank, with princes obtain possessions by our own exertion.
11 Brhaspati protect us from the rearward, and from above, and from below, from sinners!
May Indra from the front, and from the centre, as Friend to friends, vouchsafe us room and freedom.

HYMN XLIII. Indra.
1. IN perfect unison all yearning hymns of mine that find the light of heaven have sung forth Indra's praise.
As wives embrace their lord, the comely bridegroom, so they compass Maghavan about that he may help.
2 Directed unto thee my spirit never strays, for I have set my hopes on thee, O Much-invoked!
Sīt, Wonderful! as King upon the sacred grass, and let thy drinking-place be by the Soma juice.
3 From indigence and hunger Indra turns away: Maghavan hath dominion over precious wealth.
These the Seven Rivers flowing on their downward path increase the vital vigour of the potent Steer.
4 As on the fair-leaved tree rest birds, to Indra flow the gladdening Soma juices that the bowls contain.

Their face that glows with splendour through their mighty power hath found the shine of heaven for man, the Aryas' light.

5 As in the game a gambler piles his winnings, so Maghavan, sweeping all together, gained the Sun

This mighty deed of thine none other could achieve, none, Maghavan, before thee, none in recent time.

6 Maghavan came by turns to all the tribes of men: the Steer took notice of the people's songs of praise.

The man in whose libations Sakra hath delight by means of potent Somas vanquisheth his foes.

7 When Soma streams together unto Indra flow like waters to the river, rivulets to the lake,

In place of sacrifice sages exalt his might, as the rain swells the corn by moisture sent from heaven.

8 He rushes through the region like a furious Bull, he who hath made these floods the dames of worthy lords.

This Maghavan hath found light for the man who brings oblation, sheds the juice, and promptly pours his gifts.

9 Let the keen axe come forth together with the light: here be, as erst, the teeming cow of sacrifice.

Let the Red God shine bright with his refugent ray, and let the Lord of heroes glow like heaven's clear sheen.

May Indra from the front, and from the centre, as Friend to friends, vouchsafe us room and freedom.

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HYMN XLV. Agni.

1. FIRST Agni sprang to life from out of Heaven: the second time from us came Jatavedas.

Thirdly the Manly-souled was in the waters. The pious lauds kindles him the Eternal.

2 Agni, we know thy three powers in three stations, we know

And kindles him the Eternal.

The Manly-souled was in the waters. The pious lauds

And kindles him the Eternal.

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HYMN XLIV. Indra.

1. MAY Sovran Indra come to the carousal, he who by Holy Law is strong and active,

The overcomer of all conquering forces with his great steer-like power that hath no limit.

2 Firm-seated is thy car, thy Steeds are docile; thy hand, O King, holds, firmly grasped, the thunder.

On thy fair path, O Lord of men, come quickly: we will increase thy powers when thou hast drunken.

3 Let strong and mighty Steeds who bear this Mighty Indra, the Lord of men, whose arm wields thunder,

Bring unto us, as sharers of our banquet, the Steer of conquering might, of real vigour.

4 So like a Bull thou rushest to the Lord who loves the trough,

Prepare thine energies, collect them in thyself: be for our profit as the Master of the wise.

5 May precious treasures come to us-so will I pray. Come to the votary's gift offered with beauteous laud.

Thou art the Lord, as such sit on this holy grass: thy vessels are inviolate as Law commands.

6 Far went our earliest invocation of the Gods, and won us glories that can never be surpassed.

They who could not ascend the ship of sacrifice, sink down in desolation, trembling with alarm.

7 So be the others, evil-hearted, far away, whose horses,

difficult to harness, have been yoked.

Here in advance men stand anear to offer gifts, by whom full many a work that brings reward is done.

8 He firmly fixed the plains and mountains as they shook.

Dyaus thundered forth and made the air's mid-region quake.

He stays apart the two confronting bowls; he sings lauds in the potent Soma's joy when he hath drunk.

9 I bear this deftly-fashioned goad of thine, wherewith thou,

Maghavan, shalt break the strikers with the hoof.

At this libation mayst thou be well satisfied. Partake the juice, partake the worship, Maghavan.

10 O Much-invoked, may we subdue all famine and evil want with store of grain and cattle.

May we allied, as first in rank, with princes obtain possessions by our own exertion.

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Thirdly the Manly-souled was in the waters. The pious lauds

And kindles him the Eternal.
Lead thou and further him to higher fortune, to bliss bestowed by Gods, O thou Most Youthful. 
10 Endow him, Agni, with a share of glory, at every song of praise sung forth enrich him. 

Dear let him be to Surya, dear to Agni, preeminent with son and children's children. 
11 While, Agni, day by day men pay thee worship they win themselves all treasures worth the wishing. 

Allied with thee, eager and craving riches, they have disclosed the stable filled with cattle. 
12 Agni, the Friend of men, the Soma's keeper, Vaisvanara, hath been lauded by the Rsis. 

We will invoke benignant Earth and Heaven: ye Deities, give us wealth with hero children. 

HYMN XLVI. Agni. 
1. STABLISHED for thee, to lend thee vital forces, Giver of wealth, Guard of his servant's body. 

The Great Priest, born, who knows the clouds, Abider with men, is seated in the lap of waters. 
2 Worshipping, seeking him with adoration like some lost creature followed by its footprints, 

Wise Bhrgus, yearning in their hearts, pursued him, and found him lurking where the floods are gathered. 
3 On the Cow's forehead, with laborious searching, Trita, the offspring of Vibhias, found him. 

Born in our houses, Youthful, joy-bestower, he now becomes the central point of brightness. 
4 Yearning, with homage, they have set and made him blithe Priest among mankind, oblation-bearer, 

Leader of rites and Purifier, envoy of men, as sacrifice that still advances. 
5 The foolish brought the ne'er-bewildered forward, great, Victor, Song-inspirer, Fort-destroyer. 

Leading the Youth gold-bearded, like a courser gleaming with wealth, they turned their hymn to profit. 
6 Holding his station firmly in the houses, Trita sat down within his home surrounded Thence, as Law bids, departs the Tribes Companion having collected men with no compulsion. 
7 His are the fires, eternal, purifying, that make the houses move, whose smoke is shining, White, waxing in their strength, for ever stirring, and sitting in the wood; like winds are Somas. 
8 The tongue of Agni bears away the praisesong, and, through his care for Earth, her operations. 

Him, bright and radiant, living men have stablished as their blithe Priest, the Chief of Sacrificers. 
9 That Agni, him whom Heaven and Earth engendered, the Waters. Tvashtar, and with might, the Bhrgus, 

Him Matarisvan and the Gods have fashioned holy for man and first to be entreated. 
10 Agni, whom Gods have made oblationbearer, and much-desiring men regard as holy, 

Give life to him who lauds thee when he worships, and then shall glorious men in troops adore thee. 

HYMN XLVII. Indra Vaikuntha. 
1. THY right hand have we grasped in ours, O Indra, longing for treasure, Treasure-Lord of treasures! 

Because we know thee, Hero, Lord of cattle: vouchsafe us mighty and resplendent riches. 
2 Wealth, fully armed, good guard and kind protector, sprung from four seas, the prop and stay of treasures, 

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 many 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 envoyes, 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. 

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-kine to Trita from the Dragon's grasp. 
3 For me hath Tvashtar 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 herdi of cattle, steeds and kine, and gold 

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5 My lauds, like envoyes, 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. 
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 Sapya 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 apd 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.

HYMN XLIX. Indra Vaikuntha.
1. I LAUD your Mighty One who joyeth in the juice, him who is shared by all men, who created all;
Indra, whose conquering strength is powerful in war, whose fame and manly vigour Heaven and Earth revere.
2 He with his friend is active, lauded, good to man, Indra who must be glorified by one like me.
Hero, Lord of the brave, all cars are thy delight, warring with Vṛtra, or for waters, or for spoil.
3 Who are the men whom thou wilt further, Indra, who strive to win thy bliss allied with riches?
Who urged thee forward to exert thy power divine, to valour, in the war for waters on their fields?
4 Thou, Indra, through the holy prayer art mighty, worthy of sacrifice at all libations.
In every fight thou castest heroes on the ground: thou art the noblest song, O Lord of all the folk.
5 Help now, as Highest, those who toil at sacrifice: well do the people know thy great protecting might.
Thou shalt be Everlasting, Giver of success yea, on all these libations thou bestowest strength.
6 All these libations thou makest effectual, of which thou art thyself supporter, Son of Power.
Therefore thy vessel is to be esteemed the best, sacrifice, holy text, prayer, and exalted speech.
7 They who with flowing Soma pray to thee, O Sage, to pour on them thy gifts of opulence and wealth,
May they come forward, through their spirit, on the path of bliss, in the wild joy of Soma juice effused.

1. LARGE was that covering, and firm of texture, folded wherein thou enteredst the waters.
One Deity alone, O Jatavedas Agni, saw all thy forms in sundry places.
2 What God hath seen me? Who of all their number clearly beheld my forms in many places?
Where lie, then, all the sacred logs of Agni that lead him Godward, Varuna and Mitra?
3 In many places, Agni Jatavedas, we sought thee hidden in the plants and waters.
Then Yama marked thee, God of wondrous splendour! effulgent from thy tenfold secret dwelling,
4 I fled in fear from sacrificial worship, Varuna, lest the Gods should thus engage me.

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Thus were my forms laid down in many places. This, as my goal, I Agni saw before me.  
5. Come; man is pious and would fain do worship, he waits prepared: in gloom thou, Agni, dwelllest.  
Make pathways leading God-ward clear and easy, and bear oblations with a kindly spirit.  
6. This goal mine elder brothers erst selected, as he who drives a car the way to travel.  
So, Varuna, I fled afar through terror, as flies the wild-bull from an archer's bowstring.  
7. We give thee life unwasting, Jatavedas, so that, employed, thou never shalt be injured.  
So, nobly born! shalt thou with kindly spirit bear to the Gods their share of men's oblations.  
8. Grant me the first oblations and the latter, entire, my forceful shares of holy presents,  
The soul of plants, the fatness of the waters, and let there be long life, ye Gods, to Agni.  
9. Thine be the first oblations and the latter, entire, thy forceful shares of holy presents.  
Let all this sacrifice be thine, O Agni, and let the world's four regions how here before thee.  

HYMN LII. Gods.  
1. INSTRUCT me, all ye Gods, how I, elected your Priest, must seat me here, and how address you.  
Instruct me how to deal to each his portion, and by what path to bring you man's oblation.  
2. I sit as Priest most skilled in sacrificing: the Maruts and all Deities impel me.  
Asvins, each day yours is the Adhvaryu's duty: Brahman and wood are here: 'tis yours to offer.  
3. Who is the Priest? Is he the Priest of Yama? On whom is thrust this God-appointed honour?  
He springs to life each month, each day that passes; so Gods have made him their oblation-bearer.  
4. The Gods have made me bearer of oblations, who slipped away and passed through many troubles.  
Wise Agni shall ordain for us the worship, whether five-wayed, threefold, or seven-threaded.  
5. So will I win you strength and life for ever. O Gods, that I may give you room and freedom.  
To Indra's arms would I consign the thunder; in all these battles shall he then be victor.  
6. The Deities three hundred and thirty-nine, have served and honoured Agni,  
Strewn sacred grass, anointed him with butter, and seated him as Priest, the Gods' Invoker.  

HYMN LIII. Agni Saucika Gods.  
1. HE hath arrived, he whom we sought with longing, who skilful in sacrifice well knows its courses.  
Let him discharge his sacrificial duties: let him sit down as Friend who was before Us.  
2. Best Priest, he hath been won by being seated, for he hath looked on the well-ordered viands.  

Come, let us worship Gods who must be worshipped, and pouring oil, laud those who should be lauded.  
3. Now hath he made the feast of Gods effective: now have we found the secret tongue of worship.  
Now hath he come, sweet, robust in vital vigour, and made our calling on the Gods effective.  
4. This prelude of my speech I now will utter, whereby we Gods may quell our Aсуra foesmen.  
Eaters of strengthening food who merit worship, O ye Five Tribes, be pleased with mine oblation.  
5. May the Five Tribes be pleased with mine oblation, and the Cow's Sons and all who merit worship.  
From earthly trouble may the earth protect us, and air's mid realm from woe that comes from heaven.  
6. Spinning the thread, follow the region's splendid light: guard thou the path ways well which wisdom hath prepared.  
Weave ye the knotless labour of the bards who sing: be Manu thou, and bring the Heavenly People forth.  
7. Lovers of Soma, bind the chariot traces fast: set ye the reins in order and embellish them.  
Bring hitherward the car with seats where eight may sit, whereon the Gods have brought the treasure that we love.  
8. Here flows Asmanvati: hold fast each other, keep yourselves up, and pass, my friends, the river.  
There let us leave the Powers that brought no profit, and cross the flood to Powers that are auspicious.  
9. Tvastar, most deft of workmen, knew each magic art, bringing most blessed bowls that hold the drink of Gods.  
His axe, wrought of good metal, he is sharpening now, wherewith the radiant Brahmanaspati will cut.  
10. Now, O ye Sapient Ones, make ye the axes sharp wherewith ye fashion bowls to hold the Amrta.  
Knowing the secret places make ye ready that whereby the Gods have gotten immortality.  
11. Ye with a secret tongue and dark intention laid the maiden deep within, the calf within the mouth.  
They evermore are near us with their gracious help: successful is the song that strives for victory.  

HYMN LIV. Indra.  
1. I SING thy fame that, Maghavan, through thy Greatness the heavens and earth invoked thee in their terror,  
Thou, aiding Gods, didst quell the power of Dasas, what time thou holpest many a race, O Indra.  
2. When thou wast roaming, waxen strong in body, telling thy friends what was thy work in the earth,  
Thou, aiding Gods, didst quell the power of Dasas, what time thou holpest many a race, O Indra.  
3. Who are the Rsis, then, who comprehended before our time the bounds of all thy greatness?  
For from thy body thou hast generated at the same time the Mother and the Father.  
4. Thou, Mighty Steer, hast four supremest natures, Asura natures that may ne'er be injured.  
All these, O Maghavan, thou surely knowest, wherewith thou hast performed thy great achievements.  
5. Thou hast all treasures in thy sole possession, treasures made
manifest and treasures hidden.
Defer not thou, O Maghavan, my longing: thou, art Director, Indra, thou art Giver.
6 To him who set the light in things of splendour, and with all sweetness blent essential sweetness, To Indra hath this welcome hymn that strengthens been uttered by the votary Brhaduktha.

HYMN LV. Indra.
1. FAR is that secret name by which, in terror, the worlds invoked thee and thou gavest vigour
The earth and heaven thou setttest near each other, and Maghavan, madest bright thy Brother's Children.
2 Great is that secret name and far-extending, whereby thou madest all that is and shall be.
The Five Tribes whom he loveth well have entered the light he madest all that is and shall be.
3 He filled the heaven and earth and all between them, Gods five times sevenfold in their proper seasons.
With four-and-thirty lights he looks around him, lights of one colour though their ways are divers.
4 As first among the lights, O Dawn, thouonest, whereby thou broughtest forth the Stay of Increase,
Great art thou, matchless is thine Asura nature, who, high above, art kin to those beneath thee.
5 The old hath waked the young Moon from his slumber who runs his circling course with many round him.
Behold the Gods' high wisdom in its greatness: he who died yesterday to-day is living.
6 Strong is the Red Bird in his strength, great Hero, who from of old hath had no nest to dwell in.
That which he knows is truth and never idle: he wins and gives the wealth desired of many.
7 Through these the Thunderer gained strong manly vigour, through whom he waxed in power to smite down Vrtra,- Who through the might of Indra's operation came forth as Gods in course of Law and Order.
8 All-strong, performing works with his companion, All-marking, rapid Victor, Curse-aveter, The Hero, waxing, after draughts of Soma, blew far from heaven the Dasyus with his weapon.

HYMN LVI. Visvedevas.
1. HERE is one light for thee, another yonder: enter the third and he therewith united.
Uniting with a body be thou welcome, dear to the Gods in their sublimest birthplace.
2 Bearing thy body, Vajin, may thy body afford us blessing and thyself protection.
Unswerving, stablish as it were in heaven thine own light as the mighty God's supporter.
3 Strong Steed art thou: go to the yearning Maidens with vigour, happily go to heaven and praises: Fly happily to the Gods with easy passage, according to the first and faithful statutes.
4 Part of their grandeur have the Fathers also gained: the Gods have seated mental power in them as Gods.
5 They strode through all the region with victorious might, establishing the old immeasurable laws.
They compassed in their bodies all existing things, and streamed forth offspring in many successive forms.
6 In two ways have the sons established in his place the Asura who finds the light, by the third act, As fathers, they have set their heritage on earth, their offspring, as a thread continuously spun out.
7 As in a ship through billows, so through regions of air, with blessings, through toils and troubles Hath Brhaduktha brought his seed with glory, and placed it here and in the realms beyond us.

HYMN LVII. Visvedevas.
1. LET us not, Indra, leave the path, the Soma-presser's sacrifice: Let no malignity dwell with us.
2 May we obtain, completely wrought, the thread spun out to reach the Gods, That perfecteth the sacrifice.
3 We call the spirit hither with the Soma of our parted sires, Yea, with the Fathers' holy hymns.
4 Thy spirit come to thee again for wisdom, energy, and lire, That thou mayst long behold the sun!
5 O Fathers, may the Heavenly Folk give us our spirit once again, That we may be with those who live.
6 O Soma with the spirit still within us, blest with progeny, May we be busied in the law.

HYMN LVIII. Manas or Spirit.
1. THY spirit, that went far away to Yama to Vivasvan's Son, We cause to come to thee again that thou mayst live and sojourn here.
2 Thy spirit, that went far away, that passed away to earth and heaven, We cause to come to thee again that thou mayst live and sojourn here.
3 Thy spirit, that went far away, away to the four-cornered earth, We cause to come to thee again that thou mayst live and sojourn here.
4 Thy spirit, that went far away to the four quarters of the world, We cause to come to thee again that thou mayst live and sojourn here.
5 Thy spirit, that went far away, away unto the billowy sea, We cause to come to thee again that thou mayst live and sojourn here.
6 Thy spirit, that went far away to beams of light that flash and flow, We cause to come to thee again that thou mayst live and sojourn here.
7 Thy spirit, that went far away, went to the waters and the plants,
We cause to come to thee again that thou mayst live and sojourn here.

8 Thy spirit, that went far away, that visited the Sun and Dawn. We cause to come to thee again that thou mayst live and sojourn here.
9 Thy spirit, that went far away, away to lofty mountain heights, We cause to come to thee again that thou mayst live and sojourn here.
10 Thy spirit, that went far away into this All, that lives and moves, We cause to come to thee again that thou mayst live and sojourn here.
11 Thy spirit, that went far away to distant realms beyond our ken, We cause to come to thee again that thou mayst live and sojourn here.
12 Thy spirit, that went far away to all that is and is to be, We cause to come to thee again that thou mayst live and sojourn here.

HYMN LIX. Nirrti and Others.
1. His life hath been renewed and carried forward as two men, car-borne, by the skilful driver.
   One falls, then seeks the goal with quickened vigour. Let Nirrti depart to distant places.
2 Here is the psalm for wealth, and food, in plenty: let us do many deeds to bring us glory.
   All these our doings shall delight the singer. Let Nirrti depart to distant places.
3 May we o'ercome our foes with acts of valour, as heaven is over earth, hills over lowlands.
   All these our deeds the singer hath considered. Let Nirrti depart to distant places.
4 Give us not up as prey to death, O Sorna still let us look upon the Sun arising.
   Let our old age with passing days be kindly. Let Nirrti depart to distant places.
5 O Asuniti, keep the soul within us, and make the days we have to live yet longer.
   Grant that we still may look upon the sunlight: strengthen thy body with the oil we bring thee.
6 Give us our sight again, O Asuniti, give us again our breath and our enjoyment.
   Long may we look upon the Sun uprising; O Anumati, favour thou and bless us.
7 May Earth restore to us our vital spirit, may Heaven the Goddess and mid-air restore it.
   May Soma give us once again our body, and Pusan show the Path of peace and comfort.
8 May both Worlds bless Subandhu, young Mothers of everlasting Law.
   May Heaven and Earth uproot and sweep iniquity and shame away: nor sin nor sorrow trouble thee.
9 Health-giving medicines descend sent down from heaven in twos and threes,
   Or wandering singly on the earth. May Heaven and Earth uproot and sweep iniquity and shame away: nor sin nor sorrow trouble thee.
10 Drive forward thou the wagon-ox, O Indra, which brought Usinarami's wagon hither.
   May Heaven and Earth uproot and sweep iniquity and shame away: nor sin nor sorrow trouble thee.

HYMN LX. Asamati and Others.-
1. BRINGING our homage we have come to one magnificent in look.
   Glorified of the mighty Gods
2 To Asamati, spring of gifts, lord of the brave, a radiant car,
Most sweet-voiced Turvayana poured oblations like floods of widely fertilizing water.

3. To his oblations, swift as thought, ye hurried, and welcomed eagerly the prayers he offered.

With arrows in his hand the Very Mighty forced from him all obedience of a servant.

4. I call on you the Sons of Dyaus, the Asvins, that a dark cow to my red kine be added.

Enjoy my sacrifice, come to my viands contented, not deceiving expectation.

10. Uttering praise to suit the rite Navagvas came speedily to win the damsel's friendship.

They who approached the twice-strong stable's keeper, needlessly would milk the rocks that naught had shaken.

11. Swift was new friendship with the maid they quickly accepted it as genuine seed and bounty.

Milk which the cow Sabardugha had yielded was the bright heritage which to thee they offered.

12. When afterwards they woke- and missed the cattle, the speaker thus in joyful mood addressed them:

Matchless are singers through the Vasi's nature; he bringeth them all food and all possessions.

13. His followers then who dwelt in sundry places came and desired too slay the son of Nrsad.

Resistless foe, be found the hidden treasure of Susna multiplied in numerous offering.

14. Thou, called Effulgence, in whose threefold dwelling, as in the light of heaven, the Gods are sitting,

Thou who art called Agni or Jatavedas, Priest, hear us, obedient of a servant.

15. And, Indra, bring, that I may laud and serve them, those Two resplendent glorious Nasatyas,

Blithe, bounteous, man-like, to the sacrificer, honoured among our men with offered viands.

16. This King is praised and honoured as Ordainer: himself the bridge, the Sage speeds o'er the waters.

He hath stirred up Kaksivan, stirred up Agni, as the steed's swift wheel drives the felly onward.

17. Vaitarana, doubly kinsman, sacrificer, shall milk the cow who ne'er hath calved, Sabardhu,

When I encompass Varuna and Mitra with lauds, and Aryaman in safest shelter.

18. Their kin, the Prince in heaven, thy nearest kinsman, turning his thought to thee thus speaks in kindness:

This is our highest bond: I am his offspring. How many others came ere I succeeded?

19. Here is my kinship, here the place I dwell in: these are my Gods; I in full strength am present.

Twice-born am I, the first-born Son of Order: the Cow milked this when first she had her being.

20. So mid these tribes he rests, the friendly envoy, borne on two paths, refugient Lord of flux.

When, like a line, the Babe springs up erectly, his Mother straight hath borne him strong to bless us.

21. Then went the milch-kine forth to please the damsel, and for the good of every man that liveth.

Hear us, O wealthy Lord; begin our worship. Thou hast grown mighty through Asvaghna's virtues.

22. And take thou notice of us also, Indra, for ample riches, King whose arm wields thunder!

Protect our wealthy nobles, guard our princes unmenaced near thee, Lord of Tawny Courser.

23. When he goes forth, ye Pair of Kings, for booty, speeding to war and praise to please the singer,-

I was the dearest sage of those about him,-let him lead these away and bring them safely.

24. Now for this noble man's support and comfort, singing with easy voice we thus implore thee:

Impetuous be his son and fleet his courser: and may I be his priest to win him glory.

25. If, for our strength, the priest with adoration to win your friendship made the laud accepted,

That laud shall be a branching road to virtue for every one to whom the songs are suited.

26. Glorified thus, with holy hymns and homage: Of noble race, with Waters, God-attended

May he enrich us for our prayers and praises: now can the cow be milked; the path is open.

27. Be to us, then, ye Gods who merit worship, be ye of one accord our strong protection,

Who went on various ways and brought us vigour, ye who are undeceivable explorers.

HYMN LXII. Visvedevas, Etc.

1. YE, who, adorned with guerdon through the sacrifice, have won you Indra's friendship and eternal life,

Even to you be happiness, Angirases. Welcome the son of Manu, ye who are most wise.

2. The Fathers, who drave forth the wealth in cattle, have in the year's courses cleft Vala by Eternal Law:

A lengthened life be yours, O ye Angirases. Welcome the son of Manu, ye who are most wise.

3. Ye raised the Sun to heaven by everlasting Law, and spread broad earth, the Mother, out on every side.

Fair wealth of progeny be yours, Angirases. Welcome the son of Manu, ye who are most wise.

4. This kinsman in your dwelling-place speaks pleasant words:

give car to this, ye Rsis, children of the Gods.

High Brahman dignity be yours, Angirases. Welcome the son of Manu, ye who are most wise.

5. Distinguished by their varied form, these Rsis have been deeply moved.

These are the sons of Angirases: from Agni have they sprung to life.

6. Distinguished by their varied form, they sprang from Agni, from the sky.

Navaga and Dasagva, noblest Angiras, he giveth bounty with the Gods.

7. With Indra for associate the priests have cleared the stable full of steeds and kine,

Giving to me a thousand with their eight-marked cars, they gained renown among the Gods.

8. May this man's sons be multiplied; like springing corn may Manu grow,
Who gives at once in bounteous gift a thousand kine, a hundred steeds.
9 No one attains to him, as though a man would grasp the heights of heaven.
Savarnya's sacrificial meed hath broadened like an ample flood.
10 Yadu and Turva, too, have given two Dasas, well-disposed, to serve,
Together with great store of kine.
11 Blest be the hamlet's chief, most liberal Manu, and may his bounty rival that of Surya.
May the God let Ssvarni's life be lengthened, with whom, unwearied, we have lived and prospered.

HYMN LXIII. Visvedevas.
1. MAY they who would assume kinship from far away, Vivasvan's generations, dearly loved of men, Even the Gods who sit upon the sacred grass of Nahusa's son Yayati, bless and comfort us.
2 For worthy of obeisance, Gods, are all your names, worthy of adoration and of sacrifice.
Ye who were born from waters, and from Aditi, and from the earth, do ye here listen to my call.
3 I will rejoice in these Adityas for my weal, for whom the Mother pours forth water rich in balm, And Dyaus the Infinite, firm as a rock, sweet milk,-Gods active, strong through lauds, whose might the Bull upholds.
4 Looking on men, ne'er slumbering, they by their deserts attained as Gods to lofty immortality.
Borne on refulgent cars, sinless, with serpents' powers, they robe them, for our welfare, in the height of heaven.
5 Great Kings who bless us, who have come to sacrifice, who, ne'er assailed, have set their mansion in the sky,- These I invite with adoration and with hymns, mighty Adityas, Aditi, for happiness.
6 Who offereth to you the laud that ye accept, O ye All-Gods of Manu, many as ye are? Who, Mighty Ones, will prepare for you the sacrifice to bear us over trouble to felicity?
7 Ye to whom Manu, by seven priests, with kindled fire, offered the first oblation with his heart and soul, Vouchsafe us, ye Adityas, shelter free from fear, and make us good and easy paths to happiness.
8 Wise Deities, who have dominion o'er the world, ye thinkers over all that moves not and that moves, Save us from uncommitted and committed sin, preserve us from all sin to-day for happiness.
9 In battles we invoke Indra still swift to hear, and all the holy Host of Heaven who banish grief, Agni, Mitra, and Varuna that we may gain, Dyaus, Bhaga, Maruts, Prthivi for happiness:
10 Mightily-saving Earth, incomparable Heaven the good guide Aditi who gives secure defence The well-oared heavenly Ship that lets no waters in, free from defect, will we ascend for happiness.
11 Bless us, all Holy Ones, that we may have your help, guard and protect us from malignant injury.

With fruitful invocation may we call on you, Gods, who give ear to us for grace, for happiness.
12 Keep all disease afar and sordid sacrifice, keep off the wicked man's malicious enmity.
Keep far away from us all hatred, O ye Gods, and give us ample shelter for our happiness.
13 Untouched by any evil, every mortal thrives, and, following the Law, spreads in his progeny.
Whom ye with your good guidance, O Adityas, lead safely through all his pain and grief to happiness.
14 That which ye guard and grace in battle, O ye Gods, ye Maruts, where the prize is wealth, where heroes win, That conquering Car, O Indra, that sets forth at dawn, that never breaks, may we ascend for happiness.
15 Vouchsafe us blessing in our paths and desert tracts, blessing in waters and in battle, for the light; Blessing upon the wombs that bring male children forth, and blessing, O ye Maruts, for the gain of wealth.
16 The noblest Svasti with abundant riches, who comes to what is good by distant pathway,- May she at home and far away preserve us, and dwell with us under the Gods' protection.
17 Thus hath the thoughtful sage, the son of Plati, praised you, O Aditi and all Adityas,
Men are made rich by those who are Immortal: the Heavenly Folk have been extolled by Gayas.

HYMN LXIV. Visvedevas.
1. WHAT God, of those who hear, is he whose well-praised name we may record in this our sacrifice; and how?
Who will be gracious? Who of many give us bliss? Who out of all the Host will come to lend us aid?
2 The will and thoughts within my breast exert their power: they yearn with love, and fly to all the regions round.
None other comforter is found save only these: my longings and my hopes are fixt upon the Gods.
3 To Narasamsa and to Pusan I sing forth, unconcealable Agni kindied by the Gods.
To Sun and Moon, two Moons, to Yama in the heaven, to Trita, Vata, Dawn, Night, and the Atvins Twain.
4 How is the Sage extolled whom the loud singers praise?
What voice, what hymn is used to laud Brhaspati?
May Aja-Ekapad with Rkvans swift to hear, and Ahi of the Deep listen unto our call.
5 Aditi, to the birth of Daksa and the vow thou summonest the Kings Mitra and Varuna.
With course unchecked, with many chariots Aryaman comes with the seven priests to tribes of varied sort.
6 May all those vigorous Coursers listen to our cry, hearers of invocation, speeding on their way;
Winners of thousands where the priestly meed is won, who gather of themselves great wealth in every race.
7 Bring ye Purandhi, bring Vayu who yokes his steeds, for friendship bring ye Pusan with your songs of praise:
They with one mind, one thought attend the sacrifice, urged by the favouring aid of Savitar the God.
8 The thrice-seven wandering Rivers, yea, the mighty floods,
the forest trees, the mountains, Agni to our aid,
Krsnu, Tisya, archers to our gathering-place, and Rudra
strong amid the Rudras we invoke.
9 Let the great Streams come hither with their mighty help,
Sindhu, Sarasvati, and Sarayu with waves.
Ye Goddess Floods, ye Mothers, animating all, promise us
water rich in fatness and in balm.
10 And let Brhaddiva, the Mother, hear our call, and Tvastar,
Father, with the Goddesses and Dames.
Rbhusan, Vaja, Bhaga, and Rathaspati, and the sweet speech
of him who labours guard us well!
11 Pleasant to look on as a dwelling rich in food is the blest
favour of the Maruts, Rudra's Sons.
May we be famed among the folk for wealth in kine. and ever
come to you, ye Gods, with sacred food.
12 The thought which ye, O Maruts, Indra and ye Gods have
given to me, and ye, Mitra and Varuna,-
Cause this to grow and swell like a milchcow with milk. Will
ye not bear away my songs upon your car?
13 O Maruts, do ye never, never recollect and call again to
mind this our relationship?
When next we meet together at the central point, even there
shall Aditi confirm our brotherhood.
14 The Mothers, Heaven and Earth, those mighty Goddesses,
worthy of sacrifice, ecune with the race of Gods.
These Two with their support uphold both Gods and men, and
with the Fathers pour the copious genial stream.
15 This invocation wins all good that we desire Brhaspati,
highly-praised Aramati, are here,
Even where the stone that presses meath rings loudly out, and
where the sages make their voices heard with hymns.
16 Thus hath the sage, skilled in loud singers' duties, desiring
riches, yearning after treasure,
Gaya, the priestly singer, with his praises and hymns contented
the Celestial people.
17 Thus hath the thoughtful sage the son of Plati, praised you,
O Aaiti and all Adityas.
Men are made rich by those who are Immortal: the Heavenly
Folk have been extolled by Gaya.

HYMN LXV. Visvedevas.
I. MAY Agni, Indra, Mitra, Varuna consent, Aryaman, Vayu,
Pusan, and Sarasvati,
Adityas, Maruts, Visnu, Soma, lofty Sky, Rudra and Aditi, and
Brahmanaspati.
2 Indra and Agni, Hero-lords when Vrtra fell, dwelling
together, speeding emulously on,
And Soma blent with oil, putting his greatness forth, have with
their power filled full the mighty firmament.
3 Skilled in the Law I lift the hymn of praise to these, Law-
strengtheners, unassailed, and great in majesty.
These in their wondrous bounty send the watery sea: may they
as kindly Friends send gifts to make us great.
4 They with their might have stayed Heaven, Earth, and
Prthivi, the Lord of Light, the firmament, -the lustrous spheres.
Even as fleet-foot steeds who make their masters glad, the
princely Gods are praised, most bountiful to man.
5 Bring gifts to Mitra and to Varuna who, Lords of all, in spirit
never fail the worshipper,
Whose statute shines on high through everlasting Law, whose
places of sure refuge are the heavens and earth.
6 The cow who yielding milk goes her appointed way hither to
us as leader of holy rites,
Speaking aloud to Varuna and the worshipper, shall with
oblation serve Vivasvan and the Gods.
7 The Gods whose tongue is Agni dwell in heaven, and sit,
aiders of Law, reflecting, in the seat of Law.
They propped up heaven and then brought waters with their
might, got sacrifice and in a body made it fair.
8 Born in the oldest time, the Parents dwelling round are
sharers of one mansion in the home of Law.
Bound by their common vow Dyaus, Prthivi stream forth the
moisture rich in oil to Varuna the Steer.
9 Parjanya, Vata, mighty, senders of the rain, Indra and Vayu,
Varuna, Mitra, Aryaman:
We call on Aditi, Adityas, and the Gods, those who are on the
earth, in waters, and in heaven.
10 Tvastar and Vayu, those who count as Rbhus, both celestial
Hotar-priests, and Dawn for happiness,
Winners of wealth, we call, and wise Brhaspati, destroyer of
our foes, and Soma Indra's Friend.
11 They generated prayer, the cow, the horse, the plants, the
forest trees, the earth, the waters, and the hills.
These very bounteous Gods made the Sun mount to heaven,
and spread the righteous laws of Aryas o'er the land.
12 O Asvins, ye delivered Bhuju from distress, ye animated
Syava, Vadhramati's son.
To Vimada ye brought his consort Kamadyu, and gave his lost
Visnapu back to Visvaka.
13 Thunder, the lightning's daughter, Aja-Ekapad, heaven's
bearer, Sindhu, and the waters of the sea:
Hear all the Gods my words, Sarasvati give ear together with
Prandhi and with Holy Thoughts.
14 With Holy Thoughts and with Prandhi may all Gods,
knowing the Law immortal, Manu's Holy Ones,
Boon-givers, favourers, finders of light, and Heaven, with
gracious love accept my songs, my prayer, my hymn.
15 Immortal Gods have I, Vasistha, lauded, Gods set on high
above all other beings.
May they this day grant us wide space and freedom: ye Gods,
preserve us evermore with blessings.

HYMN LXVI. Visvedevas.
1. I CALL the Gods of lofty glory for our weal, the makers of
the light, well-skilled in sacrifice;
Those who have waxen mightly, Masters of all wealth, 
Immortal, strengthening Law, the Gods whom Indra leads.
2 For the strong band of Maruts will we frame a hymn: the
chiefs shall bring forth sacrifice for Indra's troop,
Who, sent by Indra and advised by Varuna, have gotten for
themselves a share of Surya's light
3 May Indra with the Vasus keep our dwelling safe, and Aditi
with Adityas lend us sure defence.
May the God Rudra with the Rudras favour us, and Tvastar
with the Dames further us to success.
4 Aditi, Heaven and Earth, the great eternal Law, Indra, Visnu, the Maruts, and the lofty Sky.
We call upon Adityas, on the Gods, for help, on Vasus, Rudras, Savitar of wondrous deeds.
5 With Holy Thoughts Sarasvan, firm-lawed Varuna, great Vayu, Pusan, Visnu, and the Asvins Twain,
Lords of all wealth, Immortal, furtherers of prayer, grant us a triply-guarding refuge from distress.
6 Strong be the sacrifice, strong be the Holy Ones, strong the preparers of oblation, strong the Gods.
Mighty be Heaven and Earth, true to eternal Law, strong be Parjanya, strong be they who laud the Strong.
7 To win us strength I glorify the Mighty Twain, Agni and Soma, Mighty Ones whom many laud.
May these vouchsafe us shelter with a triple guard, these whom the strong have served in worship of the Gods.
8 Potent, with firm-fixt laws, arranging sacrifice, visiting solemn rites in splendour of the day,
Obeying Order, these whose priest is Agni, free from falsehood, poured the waters out when Vrtra died.
9 The Holy Ones engendered, for their several laws, the heavens and earth, the waters, and the plants and trees.
They filled the firmament with heavenly light for help: the Gods embodied Wish and made it beautiful.
10 May they who bear up heaven, the Rbhus deft of hand, and Vata and Parjanya of the thundering Bull,
The waters and the plants, promote the songs we sing: come Bhaga, Rati, and the Vaijns to my call.
11 Sindhu, the sea, the region, and the firmament, the thunder, and the ocean, Aja-Ekapad,
The Dragon of the Deep, shall listen to my words, and all the Deities and Princes shall give ear.
12 May we, be yours, we men, to entertain the Gods: further us to success.
Adityas, Rudras, Vasus, givers of good gifts, quicken the holy hymns which we are singing now
13 I follow with success upon the path of Law the two celestial Hotars, Priests of oldest time.
We pray to him who dwelleth near, Guard of the Field, to all Immortal Gods who never are remiss.
14 Vasistha's sons have raised their voices, like their sire. Rsi-like praying to the Gods for happiness.
Like friendly-minded kinsmen, come at our desire, O Gods, and shake down treasures on us from above.
15 Immortal Gods have I, Vasistha, lauded, Gods set on high above all other beings.
May they this day grant us wide space and freedom: ye Gods, preserve us evermore with blessings.

HYMN LXVII. Brhaspati.
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,
Angiras, 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 milk 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.
May we, 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.

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 dews 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
top of the earth's skin as it were with water.
5 Forth from mid air with light he dravc the darkness, as the
gale blows a lily from the river.
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 eat 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.
12 This homage have we offered to the Cloud God who
thunders out to many in succession.
May this Brhaspati vouchsafe us fulness of life with kine and
horses, men, and heroes.

HYMN LXIX. Agni.
1. Auspicious is the aspect of Vadhryasva's fire good is its
guidance, pleasant are its visitings.
When first the people Of Sumitra kindle it, with butter poured
thercon it crackles and shines bright.
2 Butter is that which makes Vadhryaiva's fire grow strong: the
butter is its food, the butter makes it fat.
It spreads abroad when butter hath been offered it, and balmed
with streams of butter shines forth like the Sun.
3 Still newest is this face of thine, O Agni, which Manu and
Sumitra have enkindled.
So richly shine, accept our songs with favour, so give us
strengthening food, so send us glory.
4 Accept this offering, Agni, whom aforetime Vadhryasva,
hath entreated and enkindled.
Guard well our homes and ople, guard our bodies, protect thy
girt to us which thou hast granted.
5 Be splendid, guard us Kinsman of Vadhryasva: let not the
enmity of men o'ercome thee,
Like the bold hero Cyavana, 1 Sumitra tell forth the title of
Vadhryaiva's Kinsman.
6 All treasures hast thou won, of plains and mountains, and
quelled the Dasas' and Aryas' hatred.
Like the bold hero Cyavana, O Agni, mayst thou subdue the
men who long for battle.
7 Deft Agni hath a lengthened thread, tall oxen, a thousand
heifers, numberless devices.
Decked by the men, splendid among the splendid, shine
brightly forth amid devout Sumitras.
8 Thine is the teeming cow, O Jatavedas, who pours at once
her ceaseless flow, Sabardhuk,
Thou. art lit up by men enriched with guerdon, O Agni, by the
pious-souled Sumitras.
9 Even Immortal Gods, O Jatavedas, Vadhryasva's Kinsman,
have declared thy grandeur.
When human tribes drew near with supplication thou
conqueredst with men whom thou hadst strengthened.
10 Like as a father bears his son, O Agni, Vadhryasva bare
thee in his lap and served thee.
Thou, Youngest God, having enjoyed his fuel, didst vanquish
those of old though they were mighty.
11 Vadhryasva's Agni evermore hath vanquished his foes with
heroes who had pressed the Soma.
Lord of bright rays, thou burntest up the battle, subduing, as
our help, e'en mighty foesmen.
12 This Agni of Vadhryasva, Vrtra-slayer, lit from of old, must
be invoked with homage.
As such assail our enemies, Vadhryasva, whether the foes be
strangers or be kinsmen.

HYMN LXX. Apris.
1. ENJOY, O Agni, this my Fuel, welcome the oil-filled ladle
where we pour libation.
Rise up for worship of the Gods, wise Agni, on the earth's
height, while days are bright with beauty.
2 May he who goes before the Gods come hither with steeds
heigh, while days are bright with beauty.
3 Men with oblations laud most constant Agni, and pray him to
perform an envoy's duty.
With lightly-rolling car and best draught-horses, bring the
Gods hither and sit down as Hotar.
4 Accept this offering, Agni, whom aforetime Vadhryasva,
hath entreated and enkindled.
Guard well our homes and ople, guard our bodies, protect thy
girt to us which thou hast granted.
5 Be splendid, guard us Kinsman of Vadhryasva: let not the
enmity of men o'ercome thee,
Like the bold hero Cyavana, 1 Sumitra tell forth the title of
Vadhryaiva's Kinsman.
6 All treasures hast thou won, of plains and mountains, and
quelled the Dasas' and Aryas' hatred.
Like the bold hero Cyavana, O Agni, mayst thou subdue the
men who long for battle.
7 Deft Agni hath a lengthened thread, tall oxen, a thousand
heifers, numberless devices.
Decked by the men, splendid among the splendid, shine
brightly forth amid devout Sumitras.
8 Thine is the teeming cow, O Jatavedas, who pours at once
her ceaseless flow, Sabardhuk,
Thou. art lit up by men enriched with guerdon, O Agni, by the
pious-souled Sumitras.
9 Even Immortal Gods, O Jatavedas, Vadhryasva's Kinsman,
have declared thy grandeur.
When human tribes drew near with supplication thou
conqueredst with men whom thou hadst strengthened.
10 Like as a father bears his son, O Agni, Vadhryasva bare
thee in his lap and served thee.
Thou, Youngest God, having enjoyed his fuel, didst vanquish
those of old though they were mighty.
11 Vadhryasva's Agni evermore hath vanquished his foes with
heroes who had pressed the Soma.
Lord of bright rays, thou burntest up the battle, subduing, as
our help, e'en mighty foesmen.
12 This Agni of Vadhryasva, Vrtra-slayer, lit from of old, must
be invoked with homage.
As such assail our enemies, Vadhryasva, whether the foes be
strangers or be kinsmen.

Ye Two Chief Priests who serve at this our worship, may ye,
HYMN LXXI. Jnamam
1. WHEN-men, Brhaspati, giving names to objects, sent out Vak's first and earliest utterances, All that was excellent and spotless, treasured within them, was disclosed through their affection. 2 Where, like men cleansing corn-flour in a cribble, the wise in spirit have created language, Friends see and recognize the marks of friendship: their speech retains the blessed sign imprinted. 3 With sacrifice the trace of Vak they followed, and found her harbouring within the Rsis. They brought her, dealt her forth in many places: seven singers make her tones resound in concert. 4 One man hath ne'er seen Vak, and yet he seeth: one man hath hearing but hath never heard her. But to another hath she shown her beauty as a fond well-dressed woman to her husband. 5 One man they call a laggard, dull in friendship: they never urge him on to deeds of valour. He wanders on in profitless illusion: the Voice he heard yields neither fruit, nor blossom. 6 No part in Vak hath he who hath abandoned his own dear friend who knows the truth of friendship. Even if he hears her still in vain he listens: naught knows he of the path of righteous action. 7 Unequal in the quickness of their spirit are friends endowed alike with eyes and hearing. Some look like tanks that reach the mouth or shoulder, others like pools of water fit to bathe in. 8 When friendly Brahmans sacrifice together with mental impulse which the heart hath fashioned, They leave one far behind through their attainments, and some who count as Brahmans wander elsewhere. 9 Those men who step not back and move not forward, nor Brahmans nor preparers of libations, Having attained to Vak in sinful fashion spin out their thread in ignorance like spinsters. 10 All friends are joyful in the friend who cometh in triumph, having conquered in assembly.

HYMN LXXII. The Gods.
1. LET US with tuneful skill proclaim these generations of the Gods, That one may see them when these hymns are chanted in a future age. 2 These Brahmanspati produced with blast and smelting, like a Smith, Existence, in an earlier age of Gods, from Non-existence sprang. 3 Existence, in the earliest age of Gods, from Non-existence sprang. Thereafter were the regions born. This sprang from the Productive Power. 4 Earth sprang from the Productive Power the regions from the earth were born. Daksa was born of Aditi, and Aditi was Daksa's Child. 5 For Aditi, O Daksa, she who is thy Daughter, was brought forth. After her were the blessed Gods born sharers of immortal life. 6 When ye, O Gods, in yonder deep closeclasping one another stood, Thence, as of dancers, from your feet a thickening cloud of dust arose. 7 When, O ye Gods, like Yatis, ye caused all existing things to grow, Then ye brought Surya forward who was lying hidden in the sea. 8 Eight are the Sons of Adid who from her body sprang to life. With seven she went to meet the Gods she cast Martanda far away. 9 So with her Seven Sons Aditi went forth to meet the earlier age. She brought Martanda thitherward to spring to life and die again.

HYMN LXXIII. Indra.
1. THOU wast born mighty for victorious valour, exulting, strongest, full of pride and courage. There, even there, the Maruts strengthened Indra when his most rapid Mother stirred the Hero. 2 There with fiend's ways e'en Prsni was seated: with much laudation they exalted Indra. As if encompassed by the Mighty-footed, from darkness, near at hand, forth came the Children. 3 High are thy feet when on thy way thou goest: the strength thou foundest here hath lent thee vigour. Thousand hyenas in thy mouth thou holdest. O Indra, mayst thou turn the Asvins hither. 4 Speeding at once to sacrifice thou comest for friendship thou
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art bringing both Nasatyas. Thou hast a thousand treasures in possession. The Asvins, O thou Hero, gave thee riches.
5 Glad, for the race that rests on holy Order, with friends who hasten to their goal, hath Indra With these his magic powers assailed the Dasyu: he cast away the gloomy mists, the darkness.
6 Two of like name for him didst thou demolish, as Indra striking down the car of Usas. With thy beloved lofty Friends thou camest, and with the assurance of thine heart thou slewest.
7 War-loving Namuci thou smostest, robbing the Dasa of his magic for the Rsi. For man thou madest ready pleasant pathways, paths leading as it were directly God-ward.
8 These names of thine thou hast fulfilled completely: as Lord, thou boldest in thine arm, O Indra. In thee, through thy great might, the Gods are joyful: the roots of trees hast thou directed upward.
9 May the sweet Soma juices make him happy to cast his quoit that lies in depth of waters. Thou from theudder which o'er earth is fastened hast poured the milk into the kine and herbage.
10 When others call him offspring of the Courser, my meaning is that Mighty Power produced him. He came from Manyu and remained in houses: whence he hath sprung is known to Indra only.
11 Like birds of beauteous wing the Priyamedhas, Rsis, imploring, have come nigh to Indra: Dispel the darkness and fill full our vision deliver us as men whom snares entangle.

HYMN LXXIV. Indra.
1. I AM prepared to laud with song or worship the Noble Ones who are in earth and heaven, Or Courser who have triumphed in, the contest, or those who famed, have won the prize with glory. Their call, the call of Gods, went up to heaven: they kissed the ground with glory-seeking spirit, There where the Gods look on for happy fortune, and like the kindly heavens bestow their bounties.
3 This is the song of those Immortal Beings who long for treasures in their full perfection. May these, completing prayers and sacrifices, bestow upon us wealth where naught is wanting.
4 Those living men extolled thy deed, O Indra, those who would fain burst through the stall of cattle, Fain to milk her who bare but once, great, lofty, whose Sons are many and her streams past number.
5 Sacivan, win to your assistance Indra who never bends, who overcomes his foesmen. Rhbhusan, Maghavan, the hymn's upholder, who, rich in food, bears man's kind friend, the thunder. Since he who won of old anew hath triumphed, Indra hath earned his name of Vatra-slayer. He hath appeared, the mighty Lord of Conquest. What we would have him do let him accomplish.

HYMN LXXV. The Rivers.
1. THE singer, O ye Waters in Vivasvan's place, shall tell your grandeur forth that is beyond compare. The Rivers have come forward triply, seven and seven. Sindhu in might surpasses all the streams that flow.
2 Varuna cut the channels for thy forward course, O Sindhu, when thou rannest on to win the race. Thou speedest o'er precipitous ridges of the earth, when thou art Lord and Leader of these moving floods.
3 His roar is lifted up to heaven above the earth: he puts forth endless vigour with a flash of light. Like floods of rain that fall- in thunder from the cloud, so Sindhu rushes on bellowing like a bull.
4 Like mothers to their calves, like milch kine with their milk, so, Sindhu, unto thee the roaring rivers run.
5 Thou leadest as a warrior king thine army's wings what time thou comest in the van of these swift streams.
6 First with Trstama thou art eager to flow forth, with Rasa, and Susartu, and with Svetya here, With Kuba; and with these, Sindhu and Mehatnu, thou seest in thy course Krumu and Gomati.
7 Flashing and whitely-gleaming in her mightiness, she moves along her ample volumes through the realms. Most active of the active, Sindhu unrestrained, like to a dappled mare, beautiful, fair to see.
8 Rich in good steeds is Sindhu, rich in cars and robes, rich in gold, nobly-fashioned, rich in ample wealth. Blest Silamavati and young Urnavati invest themselves with raiment rich in store of sweets.
9 Sindhu hath yoked her car, light-rolling, drawn by steeds, and with that car shall she win booty in this fight. So have I praised its power, mighty and unrestrained, of independent glory, roaring as it runs.

HYMN LXXVI. Press-stones.
1. I GRASP at you when power and strength begin to dawn: bedew ye, Indra and the Maruts, Heaven and Earth, That Day and Night, in every hall of sacrifice, may wait on us and bless us when they first spring forth.
2 Press the libation out, most excellent of all: the Pressing-stone is grasped like a hand-guided steed. So let it win the valour that subdues the foe, and the fleet courser's might that speeds to ample wealth.
3 Juice that this Stone pours out removes defect of ours, as in old time it brought prosperity to man. At sacrifices they established holy rites on Tvastar's milk-blent juice bright with the hue of steeds.
4 Drive ye the treacherous demons far away from us: keep Nirti afar and banish Penury. Pour riches forth for us with troops of hero sons, and bear ye up, O Stones, the song that visits Gods.
5 To you who are more mighty than the heavens themselves, who, finishing your task with more than Vibhvan's speed,
Like self-bright falcons, punishers of wicked men, like hovering
your beams, with splendour as at dawn;
Ye are like horses fastened to the chariot poles, luminous with
as 'twere with viands.
This your all-feedin sacrifice approaches: come all united, fraught,
loosened, as it were, and shaken.
destroy the wicked.
Like mighty Heroes covetous of glory, like heavenly gallants who
as from the cloud spreads Surya;
They who extend beyond the earth and heaven, by their own mass,
grown strong like pillars.
Like stags the Sons of Dyatis have striven onward, the Sons of Aditi
nights,—this noble band of Maruts.
The youths have wrought their ornaments for glory through many
their name Adityas.
8 For these are helps adored at sacrifices, bringing good fortune by
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 He who, engaged in the rite's final duty brings, as a man, oblation
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.

HYMN LXXXV. Agni.

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1. AGNI bestows the fleet prize-winning courser: Agni, the hero famed and firm in duty.
   Agni pervades and decks the earth and heaven, and fills the fruitful dame who teems with heroes.
   Agni rejoiced the car of him who praised him, and from the waters burnt away jarutha.
   Agni saved Atri in the fiery cavern, and made Nrmedha rich with troops of children.
   Agni hath granted wealth that decks the hero, and sent the sage who wins a thousand cattle.
   Agni hath made oblations rise to heaven: to every place are Agni's laws extended.
   With songs of praise the Rsis call on Agni; on Agni, heroes worsted in the foray.
   Birds flying in the region call on Agni around a thousand cattle Agni wanders.
   Races of human birth pay Agni worship, men who have sprung from Nahus' line adore him.
   Stablished in holy oil is Agni's pasture, on the Gandharva path of Law and Order.
   The Rbhus fabricated prayer for Agni, and we with mighty hymns have called on Agni.
   Agni, Most Youthful God, protect the singer: win us by worship, Agni, great possessions.

HYMN LXXXI. Visvakarman.
1. HE who sate down as Hotar-priest, the Rsi, our Father, offering up all things existing.
   He, seeking through his wish a great possession, came among men on earth as archetypal.
   What was the place whereon he took his station? What was it that supported him? How was it?
   Whence Visvakarman, seeing all, producing the earth, with mighty power disclosed the heavens.
   He who hath eyes on all sides round about him, a mouth on all sides, arms and feet on all sides,
   He, the Sole God, producing earth and heaven, weldeth them, with his arms as wings, together.
   What was the tree, what wood in sooth produced it, from which they fashioned out the earth and heaven?
   Ye thoughtful men inquire within your spirit whereon he stood when he established all things.
   Nine highest, lowest, sacrificial natures, and these thy mid-most here, O Visvakarman,
   Teach thou thy friends at sacrifice, O Blessed, and come thyself, exalted, to our worship.
   Bring thou thyself, exalted with oblation, O Visvakarman, Earth and Heaven to worship.
   Let other men around us live in folly here let us have a rich and liberal patron.
   Let us invoke to-day, to aid our labour, the Lord of Speech, the thought-swift Visvakarman.
   May he hear kindly all our invocations who gives all bliss for aid, whose works are righteous.

HYMN LXXXII. Visvakarman.
1. THE Father of the eye, the Wise in spirit, created both these worlds submerged in fatness.
   Then when the eastern ends were firmly fastened, the heavens and the earth were far extended.
   Mighty in mind and power is Visvakarman, Maker, Disposer, and most lofty Presence.
   Their offerings joy in rich juice where they value One, only One, beyond the Seven Rsis.
   Father who made us, he who, as Disposer, knoweth all races and all things existing,
   Even he alone, the Deities' name-giver, him other beings seek for information.
   To him in sacrifice they offered treasures,-Rsis of old, in numerous troops, as singers,
   Who, in the distant, near, and lower region, made ready all these things that have existence.
   That which is earlier than this earth and heaven, before the Asuras and Gods had being,-
   What was the germ primeval which the waters received where all the Gods were seen together?
   The waters, they received that germ primeval wherein the Gods were gathered all together.
   It rested set upon the Unborn's navel, that One wherein abide all things existing.
   Ye will not find him who produced these creatures: another thing hath risen up among you.
   Enwapt in misty cloud, with lips that stammer, hymn-chanters wander and are discontented.

HYMN LXXXII. Manyu.
1. HE who hath reverenced thee, Manyu, destructive bolt, breeds for himself forthwith all conquering energy.
   Arya and Dasa will we conquer with thine aid, with thee the Conqueror, with conquest conquest-sped.
   Manyu was Indra, yea, the God, was Manyu, Manyu was Hotar, Varuna, Jatavedas.
   The tribes of human lineage worship Manyu. Accordant with thy fervour, Manyu, guard us.
   Come hither, Manyu, mightier than the mighty; chase, with thy fervour for ally, our foesmen.
   Slayer of foes, of Vrtra, and of Dasyu, bring thou to us all kinds of wealth and treasure.
   For thou art, Manyu, of surpassing vigour, fierce, queller of the foe, and self-existent,
   Shared by all men, victorious, subduer: vouchsafe to us superior strength in battles.
   I have departed, still without a portion, wise God! according to thy will, the Mighty.
   I, feeble man, was wroth thee, O Manyu I am myself; come thou to give me vigour.
   Come hither. I am all thine own; advancing turn thou to me, Victorious, All-supporter!
   Manyu, Wielder of the Thunder: bethink thee of thy friend, and slay the Dasyus.
HYMN LXXIV. Manyu.
1. BORN on with thee, O Manyu girt by Maruts, let our brave men, impetuous, bursting forward, March on, like flames of fire in form, exulting, with pointed arrows, sharpening their weapons.
2 Flashing like fire, be thou, O conquering Manyu, invoked, O Victor, as our army's leader.
Slay thou our foes, distribute their possessions: show forth thy vigour, scatter those who hate us.
3 O Manyu, overcome thou our assailant on! breaking, slaying, crushing down the foemen.
They have not hindered thine impetuous vigour: Mighty, Sole born! thou makest them thy subjects.
4 Alone or many thou art worshipped, Manyu: sharpen the spirit of each clan for battle.
With thee to aid, O thou of perfect splendour, we will uplift the glorious shout for conquest.
5 Unyielding bringing victory like Indra, O Manyu, be thou here our Sovran Ruler.
To thy dear name, O Victor, we sing praises: we know the spring from which thou art come hither.
6 Twin-born with power, destructive bolt of thunder, the highest conquering might is thine, Subduer!
Be friendly to its in thy spirit, Manyu, O Much-invoked, in shock of mighty battle.
7 For spoil let Varuna and Manyu give us the wealth of both sides gathered and collected;
And let our enemies with stricken spirits, o'erwhelmed with terror, sink away defeated.

HYMN LXXV. Surya's Bridal.
1. TRUTH is the base that bears the earth; by Surya are the heavens sustained.
By Law the Adityas stand secure, and Soma holds his place in heaven.
2 By Soma are the Adityas strong, by Soma mighty is the earth.
Thus Soma in the midst of all these constellations hath his place.
3 One thinks, when they have brayed the plant, that he hath drunk the Soma's juice;
Of him whom Brahmans truly know as Soma no one ever tastes.
4 Soma, secured by sheltering rules, guarded by hymns in Brhati,
Thou standest listening to the stones none tastes of thee who dwells on earth.
5 When they begin to drink thee then, O God, thou swellest out again.
Vayu is Soma's guardian God. The Moon is that which shapes the years.
6 Raibhi was her dear bridal friend, and Narasamsi led her home.
Lovely was Surya's robe: she came to that which Gatha had adorned.
7 Thought was the pillow of her couch, sight was the unguent for her eyes.
Her treasury was earth and heaven...when Surya went unto her Lord.
8 Hymns were the cross-bars of the pole, Kurira-metre decked the car:
The bridesmen were the Asvin Pair Agni was leader of the train.
9 Soma was he who wooed the maid: the groomsmen were both Asvins, when
The Sun-God Savitar bestowed his willing Surya on her Lord.
10 Her spirit was the bridal car; the covering thereof was heaven:
Bright were both Steers that drew it when Surya approached her husband's, home.
11 Thy Steers were steady, kept in place by holy verse and Sama-
hymn:
All car were thy two chariot wheels: thy path was tumultous in the sky,
12 Clean, as thou wentest, were thy wheels wind, was the axle fastened there.
Surya, proceeding to her Lord, mounted a spirit-fashionied car.
13 The bridal pomp of Surya, which Savitar started, moved along.
In Magha days are oxen slain, in Arjuris they wed the bride.
14 When on your three-wheeled chariot, O Asvins, ye came as woosers unto Surya's bridal,
Then all the Gods agreed to your proposal Pusan as Son elected you as Fathers.
15 O ye Two Lords of lustre, then when ye to Surya's wooing came,
Where was one chariot wheel of yours? Where stood ye for die Sire's command?
16 The Brahmanas, by their seasons, know, O Surya, those two wheels of thine:
One kept concealed, those only who are skilled in highest truths have learned.
17 To Surya and the Deities, to Mitra and to Varuna.
Who know aright the thing that is, this adoration have I paid.
18 By their own power these Twain in close succession move;
They go as playing children round the sacrifice.
One of the Pair beholdeth all existing things; the other ordereth seasons and is born again.
19 He, born afresh, is new and new for ever ensign of days he goes before the Mornings
Coming, he orders f6r the Gods their portion. The Moon prolongs the days of our existence.
20 Mount this, all-shaped, gold-hued, with strong wheels, fashioned of Kimsuka and Salmali, light-rolling,
Bound for the world of life immortal, Surya: make for thy lord a happy bridal journey.
21 Rise up from hence: this maiden hath a husband. I laud Visvavasu with hymns and homage.
Seek in her father's home another fair one, and find the portion from of old assigned thee.
22 Rise up from hence, Visvavasu: with reverence we worship thee.
Seek thou another willing maid, and with her husband leave the bride.
23 Straight in direction be the path:s, and thornless, whereon our fellows travel to the wooing.
Let Aryaman and Bhaga lead us: perfect, O Gods, the union of the wife and husband.
24 Now from the noose of Varuna I free thee, wherewith Most Blessed Savitar hath bound thee.
In Law's seat, to the world of virtuous action, I give thee up
25 Hence, and not thence, I send these free. I make thee softly fettered there.
26 Let Pusan take thy hand and hence conduct thee; may the two Asvins on their car transport thee.
27 Happy be thou and prosper with thy children here: be vigilant to rule thy household in this home.
28 Her hue is blue and red: the fiend who clingeth close is driven off.
29 Give thou the woollen robe away: deal treasure to the Brahman priests.
30 Unlovely is his body when it glistens with this wicked fiend, What time the husband wraps about his limbs the garment of his wife.
31 Consumptions, from her people, which follow the bride's resplendent train.
32 Let not the highway thieves who lie in ambush find the wedded pair.
33 Signs of good fortune mark the bride come all of you and look at her.
34 Pungent is this, and bitter this, filled, as it were, with arrow-fettered there.
35 The fringe, the cloth that decks her head, and then the triply parted robe.
36 I take thy hand in mine for happy fortune that thou mayst reach old age with me thy husband.
37 O Pusan, send her on as most auspicious, her who shall be the sharer of my pleasures;
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.
40 Soma obtained her first of all; next the Gandharva was her lord. Agni was thy third husband: now one born of woman is thy fourth.
41 Soma to the Gandharva, and to Agni the Gandharva gave:
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;
45 O Bounteous Indra, make this bride blest in her sons and fortunate.
46 Over thy husband's father and thy husband's mother bear full sway.
47 So may the Universal Gods, so may the Waters join our hearts. May Matarisvan, Dhatar, and Destri together bind us close.

HYMN LXXXVI. Indra.
1. MEN have abstained from pouring juice they count not Indra as a God.
2. Thou, Indra, heedless passest by the ill Vrsakapi hath wrought;
3. What hath he done to injure thee, this tawny beast Vrsakapi,
4. Soon may the hound who hunts the boar seize him and bite him in the car,
5. Kapi hath marred the beauteous things, all deftly wrought, that were my joy.
6. No Dame hath ampler charms than 1, or greater wealth of love's delights.
7. Mother whose love is quickly wibn, I say what verily will be.
8. Dame with the lovely hands and arms, with broad hair-plaits add ample hips,
9. This noxious creature looks on me as one bereft of hero's love,
10. From olden time the matron goes to feast and general sacrifice.
11. So have I heard Indrani called most fortunate among these
Dames,
For never shall her Consort die in future time through length of
days. Supreme is Indra overall.
12 Never, Indralni, have I joyed without my friend Vrsakapi,
Whose welcome offering here, made pure with water, goeth to the
Gods. Supreme is Indra over all.
13 Wealthy Vrsakapayi, blest with sons and consorts of thy sons,
Indra will eat thy bulls, thy dear oblation that effecteth much.
Supreme is Indra over all.
14 Fifteen in number, then, for me a score of bullocks they prepare,
And I devour the fat thereof: they fill my belly full with food.
Supreme is Indra over all.
15 Like as a bull with pointed horn, loud bellowing amid the herds,
Sweet to thine heart, O Indra, is the brew which she who tends thee
15
Like as a bull with pointed horn, loud bellowing amid the herds,
Supreme is Indra over all.
14 Fifteen in number, then, for me a score of bullocks they prepare,
And I devour the fat thereof: they fill my belly full with food.
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Supreme is Indra over all.
14 Fifteen in number, then, for me a score of bullocks they prepare,
And I devour the fat thereof: they fill my belly full with food.
Supreme is Indra over all.
15 Like as a bull with pointed horn, loud bellowing amid the herds,
Sweet to thine heart, O Indra, is the brew which she who tends thee
15
Like as a bull with pointed horn, loud bellowing amid the herds,
fervent heat, consume the sinner.
21 From rear, from front, from under, from above us, O King,
 protect us as a Sage with wisdom.
Guard to old age thy friend, O Friend, Eternal: O Agni, as Immortal,
 guard us mortals.
22 We set thee round us as a fort, victorious Agni, thee a Sage,
 Of hero lineage, day by day, destroyer of our treacherous foes.
23 Burn with thy poison turned against the treacherous brood of
Raksasas,
 O Agni, with thy sharpened glow, with lances armed with points of
flame.
24 Burn thou the paired Kimidins, brun, Agni, the Yatudhana pairs.
I sharpen thee, Infallible, with hymns. O Sage, be vigilant.
25 Shoot forth, O Agni, with thy flame demolish them on every side.
 Break thou the Yatudhana's strength, the vigour of the Raksasa.

HYMN LXXXVIII. Agni.
1. DEAR, ageless sacrificial drink is offered in light-discovering,
 heaven-pervading Agni.
The Gods spread forth through his Celestial Nature, that he might
 bear the world up and sustain it.
2 The world was swallowed and concealed in darkness: Agni was
 born, and light became apparent.
The Deities, the broad earth, and the heavens, and plants, and waters
gloried in his friendship.
3 Inspired by Gods who claim our adoration, I now will laud Eternal
Lofty Agni,
 Him who hath spread abroad the earth with lustre, this heaven, and
 both the worlds, and air's mid-region.
4 Earliest Priest whom all the Gods accepted, and chose him, and
 anointed him with butter,
 He swiftly made all things that fly, stand, travel, all that hath
 motion, Agni Jatavedas.
5 Because thou, Agni, Jatavedas, stoodest at the world's head with
 thy refugent splendour,
 We sent thee forth with hymns and songs and praises: thou filledst
 heaven and earth, God meet for worship.
6 Head of the world is Agni in the night-time; then, as the Sun, at
 morn springs up and rises.
Then to his task goes the prompt Priest foreknowing the wondrous
power of Gods who must be honoured.
7 Lovely is he who, kindled in his greatness, hath shone forth, seated
 in the heavens, refugent.
 With resonant hymns all Gods who guard our bodies have offered
 up oblation in this Agni.
8 First the Gods brought the hymnal into being; then they
 engendered Agni, then oblation.
 He was their sacrifice that guards our bodies: him the heavens know,
the earth, the waters know him.
9 He, Agni, whom the Gods have generated, in whom they offered
 up all worlds and creatures,
 He with his bright glow heated earth and heaven, urging himself
right onward in his grandeur.
10 Then by the laud the Gods engendered Agni in heaven, who fills
both worlds through strength and vigour.
 They made him to appear in threefold essence: he ripens plants of
every form and nature.
11 What time the Gods, whose due is worship, set him as Surya, Son
of Aditi, in heaven,
 When the Pair, ever wandering, sprang to being, all creatures that
 existed looked upon them.
12 For all the world of life the Gods made Agni Vaisvanara to be the
days' bright Banner,-
 Him who hath spread abroad the radiant Mornings, and, coming
with his light, unveils the darkness.
13 The wise and holy Deities engendered Agni Vaisvanara whom
 age ne'er touches.
The Ancient Star that wanders on for ever, lofty and. strong, Lord of
the Living Being.
14 We call upon the Sage with holy verses, Agni Vaisvanara the
ever-beaming,
 Who hath surpassed both heaven and earth in greatness: lie is a God
 below, a God above us.
15 I have heard mention of two several pathways, ways of the
 Fathers and of Gods and mortals.
 On these two paths each moving creature travels, each thing
 between the Father and the Mother.
16 These two united paths bear him who journeys born from the
 head and pondered with the spirit
 He stands directed to all things existing, hasting, unresting in his
fiery splendour.
17 Which of us twain knows where they speak together, upper and
lower of the two rite-leaders?
 Our friends have helped to gather our assembly. They came to
 sacrifice: who will announce it?
18 How many are the Fires and Suns in number? What is the
number of the Dawns and Waters?
 Not jestingly I speak to you, O Fathers. Sages, I ask you this for
information.
19 As great as is the fair-winged Morning's presence to him who
dwells beside us, matarivan!
 Is what the Brahman does when he approaches to sacrifice and sits
below the Hotar.

HYMN LXXXIX. Indra.
1. I WILL extol the most heroic Indra who with his might forced
earth and sky asunder;
 Who hath filled all with width as man's Upholder, surpassing floods
and rivers in his greatness.
2 Surya is he: throughout the wide expanses shall Indra turn him,
swift as car-wheels, hither,
 Like a stream resting not but ever active he hath destroyed, with
light, the blackhued darkness.
3 To him I sing a holy prayer, incessant new, matchless, common to
the earth and heaven,
 Who marks, as they were backs, all living creatures: ne'er doth he
fail a friend, the noble Indra.
4 I will send forth my songs in flow unceasing, like water from the
ocean's depth, to Indra.
 Who to his car on both its sides securely hath fixed the earth and
heaven as with an axle.
5 Rousing with draughts, the Shaker, rushing onward, impetuous,
very strong, armed as with arrows
 Is Soma; forest trees and all the bushes deceive not Indra with their
HYMN XC. Purusa.

1. A THOUSAND heads hath Purusa, a thousand eyes, a thousand feet.

HYMN XC. Purusa.

1. A THOUSAND heads hath Purusa, a thousand eyes, a thousand feet.

On every side pervading earth he fills a space ten fingers wide.

2 This Purusa is all that yet hath been and all that is to be;
The Lord of Immortality which waxes greater still by food.

3 So mighty is his greatness; yea, greater than this is Purusa.
All creatures are one-fourth of him, three-fourths eternal life in heaven.

4 With three-fourths Purusa went up: onefourth of him again was here.
Thence he strode out to every side over what cats not and what cats.

5 From him Viraj was born; again Purusa from Viraj was born.
As soon as he was born he spread eastward and westward over the earth.

6 When Gods prepared the sacrifice with Purusa as their offering,
Its oil was spring, the holy gift was autumn; summer was the wood.

7 They balmed as victim on the grass Purusa born in earliest time.
With him the Deities and all Sadhyas and Rsis sacrificed.

8 From that great general sacrifice the dripping fat was gathered up.
He formed the creatures of the air, and animals both wild and tame.

9 From that great general sacrifice Rcas and Sama-hymns were born:
Therefrom were spells and charms produced; the Yajus had its birth from it.

10 From it were horses born, from it all cattle with two rows of teeth;
From it were generated kine, from it the goats and sheep were born.

11 When they divided Purusa how many portions did they make?
From it were horses born, from it all cattle with two rows of teeth.

12 The Brahman was his mouth, of both his arms was the Rajanya
His thighs became the Vaisya, from his feet the Sudra was produced.

13 Him, verily, the moons, the mountains followed, the tall trees
and our lands is Indra.

Vaster than bounds of earth and wind's extension, vaster than rivers

14 Forth from his navel came mid-air the sky was fashioned from

4. In the place of Ila, hymned by men who wake, our own
familiar Friend is kindled in the house;

HYMN XCI. Agni.

1. BRISK, at the place of Ila, hymned by men who wake, our own
familiar Friend is kindled in the house;
Hotar of all oblation, worthy of our choice, Lord, beamng, trusty
friend to one who loveth him.

2 He, excellent in glory, guest in every house, finds like a swift-
inged bird a home in every tree.
Benevolent to men, he scornns no living man: Friend to the tribes of
men he dwells with every tribe.

3 Most sage with insight, passing skilful with thy powers art thou, O
Agni, wise with wisdom, knowing all. 
As Vasu, thou alone art Lord of all good things, of all the treasures that the heavens and earth produce. 
4 Foreknowing well, O Agni, thou in Ila's place hast occupied thy regular station balmed with the Sun. 
Marked are thy comings like the comings of the Dawns, the rays of him who shineth spotless as the Sun. 
5 Thy glories are, as lightnings from the rainy cloud, marked, many-hued, like heralds of the Dawns' approach, 
When, loosed to wander over plants and forest trees, thou crammest by thyself thy food into thy mouth. 
6 Him, duly coming as their germ, have plants received: this Agni have maternal Waters brought to life. 
So in like manner do the forest trees and plants bear him within them and produce him evermore. 
7 When, sped and urged by wind, thou spreadest thee abroad, swift piercing through thy food according to thy will, 
Thy never-ceasing blazes, longing to consume, like men on chariots, Agni, strive on every side. 
8 Agni, the Hotar-priest who fills the assembly full, Waker of knowledge, chief Controller of the thought,- 
Him, yea, none other than thyself, doth man elect at sacrificial offerings great and small alike. 
9 Here, Apo, the arrangers, those attached to thee, elect thee as their Priest in sacred gatherings, 
When men with strewn elipt grass and sacrificial gifts offer thee entertainment, piously inclined. 
10 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. 
11 When mortal man presents to thee Immortal God, Agni, his fuel or his sacrificial gift, 
Then thou art his Adhvaryu, Hotar, messenger, callest the Gods and orderest the sacrifice. 
12 From us these hymns in concert have gone forth to him, these, holy words, these Reas, songs and eulogies, 
Eager for wealth, to Jatavedas fain for wealth: when they have waxen strong they please their Strengthener. 
13 This newest eulogy will I speak forth to him, the Ancient One who loves it. May he hear our voice. 
May it come near his heart and make it stir with love, as a fond well-dressed matron clings about her lord. 
14 He in whom horses, bulls, oxen, and barren cows, and rams, when duly set apart, are offered up,- 
To Agni, Soma-sprinkled, drinker of sweet juice, Disposer, with my heart I bring a fair hymn forth. 
15 Into thy mouth is poured the offering, Agni, as Soma into cup, oil into ladle. 
Vouchsafe us wealth. strength-winning, blest with heroes, wealth lofty, praised by men, and full of splendour. 

HYMN XCII. Visvedevas. 
1 I PRAISE your Charioteer of sacrifice, the Lord of men, Priest of the tribes, refulent, Guest of night. 
Blazing amid dry plants, snatching amid the green, the Strong, the Holy Herald hath attained to heaven. 
2 Him, Agni, Gods and men have made their chief support, who drinks the fatness and completes the sacrifice. 
With kisses they caress the Grandson of the Red, like the swift ray of light, the Household Priest of Dawn. 
3 Yea, we discriminate his and the niggard's ways: his branches evermore are sent forth to consume. 
When his terrific flames have reached the Immortal's world, then men remember and extol the Heavenly Folk. 
4 For then the net of Law, Dyaus, and the wide expanse, Earth, Worship, and Devotion meet for highest praise, 
Varuna, Indra, Mitra were of one accord, and Savitar and Bhaga, Lords of holy might. 
5 Onward, with ever-roaming Rudra, speed the floods: over Aramati the Mighty have they run. 
With them Parijman, moving round his vast domain, loud bellowing, bedews all things that are within. 
6 Straightway the Rudras, Maruts visiting all men, Falcons of Dyaus, home-dwellers with the Asura,- 
Varuna, Mitra, Aryaman look on with these, and the swift-moving Indra with swift-moving Gods. 
7 With Indra have they found enjoyment, they who toil, in the light's beauty, in the very Strong One's strength; 
The singers who in men's assemblies forg'd for him, according to his due, his friend the thunderbolt. 
8 Even the Sun's Bay Coursers hath lie held in check: each one fears Indra as the mightiest of all. 
Unhindered, from the air's vault thunders day by day the loud triumphant breathing of the fearful Bull. 
9 With humble adoration show this day your song of praise to mighty Rudra, Ruler of the brave: 
With whom, the Eager Ones, going their ordered course, he comes from heaven Self-bright, auspicious, strong to guard. 
10 For these have spread abroad the fame of human kind, the Bull Brhaspati and Soma's brotherhood. 
Atharvan first by sacrifices made men sure: through skill the Bhrgus were esteemed of all as Gods. 
11 For these, the Earth and Heaven with their abundant seed, four-bodied Narasmsa, Yama, Aditi, 
God Tvastar Wealth-bestower, the Rbhuksanas, Rodasi, Maruts, Visnu, claim and merit praise. 
12 And may he too give car, the Sage, from far away, the Dragon of the Deep, to this our yearning call. 
Ye Sun and Moon who dwell in heaven and move in turn, and with your thought, O Earth and Sky, observe this well. 
13 Dear to all Gods, may Pasan guard the ways we go, the Waters' child and Vayu help us to success. 
Sing lauds for your great bliss to Wind, the breath of all: ye Asvins prompt to hear, hear this upon your way. 
14 With hymns of praise we sing him who is throned as Lord over these fearless tribes, the Self-resplendent One. 
We praise Night's youthful Lord benevolent to men, the foeless One, the free, with all celestial Dames. 
15 By reason of his birth here Angiras first sang: the pressing-stones upraised bebold the sacrifice. 
The stones through which the Sage became exceeding vast, and the sharp axe obtains in fight the beauteous place.
HYMN XCIII. Visvedevas.
1. MIGHTY are ye, and far-extended, Heaven and Earth: both Worlds are evermore to us like two young Dames. Guard us thereby from stronger foe; guard us hereby to give us strength.
2 In each succeeding sacrifice that mortal honoureth the Gods, He who, most widely known and famed for happiness, inviteth them.
3 Ye who are Rulers over all, great is your sovran power as Gods. Ye all possess all majesty: all must be served in sacrifice.
4 These are the joyous Kings of Immortality, Parijman, Mitra, Aryaman, and Varuna. What else is Rudra, praised of men? the Maruts, Bhaga, Pusana? 5 Come also to our dwelling, Lords of ample wealth, common partakers of our waters, Sun and Moon, When the great Dragon of the Deep hath settled down upon their floors.
6 And let the Asvins, Lords of splendour, set us free,- both Gods, and, with their Laws, Mitra and Varuna. Through woes, as over desert lands, he speeds to ample opulence.
7 Yea, let the Asvins Twain he gracious unto us, even Rudras, and all Gods, Bhaga, Ratha-spati; Parijman, Rbhu, Vaja, O Lords of all wealth Rbhuksanas. 8 Prompt is Rbhuksan, prompt the worshipper's strong drink: may thy fleet Bay Steeds, thine who sperdest on, approach. Not mans but God's is sacrifice whose psalm is unassailable.
9 O God Savitar, harmed by none, lauded, give us a place among wealthy princes. With his Car-steeds at once 'hath our Indra guided the reins and the car of these men.
10 To these men present here, O Heaven and Earth, to us grant lofty fame extending over all mankind. Give us a steed to win us strength, a steed with wealth for victory.
11 This speaker, Indra-for thou art our Friend-wherever he may be, guard thou, Victor! for help, ever for help Thy wisdom, Vasu! prosper him.
12 So have they strengthened this mine hymn which seems to take its bright path to the Sun, and reconciles the men: Thus forms a carpenter the yoke of horses, not to be displaced.
13 Whose chariot-seat hath come again laden with wealth and bright with gold, Lightly, with piercing ends, as 'twere two ranks of heroes ranged for fight.
14 This to Duhsimsa Prthavana have I sung, to Vena, Rama, to the nobles, and the King. They yoked five hundred, and their love of us was famed upon their way.
15 Besides, they showed us seven -and-seventy horses here. Tanva at once displayed his gift, Parthya at once displayed his gift; and straightway Mayava showed his.

HYMN XCIV. Press-stones.
1. LET these speak loudly forth; let us speak out aloud: to the loud speaking Pressing-stones address the speech;
When, rich with Soma juice, Stones of the mountain, ye, united, swift to Indra bring the sound of praise.
2. They speak out like a hundred, like a thousand men: they cry aloud to us with their green-tinted mouths, While, pious Stones, they ply their task with piety, and, even before the Hotar, taste the offered food.
3. Loudly they speak, for they have found the savoury meath: they make a humming sound over the meat prepared. As they devour the branch of the Red-coloured Tree, these, the well-pastured Bulls, have uttered lowlings.
4. They cry aloud, with strong exhilarating drink, calling on Indra now, for they have found the meath. Bold, with the sisters they have danced, embraced by them, making the earth reecho with their ringing sound.
5. The Eagles have sent forth their cry aloft in heaven; in the sky's vault the dark impetuous ones have danced. Then downward to the nether stone's fixt place they sink, and, splendid as the Sun, effuse their copious stream.
6. Like strong ones drawing, they have put forth all their strength: the Bulls, harnessed together, bear the chariot-poles. When they have bellowed, panting, swallowing their food, the sound of their loud snorting is like that of steeds.
7. To these who have ten workers and a tenfold girth, to these who have ten yoke-straits and ten binding thongs, To these who bear ten reins, the eternal, sing ye praise, to these who bear ten car-poles, ten when they are yoked.
8. These Stones with ten conductors, rapid in their course, with lovely revolution travel round and round. They have been first to drink the flowing Soma juice, first to enjoy the milky fluid of the stalk.
9. These Soma-eaters kiss Indra's Bay-coloured Steeds: draining. the stalk they sit upon the ox's hide. Indra, when he hath drunk Soma-nicath drawn by them, waxes in strength, is famed, is mighty as a Bull.
10. Strong is your stalk; ye, verily, never shall be harmed; ye have refreshment, ye are ever satisfied. Fair are ye, as it were, through splendour of his wealth, his in whose sacrifice, O Stones, ye find delight.
11. Bored deep, but not pierced through with holes, are ye, O Stones, not loosened, never weary, and exempt from death, Eternal, undiseased, moving in sundry ways, unthirsting, full of fatness, void of all desire.
12. Your fathers, verily, stand firm from age to age: they, loving rest, are not dissovered from their seat. Untouched by time, ne'er lacking green plants and green trees, they with their voice have caused the heavens and earth to hear.
13. This, this the Stones proclaim, what time they are disjoined, and when with ringing sounds they move and drink the balm. Like tillers of the ground when they are sowing seed, they mix the Soma, nor, devouring, minish it.
14. They have raised high their voice for juice, for sacrifice, striking the Mother earth as though they danced thereon. So loose thou too his thought who hath effused the sap, and let the Stones which we are honouring be disjoined.

HYMN XCV. Urvasi. Pururavas.
1. Ho there, my consort! Stay, thou fierce-souled lady, and let us reason for a while together. Such thoughts as these of ours, while yet unspoken in days gone by have never brought us comfort.
2 What am I now to do with this thy saying? I have gone from thee like the first of Mornings. 
Pururavas, return thou to thy dwelling: I, like the wind, am difficult to capture.
3 Like a shaft sent for glory from the quiver, or swift-steed winning cattle winning hundreds. 
The lightning seemed to flash, as cowards planned it. The minstrels bled like a lamb in trouble.
4 Giving her husband's father life and riches, from the near dwelling, when her lover craved her, 
She sought the home wherein she found her pleasure, accepting day and night her lord's embraces.
5 Thrice in the day didst thou embrace thy consort, though coldly she received thy fond caresses. 
To thy desires, Pururavas, I yielded: so wast thou king, O hero, of my body.
6 The maids Sujirni, Sreni, Sumne-api, Charanyu, Granthini, and Hrdaceaksus,- 
These like red kine have hastened forth, the bright ones, and like milch-cows have lowed in emulation.
7 While he was born the Dames sate down together, the Rivers with free kindness gave him nurture; 
And then, Pururavas, the Gods increased thee for mighty battle, to destroy the Dasyus.
8 When I, a mortal, wooed to mine embraces these heavenly nymphs-- 
Like swans they show the beauty of their bodies, like horses in their play they bite and nibble.
9 When, loving these Immortal Ones, the mortal hath converse with the nymphs as they allow him, 
Like a scared snake they fled from me in terror, like chariot horses when the car has touched them.
10 She who flashed brilliant as the falling lightning brought me delicious presents from the waters.
Now from the flood be born a strong young hero May Uruvasi prolong her life for ever
11 Thy birth hath made me drink from earthly milch-kine: this power, Pururavas, hast thou vouchsafed me. 
I knew, and, warned thee, on that day. Thou wouldst not hear me. 
What sayest thou, when naught avails thee?
12 When will the son be born and seek his father? Mourner-like, 
What be the gift brought by piety approach thee. Turn thou to me again: my heart is troubled.
13 I will console him when his tears are falling: he shall not weep shining with thy consort's parents? 
Who shall divide the accordant wife and husband, while fire is set fast all forms of golden hue.
14 Thy lover shall flee forth this day for ever, to seek, without return, the farthest distance. 
Then the great wish hath seized upon him mightily, and the Beloved One hath gained high power of life,
15 Nay, do not die, Pururavas, nor vanish: let not the evil-omened wolves devour thee. 
Autumns spent the nights among them, 
I tasted once a day a drop of butter; and even now with that am I contented.
17 I, her best love, call Urvasi to meet me, her who fills air and measures out the region. 
Let the gift brought by piety approach thee. Turn thou to me again:
18 Thus speak these Gods to thee, O son of Ila: As death hath verily got thee for his subject, 
Thy sons shall serve the Gods with their oblation, and thou, moreover, shalt rejoice in Svarga.

HYMN XCVI. Indra.
1 In the great synod will I laud thy two Bay Steeds: I prize the sweet strong drink of thee the Warrior-God, 
His who pours lovely oil as 'twere with yellow drops. Let my songs enter thee whose form hath golden tints.
2 Ye who in concert sing unto the goldhued place, like Bay Steeds driving onward to the heavenly seat, 
For Indra laud ye strength allied with Tawny Steeds, laud him whom cows content as 'twere with yellow drops.
3 His is that thunderbolt, of iron, gold-coloured, very dear, and yellow in his arms; 
Bright with strong teeth, destroying with its tawny rage. In Indra are set fast all forms of golden hue.
4 As if a lovely ray were laid upon the sky, the golden thunderbolt spread out as in a race. 
That iron bolt with yellow jaw smote Ahi down. A thousand flames had he who bore the tawny-hued.
5 Thou, thou, when praised by men who sacrificed of old. hadst pleasure in their lauds, O Indra golden-haired. 
All that befits thy song of praise thou welcomest, the perfect pleasant gift, O Golden-hued from birth.
6 These two dear Bays bring hither Indra on his car, Thunder-armed, 
Driving onward to the heavenly seat,
7 The gold-hued drops have flowed to gratify his wish: the yellow dro s have urged the swift Bays to the Strong. 
He who speeds on with Bay Steeds even as he lists hath satisfied his longing for the golden drops.
8 At the swift draught the Soma-drinker waxed in might, the Iron One with yellow beard and yellow hair. 
He, Lord of Tawny Coursers, Lord of fleet-foot Mares, will bear his Bay Steeds safely over all distress.
9 His yellow-coloured jaws, like ladies move apart, what time, for strength, he makes the yellow-tinted stir, 
When, while the bowl stands there, he grooms his Tawny Steeds, when he hath drunk strong drink, the sweet juice that he loves.
10 Yea, to the Dear One's seat in homes of heaven and earth the Bay Steeds' Lord hath whinnied like a horse for food. 
Then the great wish hath seized upon him mightily, and the Beloved One hath gained high power of life,
11 Thou, comprehending with thy might the earth and heaven, acceptest the dear hymn for ever new and new. 
O Asura, disclose thou for ever and new. 
O Lord, be it Thine, to make visible the Cow's beloved home to the bright golden Sun.

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12 O Indra, let the eager wishes of the folk bring thee, delightful, golden-visored, on thy car,
That, pleased with sacrifice wherein ten fingers toil, thou mayest, at the feast, drink of our offered meath.
13 Juices aforetime, Lord of Bays, thou drankest; and thine especially is this libation.
Gladden thee, Indra, with the meath-rich Soma: pour it down ever, Mighty One! within thee.

HYMN XCVII. Praise of Herbs.
1. HERBS that sprang up in time of old, three ages earlier than the Gods,-
Of these, whose hue is brown, will I declare the hundred powers and seven.
2 Ye, Mothers, have a hundred homes, yea, and a thousand are your growths.
Do ye who have a thousand powers free this my patient from disease.
3 Be glad and joyful in the Plants, both blossoming and bearing fruit,
Plants that will lead us to success like marers who conquer in the race.
4 Plants, by this name I speak to you, Mothers, to you the Goddesses:
Steed, cow, and garment may I win, win back thy very self, O man.
5 The Holy Fig tree is your home, your mansion is the Parna tree:
Physician is that sage's name, fiend-slayer, chaser of disease.
6 Gathered together in that highest ocean, the waters stood by deities
and obstructed.
7 Knowing the God's good-will, Devapi, Rsi, the son of Rstisena,
Sit to thy Hotar task; pay worship duly, and serve the Gods, Devapi,
a thousand wagons.
8 Let the sweet drops descend on us, O Indra: give us enough to lade heaven hath passed within it.
Thereby to win for Santanu the rain-fall. The meath-rich drop from heaven hath passed within it.
9 Reliever is your mother's name, and hence Restorers are ye called.
Rivers are ye with wings that fly: keep far whatever brings disease.
10 Over all fences have they passed, as steals a thief into the fold.
Rivers are ye with wings that fly: keep far whatever brings disease.
11 When, bringing back the vanished strength, I hold these herbs
within my hand,
12 He through whose frame, O Plants, ye creep member by member,
The spirit of disease departs ere he can seize upon the life.
13 Fly, Spirit of Disease, begone, with the blue jay and kingfisher.
Fly with the wind's impetuous speed, vanish together with the storm.
14 Help every one the other, lend assistance each of you to each,
All of you be accordant, give furtherance to this speech of mine.
15 Let fruitful Plants, and fruitless, those that blossom, and the blossomless,
Urged onward by Brhaspati, release us from our pain and grief;
16 Release me from the curse's plague and woe that comes from Varuna;
Free me from Yama's fetter, from sin and offence against the Gods.
17 What time, descending from the sky, the Plants flew earthward,
thou mayest, at the feast, drink of our offered meath.
18 Of all the many Plants whose King is, Soma, Plants of hundred forms,
Thou art the Plant most excellent, prompt to the wish, sweet to the heart.
19 O all ye various Herbs whose King is Soma, that o'erspread the earth,
Urged onward by Brhaspati, combine your virtue in this Plant.
20 Unharmed be he who digs you up, unharmed the man for whom I dig:
And let no malady attack biped or quadruped of ours.
21 All Plants that hear this speech, and those that have departed far away,
Come all assembled and confer your healing power upon this Herb.
22 With Soma as their Sovran Lord the Plants hold colloquy and say:
O King, we save from death the man whose cure a Brahman undertakes.
23 Most excellent of all art thou, O Plant thy vassals are the trees.
Let him be subject to our power, the man who seeks to injure us.

HYMN XCVIII. The Gods.
1. COME, be thou Mitra, Varuna, or Pusan, come, O Brhaspati, to mine oblation:
With Maruts, Vasus, or Adityas, make thou Parjanya pour for Santanu his rain-drops.
2 The God, intelligent, the speedy envoy whom thou hast sent hath come to me, Devapi:
Address thyself to me and turn thee hither within thy lips will I put brilliant language.
3 Within my mouth, Brhaspati, deposit speech lucid, vigorous, and free from weakness,
Thereby to win for Santanu the rain-fall. The meath-rich drop from heaven hath passed within it.
4 Let the sweet drops descend on us, O Indra: give us enough to lade a thousand wagons.
Sit to thy Hotar task; pay worship duly, and serve the Gods, Devapi, with oblation.
5 Knowing the God's good-will, Devapi, Rsi, the son of Rstisena,
sate as Hotar.
He hath brought down from heaven's most lofty summit the ocean of the rain, celestial waters.
6 Gathered together in that highest ocean, the waters stood by deities obstructed.
They burried down set free by Arstisena, in gaping clefts, urged onward by Devapi.
7 When as chief priest for Santanu, Devapi, chosen for Hotar's duty, prayed beseeching,
Graciously pleased Brhaspati vouchsafed him a voice that reached the Gods and won the waters.
8 O Agni whom Devapi Arstisena, the mortal man, hath kindled in his glory,
Joying in him with all the Gods together, urge on the sender of the rain, Parjanya.
9 All ancient Rsis with their songs approached thee, even thee, O
Much-invoked, at sacrifices.
We have provided wagon-loads in thousands: come to the solemn
rite, Lord of Red Horses.
10 The wagon-loads, the nine-and-ninety thousand, these have been
offered up to thee, O Agni.
Hero, with these increase thy many bodies, and, stimulated, send us
rain from heaven.
11 Give thou these ninety thousand loads, O Agni, to Indra, to the
Bull, to be his portion.
Knowing the paths which Deities duly travel, set mid the Gods in
heaven Aulana also.
12 O Agni, drive afar our foes, our troubles chase malady away and
wicked demons.
From this air-ocean, from the lofty heavens, send down on us a
mighty flood of waters.

HYMN XCIX. Indra.
1. WHAT Splendid One, Loud-voiced, Farstriding, dost thou, well
knowing, urge us to exalt with praises?
What give we him? When his might dawned, he fashioned the Vrtra-
knowing, urge us to exalt with praises?
I. WHAT Splendid One, Loud-voiced, Farstriding, dost thou, well

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
airight 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,
Came, seized the food of Vamra and his consort, and left the couple
weeping and unsheltered.
6 Lord of the dwelling, he subdued the demon who roared aloud,
six-eyed and triple-headed.
Trta, made stronger by the might he lent him, struck down the boar
with shaft whose point was iron.
7 He raised himself on high and shot his arrow against the guileful
Strong, glorious, manliest, for us he shattered the forts of Nabus
and oppressive foe.
8 May Savitar remove from us our malady, and may the Mountains
freedom and complete felicity.
9 Ye Vasus, let the stone, the presser stand erect: avert all enmities
lie is the sacrifice in synod, fair, most near. 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.
11 Through lauds of him hath Ausija Rjisvan burst, with the
Mighty's aid, the stall of Pipru.
When the saint pressed the juice and shone as singer, he seized the
forts and with his craft subdued them.
12 So, swiftly Asura, for exaltation, hath the great Vamraka come
nigh to Indra.
He will, when supplicated, bring him blessing: he hath brought all,
food, strength, a happy dwelling.

HYMN C. Visvedevas.
1. Be, like thyself, O Indra, strong for our delight: here lauded, aid
us, Maghavan, drinker of the juice.
Savitari 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
airight and pours the juice
That we with simple hearts may wait upon the Gods. We ask for
freedom and complete felicity.
of all the cattle.

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. Embrace and compass it with tenfold girdle, and to both chariot-poles attach the car-horse.
11 Between both poles the car-horse goes pressed closely, as in his dwelling moves the doubly-wedded. Lay in the wood the Soviran of the Forest, and sink the well although ye do not dig it.
12 Indra is he, O men, who gives us happiness: sport, urge the giver of delight to win us strength Bring quickly down, O priests, hither to give us aid, to drink the Soma, Indra Son of Nistigri.

HYMN CII. Indra.
1. FOR thee may Indra boldly speed the car that works on either side. Favour us, Much-invoked! in this most glorious fight against the raiders of our wealth.
2 Loose in the wind the woman's robe was streaming what time she won a car-load worth a thousand. The charioteer in fight was Mudgalani: she Indra's dart, heaped up the prize of battle.

3 O Indra, cast thy bolt among assailants who would slaughter us: The weapon both of Dasa and of Arya foe keep far away, O Maghavan.
4 The bull in joy had drunk a lake of water. His shattering horn encountered an opponent. Swiftly, in vigorous strength, eager for glory, he stretched his forefeet, fain to win and triumph.
5 They came anear the bull; they made him thunder, made him pour rain down ere the fight was ended. And Mudgala thereby won in the contest well-pastured kine in hundreds and in thousands.
6 In hope of victory that bull was harnessed: Kesi the driver urged him on with shouting. As he ran swiftly with the car behind him his lifted heels pressed close on Mudgalan.
7 Deftly for him he stretched the car-pole forward, guided the bull thereto and firmly yoked him. Indra vouchsafed the lord of cows his favour: with mighty steps the buffalo ran onward.
8 Touched by the goad the shaggy beast went nobly, bound to the pole by the yoke's thong of leather. Performing deeds of might for many people, he, looking on the cows, gained strength and vigour.
9 Here look upon this mace, this bull's companion, now lying midway on the field of battle. Therewith hath Mudgala in ordered contest won for cattle for himself, a hundred thousand.
10 Far is the evil: who hath here beheld it? Hither they bring the bull whom they are yoking. To this they give not either food or water. Reaching beyond the pole it gives directions.
11 Like one forsaken, she hath found a husband, and teemed as if her breast were full and flowing. With swiftly-racing chariot may we conquer, and rich and blessed be our gains in battle.
12 Thou, Indra, art the mark whereon the eyes of all life rest, when thou, A Bull who drivest with thy bull, wilt win the race together with thy weakening friend.

HYMN CIII. Indra.
1. SWIFT, rapidly striking, like a bull who sharpens his horns, terrific, stirring up the people, With eyes that close not, bellowing, Sole Hero, Indra. subdued at once a hundred armies.
2 With him loud-roaring, ever watchful, Victor, bold, hard to overthrow, Rouser of battle, Indra. the Strong, whose hand bears arrows, conquer, ye warriors, now, now vanquish in the combat.
3 He rules with those who carry shafts and quivers, Indra who with his band rings hosts together, Foe-conquering, strong of arm, the Soma-drinker, with mighty bow, shooting with well-laid arrows.
4 Brhaspati, fly with thy chariot hither, slayer of demons, driving off our foemen. Be thou protector of our cars, destroyer, victor in battle, breaker-up of armies.
5 Conspicuous by thy strength, firm, foremost fighter, mighty and fierce, victorious, all-subduing, The Son of Conquest, passing men and heroes, kine-winner, mount thy conquering car, O Indra.
6 Cleaver of stalls, kine-winner, armed with thunder, who quells an army and with might destroys it.- Follow him, brothers! quit yourselves like heroes, and like this Indra show your zeal and courage. 7 Piercing the cow-stalls with surpassing vigour, Indra, the pitiless Hero, wild with anger, Victor in fight, unshaken and resistless, may he protect our armies in our battles.
8 Indra guide these: Brhaspati precede them, the guerdon, and the sacrifice, and Soma; And let the banded Maruts march in forefront of heavenly hosts that conquer and demolish. 9 Ours be the potent host of mighty Indra, King Varuna, and Maruts, and Adityas. Uplifted is the shout of Gods who conquer high-minded Gods who cause the worlds to tremble.
10 Bristle thou up, O Maghavan, our weapons: excite the spirits of my warring heroes. Urge on the strong steeds' might, O Vrtra-slayer, and let the din of conquering cars go upward.
11 May Indra aid us when our flags are gathered: victorius be the arrows of our army. May our brave men of war prevail in battle. Ye Gods, protect us in the shout of onset.
12 Bewildering the senses of our foemen, seize thou their bodies and depart, O Apva. Attack them, set their hearts on fire and burn them: so let our foes abide in utter darkness.
13 Advance, O heroes, win the day. May Indra be your sure defence. Exceeding mighty be your arms, that none may wound or injure you.

HYMN CIV. Indra.
1. Soma hath flowed for thee, Invoked of mat Speed to our sacrifice with both thy Courser.
To thee have streameld the songs or mighty singers, imploring, Indra, drink of our libation.
2 Drink of the juice which men have washed in waters, and fill thee full, O Lord of Tawny Horses.
O Indra, hearer of the laud, with Soma which stones have mixed for thee enhance thy rapture.
3 To make thee start, a strong true draught I offer to thee, the Bull, O thou whom Bay Steeds carry.
Here take delight, O Indra, in our voices while thou art hymned with power and all our spirit.
4 O Mighty Indra, through thine aid, thy prowess, obtaining life, zealous, and skilled in Order, Men in the house who share the sacred banquet stand singing praise that brings them store of children.
5 Through thy directions, Lord of Tawny Courser, thine who art firm, splendid, and blest, the people Obtain most liberal aid for their salvation, and praise thee, Indra, through thine excellencies.
6 Lord of the Bays, come with thy two Bay Horses, come to our prayers, to drink the juice of Soma.
To thee comes sacrifice which thou acceptest: thou, skilled in holy rites, art he who giveth.
7 Him of a thousand powers, subduing foemen, Maghavan praised with hymns and pleased with Soma.- Even him our songs approach, resistless Indra: the adorations of the singer laud him.
8 The way to bliss for Gods and man thou foundest, Indra, seven lovely floods, divine, untroubled, Wherewith thou, rending forts, didst move the ocean, and nine-and-ninety flowing streams of water.
9 Thou from the curse didst free the mighty Waters, and as their only God didst watch and guard them.
O Indra, cherish evermore thy body with those which thou hast won in quelling Vrtra.
10 Heroic power and noble praise is Indra yea, the song worships him invoked of many.
Vrtra he quelled, and gave men room and freedom: gakra, victorious, hath conquered armies.
11 Call we on Maghayan, 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.
What time thou holpest Kutsa's son, when Dasyus fell, yea, holpest Kutsa's darling when the Dasyus died.

HYMN CVI. Asvins.
1. THIS very thing ye Twain hold as your object: ye weave your songs as skilful men weave garments.

HYMN CVII. Daksina.
1. THESE men's great bounty hath been manifested, and the whole world of life set free from darkness.

HYMN CVIII. Panis.
1. WHAT wish of Sarama hath brought her hither? The path leads far away to distant places.

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5 These are the kine which, Sarama, thou seekest, flying, O Blest One, to the ends of heaven. Who will loose these for thee without a battle? Yea, and sharp-pointed are our warlike weapons. 6 Even if your wicked bodies, O ye Panis, were arrow-proof, your words are weak for wounding; And were the path to you as yet unmastered, Brhaspati in neither case will spare you. 7 Paved with the rock is this our treasure-chamber; filled full of precious things, of kine, and horses. These Panis who are watchful keepers guard it. In vain hast thou approached this lonely station. 8 Rsis will come inspired with Soma, Angirases unwearyed, and Navagyas. This stall of cattle will they part among them: then will the Panis wish these words unspoken. 9 Even thus, O Sarama, hast thou come hither, forced by celestial aid, from sin, The Kings who kept their promises restored the Brahman's wedded wife, 6 So then the Gods restored her, so men gave the woman back again. The Kings who kept their promises restored the Brahman's wedded wife, 7 Having restored the Brahman's wife, and freed them, with Gods' aid, from sin, They shared the fulness of the earth, and won themselves extended sway.
He made the Cow, and he became the Soveran of Heaven, primeval, matchless, and unshaken.
4 Praised by Angiras, Indra demolished with might the works of the great watery monster
Full many regions, too, hath he pervaded, and by his truth supported earth's foundation.
5 The counterpart of heaven and earth is Indra: he knoweth all libations, slayeth Susna.
The vast sky with the Sun hath he extended, and, best of pillars, stayed it with a pillar.
6 The Vrtra-slaver with his bolt felled Vrtra: the magic of the godless, waxen mighty,
Here hast thou, Bold Assailant, boldly conquered. Yea, then thine arms, O Maghavan, were potent.
7 When the Dawns come attendant upon Surya their rays discover wealth of divers colours.
The Star of heaven is seen as 'twere approaching: none knoweth aught of it as it departeth.
8 Far have they gone, the first of all these waters, the waters that flowed forth when Indra sent them.
Where is their spring, and where is their foundation? Where now, ye Waters, is your inmost centre?
9 Thou didst free rivers swallowed by the Dragon; and rapidly they set themselves in motion,
Those that were loosed and those that longed for freedom. Excited now to speed they run unresting.
10 Yearning together they have sped to Sindhu: the Fortifier, praised, of old, hath loved them.
Indra, may thy terrestrial treasures reach us, and our full songs of joy approach thy dwelling.

HYMN CXII. Indra.
1. DRINK of the juice, O Indra, at thy plea. sure, for thy first draught is early morn's libation.
Rejoice, that thou mayst slay our foes, O Hero, and we with lauds will tell thy mighty exploits.
2 Thou hast a car more swift than thought, O Indra; thercon come hither, come to drink the Soma.
Let thy Bay Steeds, thy Stallions, hasten hither, with whom thou cornest nigh and art delighted.
3 Deck out thy body with the fairest colours, with golden splendour of the Sun adorn it.
O Indra, turn thee hitherward invited by us thy friends; be seated and be joyfull.
4 O thou whose grandeur in thy festive transports not even these two great worlds have comprehended.
Come, Indra, with thy dear Bay Horses harnessed, come to our dwelling and the food thou lovest.
5 Pressed for thy joyous banquet is the Soma, Soma whereof thou, Indra, ever drinking,
Hast waged unequalled battles with thy foesmen, which prompts the mighty flow of thine abundance.
6 Found from of old is this thy cup, O Indra: Satakratu, drink therefrom the Soma.
Filled is the beaker with the meath that gladdens, the beaker which all Deities delight in.
7 From many a side with proffered entertainment the folk are calling thee, O Mighty Indra.
These our libations shall for thee be richest in sweet meath: drink thereof and find them pleasant.
8 I will declare thy deeds of old, O Indra, the mighty acts which thou hast first accomplished.
In genuine wrath thou loosedest the mountain so that the Brahman easily found the cattle.
9 Lord of the hosts, amid our bands be seated: they call thee greatest Sage among the sages.
Nothing is done, even far away, without thee: great, wondrous, Maghavan, is the hymn I sing thee.
10 Aim of our eyes be thou, for we implore thee, O Maghavan, Friend of friends and Lord of treasures.
Fight, Warrior strong in truth, fight thou the battle: give us our share of undivided riches.

HYMN CXII. Indra.
1. THE Heavens and the Earth accordant with all Gods encouraged gracefully that vigorous might of his.
When he came showing forth his majesty and power, he drank of Soma juice and waxed exceeding strong.
2 This majesty of his Visnu extols and lauds, making the stalchat gives the meath flow forth with might.
When Indra Maghavan with those who followed him had smitten Vrtra he deserved the choice of Gods.
3 When, bearing warlike weapons, fain to win thee praise, thou mettest Vrtra, yea, the Dragon, for the fight,
Then all the Maruts who were gathered with dice there extolled, O Mighty One, thy powerful majesty.
4 Soon as he sprang to life he forced asun under hosts: forward the Hero looked to manly deed and war.
He cleft the rock, he let concurrent streams flow forth, and with his skilful art established the heavens' wide vault.
5 Indra hath evermore possessed surpassing power: he forced, far from each other, heaven and earth apart.
He hurled impetuous down his iron thunderbolt, a joy to Varuna's and Mitra's worshipper.
6 Then to the mighty powers of Indra, to his wrath, his the fierce Stormer, loud of voice, they came with speed;
What time the Potent One rent Vrtra with his strength, who held the waters back, whom darkness compassed round.
7 Even in the first of those heroic acts which they who strove together came with might to execute,
Deep darkness fell upon the slain, and Indra won by victory the right of being first invoked.
8 Then all the Gods extolled, with eloquence inspired by draughts of Soma juice, thy deeds of manly might.
As Agni eats the dry food with his teeth, he ate Vrtra, the Dragon, maimed by Indra's deadly dart.
9 Proclaim his many friendships, met with friendship, made with singers, with the skilful and the eloquent.
Indra, when he subdues Dhuni and Cumuri, lists to Dabhiti for his faithful spirit's sake.
10 Give riches manifold with noble horses, to be remembered while my songs address thee.
May we by easy paths pass all our troubles: find us this day a ford wide and extensive.
HYMN CXIV. Visvedevas.
1. Two perfect springs of heat pervade the Threefold, and come for their delight is Matarisvan.
Craving the milk of heaven the Gods are present: well do they know the praise-song and the Saman.
2 The priests beard far away, as they are ordered, serve the three Nirritis, for well they know them.
Sages have traced the cause that first produced them, dwelling in distant and mysterious chambers.
3 The Youthful One, well-shaped, with four locks braided, brightened with oil, puts on the ordinances.
Two Birds of mighty power are seated near her, there where the Deities receive their portion.
4 One of these Birds hath passed into the sea of air: thence he looks round and views this universal world.
With simple heart I have beheld him from anear: his Mother kisses him and he returns her kiss.
5 Him with fair wings though only One in nature, wise singers shape, with songs, in many figures.
While they at sacrifices fix the metres, they measure out twelve chalices of Soma.
6 While they arrange the four and six-and-thirty, and duly order, up to twelve, the measures,
Having disposed the sacrifice thoughtful sages send the Car forward with the Rc and Saman.
7 The Chariot's majesties are fourteen others: seven sages lead it onward with their Voices.
Who will declare to us the ford Apanana, the path whereby they drink first draughts of Soma?
8 The fifteen lauds are in a thousand places that is as vast as heaven and earth in measure.
A thousand spots contain the mighty thousand. Vak spreadeth forth as far as Prayer extendeth.
9 What sage hath learned the metres' application? Who hath gained Vak, the spirit's aim and object?
Which ministering priest is called eighth Hero? Who then hath tracked the two Bay Steeds of Indra?
10 Yoked to his chariot-pole there stood the Coursers: they only travel round earth's farthest limits.
These, when their driver in his home is settled, receive the allotted meed of their exertion.

HYMN CXV. Agni.
1. VERILY wondrous is the tender Youngling's growth who never draweth nigh to drink his Mothers' milk.
As soon as she who hath no udder bore him, he, faring on his great errand, suddenly grew strong.
2 Then Agni was his name, most active to bestow, gathering up the trees with his consuming tooth;
Skilled in fair sacrifice, armed with destroying tongue, impetuous as a bull that snorteth in the mead.
3 Praise him, your God who, bird-like, rests upon a tree, scattering drops of juice and pouring forth his flood,
Speaking aloud with flame as with his lips a priest, and broadening his paths like one of high command.
4 Thou Everlasting, whom, far-striding fain to burn, the winds,
uninterrupted, never overcome,
They have approached, as warriors eager for the fight, heroic Trita, guiding him to gain his wish.
5 This Agni is the best of Kanvas, Kanvas' Friend, Conqueror of the foe whether afar or near.
May Agni guard the singers, guard the princes well: may Agni grant to us our princes' gracious help.
6 Do thou, Supitrya, swiftly following, make thyself the lord of Jatavedas, mightiest of all,
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 Vrshihavya, 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!

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 to bless and prosper.
4 Let Indra come, impetuous, doubly mighty, to the poured
Rejoice in that whereby thou gavest freedom, and that whereby thou choosest of the flowing Soma.
Ruler, free from anger.
5 To thee have we presented this oblation: accept it, Sovran
Grant to us our princes' gracious help.
6 Do thou, Supitrya, swiftly following, make thyself the lord of the foe whether afar or near.
May Agni guard the singers, guard the princes well: may Agni grant to us our princes' gracious help.
7 To thee have we presented this oblation: accept it, Sovran
Ranged on our side, grown strong in might that conquers,
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 foe men.
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, Mahavan, 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 entertainment we receive thee friendly: effectual be the
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—e’en 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 outvalues 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.
9. The hands are both alike: their labour differs. The yield of sister milch-kine is unequal.
Twins even differ in their strength and vigour: two, even kinsmen, differ in their bounty.

HYMN CXVIII. Agni.
1. AGNI, refulgent among men thou slayest the devouring fiend,
Bright Ruler in thine own abode.
2 Thou springest up when worshipped well the drops of butter are thy joy
When ladies are brought near to thee.
3 Honour’d with gifts he shines afar, Agni adorable with song:
The dripping ladle balms his face.
4 Agni with honey in his mouth, honoured with gifts, is balmed with oil,
Refulgent in his wealth of light.
5 Praised by our hymns thou kindlest thee, Oblation-bearer, for the Gods
As such do mortals call on thee.
6 To that Immortal Agni pay worship with oil, ye mortal men,-
Lord of the house, whom none deceiveth.
7 O Agni, burn the Rakṣasas with thine unconquerable flame
Shine guardian of Eternal Law.
8 So, Agni, with thy glowing face burn fierce against the female fiends,
Shining among Uruksayas.
9 Uruksayas have kindled thee, Oblation-bearer, thee, with hymns.
Best Worshpper among mankind.

HYMN CXIX. Indra.
1. THIS, even this was my resolve, to win a cow, to win a steed:
Have I not drunk of Soma juice?
2 Like violent gusts of wind the draughts that I have drunk have lifted me
Have I not drunk of Soma juice?
3 The draughts I drank have borne me up, as fleet-foot horses draw a car:
Have I not drunk of Soma juice?
4 The hymn hath reached me, like a cow who lows to meet her darling calf:
Have I not drunk of Soma juice?
5 As a wright bends a chariot-seat so round my heart I bend the hymn:
Have I not drunk of Soma juice?
6 To that Immortal Agni pay worship with oil, ye mortal men,—
Lord of the house, whom none deceiveth.
7 The heavens and earth themselves have not grown equal to one half of me
Have I not drunk of Soma juice?
8 I in my grandeur have surpassed the heavens and all this spacious earth
Have I not drunk of Soma juice?
9 Aha! this spacious earth will I deposit either here or there
Have I not drunk of Soma juice?
10 In one short moment will I smite the earth in fury here or there:
Have I not drunk of Soma juice?
11 One of my flanks is in the sky; I let the other trail below:
Have I not drunk of Soma juice?
12 I, greatest of the Mighty Ones, am lifted to the firmament:
Have I not drunk of Soma juice?
13 I seek the worshipper's abode; oblation-bearer to the Gods:
Have I not drunk of Soma juice?
Eager to win the breathing and the breathless. All sang thy praise at banquet and oblation.
3 All concentrate on thee their mental vigour, what time these, twice or thrice, are thine assistants.
Blend what is sweeter than the sweet with sweetness: win, quickly with our meath that meath in battle.
4 Therefore in thee too, thou who winnest riches, at every banquet are the sages joyful.
With mightier power, Bold God, extend thy firmness: let not malignant Yatudhanas harm thee.
5 Proudly we put our trust in thee in battles, when we behold great wealth the prize of combat.
I with my words impel thy weapons onward, and sharpen with my prayer thy vital vigour.
6 Worthy of praises, many-shaped, most skilful, most energetic, Aptya of the Aptyas:
He with his might destroys the seven Danus, subduing many who were deemed his equals.
7 Thou in that house which thy protection guardeth bestowest wealth, the higher and the lower.
Thou stablishest the two much-wandering Mothers, and bringest many deeds to their completion.
8 Brhaddiva, the foremost of light-winners, repeats these holy prayers, this strength of Indra.
He rules the great self-luminous fold of cattle, and all the doors of light hath he thrown open.
9 Thus hath Brhaddiva, the great Atharvan, spoken to Indra as himself in person.
The spotless Sisters, they who are his Mothers, with power exalt him and impel him onward.

HYMN CXXI. Ka.
1. IN the beginning rose Hiranyagarbha, born Only Lord of all created beings.
He fixed and holdeth up this earth and heaven. What God shall we adore with our oblation?
2 Giver of vital breath, of power and vigour, he whose commandments all the Gods acknowledge -.
The Lord of death, whose shade is life immortal. What God shall we adore with our oblation?
3 Who by his grandeur hath become Sole Ruler of all the moving world that breathes and slumbers; He who is Lord of men and Lord of cattle. What God shall we adore with our oblation?
4 His, through his might, are these snow-covered mountains, and men call sea and Rasa his possession:
His arms are these, his are these heavenly regions. What God shall we adore with our oblation?
5 By him the heavens are strong and earth is stedfast, by him light's realm and sky-vault are supported:
By him the regions in mid-air were measured. What God shall we adore with our oblation?
6 To him, supported by his help, two armies embattled look while trembling in their spirit, When over them the risen Sun is shining. What God shall we adore with our oblation?
7 What time the mighty waters came, containing the universal germ, producing Agni, Thence sprang the Gods' one spirit into being. What God shall we adore with our oblation?
8 He in his might surveyed the floods containing productive force and generating Worship.
He is the God of gods, and none beside him. What God shall we adore with our oblation?
9 Neer may he harm us who is earth's Begetter, nor he whose laws are sure, the heavens' Creator, He who brought forth the great and lucid waters. What God shall we adore with our oblation?
10 Prajapati! thou only comprehendest all these created things, and none beside thee.
Grant us our hearts' desire when we invoke thee: may we have store of riches in possession.

HYMN CXXII. Agni.
1. I PRAISE the God of wondrous might like Indra, the lovely pleasant Guest whom all must welcome.
May Agni, Priest and Master of the household, give hero strength and all-sustaining riches.
2 O Agni, graciously accept this song of mine, thou passing-wise who knowest every ordinance.
Emwrapped in holy oil further the course of prayer: the Gods bestowed according to thy holy law.
3 Immortal, wandering round the seven stations, give, a liberal Giver, to the pious worshipper,
Wealth, Agni, with brave sons and ready for his use: welcome the man who comes with fuel unto thee.
4 The seven who bring oblations worship thee, the Strong, the first, the Great Chief Priest, Ensign of sacrifice, The oil-anointed Bull, Agni who hears, who sends as God full hero strength to him who freely gives.
5 First messenger art thou, meet for election: drink thou thy fill invited to the Anirta,
The Maruts in the votary's house adorned thee; with lauds the Bhrgus gave thee light and glory.
6 Milking the teeming Cow for all-sustaining food. O Wise One, for the worship-loving worshipper, Thou, Agni, dropping oil, thrice lighting works of Law, showest thy wisdom circling home and sacrifice.
7 They who at flushing of this dawn appointed thee their messenger, these men have paid thee reverence.
Gods strengthened thee for work that must be glorified, Agni, while they made butter pure for sacrifice.
8 Arrangers in our synods, Agni, while they sang Vasisistha's sons have called thee down, the Potent One.
Maintain the growth of wealth with men who sacrifice. Ye Gods, preserve us with your blessings evermore.

HYMN CXXIII. Vena.
1. SEE, Vena, born in light, hath driven hither, on chariot of the air, the Calves of Prsni.
Singers with hymns caress him as an infant there where the waters and the sunlight mingle.
2 Vena draws up his wave from out the ocean. mist-born, the fair one's back is made apparent,
Brightly he shone aloft on Order's summit: the hosts sang glory
to their common birthplace.
3 Full many, lowing to their joint-possession, dwelling
together stood the Darling's Mothers.
Ascending to the lofty height of Order, the bands of singers
'sip the sweets of Amrta.
4 Knowing his form, the sages yearned to meet him: they have
come nigh to hear the wild Bull's bellow.
Performing sacrifice they reached the river: for the Gandharva
found the immortal waters.
5 The Apsaras, the Lady, sweetly smiling, supports her Lover
in sublimest heaven.
In his Friend's dwelling as a Friend he wanders: he, Vena, rests
him on his golden pinion.
6 They gaze on thee with longing in their spirit, as on a strong-
winged bird that mounteth sky-ward;
On thee with wings of gold, Varuna's envoy, the Bird that
hasteneth to the home of Yama.
7 Erect, to heaven hath the Gandharva mounted, pointing at us
his many-coloured weapons;
Clad in sweet raiment beautiful to look on, for he, as light,
produeth forms that please us.
8 When as a spark he cometh near the ocean, still looking with
a vulture's eye to heaven,
His lustre, joying in its own bright splendour, maketh dear
glories in the lowest region.

HYMN CXXIV. Agni, Etc.
1. COME to this sacrifice of ours, O Agni, threefold, with
seven threads and five divisions.
Be our oblation-bearer and preceder: thou hast lain long
enough in during darkness.
2 I come a God foreseeing from the godless to immortality by
secret pathways,
While I, ungracious one, desert the gracious, leave mine own
friends and seek the kin of strangers.
3 I, looking to the guest of other lineage, have founded many a
rule of Law and Order.
I bid farewell to the Great God, the Father, and, for neglect,
obtain my share of worship.
4 Knowing his form, the sages yearned to meet him: they have
come nigh to hear the wild Bull's bellow.
Performing sacrifice they reached the river: for the Gandharva
found the immortal waters.
5 The Apsaras, the Lady, sweetly smiling, supports her Lover
in sublimest heaven.
In his Friend's dwelling as a Friend he wanders: he, Vena, rests
him on his golden pinion.
6 They gaze on thee with longing in their spirit, as on a strong-
winged bird that mounteth sky-ward;
On thee with wings of gold, Varuna's envoy, the Bird that
hasteneth to the home of Yama.
7 Erect, to heaven hath the Gandharva mounted, pointing at us
his many-coloured weapons;
Clad in sweet raiment beautiful to look on, for he, as light,
produeth forms that please us.
8 When as a spark he cometh near the ocean, still looking with
a vulture's eye to heaven,
His lustre, joying in its own bright splendour, maketh dear
glories in the lowest region.

HYMN CXXV. Vak.
1. I TRAVEL with the Rudras and the Vasus, with the Adityas
and All-Gods I wander.
I hold aloft both Varuna and Mitra, Indra and Agni, and the
Pair of Asvins.
2 I cherish and sustain high-swelling Soma, and Tvastar I
support, Pusan, and Bhaga.
I load with wealth the zealous sacrificer who pours the juice
and offers his oblation
3 I am the Queen, the gatherer-up of treasures, most
thoughtful, first of those who merit worship.
Thus Gods have stablished me in many places with many
homes to enter and abide in.
4 Through me alone all eat the food that feeds them,-each man
who sees, breweth, hears the word outspoken
They know it not, but yet they dwell beside me. Hear, one and
all, the truth as I declare it.
5 I, verily, myself announce and utter the word that Gods and
men alike shall welcome.
I make the man I love exceeding mighty, make him a sage, a
Rsi, and a Brahman.
6 I bend the bow for Rudra that his arrow may strike and slay
the hater of devotion.
I rouse and order battle for the people, and I have penetrated
Earth and Heaven.
7 On the world's summit I bring forth the Father: my home is
in the waters, in the ocean.
Thence I extend o'er all existing creatures, and touch even
yonder heaven with my forehead.
8 I breathe a strong breath like the wind and tempest, the while
I hold together all existence.
Beyond this wide earth and beyond the heavens I have become
so mighty in my grandeur.

HYMN CXXVI. Visvedevas.
1. No peril, no severe distress, ye Gods, affects the mortal
man,
Whom Aryaman and Mitra lead, and Varima, of one accord,
beyond his foes.
2 This very thing do we desire, Varuna, Mitra, Aryaman,
Whereby ye guhrd the mortal man from sore distress, and lead
him safe beyond his foes.
3 These are, each one, our present helps, Varuna, Mitra,
Aryaman.
Best leaders, best deliverers to lead us on and bear as safe
beyond our foes.
4 Ye compass round and guard each man, Varuna, Mitra,
Aryaman:
In your dear keeping may we be, ye who are excellent as
guides beyond our foes.
5 Adityas are beyond all foes, Varuna, Mitra, Aryaman:
Strong Rudra with the Marut host, Indra, Agni let us call for
weal beyond our foes.
6 These lead us safely over all, Varuna, Mitra, Aryaman,
These who are Kings of living men, over all troubles far away
beyond our foes.
7 May they give bliss to aid us well, Varuna, Mitra, Aryaman:
May the Adityas, when we pray, grant us wide shelter and
defence beyond our foes.
8 As in this place, O Holy Ones, ye Vasus freed even the Gaud
when her feet were fettered.
So free us now from trouble and affliction: and let our life be
lengthened still, O Api.

HYMN CXXVII. Night.
1. WITH all her eyes the Goddess Night looks forth
approaching many a spot:
She hath put all her glories on.
2 Immortal, she hath filled the waste, the Goddess hath filled
height and depth:
She conquers darkness with her light.
3 The Goddess as she comes hath set the Dawn her Sister in
her place:
And then the darkness vanishes.
4 So favour us this night, O thou whose pathways we have
visited
As birds their nest upon the tree.
5 The villagers have sought their homes, and all that walks and
all that flies,
Even the falcons fain for prey.
6 Keep off the she-wolf and the wolf, O Urmya, keep the thief
away;
Easy be thou for us to pass.
7 Clearly hath she come nigh to me who decks the dark with
richest hues:
O Morning, cancel it like debts.
8 These have I brought to thee like kine. O Night, thou Child
of Heaven, accept
This laud as for a conqueror.

HYMN CXXVIII. Visvedevas.
1. LET me win glory, Agni, in our battles: enkindling thee,
may we support our bodies.
May the four regions bend and bow before me: with thee for
guardian may we win in combat.
2 May all the Gods be on my side in battle, the Maruts led by
Indra, Visnu, Agni.
Mine be the middle air's extended region, ani may the wind
blow favouring these my wishes.
3 May the Gods grant me riches; may the blessing and
invocation of the Gods assist me.
Foremost in fight be the divine Invokers: may we, unwounded,
have brave heroes round us.
4 For me let them present all mine oblations, and let my mind's
intention be accomplished.
May I be guiltless of the least transgression: and, all ye Go-is,
2 The Man extends it and the Man unbinds it: even to this vault of heaven hath he outspun, it.
These pegs are fastened to the seat of worship: they made the Sama-hymns their weaving shuttles.
3 What were the rule, the order and the model? What were the wooden fender and the butter?
What were the hymn, the chant, the recitation, when to the God all Deities paid worship?
4 Closely was Gayatri conjoined with Agni, and closely Savitar combined with Usnih.
Brilliant with Utkhas, Soma joined Anustup: Brhaspati's voice by Brhati was aided.
5 Viraj adhered to Varuna and Mitra: here Tristup day by day was Indra's portion.
Jagati entered all the Gods together: so by this knowledge men were raised to Rsis.
6 So by this knowledge men were raised to Rsis, when ancient sacrifice sprang up, our Fathers.
With the mind's eye I think that I behold them who first performed this sacrificial worship.
7 They who were versed in ritual and metre, in hymns and rules, were the Seven Godlike Rsis.
Viewing the path of those of old, the sages have taken up the reins like chariot-drivers.

HYMN CXXXI. Indra.
1. DRIVE all our enemies away, O Indra, the western, mighty Conqueror, and the eastern.
Hero, drive off our northern foes and southern, that we in thy wide shelter may be joyful.
2 What then? As men whose fields are full of barley reap the ripe corn removing it in order,
So bring the food of those men, bring it hither, who went not to prepare the grass for worship.
3 Men come not with one horse at sacred seasons; thus they obtain no honour in assemblies.
Sages desiring herds of kine and horses strengthen the mighty Indra for his friendship.
4 Ye, Asvins, Lords of Splendour, drank full draughts of grateful Soma juice,
And aided Indra in his work with Namuci of Asura birth.
5 As parents aid a son, both Asvins, Indra, aided thee with their wondrous Powers and wisdom.
When thou, with might. hadst drunk the draught that gladdens, Sarasvati, O Maghavan, refreshed thee.
6 Indra is strong to save, rich in assistance may he, possessing all, be kind and gracious.
May he disperse our foes and give us safety, and may we be the lords of hero vigour.
7 May we enjoy his favour, his the Holy may we enjoy his blessed loving kindness.
May this rich Indra, as our good Protector, drive off and keep afar all those who hate us.

HYMN CXXXII. Mitra. Varuna.
1. MAY Dyaus the Lord of lauded wealth, and Earth stand by the man who offers sacrifice,
And may the Asvins, both the Gods, strengthen the worshipper with bliss.
2 As such we honour you, Mitra and Varuna, with hasty zeal, most blest, you who sustain the folk.
So may we, through your friendship for the worshipper, subdue the fiends.
3 And when we seek to win your love and friendship, we who have precious wealth in our possession,
Or when the worshipper augments his riches let not his treasures be shut up
4 That other, Asura! too was born of Heaven. thou art, O Varuna, the King of all men.
The chariot's Lord was well content, forbearing to anger Death by sin so great.
This sin hath Sakaputa here committed. Heroes who fled to their dear friend he slayeth,
When the Steed bringeth down your grace and favour in bodies dear and worshipful.
5 Your Mother Aditi, ye wise, was purified with water even as earth is purified from heaven.
Show love and kindness here below: wash her in rays of heavenly light.
6 Your Mother Aditi, ye wise, was purified with water even as earth is purified from heaven.
Show love and kindness here below: wash her in rays of heavenly light.
7 Ye Twain have seated you as Lords of Wealth, as one who mounts a car to him who sits upon the pole, upon the wood.
These our disheartened tribes Nrmahhas saved from woe, Sumedhas saved from Woe.

HYMN CXXXIII. Indra.
1. SING strength to Indra that shall set his chariot in the foremost place.
Giver of room in closest fight, slayer of foes in shock of war, be thou our great encourager. Let the weak bowstrings break upon the bows of feeble enemies.
2 Thou didst destroy the Dragon: thou sentest the rivers down to earth.
Foeless, O Indra, wast thou born. Thou tendest well each choicest thing. Therefore we draw us close to thee. Let the weak bowstrings break upon the bows of feeble enemies.
3 Destroyed be all malignities and all our enemy's designs.
Thy bolt thou castest, at the foe, O Indra, who would slay us dead: thy liberal bounty gives us wealth.
4 The robber people round about, Indra, who watch and aim at us,-
Trample them down beneath thy foot; a conquering scatterer art thou.
5 Whoso assails us, Indra, be the man a stranger or akin,
Bring down, thyself, his strength although it be as vast as are the heavens.
6 Close to thy friendship do we cling, O Indra, and depend, or, thee.
Lead us beyond all pain and grief along the path of holy Law.
7 Do thou bestow upon us her, O Indra, who yields according to the singer's longing.
That the great Cow may, with exhaustless udder, pouring a thousand streams, give milk to feed us.

HYMN CXXXIV. Indra.

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1. As, like the Morning, thou hast filled, O Indra, both the earth and heaven. So as the Mighty One, great King of all the mighty world of men, the Goddess Mother brought thee forth, the Blessed Mother gave thee life. 
2. Relax that mortal's stubborn strength whose heart is bent on wickedness. Trample him down beneath thy feet who watches for and aims at us. The Goddess Mother brought thee forth, the Blessed Mother gave thee life.
3. Shake down, O Slayer of the foe, those great all splendid enemies. With all thy powers, O Sakra, all thine helps, O Indra, shake them down:
4. As thou, O Satakratu, thou, O Indrv, shakest all things down As wealth for him who sheds the juice, with thine assistance thousandfold.
5. Around, on every side like drops of sweat let lightning-flashes fall. Let all malevolence pass away from us like threads of Darva grass.
6. Thou bearest in thine hand a lance like a long hook, great Counsellor! As with his foremost foot a goat, draw down the branch, O Maghavan.
7. Never, O Gods, do we offend, nor are we ever obstinate: we walk as holy texts command. Closely we clasp and cling to you, cling to your sides, beneath your arms.

HYMN CXXXV. Yama.
1. IN the Tree clothed with goodly leaves where Yama drinketh with the Gods, The Father, Master of the house, tendeth with love our ancient Sires.
2. I looked reluctantly on him who cherishes those men of old, On him who treads that evil path, and then I yearned for this again.
3. Thou mountest, though thou dost not see, O Child, the new and wheel-less car Which thou hast fashioned mentally, one-poled but turning every way.
4. The car which thou hast made to roll hitherward from the Sages, Child! This hath the Saman followed close, hence, laid together on a ship.
5. Who was the father of the child? Who made the chariot roll away? Who will this day declare to us how the funeral gift was made?
6. When the funeral gift was placed, straightway the point of flame appeared. A depth extended in the front: a passage out was made behind. 7. Here is the seat where Yama dwells, that which is called the Home of Gods: Here minstrels blow the flute for him here he is glorified with songs.

HYMN CXXXVI. Kesins.
1. HE with the long loose locks supports Agni, and moisture, heaven, and earth: He is all sky to look upon: he with long hair is called this light.
2. The Munis, girdled with the wind, wear garments soiled of yellow hue.
3. The Steed of Vata, Vayu's friend, the Muni, by the Gods impelled, In both the oceans hath his home, in eastern and in western sea.
4. The Muni, made associate in the holy work of every God, Looking upon all varied forms flies through the region of the air.
5. Vayu hath churned for him: for him he poundeth things most hard to bend, When he with long loose locks hath drunk, with Rudra, water from the cup.

HYMN CXXXVII Visvedevas.
1. YE Gods, raise up once more the man whom ye have humbled and brought low. O Gods, restore to life again the man who hath committed sin.
2. Two several winds are blowing here, from Sindhu, from a distant land. May one breathe energy to thee, the other blow disease away.
3. Hither, O Wind, blow healing balm, blow all disease away, thou Wind; For thou who hast all medicine comest as envoy of the Gods.
4. I am come nigh to thee with balms to give thee rest and keep thee safe. I bring thee blessed strength, I drive thy weakening malady away.
5. Here let the Gods deliver him, the Maruts' band deliver him: All things that be deliver him that he be freed from his disease.
6. The Waters have their healing power, the Waters drive disease away. The Waters have a balm for all: let them make medicine for thee.
7. The tongue that leads the voice precedes. Then with our ten-fold branching hands, With these two chasers of disease we stroke thee with a gentle touch.

HYMN CXXXVIII. Indra.
1. ALLIED with thee in friendship, Indra, these, thy priests, remembering Holy Law, rent Vrtra limb from limb. When they bestowed the Dawns and let the waters flow, and
when thou didst chastise dragons at Kutsa's call.
2 Thou sentest forth productive powers, clavest the hills, thou
dravest forth the kine, thou drankest pleasant meath.
Thou gavest increase through this Tree's surpassing might. The
Sun shone by the hymn that sprang from Holy Law.
3 In the mid-way of heaven the Sun unyoked his car: the Arya
found a match to meet his Dam foe.
Associate with Rjesvan Indra overthrew the solid forts of
Pipru, conjuring Asura.
4 He boldly cast down forts which none had e'er assailed:
unwearied he destroycd the godless treasure-stores.
Like Sun and Moon he took the stronghold's wealth away, and,
praised in song, demolished foes with flashing dart.
5 Armed with resistless weapons, with vast power to cleave,
the Vrtra-slayer whets his darts and deals fordi wounds.
Bright Usas was afraid of Indra's slaughtering bolt: she went
upon her way and left her chariot there.
6 These are thy famous exploits, only thine, when thou alone
hast left the other reft of sacrifice.
Thou in the heavens hast set the ordering of the Moons: the
Father bears the felly portioned out by thee.

HYMN CXXXIX. Savitar.
1. SAVITAR, golden-haired, hath lifted eastward, bright
With the sunbeams, his eternal lustre;
He in whose energy wise Pusan marches, surveying all
existence like a herdsman.
2 Beholding men he sits amid the heaven filling the two world-
halves and air's wide region.
He looks upon the rich far-spreading pastures between the
eastern and the western limit.
3 He, root of wealth, the gatherer-up of treasures, looks with
his might on every form and figure.
Savitar, like a God.whose Law is constant, stands in the battle
for the spoil like Indra.
4 Waters from sacrifice came to the Gandharva Visvavasu, O
Soma, when they saw him.
Indra, approaching quickly, marked their going, and looked
around upon the Sun's enclosures.
5 This song Visvavasu shall sing us, meter of air's mid-realm
celestial Gandharva,
That we may know aright both truth and falsehood: may he
inspire our thoughts and help our praises.
6 In the floods' track he found the bootysetter: the rocky cow-
pen's doors he threw wide open.
These, the Gandharva told him, Rowed with Amrta. Indra
knew well the puissancc of the dragons.

HYMN CXL. Agni.
1. AGNI, life-power and fame are thine: thy fires blaze
mightily, thou rich in wealth of beams!
Sage, passing bright, thou givest to the worshipper, with
strength, the food that merits laud.
2 With brilliant, purifying sheen, with perfect sheen thou liftest
up thyself in light.
Thou, visiting both thy Mothers, aidest them as Son: thou
joinest close the earth and heaven.
3 O Jatavedas, Son of Strength, rejoice ilyself, gracious, in our
fair hymns and songs.
In thee are treasured various forms of strengthening food, born
nobly and of wondrous help.
4 Agni, spread forth, as Ruler, over living things: give wealth
to us, Immortal God.
Thou shinest out from beauty fair to look upon: thou leadest us
to conquering power.
5 To him, the wise, who orders sacrifice, who hath great riches
un der his control,
Thou givest blest award of good, and plenteous food, givest
him wealth that conquers all.
6 The men have set before them their for their welfare Agni,
strong, visible to all, the Holy.
Thee, Godlike One, with ears to hear, most famous, men's
generations magnify with praise-songs.

HYMN CXLII. Visvedevas.
1. TURN hither, Agni, speak to us: come to us with a gracious
mind.
Enrich us, Master of the house: thou art the Giver of our
wealth.
2 Let Aryarnan vouchsafe us wealth, and Bhaga, and
Brhaspati.
Let the Gods give their gifts, and let Sunrta, Goddess, grant us
wealth.
3 We call King Soma to our aid, and Agni with our songs and
hymns,
Adityas, Visnu, Surya, and the Brahman Priest Brhaspati.
4 Indra, Vayu, Brhaspati, Gods swift to listen, we invoke,
Adityas, Visnu, Surya, and the Brahman Priest Brhaspati.
5 Urge Aryaman to send us gifts, and Indra, and Brhaspati,
Vata, Visnu, Sarasvati and the Strong Courser Savitar.
6 Do thou, O Agni, with thy fires strengthen our prayer and
sacrifice:
Urge givers to bestow their wealth to aid our service of the
Gods.

HYMN CXLII. Agni.
1. WITH thee, O Agni, was this singer of the laud: he hath no
other kinship, O thou Son of Strength.
Thou givest blessed shelter with a triple guard. Keep the
destructive lightning far away from us.
2 Thy birth who seekest food is in the falling flood, Agni: as
our coursers and our songs shall be victorious: they of
mind.
3 And thou, O Agni, of Godlike nature, sparest the stones,
while caring up the brushwood.
Then are thy tracks like deserts in the corn-lands. Let us not
care for wrath thy mighty arrow.
4 O'er hills through vales devouring as thou goest, thou partest
like an army fain for booty.
As when a barber shaves a beard, thou shavest earth when the
wind blows on thy flame and fans it.
5 Apparent are his lines as he approaches the course is single,
but the cars are many,
When, Agni, thou, making thine arms resplendent, advancest o'er the land spread out beneath thee.
6 Now let thy strength, thy burning flames fly upward, thine energies, O Agni, as thou toildest.
Gape widely, bend thee, waxing in thy vigour: let all the Vasus sit this day beside thee.
7 This is the waters' reservoir, the great abode of gathered streams.
Take thou another path than this, and as thou listest walk thereon.
8 On thy way hitherward and hence let flowery Durva grass spring up;
Let there be lakes with lotus blooms. These are the mansions of the flood.

HYMN CXLIII. Asvins.
1. YE made that Atri, worn with eald, free as a horse to win the goal.
When ye restored to youth and strength Kaksivan like a car renewed,
2 Ye freed that Atri like a horse, and brought him newly-born to earth.
Ye loosed him like a firm-tied knot which Gods unsoiled by dust had bound.
3 Heroes who showed most wondrous power to Atri, strive to win fair songs;
For then, O Heroes of the sky, your hymn of praise shall cease no more.
4 This claims your notice, Bounteous Gods! - oblation, Asvins!
and our love,
That ye, O Heroes, in the fight may bring us safe to ample room.
5 Ye Twain to Bhujyu tossed about in ocean at the region's end,
Nasatyas, with your winged sterds came nigh, and gave him strength to win.
6 Come with your joys, most liberal Gods, Lords of all treasures, bringing weal.
Like fresh full waters to a well, so, Heroes come and be with us.

HYMN CXLIV. Indra.
1. THIS deathless Indu, like a steed, strong and of full vitality,
Belongs to thee, the Orderer.
2 Here, by us, for the worshipper, is the wise bolt that works with skill.
It brings the bubbling beverage as a dexterous man brings the effectual strong drink.
3 Impetuous Ahisuva, a bull among cows of his,
looked down upon the restless Hawk.
4 That the strong-pinioned Bird hath brought, Child of the Falcon, from afar,
What moves upon a hundred wheels along the female Dragon's path.
5 Which, fair, unrobbed, the Falcon brought thee in his foot,
the red-hued dwelling of the juice;
Through this came vital power which lengthens out our days,
and kinship through its help awoke.
6 So Indra is by Indu's power; e'en among Gods will it repel great treachery.
Wisdom, Most Sapient One, brings force that lengthens life.
May wisdom bring the juice to us.

HYMN CXLV. Sapatnibadhanam.
1. FROM out the earth I dig this plant, a herb of most effectual power,
Wherewith one quells the rival wife and gains the husband for oneself.
2 Auspicious, with expanded leaves, sent by the Gods, victorious plant,
Blow thou the rival wife away, and make my husband only mine.
3 Stronger am I, O Stronger One, yea, mightier than the mightier;
And she who is my rival wife is lower than the lowest dames.
4 Her very name I utter not: she takes no pleasure in this man.
Far into distance most remote drive we the rival wife away.
5 I am the conqueror, and thou, thou also act victorious: As victory attends us both we will subdue my fellow-wife.
6 I have gained thee for vanquisher, have grasped thee with a stronger spell.
As a cow hastens to her calf, so let thy spirit speed te me, hasten like water on its way.

HYMN CXLVI. Aranyani.
1. GODDESS of wild and forest who seemest to vanish from the sight.
How is it that thou seekest not the village? Art thou not afraid?
What time the grasshopper replies and swells the shrill cicala's voice,
Seeming to sound with tinkling bells, the Lady of the Wood exults.
3 And, yonder, cattle seem to graze, what seems a dwelling-place appears:
Or else at eve the Lady of the Forest seems to free the wains.
4 Here one is calling to his cow, another there hath felled a tree:
At eve the dweller in the wood fancies that somebody hath screamed.
5 The Goddess never slays, unless some murderous enemy approach.
Man eats of savoury fruit and then takes, even as he wills, his rest.
6 Now have I praised the Forest Queen, sweet-scented, redolent of balm,
The Mother of all sylvan things, who tills not but hath stores of food.

HYMN CXLVII Indra.
1. I TRUST in thy first wrathful deed, O Indra, when thou slewest Vrtra and didst work to profit man;
What time the two world-halves fell short of thee in might, and the earth trembled at thy force, O Thunder-ann'd.
2 Thou with thy magic powers didst rend the conjurer Vrtra, O
Blameless One, with heart that longed for fame. 
Heroes elect thee when they battle for the prey, thee in all 
sacrifices worthy of renown. 
3 God Much-invoked, take pleasure in these princes here, who, 
thine exalters, Maghavan, have come to wealth.
In synods, when the rite succeeds, they hymn the Strong for 
sons and progeny and riches undisturbed.
4 That man shall find delight in well-protected wealth whose 
care provides for him the quick-sought joyous draught.
Bringing oblations, strengthened Maghavan, by thee, he 
swiftly wins the spoil with heroes in the fight.
5 Now for our band, O Maghavan, when lauded, make ample 
room with might, and grant us riches.

Magician thou, our Varuna and Mitra, deal food to us, O 
Wondrous, as Dispenser.

HYMN CXLVIII. Indra.
1. WHEN we have pressed the juice we laud thee, Indra, and 
when, Most Valorous we have won the booty.
Bring us prosperity, as each desires it under thine own 
protection may we conquer.
2 Sublime from birth, mayst thou O Indra, Hero, with Surya 
overcome the Dasa races.
As by a fountain’s side, we bring the Soma that lay concealed,
close-hidden in the waters.
3 Answer the votary’s hymns, for these thou knowest, craving 
the Rsis’ prayer, thyself a Singer
May we be they who take delight in Somas: these with sweet 
food for thee, O Chariot-rider.
4 These holy prayers, O Indra, have I sung thee: grant to the 
men the strength of men, thou Hero.
Be of one mind with those in whom thou joyest: keep thou the 
singers safe and their companions.
5 Listen to Prthi’s call, heroic Indra, and be thou lauded by the 
hymns of Venya,
Him who hath sung thee to thine oil-rich dwelling, whose 
rolling songs have sped thee like a torrent.

HYMN CXLIX. Savitar.
1. SAVITAR fixed the earth with bands to bind it, and made 
heaven stedfast where no prop supported.
Savitar milked, as ‘twere a restless courser, air, sea bound fast 
to what no foot had trodden.
2 Well knoweth Savitar, O Child of Waters, where ocean, 
firmly fixt, o’erflowed its limit.
Thence sprang the world, from that uprose the region: thence 
heaven spread out and the wide earth expanded.
3 Then, with a full crowd of Immortal Beings, this other realm 
came later, high and holy.
First, verily, Savitar's strong-pinioned Eagle was born: and he 
obeyes his law for ever.
4 As warriors to their steeds, kine to their village, as fond milk 
giving cows approach their youngling,
As man to wife, let Savitar come downward to us, heaven's 
bearer, Lord of every blessing.
5 Like the Angirasa Hiranyakstu, I call thee, Savitar, to this 
achievement:

So worshipping and lauding thee for favour I watch for thee as 
for the stalk of Soma.

HYMN CL. Agni.
1. THOU, bearer of oblations, though kindled, art kindled for 
the Gods.
With the Adityas, Rudras, Vasus, come to us: to show us 
favour come to us.
2 Come hither and accept with joy this sacrifice and hymn of 
ours.
O kindled God, we mortals are invoking thee, calling on thee 
to show us grace.
3 I laud thee Jatavedas, thee Lord of all blessings, with my 
song.
Agni, bring hitherward the Gods whose Laws we love, whose 
laws we love, to show us grace.
4 Agni the God was made the great High-Priest of Gods, Rsis 
have kindled Agni, men of mortal mould.
Agni I invoke for winning ample wealth. kindly disposed for 
winning wealth.
5 Atri and Bharadvaja and Gavisthira, Kanva and Trasadasyu, 
in our fight he helped.
On Agni calls Vasistha, even the household priest, the 
household priest to win his grace.

HYMN CLI. Faith.
1. By Faith is Agni kindled, through Faith is oblation offered 
up.
We celebrate with praises Faith upon the height of happiness.
2 Bless thou the man who gives, O Faith; Faith, bless the man 
who fain would give.
Bless thou the liberal worshippers: bless thou the word that I 
have said.
3 Even as the Deities maintained Faith in the mighty Asuras,
So make this uttered wish of mine true for the liberal 
worshippers.
4 Guarded by Vayu, Gods and men who sacrifice draw near to 
Faith.
Man winneth Faith by yearnings of the heart, and opulence by 
Faith.
5 Faith in the early morning, Faith at noonday will we 
invocate, 
Faith at the setting of the Sun. O Faith, endow us with belief.

HYMN CLII. Indra.
1. A MIGHTY Governor art thou, Wondrous, Destroyer of the 
foe,
Whose friend is never done to death, and never, never 
overcome.
2 Lord of the clan, who brings us bliss, Strong, Warrior, Slayer 
of the fiend,
May India, Soma-drinker, go before us, Bull who gives us 
peace.
3 Drive Raksasas and foes away, break thou in pieces 
Vrtra's jaws:
O Vrtra-slaying Indra, quell the foeman's wrath that threatens 
us.
4 O Indra, beat our foes away, humble the men who challenge us:
Send down to nether darkness him who seeks to do us injury.
5 Baffle the foe's plan, ward off his weapon who would conquer us.
Give shelter from his furious wrath, and keep his murdering dart afar.

HYMN CLIII. Indra.
1. SWAYING about, the Active Ones came nigh to Indra at his birth,
   And shared his great heroic might.
2 Based upon strength and victory and power, O Indra is thy birth:
   Thou, Mighty One, art strong indeed.
3 Thou art the Vrtra-slayer, thou, Indra, hast spread the firmament:
   Thou hast with might upheld the heavens.
4 Thou, Indra, bearest in thine arms the lightning that accords with thee,
   Whetting thy thunderbolt with might.
5 Thou, Indra, art preeminent over all creatures in thy might:
   Thou hast pervaded every place.

HYMN CLIV. New Life.
1. FOR some is Soma purified, some sit by sacrificial oil:
   To those for whom the meath flows forth, even to those let him depart.
2 Invincible through Fervour, those whom Fervour hath advanced to heaven,
   Who showed great Fervour in their lives, -even to those let him depart.
3 The heroes who contend in war and boldly cast their lives away,
   Or who give guerdon thousandfold, -even to those let him depart.
4 Yea, the first followers of Law, Law's pure and holy strengtheners,
   The Fathers, Yama! Fervour-moving, even to those let him depart.
5 Skilled in a thousand ways and means, the sages who protect the Sun,
   The Rsis, Yama! Fervour-moving, -even to those let him depart.

HYMN CLV. Various.
1. ARAYI, one-eyed limping hag, fly, ever-screeching, to the hill.
   We frighten thee away with these, the heroes of Sirimbitha.
2 Scared from this place and that is she, destroyer of each germ unborn.
   Go, sharp-horned Brahmanaspti and drive Arayi far away.
3 Yon log that floats without a man to guide it on the river's edge,-
   Seize it, thou thing with hideous jaws, and go thou far away thereon.
4 When, foul with secret stain and spot, ye hastened onward to the breast,
   All Indra's enemies were slain and passed away like froth and foam.
5 These men have led about the cow, have duly carried Agni round,
   And raised their glory to the Gods. Who will attack them with success?

HYMN CLVI. Agni.
1. LET songs of ours speed Agni forth like a fleet courser in the race,
   And we will win each prize through him.
2 Agni the dart whereby we gain kine for ourselves with help from thee,-
   That send us for the gain of wealth.
3 O Agni, bring us wealth secure, vast wealth in horses and in kine:
   Oil thou the socket, turn the wheel.
4 O Agni, thou hast made the Sun, Eternal Star, to mount the sky,
   Bestowing light on living men.
5 Thou, Agni, art the people's light, best, dearest, seated in thy shrine:
   Watch for the singer, give him life.

HYMN CLVII. Visvedevas.
1. WE will, with Indra and all Gods to aid us, bring these existing worlds into subjection.
2 Our sacrifice, our bodies, and our offspr. let Indra form together with Adityas.
3 With the Adityas, with the band of Maruts, may Indra be Protector of our bodies.
4 As when the Gods came, after they had slaughtered the Asuras, keeping safe their Godlike nature,
   Brought the Sun hitherward with mighty powers, and looked about them on their vigorous Godhead.

HYMN CLVIII. Surya.
1. MAY Surya guard us out of heaven, and Vata from the firmament,
   And Agni from terrestrial spots.
2 Thou Savitar whose flame deserves hundred libations, be thou pleased:
   From failing lightning keep us safe.
3 May Savitar the God, and may Parvata also give us sight;
   May the Creator give us sight.
4 Give sight unto our eye, give thou our bodies sight that they may see:
   May we survey, discern this world.
5 Thus, Surya, may we look on thee, on thee most lovely to behold,
   See clearly with the eyes of men.

HYMN CLIX. Saci Paulomi.
1. YON Sun hath mounted up, and this my happy fate hate mounted high.
   I knowing this, as conqueror have won my husband for mine own.
2 I am the banner and the head, a mighty arbitress am I: I am victorious, and my Lord shall be submissive to my will. 3 My Sons are slayers of the foe, my Daughter is a ruling Queen: I am victorious: o’er my Lord my song of triumph is supreme.

4 Oblation, that which Indra gave and thus grew glorious and most high,- This have I offered, O ye Gods, and rid me of each rival wife. 5 Destroyer of the rival wife, Sole Spouse, victorious, conqueror, The others’ glory have I seized as ‘twere the wealth of weaker Dames. 6 I have subdued as conqueror these rivals, these my fellow-wives, That I may hold imperial sway over this Hero and the folk.

HYMN CLX. Indra.
1. TASTE this strong draught enriched with offered viands: with all thy chariot here unyoke thy Coursers. Let not those other sacrificers stay thee, Indra: these juices shed for thee are ready. 2 Thine is the juice effused, thine are the juices yet to be pressed: our resonant songs invite thee. O Indra, pleased to-day with this libation, come, thou who knowest all and drink the Soma.

3 Whoso, devoted to the God, effuses Soma for him with yearning heart and spirit,- Never doth Indra give away his cattle: for him he makes the lovely Soma famous. 4 He looks with loving favour on the mortal who, like a rich man, pours for him the Soma. Maghavan in his bended arm supports him: he slays, unasked, the men who hate devotion. 5 We call on thee to come to us, desirous of goods and spoil, of cattle, and of horses. For thy new love and favour are we present: let us invoke thee, Indra, as our welfare.

HYMN CLXI. Indra.
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.

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.

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 they 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.

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. Ill thoughts, that visit us awake or sleeping, seize the man we hate, yea, seize the man who hateth us.

HYMN CLXV. Visvedevas.
1. GODS, whatso'er the Dove came hither seeking, sent to us as the envoy of Destruction, For that let us sing hymns and make atonement. Well be it with our quadrupeds and bipeds.
2 Auspicious be the Dove that hath been sent us, a harmless bird, ye Gods, within our dwelling. May Agni, Sage, be pleased with our oblation, and may the Missile borne on wings avoid us.
3 Let not the Arrow that hath wings distract us: beside the fireplace, on the hearth it settles. May, it bring welfare to our men and cattle: here let the Dove, ye Gods, within our dwelling.
4 The screeching of the owl is ineffective and when beside the fire the Dove hath settled, To him who sent it hither as an envoy, to him be reverence paid, to Death, to Yama.
5 Drive forth the Dove, chase it with holy verses: rejoicing, bring ye hither food and cattle, Barrning the way against all grief and trouble. Let the swift bird fly forth and leave us vigour.

HYMN CLXVI. Sapatnasanam.
1. MAKE me a bull among my peers, make me my rivals, conqueror: Make me the slayer of my foes, a sovran ruler, lord of kine. I am my rivals' slayer, like Indra unwounded and unhurt, And all these enemies of mine are vanquished and beneath my feet.
2 Here, verily, I bind you fast, as the two bow-ends with the string. Press down these men, O Lord of Speech, that they may humbly speak to me.
3 Hither I came as conqueror with mighty all-effecting power, And I have mastered all your thought, your synod, and your holy work.
4 May I be highest, having gained your strength in war, your skill in peace my feet have trodden on your heads. Speak to me from beneath my feet, as frogs from out the water croak, as frogs from out the water croak.

HYMN CLXVII. Indra.
1. THIS pleasant meath, O Indra, is effused for thee: thou art the ruling Lord of beaker and of juice.
Bestow upon us wealth with many hero sons: thou, having glowed with Fervour, wortnest heavenly light.
2 Let us call Sakra to libations here effused, winner of light who joyeth in the potent juice. Mark well this sacrifice of ours and come to us: we pray to Maghavan the Vanquisher of hosts.
3 By royal Soma's and by Varuna's decree, under Brhaspati's and Anumati's guard, This day by thine authority, O Maghavan, Maker, Disposer thou! have I enjoyed the jars.
4 I, too, urged on, have had my portion, in the bowl, and as first Prince I drew forth this my hymn of praise, When with the prize I came unto the flowing juice, O Visvamitra, Jamadagni, to your home.

HYMN CLXVIII. Vayu.
1. O THE Wind's chariot, O its power and glory! Crashing it goes and hath a voice of thunder, It makes the regions red and touches heaven, and as it moves the dust of earth is scattered.
2 Along the traces of the Wind they hurry, they come to him as dames to an assembly. Borne on his car with these for his attendants, the God speeds forth, the universe's Monarch.
3 Travelling on the paths of air's midregion, no single day doth he take rest or slumber.
4 Holy and earliest-born, Friend of the waters, where did he spring and from what region came he? Germ of the world, the Deities' vital spirit, this God moves ever as his will inclines him. His voice is heard, his shape is ever viewless. Let us adore this Wind with our oblation.

HYMN CLXIX. COWS.
1. MAY the wind blow upon our Cows with healing: may they eat herbage full of vigorous juices. May they drink waters rich in life and fatness: to food that moves on feet be gracious, Rudra.
2 Radiant, as high Truth, cherished, best at winning strength, nourished them with food and shines o'er many a land. He who, wind-urged, in person guards our offspring well, hath nourished them with food and shines o'er many a land.
3 Travelling on the paths of air's midregion, no single day doth he take rest or slumber. Holy and earliest-born, Friend of the waters, where did he spring and from what region came he? Germ of the world, the Deities' vital spirit, this God moves ever as his will inclines him. His voice is heard, his shape is ever viewless. Let us adore this Wind with our oblation.

HYMN CLXX. Surya.
1. MAY the Bright God drink glorious Soma-mingled meath, giving the sacrifice's lord uninjured life; May they drink waters rich in life and fatness: to food that moves on feet be gracious, Rudra.
2 Radiant, as high Truth, cherished, best at winning strength, nourished them with food and shines o'er many a land. He who, wind-urged, in person guards our offspring well, hath nourished them with food and shines o'er many a land.
3 By royal Soma's and by Varuna's decree, under Brhaspati's and Anumati's guard, This day by thine authority, O Maghavan, Maker, Disposer thou! have I enjoyed the jars.
4 I, too, urged on, have had my portion, in the bowl, and as first Prince I drew forth this my hymn of praise, When with the prize I came unto the flowing juice, O Visvamitra, Jamadagni, to your home.

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Truth based upon the statute that supports the heavens,
He rose, a light, that kills Vrtras and enemies, best slayer of the
Dasyus, Asuras, and foes.
3 This light, the best of lights, supreme, all-conquering, winner
of riches, is exalted with high laud.
All-lighting, radiant, mighty as the Sun to see, he spreadeth
wide unfailing victory and strength.
4 Beaming forth splendour with thy light, thou hast attained
heaven's lustrous realm.
By thee were brought together all existing things, possessor of
all Godhead, All-effecting God.

HYMN CLXXI. Indra.
1. FOR Ita's sake who pressed the juice, thou, Indra, didst
protect his car,
And hear the Soma-giver's call.
2 Thou from his skin hast borne the head of the swift-moving
combatant,
And sought the Soma-pourer's home.
3 Venya, that mortal man, hast thou, for Astrabudhna the
devout,
O Indra, many a time set free.
4 Bring, Indra, to the east again that Sun who now is in the
west,
Even against the will of Gods.

HYMN CLXXII. Dawn.
1. WITH all thy beauty come: the kine approaching with full
udders follow on thy path.
2 Come with kind thoughts, most liberal, rousing the warrior's
hymn of praise, with bounteous ones,
3 As nourishers we tie the thread, and, liberal with our bounty,
offer sacrifice.
4 Dawn drives away her Sister's gloom, and, through her
excellence, makes her retrace her path.

HYMN CLXXIII. The King.
1. BE with us; I have chosen thee: stand stedfast and
immovable.
Let all the people wish for thee let not thy kingship fall away.
2 Be even here; fall not away be like a mountain unremoved.
Stand stedfast here like Indra's self, and hold the kingship in
the grasp.
3 This man hath Indra stablished, made secure by strong
oblation's power.
May Soma speak a benison, and Brahmanaspati, on him.
4 Firm is the sky and firm the earth, and stedfast also are these
hills.
Stedfast is all this living world, and stedfast is this King of
men.
5 Stedfast, may Varuna the King, stedfast, the God Brhaspati,
Stedfast, may Indra, stedfast too, may Agni keep thy stedfast
reign.
6 On constant Soma let us think with constant sacrificial gift
And then may Indra make the clans bring tribute unto thee
alone.

HYMN CLXXIV. The King.
1. WITH offering for success in fight whence Indra was
victorious.
With this, O Brahmanaspati, let us attain to royal sway.
2 Subduing those who rival us, subduing all malignities,
Witstand the man who menaces, withstand the man who
angers us.
3 Soma and Savitar the God have made thee a victorious King
All elements have aided thee, to make thee general conqueror.
4 Oblation, that which Indra. gave and thus grew glorious and
most high,-
This have I offered, Gods! and hence now, verily, am rivalless.
5 Slayer of rivals, rivalless, victorious, with royal sway,
Over these beings may I rule, may I be Sovran of the folk.

HYMN CLXXV. Press-stones.
I. MAY Savitar the God, O Stones, stir you according to the
Law:
Be harnessed to the shafts, and press.
2 Stones, drive calamity away, drive ye away malevolence:
Make ye the Cows our medicine.
3 Of one accord the upper Stones, giving the Bull his bull-like
strength,
Look down with pride on those below.
4 May Savitar the God, O Stones, stir you as Law commands
for him
Who sacrifices, pouring juice.

HYMN CLXXVI. Agni.
1. WITH hymns of praise their sons have told aloud the Rbhus'
mighty deeds.
Who, all-supporting, have enjoyed the earth as, twere a mother
cow.
2 Bring forth the God with song divine, being Jatavedas
hitherward,
To bear our gifts at once to heaven.
3 He here, a God-devoted Priest, led forward comes to
sacrifice.
Like a car covered for the road, he, glowing, knows, himself,
the way.
4 This Agni rescues from distress, as 'twere from the Immortal
Race,
A God yet mightier than strength, a God who hath been made
for life.

HYMN CLXXVII. Mayabheda.
1. THE sapient with their spirit and their mind behold the Bird
adorned with all an Asura's magic might.
Sages observe him in the ocean's inmost depth: the wise
disposers seek the station of his rays.
2 The flying Bird bears Speech within his spirit: erst the
Gandharva in the womb pronounced it:
And at the seat of sacrifice the sages cherish this radiant,
heavenly-bright invention.
3 I saw the Herdsman, him who never resteth, approaching and
departing on his pathways.
He, clothed in gathered and diffusive splendour, within the
worlds continually travels.

HYMN CLXXXVIII. Tarksya.
1. THIS very mighty one whom Gods commission, the
Conqueror of cars, ever triumphant,
Swift, fleet to battle, with uninjured fellies, even Tarksya for
our weal will we call hither.
2 As though we offered up our gifts to Indra, may we ascend.
him as a ship. for safety.
Like the two wide worlds, broad, deep far-extended, may we
be safe both when he comes and leaves you.
3 He who with might the Five Lands hath pervaded, like Surya
with his lustre, and the waters-
His strength wins hundreds, thousands none avert it, as- the
young maid repelleth not her lover.

HYMN CLXXIX. Indra.
1. Now lift ye up yourselves and look on Indra's seasonable
share.
If it be ready, offer it; unready, ye have been remise.
2 Obitation is prepared: come to us, Indra; the Sun hath
travelled over half his journey.
Friends with their stores are sitting round thee waiting like
lords of clans for the tribe's wandering chieftain.
3 Dressed in the udder and on fire, I fancy; well-dressed, I
fancy, is this recent present.
Drink, Indra, of the curd of noon's libation with favour,
Thunderer, thou whose deeds are mighty.

HYMN CLXXX. Visvedevas.
1. VASISTHA mastered the Rathantara, took it from radiant
Dhatar, Savitar, and Visnu,
Oblation, portion of fourfold oblation, known by the names of
Saprathas and Prathas.
2. These sages found what lay remote and hidden, the sacrifice's loftiest secret essence.
From radiant Dhatar, Savitar, and Visnu, from Agni,
Bharadvaja brought the Brhat.
3 They found with mental eyes the earliest Yajus, a pathway to
the Gods, that had descended.
From radiant Dhatar, Savitar, and Visnu, from Surya did these
sages bring the Gharma.

HYMN CLXXXII. Brhaspati.
1. BRHASPATI lead us safely over troubling and turn his evil
thought against the sinner;
Repel the curse, and drive away ill-feeling, and give the
sacrificer peace and comfort!
2 May Naratarhsa aid us at Prayaja: blest be our Anuyaja at
invoking.
May he repel the curse, and chase ill-feeling, and give the
sacrificer peace and comfort.
3 May he whose head is flaming burn the demons, haters of
prayer, so that the arrow slay them.
May he repel the curse and chase ill-feeling, and give the
sacrificer peace and comfort.

HYMN CLXXXIII. The Sacrificer, Etc.
1. I SAW thee meditating in thy spirit what sprang from
Fervour and hath thence developed.
Bestowing offspring here, bestowing riches, spread in thine
offspring, thou who cravest children.
2 I saw thee pondering in thine heart, and praying that in due
time thy body might be fruitful.
Come as a youthful woman, rise to meet me: spread in thine
offspring, thou who cravest children.
3 In plants and herbs, in all existent beings I have deposited the
germ of increase.
All progeny on earth have I engendered, and sons in women
who will be hereafter.

HYMN CLXXXIV.
1. MAY Visnu form and mould the womb, may Tvastar duly
shape the forms,
Prajapati infuse the stream, and Dhatar lay the germ for thee.
2 O Sinivali, set the germ, set thou the germ, Sarasvati:
May the Twain Gods bestow the germ, the Asvins crowned
with lotuses.
3 That which the Asvins Twain rub forth with the attrition-
sticks of gold,-
That germ of thine we invocate, that in the tenth month thou
mayst bear.

HYMN CLXXXV. Aditi.
1. GREAT, unassailable must he the heavenly favour of' Three
Gods,
Varuna, Mitra, Aryaman.
2 Nor over him,. the man on whom the Sons of Aditi bestow
Eternal light that he may live.

HYMN CLXXXVI. Vayu.
1. FILLING our hearts with health and joy, may Vata breathe
his balm on us
May he prolong our days of life.
2 Thou art our Father, Vata, yea, thou art a Brother and a
friend,
So give us strength that we may live.
3 The store of Amrta laid away yonder, O Vata, in thine home,-
Give us thereof that we may live.

HYMN CLXXXVII. Agni.
1. To Agni send I forth my song, to him the Bull of all the folk:
So may he bear us past our foes.
2. Who from the distance far away shines brilliantly across the wastes:
So may he bear us past our foes.
3. The Bull with brightly-gleaming flame who utterly consumes the fiends
So may he bear us past our foes.
4. Who looks on all existing things and comprehends them with his view:
So may he bear us past our foes.
5. Resplendent Agni, who was born in farthest region of the air:
So may he bear us past our foes.

HYMN CLXXXVIII. Agni.
1. Now send ye Jatavedas forth, send hitherward the vigorous Steed
To seat him on our sacred grass.
2. I raise the lofty eulogy of Jatavedas, raining boons,
With sages for his hero band.
3. With flames of Jatavedas which carry oblation to the Gods,
May he promote our sacrifice.

HYMN CLXXXIX. Surya.
1. THIS spotted Bull hath come, and sat before the Mother in the east,
Advancing to his Father heaven.
2. Expiring when he draws his breath, she moves along the lucid spheres:
The Bull shines out through all the sky.
3. Song is bestowed upon the Bird: it rules supreme through thirty realms
Throughout the days at break of morn.

HYMN CX. Creation.
1. FROM Fervour kindled to its height Eternal Law and Truth were born:
Thence was the Night produced, and thence the billowy flood of sea arose.
2. From that same billowy flood of sea the Year was afterwards produced,
Ordainer of the days nights, Lord over all who close the eye.
3. Dhatar, the great Creator, then formed in due order Sun and Moon.
He formed in order Heaven and Earth, the regions of the air, and light.

HYMN CXI. 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 by your resolve, and be your minds of one accord.
United be the thoughts of all that all may happily agree.
APPENDIX I.

PAGE 87, HYMN CXXVI.
I subjoin a Latin version of the two stanzas omitted in my translation. They are in a different metre from the rest of the hymn, have no apparent connexion with what precedes, and look like a fragment of a liberal shepherd's love-song. The seventh stanza should, it seems, precede the sixth:

6 [Ille loquitur]. Adhaerens, arcte adhaerens, illa quac mustelae similis se abdidit, multum humorem effundens, dat mihi complexuum centum gaudia.
7 [Illa loquitur]. Prope, prope accede; molliter me tange. Ne putes pilos corporis mei-paucos esse: tota sum villosa sicut Gandharidum ovis.
Professor Ludwig thinks that (multum humorem, i.e., semen genitale, effundens) may be the name of a slave-girl.
Gandharidum ovis: a ewe of the Gandharis. The country of Gandhara is placed by Lassen to the west of the Indus and to the south of the Kopfen or Kabul river. King Darius in a rock-inscription mentions the Ga(n)dara together with the Hi(n)du as people subject to him, and the Gandarii, together with the Parthians, Khorasmians, Sogdians, and Dadjake, are said by Herodotus to have formed part of the army of Xerxes. The name of the country is preserved in the modern Kandahar. See Muir, O.S. Texts, ii. 342, and Zimmer, Altindisches Leben, p. 30.

PAGE 221, HYMN CLXXIX.
The deified object of this omitted hymn is said to be Rati or Love, and its Rsis or authors are Lopamudra, Agastya, and a disciple. Lopamudra is represented as inviting the caresses of her aged husband Agastya, and complaining of his coldness and neglect. Agastya responds in stanza 3, and in the second half of stanza 4 the disciple or the poet briefly tells the result of the dialogue. Stanza 5 is supposed to be spoken by the disciple who has overheard the conversation, but its connexion with the rest of the hymn is not very apparent. In stanza 6 'toiling with strong endeavour' is a paraphrase and not a translation of the original khanamanah khanitraib (ligonibus fodiens) which Sayana explains by 'obtaining the desired result by means of lauds and sacrifices.'
M. Bergaigne is of opinion that the hymn has a mystical meaning, Agastya being identifiable with the celestial Soma whom Lopamudra, representing fervent Prayer, succeeds after long labour in drawing down from his secret dwelling place. See La Religion Vedique, ii. 394 f.
1 Through many autumns have I laboured, at night and morn, through age-inducing dawning.
Old age impairs the beauty of our bodies. Let husbands still and morn, through age-inducing dawnings.
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 utrique commovemus.
4 Cupido me cepit illius taauri [viri] qui me despicit, utrum hinc utrum ilinc ab aliqua parte nata sit.
Lopamudra taururn [maritarum 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.
6 Agastya thus, toiling with strong endeavour, wishing for children, progeny and, power, Cherished - a sage of mighty strength - both classes, and with the Gods obtained his prayer's fulfilment. By 'both classes' probably priests and princes, or institutors of sacrifices, are meant. M. Bergaigne understands the expression to mean the two forms or essences of Soma, the celestial and the terrestrial.
5 Membrum suum virile, quod vrotenum fuerat, mas ille retractat. Rursus illud quod in juvenem filiam sublatum fuerat, non aggressurus, ad se reahit.
6 Qum jam in medio connessu, semiperfecto opere, amorem in puellam pater impleverat, ambo discedentes seminis paulum in terrae superficiem sacrorum sede effusum emiserunt.
7 Qum pater suam nilam adiverat, cum ed congressus suum in juvenem filiam sublatum fuerat, non aggressurus, ad se reahit.
8 Ille tauro similis spumam in certamine jactavit, tunc discedentes pusillaximis huc profectus est. Quasi dextro pede processit, "multum humorem effundens, dat mihi complexuum centum gaudia.
9 'The fire, burning the people, does not approach quickly (by day): the naked (Rakasas approach) not Agni by night; the giver of fuel, and the giver of food, he, the Upholder (of the rite), is born, overcoming enemies by his might.'

PAGE 619, HYMN CVI
I borrow Wilson's translation of the omitted stanzas.
5 'You are like two pleasingly moving well-fed (hills) like Mitra and Varuna, the two bestowers of felicity, veracious, possessors of infinite wealth, happy, like two horses plump with fodder, abiding in the firmament, like two rams (are you) to be nourished with sacrificial food, to be cherished (with obligations).
6 'You are like two mad elephants bending their forequarters and smiting the foe, like the two sons of Nitosa destroying foes, and cherishing friends; you are bright as two water-born (jewels), do you, who are victorious, (render) my decaying mortal body free from decay.
7 'Fierce (Asvins), like two powerful (heroes), you enable this
moving, perishable mortal (frame) to cross over to the objects (of its destination) as over water; extremely strong, like the Rbhus, your chariot, attained its destination swift as the wind, it pervaded (everywhere), it dispensed riches.

PAGE 645, HYMN CLXII.

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.

PAGE 645, 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.

PAGE 650, HYMN CLXXXIV.

1. MAY Visnu form and mould the womb, may Tvastar duly shape the forms, Prajapati infuse the stream, and Dhatar lay the germ for thee. 2 O Sinivali, set the germ, set thou the germ, Sarasvati: May the Twain Gods bestow the germ, the Asvins crowned with lotuses. 3 That which the Asvins Twain rub forth with the attrition-sticks of gold,- That germ of thine we invocate, that in the tenth month thou mayst bear.
APPENDIX II.
METRE.

Rhyme is not used in the Rgveda. The metres are regulated by the number of syllables in the stanza, which consists generally of three or four Padas, measures, divisions, or quarter verses, with a distinctly marked interval at the end of the second Pada, and so forming two hemistichs or semi-stanzas of equal or unequal length. These Padas most usually contain eight or eleven or twelve syllables each; but occasionally they consist of fewer and sometimes of more than these numbers. The Padas of a stanza are generally of equal length and of more or less corresponding prosodical quantities: but sometimes two or more kinds of metre are employed in one stanza, and then the Padas vary in quantity and length. As regards quantity, the first Padas of the Pada are not subject to very strict laws, but the last four are more regular, their measure being generally iambic in Padas of eight and of twelve syllables and trochaic in those of eleven. In the printed text the first and second Padas form one line, and the third, or third and fourth, or third, fourth, and fifth, complete the distich or stanza. This arrangement I have followed in my translation.

Subjoined, in alphabetical arrangement, are the names, with brief descriptions, of the metres used in the Hymns of the Rgveda. The Index of Hymns will show the metre or metres employed in each Hymn.

Abhtisarini: a species of Trstup, in which two Padas contain twelve instead of eleven syllables.

Amstup or Anustubh: consisting of four Padas of eight syllables each, two Padas forming a line. This is the prevailing form of metre in the Manava-dharma-sastra, the Mahabharata, the Ramayana, and the Puranas.

Anustubgarbha: a metre of the Usnih class: the first Pada containing five syllables, and the three following Padas of eight syllables each.

Anustup Pipilikamadhya: a species of Anustup, having the second Pada shorter than the first and third (8+4+8+8).

Asti: consisting of four Padas of Sixteen syllables each, or sixty-four syllables in the stanza.

Astrapaikti: consisting of two Padas of eight syllables each, followed by two Padas of twelve syllables each.

Atidhrti: four Padas of nineteen syllables each, = 76 syllables.

Atijagati: four Padas of thirteen syllables each.

Atinrti: consisting of three Padas containing respectively seven, six, and seven syllables.

Atisakvari: four Padas of fifteen syllables each.

Atyasti: four Padas of seventeen syllables each.

Brhati: four Padas (8+8+12+8) containing 36 syllables in the stanza.

Caturvimsatika Dvipada: a Dvipada containing 24 syllables instead of 20.

Dhrti: consisting of seventy-two syllables in a stanza.

Dvipada Viraj: a species of Gayatri consisting of two Padas only (12+8 or 10+10 syllables); inadequately represented in the translation by two decasyllabic iambic lines.

Ekapada Trstup: a Trstup consisting of a single Pada or quarter stanza.

Ekapada Viraj: a Viraj consisting of a single Pada.

Gayatri: the stanza usually consists of twenty-four syllables, variously arranged, but generally as a triplet of three Padas of eight syllables each, or in one line of sixteen syllables and a second line of eight. There are eleven varieties of this metre, and the number of syllables in the stanza varies accordingly from nineteen to thirty-three.

Jagati: a metre consisting of forty-eight syllables arranged in four Padas of twelve syllables each, two Padas forming a line or hemistich which in the translation is represented by a double Alexandrine.

Kakup or Kakubh: a metre of three Padas consisting of eight, twelve, and eight syllables respectively.

Kakubh Nyakusira: consisting of three Padas of 9+12+4 syllables.

Krti: a metre of four Padas. of twenty syllables each.

Madhyejetotsi: a metre in which a Pada of eight syllables stands between two Padas of twelve.

Mahibrhati: four Padas of eight syllables each, followed by one of twelve.
Mahapadapankti: a two-lined metre of thirtyone syllables, the first line consisting of four Padas of five syllables each, and the second being a Tristup of the usual eleven syllables. See Vedic Hymns, part 1. (S. Books of the East, XXXII), p. xcviii.

Mahapankti: a metre of forty-eight syllables 8 x 6 or 12 x 4.

Mahasatoobrhati: a lengthened form of Satobrhati.

Nastarupi: a variety of Anustup.

Nyankusarini: a metre of four Padas of 8 + 12 + 8 + 8 syllables.

Padanict: a variety of Gayatri in which one syllable is wanting in each Pada: 7+3=21 syllables.

Padapankti: a metre consisting of five Padas of five syllables each.

Pankti: a metre of five octosyllabic Padas, like Anustup with an additional Pada.

Panktyuttara: a metre which ends with a Pankti of 5 + 5 syllables.

Pipilikamadhya: any metre the middle Pada of which is shorter than the preceding and the following.

Pragatha: a metre in Book VIII, consisting of strophes combining two verses, viz. a Brhati or Kakup followed by a Satobrhati.

Prastarapankti: a metre of forty syllables: 12+12+8+8

Pratistha: a metre of four Padas of four syllables each; also a variety of the Gayatri consisting of three Padas of eight, seven, and six syllables respectively.

Prarastadbrhati: a variety of Brhati with twelve syllables in the first Pada.

Pura-usnih: a metre of three Padas, containing 12+8+8 syllables.

Sakvari: a metre of four Padas of fourteen syllables each.

Satobrhati: a metre whose even Padas contain eight syllables each, and the uneven twelve: 12+8+12+8=40.

Skandhogriva: consisting of Padas of 8 + 12 + 8 + 8 syllables.

Tanusira: consisting of three Padas of 11 + 11 + 6 syllables.

Tristup or Tristubh: a metre of four Padas of eleven syllables each.

Upairastadbrhati: consisting of four Padas of 12 + 8 + 8 + 8 syllables.

Upairistajjyotis: a Tristup stanza the last Pada of which contains only eight syllables.

Urdhvarbrhati: a variety of Brhati.

Urobrhati: a variety of Brhati: 8+12 8 + 8 syllables.

Usniggarbha: Gayatri of three Padas of six, seven, and eleven syllables respectively.

Usnith: consisting of three Padas of 8 + 8 + 12 syllables.

Vardhamana: a species of Gayatri; 6 + 7 + 8 21 syllables.

Viradrupa: a Tristup metre of four Padas, 11 + 11 + 11 + 7 or 8 syllables.

Viraj: a metre of four Padas of ten syllables each.

Viratpurva: a variety of Tristup.

Viratsthana: a variety of Tristup.

Visamapada: metre of uneven stanzas.

Vistarabrhati: a form of Brhati of four Padas containing 8 + 10 + 10 + 8= 36 syllables.

Vistarapankti: a form of Pankti consisting of four padas of 8+12+12+8-40 syllables.

Yavamadhyas: a metre having a longer Pada between two shorter ones.

End of Rig Veda
GENERAL COMMENTARIES AND INTERPRETATIONS

Excerpts from
A VEDIC READER
For Students
By Arthur Anthony Macdonell (1854-1930)
[1917]

INTRODUCTION
1. AGE OF THE RIGVEDA.

THE Rigveda is undoubtedly the oldest literary monument of the Indo-European languages. But the exact period when the hymns were composed is a matter of conjecture. All that we can say with any approach to certainty is that the oldest of them cannot date from later than the thirteenth century B.C. This assertion is based on the following grounds. Buddhism, which began to spread in India about 500 B.C., presupposes the existence not only of the Vedas, but also of the intervening literature of the Brahmanas and Upanishads. The development of language and religious thought apparent in the extensive literature of the successive phases of these two Vedic periods renders it necessary to postulate the lapse of seven or eight centuries to account for the gradual changes, linguistic, religious, social, and political, that this literature displays. On astronomical grounds, one Sanskrit scholar has (cf. p. 146) concluded that the oldest Vedic hymns date from 3000 B.C. While another puts them as far back as 6000 B.C. These calculations are based on the assumption that the early Indians possessed an exact astronomical knowledge of the sun's course such as there is no evidence, or even probability, that they actually possessed. On the other hand, the possibility of such extreme antiquity seems to be disproved by the relationship of the hymns of the Rigveda to the oldest part of the Avesta, which can hardly date earlier than from about 800 B.C. That relationship is so close that the language of the Avesta, if it were known at a stage some five centuries earlier, could scarcely have differed at all from that of the Rigveda. Hence the Indians could not have separated from the Iranians much sooner than 1300 B.C. But, according to Prof. Jacobi, the separation took place before 1500 B.C. In that case we must assume that the Iranian and the Indian languages remained practically unchanged for the truly immense period of over 3000 years. We must thus rest content with the moderate estimate of the thirteenth century B.C. as the approximate date for the beginning of the Rigvedic period. This estimate has not been invalidated by the discovery in 1907 of the names of the Indian deities Mitra, Varuna, Indra, Nasatya, in an inscription of about 1400 B.C. found in Asia Minor. For the phonetic form in which these names there appear may quite well belong to the Indo-Iranian period when the Indians and the Persians were still one people. The date of the inscription leaves two centuries for the separation of the Indians, their migration to India, and the commencement of the Vedic hymn literature in the north-west of Hindustan.

2. ORIGIN AND GROWTH OF THE COLLECTION.

When the Indo-Aryans entered India, they brought with them a religion in which the gods were chiefly personified powers of Nature, a few of them, such as Dyaus, going back to the Indo-European, others, such as Mitra, Varuna, Indra, to the Indo-Iranian period. They also brought with them the cult of fire and of Soma, besides a knowledge of the art of composing religious poems in several metres, as a comparison of the Rigveda and the Avesta shows. The purpose of these ancient hymns was to propitiate the gods by praises accompanying the offering of malted butter poured on the fire and of the juice of the Soma plant placed on the sacrificial grass. The hymns which have survived in the Rigveda from the early period of the Indo-Aryan invasion were almost exclusively composed by a hereditary priesthood. They were handed down in different families by memory, not by writing, which could hardly have been introduced into India before about 700 B.C. These family groups of hymns were gradually brought together till, with successive additions, they assumed the earliest collected form of the Rigveda. Then followed the constitution of the Samhita text, which appears to have taken place about 600 B.C., at the end of the period of the Brahmanas, but before the Upanishads, which form appendages to those works, came into existence. The creators of the Samhita did not in any way alter the diction of the hymns here collected together, but only applied to the text certain rules of Sandhi which prevailed in their time, and by which, in particular, vowels are either contracted or changed into...
semi-vowels, and a is often dropped after e and o, in such a way as constantly to obscure the metre. Soon after this work was concluded, extraordinary precautions were taken to preserve from loss or corruption the sacred text thus fixed. The earliest expedient of this kind was the formation of the Pada or 'word' text, in which all the words of the Samhita text are separated and given in their original form as unaffected by the rules of Sandhi, and in which most compounds and some derivatives and inflected forms are analysed. This text, which is virtually the earliest commentary on the Rigveda, was followed by other and more complicated methods of reciting the text, and by various works called Anukramanis or 'Indexes', which enumerate from the beginning to the end of the Rigveda the number of stanzas contained in each hymn, the deities, and the metres of all the stanzas of the Rigveda. Thanks to these various precautions the text of the Rigveda has been handed down for 2,500 years with a fidelity that finds no parallel in any other literature.

3. EXTENT AND DIVISIONS OF THE RIGVEDA.

The Rigveda consists of 1,017 or, counting eleven others of the eighth Book which are recognized as later additions, 1,028 hymns. These contain a total of about 10,600 stanzas, which give an average of ten stanzas to each hymn. The shortest hymn has only one stanza, while the longest has fifty-eight. If printed continuously like prose in Roman characters, the Samhita text would fill an octavo volume of about 600 pages of thirty-three lines each. It has been calculated that in bulk the RV. is equivalent to the extant poems of Homer.

There is a twofold division of the RV. into parts. One, which is purely mechanical, is into Astakas or 'eighths' of about equal length, each of which is subdivided into eight Adhyayas or 'lessons', while each of the latter consists of Vargas or 'groups' of five or six stanzas. The other division is into ten Mandalas or 'books' (lit. 'cycles') and Suktas or 'hymns'. The latter method is an historical one, indicating the manner in which the collection came into being. This system is now invariably followed by Western Scholars in referring to or quoting from the Rigveda.

4. ARRANGEMENT OF THE RIGVEDA.

Six of the ten books, ii to vii, are homogeneous in character. The hymns contained in each of them were, according to native Indian tradition, composed or 'seen' by poets of the same family, which handed them down as its own collection. The tradition is borne out by the internal evidence of the seers' names mentioned in the hymns, and by that of the refrains occurring in each of these books. The method of arrangement followed in the 'family books' is uniform, for each of them is similarly divided into groups addressed to different gods. On the other hand, Books i, viii, and x were not composed each by a distinct family of seers, while the groups of which they consist are constituted by being the hymns composed by different individual seers. Book ix is distinguished from the rest by all its hymns being addressed to one and the same deity, Soma, and by its groups being based not on identity of authorship, but of metre.

Family books.--In these the first group of hymns is invariably addressed to Agni, the second to Indra, and those that follow to gods of less importance. The hymns within these deity groups are arranged according to diminishing number of stanzas contained in them. Thus in the second Book the Agni group of ten hymns begins with one of sixteen stanzas and ends with one of only six. The first hymn of the next group in the same book has twenty-one, the last only four stanzas. The entire group of the family books is, moreover, arranged according to the increasing number of the hymns in each of those books, if allowance is made for later additions. Thus the second Book has forty-three, the third sixty-two, the sixth seventy-five, and the seventh one hundred and four hymns. The homogeneity of the family books renders it highly probable that they formed the nucleus of the RV., which gradually assumed its final shape by successive additions to these books.

The earliest of these additions appears to be the second half of Book i, which, consisting of nine groups, each by a different author, was prefixed to the family books, the internal arrangement of which it follows. The eighth is like the family books as being in the main composed by members of one family, the Kanvas; but it differs from them in not beginning with hymns to Agni and in the prevalence of the strophic metre called Pragatha. The fact of its containing fewer hymns than the seventh book shows that it did not form a unit of the family books; but its partial resemblance to them caused it to be the first addition at the end of that collection. The first part of Book i (1-50) is in several respects like Book vii: Kanvas seem to have been the authors of the majority of these hymns; their favourite strophic metre is again found here; and both collections contain many
similar or identical passages. There must have been some difference between the two groups, but the reason why they should have been separated by being added at the beginning and the end of an older collection has not yet been shown.

The ninth book was added as a consequence of the first eight being formed into a unit. It consists entirely of hymns addressed to Soma while the juice was 'clarifying' (pavamana); on the other hand, the family books contain not a single Soma hymn, and Books i and viii together only three hymns invoking Soma in his general character. Now the hymns of Book ix were composed by authors of the same families as those of Books ii to vii, as is shown, for instance, by the appearance here of refrains peculiar to those families. Hence it is to be assumed that all the hymns to Soma Pavamana were removed from Books i to viii, in order to form a single collection belonging to the sphere of the Udgatr or chanting priest, and added after Books i-viii, which were the sphere of the Hotr or reciting priest. The diction and recondite allusions in the hymns of this book suggest that they are later than those of the preceding books; but some of them may be early, as accompanying the Soma ritual which goes back to the Indo-Iranian period. The hymns of the first part of this book (1-60) are arranged according to the decreasing number of their stanzas, beginning with ten and ending with four. In the second part (61-114), which contains some very long hymns (one of forty-eight and another of fifty-eight stanzas), this arrangement is not followed. The two parts also differ in metre: the hymns of the first are, excepting four stanzas, composed in Gayatri, while the second consists mainly of groups in other metres; thus 68-84 form a Jagati and 87-97 a Tristubh group.

The tenth book was the final addition. Its language and subject matter show that it is later in origin than the other books; its authors were, moreover, clearly familiar with them. Both its position at the end of the RV. and the fact that the number of its hymns (191) is made up to that of the first book indicate its supplementary character. Its hymns were composed by a large number of seers of different families, some of which appear in other books; but the traditional attribution of authorship is of little or no value in the case of a great many hymns. In spite of its generally more modern character, it contains some hymns quite as old and poetic as the average of those in other books. These perhaps found a place here because for some reason they had been overlooked while, the other collections were being formed. As regards language, we find in the tenth book earlier grammatical forms and words growing obsolete, while new words and meanings begin to emerge. As to matter, a tendency to abstract ideas and philosophical speculation, as well as the introduction of magical conceptions, such as belong to the sphere of the Atharvaveda, is here found to prevail.

5. LANGUAGE.

The hymns of the RV. are composed in the earliest stage of that literary language of which the latest, or Classical Sanskrit, was stereotyped by the grammar of Panini at the end of the fourth century B.C. It differs from the latter about as much as Homeric from Attic Greek. It exhibits a much greater variety of forms than Sanskrit does. Its case-forms both in nominal and pronominal inflexion are more numerous. It has more participles and gerunds. It is, however, in verbal forms that its comparative richness is most apparent. Thus the RV. very frequently uses the subjunctive, which as such has entirely died out in Sanskrit; it has twelve forms of the infinitive, while only a single one of these has survived in Sanskrit. The language of the RV. also differs from Sanskrit in its accent, which, like that of ancient Greek, is of a musical nature, depending on the pitch of the voice, and is marked throughout the hymns. This accent has in Sanskrit been changed not only to a stress accent, but has shifted its position as depending on quantity, and is no longer marked. The Vedic accent occupies a very important position in Comparative Philology, while the Sanskrit accent, being secondary, has no value of this kind.

The Sandhi of the RV. represents an earlier and a less conventional stage than that of Sanskrit. Thus the insertion of a sibilant between final n and a hard palatal or dental is in the RV. restricted to cases where it is historically justified; in Sanskrit it has become universal, being extended to cases where it has no justification. After e and o in the RV. a is nearly always pronounced, while in Sanskrit it is invariably dropped. It may thus be affirmed with certainty that no student can understand Sanskrit historically without knowing the language of the RV.

6. METRE.

The hymns of the RV. are without exception metrical. They contain on the average ten stanzas, generally of four verses or lines, but also of three and sometimes five. The line, which is called Pada, (quarter') and forms the metrical unit, usually
consists of eight, eleven, or twelve syllables. A stanza is, as a rule, made up of lines of the same type; but some of the rarer kinds of stanza are formed by combining lines of different length. There are about fifteen metres, but only about seven of these are at all common. By far the most common are the Tristubh (4 x 11 syllables), the Gayatri (3 x 8), and the Jagati (4 x 12), which together furnish two-thirds of the total number of stanzas in the RV. The Vedic metres, which are the foundation of the Classical Sanskrit metres except two, have a, quantitative rhythm in which short and long syllables alternate and, which is of a generally iambic type. It is only the rhythm of the last four or five syllables (called the cadence) of the line that is rigidly determined, and the lines of eleven and twelve syllables have a caesura as well. In their structure the Vedic metres thus come half way between the metres of the Indo-Iranian period, in which, as the Avesta shows, the principle is the number of syllables only, and) those of Classical Sanskrit, in which (except the sloka) the quantity of every single syllable in the line is fixed. Usually a hymn of the Rigveda consists of stanzas in the same metre throughout; a typical divergence from this rule is to mark the conclusion of a hymn with a stanza in a different metre. Some hymns are strophic in their construction. The strophes in them consist either of three stanzas (called trea) in the same simple metre, generally Gayatri, or of two stanzas in different mixed metres. The latter type of strophe is called Pragatha and is found chiefly in the eighth book.

7. RELIGION OF THE RIGVEDA.

This is concerned with the worship of gods that are largely personifications of the powers of nature. The hymns are mainly invocations of these gods, and are meant to accompany the oblation of Soma juice and the fire sacrifice of melted butter. It is thus essentially a polytheistic religion, which assumes a pantheistic colouring only in a few of its latest hymns. The gods are usually stated in the RV. to be thirty-three in number, being divided into three groups of eleven distributed in earth, air, and heaven, the three divisions of the Universe. Troops of deities, such as the Maruts, are of course not included in this number. The gods were believed to have had a beginning. But they were not thought to have all come into being at the same time; for the RV. occasionally refers to earlier gods, and certain deities are described as the offspring of others. That they were considered to have been originally mortal is implied in the statement that they acquired immortality by drinking Soma or by receiving it as a gift from Agni and Savitr.

The gods were conceived as human in appearance. Their bodily parts which are frequently mentioned, are in many instances simply figurative illustrations of the phenomena of nature represented by them. Thus the arms of the Sun are nothing more than his rays; and the tongue and limbs of Agni merely denote his flames. Some of the gods appear equipped as warriors, especially Indra, others are described as priests, especially Agni and Brhaspati. All of them drive through the air in cars, drawn chiefly by steeds, but sometimes by other animals. The favourite food of men is also that of the gods, consisting in milk, butter, grain, and the flesh of sheep, goats, and cattle. It is offered to them in the sacrifice, which is either conveyed to them in heaven by the god of fire, or which they come in their cars to partake of on the strew of grass prepared for their reception. Their favourite drink is the exhilarating juice of the Soma plant. The home of the gods is heaven, the third heaven, or the highest step of Visnu, where cheered by draughts of Soma they live a life of bliss.

Attributes of the gods.--Among these the most prominent is power, for they are constantly described as great and mighty. They regulate the order of nature and vanquish the potent powers of evil. They hold sway over all creatures; no one can thwart their ordinances or live beyond the time they appoint; and the fulfilment of desires is dependent on them. They are benevolent beings who bestow prosperity on mankind; the only one in whom injurious traits appear being Rudra. They are described as 'true' and 'not deceitful', being friends and protectors of the honest and righteous, but punishing sin and guilt. Since in most cases the gods of the RV. have not yet become dissociated from the physical phenomena which they represent, their figures are indefinite in outline and deficient in individuality. Having many features, such as power, brilliance, benevolence, and wisdom in common with others, each god exhibits but very few distinctive attributes. This vagueness is further increased by the practice of invoking deities in pairs—a practice making both gods share characteristics properly belonging to one along. When nearly every power can thus be ascribed to every god, the identification of one deity with another becomes easy. There are in fact several such identifications in the RV. The idea is even found in more than one late passage that various deities are but different forms of a single divine being. This idea, however, never developed into monothelism, for none of the regular sacrifices in the Vedic period were offered to a single god. Finally, in other late hymns of the RV. we find the deities Aditi and Prajapati identified not only with all the gods, but with nature as well. This brings us to that pantheism which became characteristic of later Indian thought in the form of the Vedanta philosophy.
The Vedic gods may most conveniently be classified as deities of heaven, air, and earth, according to the threefold division suggested by the RV. itself. The celestial gods are Dyaus, Varuna, Mitra, Surya, Savitr, Pusan, the Aswins, and the goddesses Usas, Dawn, and Ratri, Night. The atmospheric gods are Indra, Apam napat, Rudra, the Maruts, Vayu, Parjanya, and the Waters. The terrestrial deities are Prthivi, Agni, and Soma. This Reader contains hymns addressed to all these gods, with detailed introductions describing their characters in the words, as far as is possible, of the RV. itself. A few quite subordinate deities are not included, partly because no entire hymn is addressed to them. Two such belong to the celestial sphere. Trita, a somewhat obscure god, who is mentioned only in detached stanzas of the RV., comes down from the Indo-Iranian period. He seems to represent the 'third' or lightning form of fire. Similar in origin to Indra, he was ousted by the latter at an early period. Matarisvan is a divine being also referred to only in scattered stanzas of the RV. He is described as having brought down the hidden fire from heaven to men on earth, like the Prometheus of Greek mythology. Among the terrestrial deities are certain rivers that are personified and invoked in the RV. Thus the Sindhu (Indus) is celebrated as a goddess in one hymn (x. 75, 2. 4, 6), and the Vipas (Bïas) and the Sutudri (Sutlej), sister streams of the Panjab, in another (iii. 33). The most important and oftenest lauded is, however, the Sarasvati (vi. 61; vii. 95). Though the personification goes much further here than in the case of other streams, the connexion of the goddess with the river is never lost sight of in the RV.

Abstract deities.—One result of the advance of thought during the period of the RV. from the concrete towards the abstract was the rise of abstract deities. The earlier and more numerous class of these seems to have started from epithets which were applicable to one or more older deities, but which came to acquire an independent value as the want of a god exercising the particular activity in question began to be felt. We find here names denoting either an agent (formed with the suffix tr or tar), such as Dhatr 'Creator', or an attribute, such as Prajapati, 'Lord of Creatures'. Thus Dhatr, otherwise an epithet of Indra, appears also as an independent deity who creates heaven and earth, sun and moon. More rarely occur Vidhatri the 'Disposer', Dhartr, the 'Supporter', Tratr, the 'Protector', and Netr, the 'Leader'. The only agent god mentioned at all frequently in the RV. is Tvas'tr, the 'Artificer', though no entire hymn is addressed to him. He is the most skilful of workmen, having among other things fashioned the bolt of Indra and a new drinking-cup for the gods. He is a guardian of Soma, which is called the 'food of Tvas'tr', and which Indra drinks in Tvas'tr's house. He is the father of Saranyu, wife of Vivasvant and mother of the primæval twins Yama and Yami. The name of the solar deity Savitr the 'Stimulator', belongs to this class of agent gods (cf. p. 11).

There are a few other abstract deities whose names were originally epithets of older gods, but now become epithets of the supreme god who was being evolved at the end of the Rigvedic period. These appellations, compound in form, are of rare and late occurrence. The most important is Prajapati, 'Lord of Creatures' Originally an epithet of such gods as Savitr and Soma, this name is employed in a late verse of the tenth book to designate a distinct deity in the character of a Creator. Similarly, the epithet Visvakarman, 'all-creating', appears as the name of an independent deity to whom two hymns (x. 81, 82) are addressed. Hiranyagarbha, the 'Golden Germ', once occurs as the name of the supreme god described as the 'one lord of all that exists'. In one curious instance it is possible to watch the rise of an abstract deity of this type. The refrain of a late hymn of the RV. (x. 121) is kasmai devaya havisa vidhema? 'to what god should we pay worship with oblation?' This led to the word kà, 'who?' being used in the later Vedic literature as an independent name, Ka, of the supreme god. The only abstract deity of this type occurring in the oldest as well as the latest parts of the RV. is Brhaspati (p. 83).

The second and smaller class of abstract deities comprises personifications of abstract nouns. There are seven or eight of these occurring in the tenth book. Two hymns (83, 84) are addressed to Manyu, 'Wrath', and one (x. 161) to Sraddha, 'Faith'. Anumati, 'Favour (of the gods)', Aramati, 'Devotion', Sunrta, 'Bounty', Asuniti, 'Spirit-life', and Nirrti, 'Decease', occur only in a few isolated passages.

A purely abstract deity, often incidentally celebrated throughout the RV. is A-diti, 'Liberation', 'Freedom' (lit. 'un-binding'), whose main characteristic is the power of delivering from the bonds of physical suffering and moral guilt. She, however, occupies a unique position among the abstract deities, owing to the peculiar way in which the personification seems to have arisen. She is the mother of the small group of deities called Adityas, often styled 'sons of Aditi'. This expression at first most probably meant nothing more than 'sons of liberation', according to an idiom common in the RV. and elsewhere. The word was then personified, with the curious result that the mother is mythologically younger than some at least of her sons, who (for instance Mitra) date from the Indo-Iranian period. The goddess Diti, named only three times in the RV., probably came into being as an antithesis to Aditi, with whom she is, twice mentioned.
Godesses play an insignificant part in the RV. The only one of importance is Usas (p. 92). Next come Sarasvati, celebrated in two whole hymns (vi. 61; vii. 95) as well as parts of others, and Vac, 'Speech' (x, 71. 125). With one hymn each are addressed Prthivi, 'Earth' (v. 84), Ratri, 'Night' (x, 127, p. 203), and Aranyani, 'Goddess of the Forest' (x. 146). Others are only sporadically mentioned. The wives of the great gods are still more insignificant, being mere names formed from those of their consorts, and altogether lacking in individuality: such are Agnayi, Indrani, Varunani, spouses of Agni, Indra, and Varuna respectively.

Dual Divinities.--A peculiar feature of the religion of the RV. is the invocation of pairs of deities whose names are combined as compounds, each member of which is in the dual. About a dozen such pairs are celebrated in entire hymns, and about a dozen more in detached stanzas. By far the largest number of hymns is addressed to the couple Mitra-Varuna, though the names most frequently found as dual compounds are those of Dyava-prthivi, 'Heaven and Earth' (p. 36). The latter pair, having been associated as universal parents from the Indo-European period onwards, in all probability furnished the analogy for this dual type.

Groups of Deities.--There are also a few more or less definite groups of deities, generally associated with some particular god. The Maruts (p. 21), who attend on Indra, are the most numerous group. The smaller group of the Adityas, of whom Varuna is the chief, is constantly mentioned in company with their mother Aditi. Their number is stated in the RV. to be seven or, with the addition of Martanda, eight. One passage (ii. 27, 1) enumerates six of them Mitra, Aryaman, Bhaga, Varuna, Daksa, Amsa: Surya was probably regarded as the seventh. A much less important group, without individual names or definite number, is that of the Vasus, whose leader is generally Indra. There are, finally, the Visve devas (p. 147), who, invoked in many hymns, form a comprehensive group, which in spite of its name is, strange to say, sometimes conceived as a narrower group associated with others like the Vasus and Adityas.

Lesser Divinities.--Besides the higher gods, a number of lesser divine powers are known to the RV. The most prominent of these are the Rbhus, who are celebrated in eleven hymns. They are a deft-handed trio, who by their marvellous skill acquired the rank of deities. Among their five main feats of dexterity the greatest consisted in transforming the bowl of Tvastr into four shining cups.

The bowl and the cups have been various interpreted as the moon with its four phases or the year with its Seasons. The Rbhus further exhibited their skill in renewing the youth of their parents, by whom Heaven and Earth seem to have been meant.

Occasional mention is made in the RV. of an Apsaras, a celestial water-nymph, the spouse of a corresponding genius named Gandharva. In a few passages more Apsarases, than one are spoken of; but the only one mentioned by name is Urvasi. Gandharva is in the RV. a single being (like the Gandarewa of the Avesta), who dwells in the aerial sphere, guards the celestial Soma, and is (as in the Avesta) connected with the waters.

There are, lastly, a few divinities of the tutelary order, guardians watching over the welfare of house or field. Such is the rarely mentioned Vastospati, 'Lord of the Dwelling', who is invoked to grant a favourable entry, to remove disease, and to bestow protection and prosperity. Ksetrasya pati, 'Lord of the Field', is besought to grant cattle and horses and to confer welfare. Sita, the 'Furrow', is once invoked to dispense crops and rich blessings.

In addition to the great phenomena of nature, various features of the earth's surface as well as artificial objects are to be found deified in the RV. Thus besides Rivers and Waters (p. 115), already mentioned as terrestrial goddesses, mountains are often addressed as divinities, but only along with other natural objects, or in association with gods. Plants are regarded as divine powers, one entire hymn (x. 97) being devoted to their praise, chiefly with reference to their healing properties. Sacrificial implements, moreover, are deified. The most important of these is the sacrificial post which is praised and invoked in a whole hymn (iii. 8). The sacrificial grass (barhis) and the Divine Doors (dvaro devih), which lead to the place of sacrifice, are addressed as goddesses. The pressing stones (gravanas) are invoked as deities in three hymns (x. 76. 94. 175): spoken of as immortal, unaging, mightier than heaven, they are besought to drive away demons and destruction. The Mortar and Pestle
used in pounding the Soma plant are also invoked in the RV. (i. 28, 6. 6). Weapons, finally, are sometimes deified: armour, bow, quiver, arrows, and drum being addressed in one of the hymns (vi. 75).

**The Demons** often mentioned in the hymns are of two kinds. The higher and more powerful class are the aerial foes of the gods. These, are seldom called asura in the RV., where in the older parts that word means a divine being, like ahura in the Avesta (cf. p. 134). The term dasa, or dasyu, properly the name of the dark aborigines, is frequently used in the sense of fiend to designate the aerial demons. The conflict is regularly one between a single god and a single demon, as exemplified by Indra and Vṛtra. The latter is by far the most frequently mentioned. His mother being called Danu, he is sometimes alluded to by the metronymic term Danava. Another powerful demon is Vāla, the personified cave of the cows, which he guards, and which are set free by Indra and his allies, notably the Angirases. Other demon adversaries of Indra are Arbuda, described as a wily beast, whose cows Indra drove out; Visvarupa, son of Tvastr, a three-headed demon slain by both Tīrtha and Indra, who seize his cows; and Svarbhanu, who eclipses the sun. There are several other individual demons, generally described as Dasas and slain by Indra. A group of demons are the Panis ('niggards'), primarily foes of Indra, who, with the aid of the dog Sarama, tracks and releases the cows hidden by them.

The second or lower class of demons are terrestrial goblins, enemies of men. By far the most common generic name for them is Rakṣas. They are nearly always mentioned in connexion with some god who destroys them. The much less common term Yalu or Yatudhana (primarily 'sorcerer') alternates with Rakṣas, and perhaps expresses a species. A class of demons scarcely referred to in the RV., but often mentioned in the later Vedas, are the Pisacas, eaters of raw flesh or of corpses.

Not more than thirty hymns are concerned with subjects other than the worship of gods or deified objects. About a dozen of these, almost entirely confined to the tenth book, deal with magical practices, which properly belong to the sphere of the Atharvaveda. Their contents are augury (ii. 42. 43) or spells directed against poisonous vermin (i. 191) or disease (x. 163), against a demon destructive of children (x. 162), or enemies (x. 166), or rival wives (x. 145). A few are incantations to preserve life (x. 58. 60), or to induce sleep (v. 55), or to procure offspring (x. 183); while one is a panegyric of frogs as magical bringers of rain (vii. 103, p. 141).

8. **SECULAR MATTER IN THE RIGVEDA.**

**Secular hymns.**--Hardly a score of the hymns are secular poems. These are especially valuable as throwing direct light on the earliest thought and civilization of India. One of the most noteworthy of them is the long wedding hymn (x. 85). There are also five funeral hymns (x. 14-18). Four of these are addressed to deities concerned with the future life; the last, however, is quite secular in tone, and gives more information than any of the rest about the funeral customs of early Vedic India (cf. p. 164).

**Mythological dialogues.** -Besides several mythological dialogues in which the speakers are divine beings (iv. 62; x. 51. 52. 86. 108), there are two in which both agents are human. One is a somewhat obscure colloquy (x. 95) between a mortal lover Puraravas and the celestial nymph Urvasi, who is on the point of forsaking him. It is the earliest form of the story which much more than a thousand years later formed the subject of Kalidasa's drama Vikramorvasi. The other (x. 10) is a dialogue between Yama and Yami, the twin parents of the human race. This group of hymns has a special literary interest as foreshadowing the dramatic works of a later age.

**Didactic hymns.**--Four hymns are of a didactic character. One of these (x. 34) is a striking poem, being a monologue in which a gambler laments the misery he has brought on himself and his home by his inability to resist the attraction of the dice. The rest which describe the various ways in which men follow gain (ix. 112), or praise wise speech (x. 71), or the value of good deeds (x. 117), anticipate the sententious poetry for which post-Vedic literature is noted.

**Riddles.**--Two of the hymns consist of riddles. One of these (viii. 29, p. 147) describes various gods without mentioning their names. More elaborate and obscure is a long poem of fifty-two stanzas (i. 164), in which a number of enigmas, largely connected with the sun, are propounded in mystical and symbolic language. Thus the wheel of order with twelve spokes,
revolving round the heavens, and containing within it in couples 720 sons, means the year with its twelve months and 360 days and 360 nights.

Cosmogonic hymns.--About half a dozen hymns consist of speculations on the origin of the world through the agency of a Creator (called by various names) as distinct from any of the ordinary gods. One of them (x. 129, p. 207), which describes the world as due to the development of the existent (sat) from the non-existent (a-sat), is particularly interesting as the starting-point of the evolutional philosophy which in later times assumed shape in the Sankhya system.

A semi-historical character attaches to one complete hymn (i. 126) and to appendages of 3 to 5 stanzas attached to over thirty others, which are called Danastutis, or 'praises of gifts'. These are panegyrics of liberal patrons on behalf of whom the seers composed their hymns. They yield incidental genealogical information about the poets and their employers, as well as about the names and the habitat of the Vedic tribes. They are late in date, appearing chiefly in the first and tenth, as well as among the supplementary hymns of the eighth book.

Geographical data.--From the geographical data of the RV., especially the numerous rivers there mentioned, it is to be inferred that the Indo-Aryan tribes when the hymns were composed occupied the territory roughly corresponding to the north-west Frontier Province, and the Panjab of to-day. The references to flora and fauna bear out this conclusion.

The historical data of the hymns show that the Indo-Aryans were still engaged in war with the aborigines, many victories over these foes being mentioned. That they were still moving forward as conquerors is indicated by references to rivers as obstacles to advance. Though divided into many tribes, they were conscious of religious and racial unity, contrasting the aborigines with themselves by calling them non-sacrificers and unbelievers, as well as 'black-skins' and the 'Dasa colour' as opposed to the 'Aryan colour'.

Incidental references scattered throughout the hymns supply a good deal of information about the social conditions of the time. Thus it is clear that the family, with the father at its head, was the basis of society, and that women held a freer and more honoured position than in later times. Various crimes are mentioned, robbery, especially of cattle, apparently being the commonest. Debt, chiefly as a result of gambling, was known. Clothing consisted usually of an upper and a lower garment, which were made of sheep's wool. Bracelets, anklets, necklaces, and earrings were worn as ornaments. Men usually grew beards, but sometimes shaved. Food mainly consisted of milk, clarified butter, grain, vegetables, and fruit. Meat was eaten only when animals were sacrificed. The commonest kind appears to have been beef, as bulls were the chief offerings to the gods. Two kinds of spirituous liquor were made: Soma was drunk at religious ceremonies only, while Sura, extracted from some kind of grain, was used on ordinary occasions.

Occupations.--One of the chief occupations of the Indo-Aryan was warfare. He fought either on foot or from a chariot, but there is no evidence to show that he ever did so on horseback. The ordinary weapons were bows and arrows, but spears and axes were also used. Cattle-breeding appears to have been the main source of livelihood, cows being the chief objects of desire in prayers to the gods. But agriculture was also practised to some extent: fields were furrowed with a plough drawn by bulls; corn was cut with sickles, being then threshed and winnowed. Wild animals were trapped and snared, or hunted with bows and arrows, occasionally with the aid of dogs. Boats propelled by paddles were employed, as it seems mainly for the purpose of crossing rivers. Trade was known only in the form of barter, the cow representing the unit of value in exchange. Certain trades and crafts already existed, though doubtless in a rudimentary stage. The occupations of the wheelwright and the carpenter were, combined. The smith melted ore in a forge, and made kettles and other vessels of metal. The tanner prepared the skins of animals. Women plaited mats of grass or reeds, sewed, and especially wove, but whether they ever did so professionally is uncertain.

Amusements.--Among these chariot-racing was the favourite. The most popular social recreation was playing with dice (cp. p. 186). Dancing was also practised, chiefly by women. The people were fond of music, the instruments used being the drum (dundubhi), the flute (vana), and the lute (vina). Singing is also mentioned.

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9. LITERARY MERIT OF THE RIGVEDA.

The diction of the hymns is on the whole natural and simple, free from the use of compounds of more than two members. Considering their great antiquity, the hymns are composed with a remarkable degree of metrical skill and command of language. But as they were produced by a sacerdotal class and were generally intended to accompany a ritual no longer primitive, their poetry is often impaired by constant sacrificial allusions. This is especially noticeable in the hymns addressed to the two ritual deities Agni and Soma, where the thought becomes affected by conceits and obscured by mysticism. Nevertheless the RV. contains much genuine poetry. As the gods are mostly connected with natural phenomena, the praises addressed to them give rise to much beautiful and even noble imagery. The degree of literary merit in different hymns naturally varies a good deal, but the average is remarkably high. The most poetical hymns are those addressed to Dawn, equal if not superior in beauty to the religious lyrics of any other literature. The hymns to the Maruts, or Storm gods, often depict with vigorous imagery the phenomena of thunder and lightning, and the mighty onset of the wind. One hymn to Parjanya (v. 83) paints the devastating effects of the rain-storm with great vividness. The hymns in praise of Varuna describe the various aspects of his sway as moral ruler of the world in an exalted strain of poetry. Some of the mythological dialogues set forth the situation with much beauty of language; for example, the colloquy between Indra's messenger Sarama and the demons who stole the cows (x. 108), and that between the primaeval twins Yama and Yami (x. 10). The Gambler's lament (x. 34) is a fine specimen of pathetic poetry. One of the funeral hymns (x. 18) expresses ideas connected with death in language of impressive and solemn beauty. One of the cosmogonic hymns (x. 129) illustrates how philosophical speculation can be clothed in poetry of no mean order.

10. INTERPRETATION.

In dealing with the hymns of the RV. the important question arises, to what extent are we able to understand their real sense, considering that they have come down to us as an isolated relic from the remotest period of Indian literature? The reply, stated generally, is that, as a result of the labours of Vedic scholars, the meaning of a considerable proportion of the RV. is clear, but of the remainder many hymns and a great many single stanzas or passages are still obscure or unintelligible. This was already the case in the time of Yaska, the author of the Nirukta, the oldest extant commentary (c. 500 B.C.) on about 600 detached stanzas of the RV.; for he quotes one of his predecessors, Kautsa, as saying that the Vedic hymns are obscure, unmeaning, and mutually contradictory.

In the earlier period of Vedic studies, commencing about the middle of the nineteenth century, the traditional method, which follows the great commentary of Sayana (fourteenth century A.D.), and is represented by the translation of the RV., begun by H.H. Wilson in 1850, was considered adequate. It has since been proved that, though the native Indian commentators are invaluable guides in explaining the theological and ritual texts of the Brahmanas and Satras, with the atmosphere of which they were familiar, they did not possess a continuous tradition from the time when the Vedic hymns were composed. That the gap between the poets and the interpreters even earlier than Yaska must have been considerable, is shown by the divergences of opinion among his predecessors as quoted by him. Thus one of these, Aurnavabha, interprets nasatyau, an epithet of the Asvins, as 'true, not false', another Agrayana, as 'leaders of truth' (satyasya pranetarau), while Yaska himself thinks it may mean 'nose-born' (nasika-prabhavau)! Yaska, moreover, mentions several different schools of interpretation, each of which explained difficulties in accordance with its own particular theory. Yaska's own interpretations, which in all cases of doubt are based on etymology, are evidently often merely conjectural, for he frequently gives several alternative explanations of a word. Thus he explains the epithet jata-vedas in as many as five different ways. Yet he must have had more and better means of ascertaining the sense of various obscure words than Sayana who lived nearly 2,000 years later. Sayana's interpretations, however, sometimes differ from those of Yaska. Hence either Yaska is wrong or Sayana does not follow the tradition. Again, Sayana often gives several inconsistent explanations of a word in interpreting the same passage or in commenting on the same word in different passages. Thus asura, 'divine being', is variously rendered by him as 'expeller of foes', 'giver of strength', 'giver of life', 'hurler away of what is undesired', 'giver of breath or water', 'thrower of oblations, priest', 'taker away of breath', 'expeller of water, Parjanya', 'impeller', 'strong', 'wise', and 'rain-water' or 'a water-discharging cloud'! In short it is
clear from a careful examination of their comments that neither Yaska nor Sayana possessed any certain knowledge about a
large number of words in the RV. Hence their interpretations can be treated as decisive only if they are borne out by
probability, by the context, and by parallel passages.

For the traditional method Roth, the founder of Vedic philology, substituted the critical method of interpreting the difficult
parts of the RV. from internal evidence by the minute comparison of all words parallel in form and matter, while taking into
consideration context, grammar, and etymology, without ignoring either the help supplied by the historical study of the Vedic
language in its connexion with Sanskrit or the outside evidence derived from the Avesta and from Comparative Philology. In
the application of his method Roth attached too much weight to etymological considerations, while he undervalued the
evidence of native tradition. On the other hand, a reaction arose which, in emphasizing the purely Indian character of the
Vedic hymns, connects the interpretation of them too closely with the literature of the post-Vedic period and the much more
advanced civilization there described. It is important to note that the critical scholar has at his disposal not only all the
material that was open to the traditional interpreters, and to which he is moreover able to apply the comparative and historical
methods of research, but also possesses over and above many valuable aids that were unknown to the traditional school--the
Avesta, Comparative Philology, Comparative Religion and Mythology, and Ethnology. The student will find in the notes of
the Reader many exemplifications of the usefulness of these aids to interpretation. There is good reason to hope from the
results already achieved that steady adherence to the critical method, by admitting all available evidence and by avoiding
one-sidedness in its application, will eventually clear up a large proportion of the obscurities and difficulties that still
confront the interpreter of the Rigveda.

AGNI

As the personification of the sacrificial fire, Agni is second in importance to Indra (ii. 12) only, being addressed in at least
200 hymns. The anthropomorphism of his physical appearance is only rudimentary, and is connected chiefly with the
sacrificial aspect of fire. Thus he is butter-backed, flame-haired, and has a tawny beard, sharp jaws, and golden teeth.
Mention is often made of his tongue, with which the gods eat the oblation. With a burning head he faces in all directions.
He is compared with various animals: he resembles a bull that bellows, and has horns which he sharpens; when born he is
often called a calf; he is kindled like a horse that brings the gods, and is yoked to convey the sacrifice to them. He is also a
divine bird; he is the eagle of the sky; as dwelling in the waters he is like a goose; he is winged, and he takes possession of
the wood as a bird perches on a tree.

Wood or ghee is his food, melted butter his beverage; and he is nourished three times a day. He is the mouth by which the
gods eat the sacrifice; and his flames are spoons with which he besprinkles the gods, but he is also asked to consume the
offerings himself. He is sometimes, though then nearly always with other gods, invited to drink the Soma juice.

His brightness is much dwelt upon: he shines like the sun; his lustre is like the rays of the dawn and the sun, and like the
lightnings of the rain-cloud. He shines even at night, and dispels the darkness with his beams. On the other hand, his path is
black when he invades the forests and shaves the earth as a barber a beard. His flames are like roaring waves, and his sound is
like the thunder of heaven. His red smoke rises up to the firmament; like the erector of a post he supports the sky with his
smoke. 'Smoke-bannered' (dhuma-ketu) is his frequent and exclusive epithet.

He has a shining, golden, lightning car, drawn by two or more ruddy and tawny steeds. He is a charioteer of the sacrifice, and
with his steeds he brings the gods on his car.

He is the child of Heaven (Dyáus), and is often called the son of Heaven and Earth (i. 160). He is also the offspring of the
waters. The gods generated him as a light for the Aryan or for man, and placed him among men. Indra is called Agni's twin
brother, and is more closely associated with him than any other god.

The mythology of Agni, apart from his sacrificial activity, is mainly concerned with his various births, forms, and abodes.
Mention is often made of his daily production from the two kindling sticks (aránis), which are his parents or his mothers.
From the dry wood Agni is born living; as soon as born the child devours his parents. By the ten maidens that produce him
are meant the ten fingers of the kindler. Owing to the force required to kindle Agni he is often called 'son of strength'
RIG VEDA – COMMENTARIES & INTERPRETATION

(sáhasah sunúh). Being produced every morning he is young; at the same time no sacrificer is older than Agni, for he conducted the first sacrifice. Again, Agni's origin in the aerial waters is often referred to: he is an embryo of the waters; he is kindled in the waters; he is a bull that has grown in the lap of the waters. As the 'son of Waters' (ii. 35) he has become a separate deity. He is also sometimes conceived as latent in terrestrial waters. This notion of Agni in the waters is a prominent one in the RV. Thirdly, a celestial origin of Agni is often mentioned: he is born in the highest heaven, and was brought down from heaven by Matarisvan, the Indian Prometheus; and the acquisition of fire by man is regarded as a gift of the gods as well as a production of Matarisvan. The Sun (vii. 63) is further regarded as a form of Agni. Thus Agni is the light of heaven in the bright sky; he was born on the other side of the air and sees all things; he is born as the sun rising in the morning. Hence Agni comes to have a triple character. His births are three or threefold; the gods made him threefold; he is threefold light; he has three heads, three bodies, three stations. This threefold nature of Agni is clearly recognized in the RV., and represents the earliest Indian trinity.

The universe being also regarded as divided into the two divisions of heaven and earth, Agni is sometimes said to have two origins, and indeed exclusively bears the epithet dvi-jánman having two births. As being kindled in numerous dwellings Agni is also said to have many births.

Agni is more closely associated with human life than any other deity. He is the only god called grhá-pati lord of the house, and is constantly spoken of as a guest (átihi) in human dwellings. He is an immortal who has taken up his abode among mortals. Thus be comes to be termed the nearest kinsman of men. He is oftenest described as a father, sometimes also as a brother or even as a son of his worshippers. He both takes the offerings of men to the gods and brings the gods to the sacrifice. He is thus characteristically a messenger (dutá) appointed by gods and by men to be an 'oblation-bearer'.

As the centre of the sacrifice he comes to be celebrated as the divine counterpart of the earthly priesthood. Hence he is often called priest (rtvij, vípra) domestic priest (puróhita), and more often than by any other name invoking priest (hótr), also officiating priest (adhvaryú) and playing priest (brhmán). His priesthood is the most salient feature of his character; he is in fact the great priest, as Indra is the great warrior.

Agni's wisdom is often dwelt upon. As knowing all the details of sacrifice he is wise and all-knowing, and is exclusively called jatá-vedas he who knows all created beings.

He is a great benefactor of his worshippers, protecting and delivering them, and bestowing on them all kinds of boons, but pre-eminentely domestic welfare, offspring, and prosperity.

His greatness is often lauded, and is once even said to surpass that of the other gods. His cosmic and creative powers are also frequently praised.

From the ordinary sacrificial Agni who conveys the offering (havya-váhana) is distinguished his corpse-devouring (kravyád) form that burns the body on the funeral pyre (x. 14). Another function of Agni is to burn and dispel evil spirits and hostile magic.

The sacrificial fire was already in the Indo-Iranian period the centre of a developed ritual, and was personified and worshipped as a mighty, wise, and beneficent god. It seems to have been an Indo-European institution also, since the Italians and Greeks, as well as the Indians and Iranians, had the custom of offering gifts to the gods in fire. But whether it was already personified in that remote period is a matter of conjecture.

The name of Agni (Lat. igni-s, Slavonic ogni) is Indo-European, and may originally have meant the 'agile' as derived from the root ag to drive (Lat. ago, Gk. hágo), Skt. ājami).

Savitri

This god is celebrated in eleven entire hymns and in many detached stanzas as well. He is pre-eminently a golden deity: the epithets golden-eyed, golden-handed, and golden-tongued are peculiar to him. His car and its pole are golden. It is drawn by
two or more brown, white-footed horses. He has mighty golden splendour which he diffuses, illuminating heaven, earth, and air. He raises aloft his strong golden arms, with which he arouses and blesses all beings, and which extend to the ends of the earth. He moves in his golden car, seeing all creatures, on a downward and an upward path. Shining with the rays of the sun, yellow-haired, Savitri raises up his light continually from the east. His ancient paths in the air are dustless and easy to traverse, and on them he protects his worshippers; for he conveys the departed spirit to where the righteous dwell. He removes evil dreams, and makes men sinless; he drives away demons and sorcerers. He observes fixed laws; the waters and the wind are subject to him. The other gods follow his lead; and no being can resist his will. In one stanza (iii. 62, 10) he is besought to stimulate the thoughts of worshippers who desire to think of the glory of god Savitri. This is the celebrated Savitri stanza which has been a morning prayer in India for more than three thousand years. Savitri is often distinguished from Surya (vii. 63), as when he is said to shine with the rays of the Sun, to impel the sun, or to declare men sinless to the sun. But in other passages it is hardly possible to keep the two deities apart.

Savitri is connected with the evening as well as the morning; for at his command night comes and he brings all beings to rest.

The word Savitri is derived from the root su to stimulate, which is constantly and almost exclusively used with it in such a way as to form a perpetual play on the name of the god. In nearly half its occurrences the name is accompanied by devá god, when it means the 'Stimulator god'. He was thus originally a solar deity in the capacity of the great stimulator of life and motion in the world.

MARÚTAS

This group of deities is prominent in the RV., thirty-three hymns being addressed to them alone, seven to them with Indra, and one each to them with Agni and Pusan (vi. 54). They form a troop (ganá, sárdhas), being mentioned in the plural only. Their number is thrice sixty or thrice seven. They are the sons of Rudra (ii. 33) and of Prsni, who is a cow (probably representing the mottled storm-cloud). They are further said to have been generated by Vayu, the god of Wind, in the wombs of heaven and they are called the sons of heaven; but they are also spoken of as self-born. They are brothers equal in age and of one mind, having the same birthplace and the same abode. They have grown on earth, in air, and in heaven, or dwell in the three heavens. The goddess Rodasi is always mentioned in connexion with them; she stands beside them on their car, and thus seems to have been regarded as their bride.

The brilliance of the Maruts is constantly referred to: they are golden, ruddy, shine like fires, and are self-luminous. They are very often associated with lightning: all the five compounds of vidyút in the RV. are almost exclusively descriptive of them. Their lances represent lightning, as their epithet rsti-vidyut lightning-speared shows. They also have golden axes. They are sometimes armed with bows and arrows, but this trait is probably borrowed from their father Rudra. They wear garlands, golden mantles, golden ornaments, and golden helmets. Armlets and anklets (khadí) are peculiar to them. The cars on which they ride gleam with lightning, and are drawn by steeds (generally feminine) that are ruddy or tawny, spotted, swift as thought. They are great and mighty; young and unaging; dustless, fierce, terrible like lions, but also playful like children or calves.

The noise made by them, and often mentioned, is thunder and the roaring of the winds. They cause the mountains to quake and the two worlds to tremble; they rend trees, and, like wild elephants, devour the forests. One of their main activities is to shed rain: they cover the eye of the sun with rain; they create darkness with the cloud when they shed rain; and they cause the heavenly pail and the streams of the mountains to pour. The waters they shed are often clearly connected with the thunder storm. Their rain is often figuratively called milk, ghee, or honey. They avert heat, but also dispel darkness, produce light, and prepare a path for the sun.

They are several times called singers: they are the singers of heaven they sing a song; for Indra when he slew the dragon, they sang a song and pressed Soma. Though primarily representing the sound of the winds, their song is also conceived as a hymn of praise. Thus they come to be compared with priests, and are addressed as priests when in the company of Indra.
Owing to their connexion with the thunderstorm, the Maruts are constantly associated with Indra (ii. 12) as his friends and allies, increasing his strength and prowess with their prayers, hymns, and songs, and generally assisting him in the fight with Vṛtra. Indra indeed accomplishes all his celestial exploits in their company. Sometimes, however, the Maruts accomplish these exploits alone. Thus they rent Vṛtra joint from joint, and disclosed the cows.

When not associated with Indra, the Maruts occasionally exhibit the maleficent traits of their father Rudra. Hence they are implored to ward off the lightning from their worshippers and not to let their ill-will reach them, and are besought to avert their arrow and the stone which they hurl, their lightning, and their cow- and man-slaying bolt. But like their father Rudra, they are also supplicated to bring healing remedies. These remedies appear to be the waters, for the Maruts bestow medicine by raining.

The evidence of the RV. indicates that the Maruts are Storm-gods. The name is probably derived from the root mar, to shine.

**VISNU**

This deity occupies a subordinate position in the RV., being celebrated in only five or six hymns. The only anthropomorphic traits mentioned about him are the strides he takes, and the description of him as a youth vast in body who is no longer a child. The central feature of his nature consists in his three steps, connected with which are his exclusive epithets 'wide-going' (uru-gayá) and 'wide-striding' (uru-kramá). With these steps he traverses the earth or the terrestrial spaces. Two of his steps are visible to men, but the third or highest is beyond the flight of birds or mortal ken. His highest step is like an eye fixed in heaven; it shines brightly down. It is his dear abode, where pious men and the gods rejoice. There can be no doubt that these three steps refer to the course of the sun, and in all probability to its passage through the three divisions of the world: earth, air, and heaven. Visnu sets in motion like a revolving wheel his ninety steeds (= days) with their four names (= seasons), an allusion to the three hundred and sixty days of the solar year. Thus Visnu seems to have been originally a personification of the activity of the sun, the swiftly-moving luminary that with vast strides passes through the whole universe. Visnu takes his steps for man's existence, to bestow the earth on him as a dwelling. The most prominent secondary characteristic of Visnu is his friendship for Indra, with whom he is often allied in the fight with Vṛtra. In hymns addressed to Visnu alone, Indra is the only other deity incidentally associated with him. One hymn (vi. 69) is dedicated to the two gods conjointly. Through the Vṛtra myth the Maruts, Indra's companions, are drawn into alliance with Visnu, who throughout one hymn (v. 87) is praised in combination with them.

The name is most probably derived from vis be active, thus meaning 'the active one'.

**DYÁVA-PRTHIVÍ**

Heaven and Earth are the most frequently named pair of deities in the RV. They are so closely associated that, while they are invoked as a pair in six hymns, Dyáus is never addressed alone in any hymn, and Prthiv in only one of three stanzas. The dual compound Dyáva-Prthiví, moreover, occurs much oftener than the name of Dyáus alone. Heaven and Earth are also mentioned as rōdasi the two worlds more than 100 times. They are parents, being often called pitára, matára, jánitri, besides being separately addressed as 'father' and 'mother'. They have made and sustain all creatures; they are also the parents of the gods. At the same time they are in different passages spoken of as themselves created by individual gods. One of them is a prolific bull, the other a variegated cow, being both rich in seed. They never grow old. They are great and wide-extended; they are broad and vast abodes. They grant food and wealth, or bestow great fame and dominion. Sometimes moral qualities are attributed to them. They are wise and promote righteousness. As father and mother they guard beings, and protect from disgrace and misfortune. They are sufficiently personified to be called leaders of the sacrifice and to be conceived as seating themselves around the offering; but they never attained to a living personification or importance in worship. These two deities are quite co-ordinate, while in most of the other pairs one of the two greatly predominates.
INDRA

Indra is invoked alone in about one-fourth of the hymns of the RV., far more than are addressed to any other deity; for he is the favourite national god of the Vedic people. He is more anthropomorphic on the physical side, and more invested with mythological imagery, than any other member of the pantheon. He is primarily a god of the thunderstorm who vanquishes the demons of drought or darkness, and sets free the waters or wing the light. He is secondarily the god of battle who aids the victorious Aryan in overcoming his aboriginal foes.

His physical features, such as body and head, are often referred to after he has drunk Soma he agitates his jaws and his beard; and his belly is many times mentioned in connexion with his great powers of drinking Soma. Being tawny (hári) in colour, he is also tawny-haired and tawny-bearded. His arms are especially often referred to because they wield the thunderbolt (vájra), which, mythologically representing the lightning stroke, is his exclusive weapon. This bolt was fashioned for him by Tvāstr, being made of iron (ayasá), golden, tawny, sharp, many-pointed, sometimes spoken of as a stone or rock. Several epithets, compounds or derivatives of vájra, such as vajra-bahu bearing the bolt in his arm and vajrín wielder of the bolt are almost without exception applied to him. Sometimes he is described as armed with bow and arrows; he also carries a hook (ankusá).

Having a golden car, drawn by two tawny steeds (hári), he is a car-fighter (rathesthá). Both his car and his steeds were fashioned by the Rbhus, the divine artificers.

As Indra is more addicted to Soma than any of the other gods, the common epithet 'Soma-drinker' (Somapá) is characteristic of him. This beverage stimulates him to carry out his warlike deeds; thus for the slaughter of Vṛtra he is said to have drunk three lakes of Soma. One whole hymn (x. 119) is a monologue in which Indra, intoxicated with Soma, boasts of his greatness and his might.

Indra is often spoken of as having been born, and two whole hymns deal with the subject of his birth. His father, the same as Agni's, appears to be Dyaus; but the inference from other passages is that he is Tvāstr, the artificer among the gods. Agni is called Indra's twin brother, and Pusan (vi. 54) is also his brother. His wife, who is often mentioned, is Indrani. Indra is associated with various other deities. The Maruts, (i. 85) are his chief allies, who constantly help him in his conflicts. Hence the epithet Marútvant accompanied by the Maruts is characteristic of him. Agni is the god most often conjoined with him as a dual divinity. Indra is also often coupled with Varuna (vii. 86) and Vayu, god of Wind, less often with Soma (viii. 48), Brhaspati (iv. 50), Pusan, and Visnu.

Indra is of vast size; thus it is said that he would be equal to the earth even if it were ten times as large as it is. His greatness and power are constantly dwelt on: neither gods nor men have attained to the limit of his might; and no one like him is known among the gods. Thus various epithets such as sákrá and sácivant mighty, sácipáti lord of might, satákratu having a hundred powers, are characteristic of him.

The essential myth forming the basis of his nature is described with extreme frequency and much variation. Exhilarated by Soma and generally escorted by the Maruts, he attacks the chief demon of drought, usually called Vṛtra, but often also the serpent (áhi). Heaven and Earth tremble when the mighty combat takes place. With his bolt he shatters Vṛtra who encompasses the waters, hence receiving the exclusive epithet apsu-jit, conquering in the waters. The result of the conflict, which is regarded as being constantly renewed, is that he pierces the mountain and sets free the waters pent up like imprisoned cows. The physical elements in the conflict are nearly always the bolt, the mountain, waters or rivers, while lightning, thunder, cloud, rain are seldom directly named. The waters are often terrestrial, but also often aerial and celestial. The clouds are the mountains (párvata, giri), on which the demons lie or dwell, or from which Indra caste them down, or which he cleaves to release the waters. Or the cloud is a rock (ádri) which encompasses the cows (as the waters are sometimes called), and from which he releases them. Clouds, as containing the waters, figure as cows also; they further appear under the names of udder (údhar), spring (útsa), cask (kávandha), pail (kósa). The clouds, moreover, appear as the fortresses (púras) of the aerial demons, being described as moving, autumnal, made of iron or stone, and as 90, 99, or 100 in number. Indra. shatters them and is characteristically called the 'fort-destroyer' (parbhíd). But the chief and specific epithet of
Indra is 'Vrtra-slayer' (Vrtra-hán), owing to the essential importance, in the myth, of the fight with the demon. In this fight the Maruts are his regular allies, but Agni, Soma, and Visnu also often assist him. Indra also engages in conflict with numerous minor demons; sometimes he is described as destroying demons in general, the Raksases or the Asuras.

With the release of the waters is connected the winning of light, sun, and dawn. Thus Indra is invoked to slay Vrtra and to win the light. When he had slain Vrtra, releasing the waters for man, he placed the sun visibly in the heavens. The sun shone forth when Indra blew the serpent from the air. There is here often no reference to the Vrtra fight. Indra is then simply said to find the light; he gained the sun or found it in the darkness, and made a path for it. He produces the dawn as well as the sun; he opens the darkness with the dawn and the sun. The cows, mentioned along with the sun and dawn, or with the sun alone, as found, released, or won by Indra, are here probably the morning beams, which are elsewhere compared with cattle coming out of their dark stalls. Thus when the dawns went to meet Indra, he became the lord of the cows; when he overcame Vrtra he made visible the cows of the nights. There seems to be a confusion between the restoration of the sun after the darkness of the thunderstorm, and the recovery of the sun from the darkness of night at dawn. The latter feature is probably an extension of the former. Indra's connexion with the thunderstorm is in a few passages divested of mythological imagery, as when he is said to have created the lightnings of heaven and to have directed the action of the waters downwards. With the Vrtra-fight, with the winning of the cows and of the sun, is also connected the gaining of Soma. Thus when Indra drove the serpent from the air, there shone forth fires, the sun, and Soma; he won Soma at the same time as the cows.

Great cosmic actions are often attributed to Indra. He settled the quaking mountains and plains. He stretches out heaven and earth like a hide; he holds asunder heaven and earth as two wheels are kept apart by the axle; he made the non-existent into the existent in a moment. Sometimes the separation and support of heaven and earth are described as a result of Indra's victory over a demon who held them together.

As the destroyer of demons in combat, Indra is constantly invoked by warriors. As the great god of battle he is more frequently called upon than any other deity to help the Aryans in their conflicts with earthly enemies. He protects the Aryan colour and subjects the black skin. He dispersed 50,000 of the black race. He subjected the Dasyus to the Aryan, and gave land to the Aryan.

More generally Indra is praised as the protector, helper, and friend of his worshippers. He is described as bestowing on them wealth, which is considered the result of victories. His liberality is so characteristic that the frequent attribute maghávan bountiful is almost exclusively his.

Besides the central myth of the Vrtra-fight, several minor stories are connected with Indra. In various passages he is described as shattering the car of Usas, goddess of Dawn (iv. 51); this trait is probably based on the notion of Indra's bringing the sun when kept back by the delaying dawn. He is also said to have stopped the steeds of the Sun, apparently by causing the latter to lose a wheel of his car. Indra is further associated with the myth of the winning of Soma; for it is to him that the eagle brings the draught of immortality from the highest heaven. Another myth in the capture by Indra, with the help of Sarama, of the cows confined in a cave by demons called Panis.

Various stories which, though mixed with mythological elements, probably have an historical basis, are told of Indra's having fought in aid of individual protégés, such as king Sudas, against terrestrial foes.

The attributes of Indra are chiefly those of physical superiority and rule over the physical world. He is energetic and violent in action, an irresistible fighter, an inexhaustible lavisher of the highest goods on mankind, but at the same time sensual and immoral in various ways, such as excess in eating and drinking, and cruelty in killing his own father Tvastr. He forms a marked contrast to Varuna, the other great universal monarch of the RV., who wields passive and peaceful sway, who uniformly applies the laws of nature, who upholds moral order, and whose character displays lofty ethical features.

The name of Indra is pre-Indian; for it occurs in the Avesta as that of a demon; the term verethraghna (=Vrtrahán) is also found there as the designation of the God of Victory, though unconnected with Indra. Thus it seems likely that there was already in the Indo-Iranian period a god resembling the Vrtra-slaying Indra of the RV. The etymology of the word is doubtful, but its radical portion ind may be connected with that in ind-u drop.
RUDRÁ

This god occupies a subordinate position in the RV., being celebrated in only three entire hymns, in part of another, and in one conjointly with Soma. His hand, his arms, and his limbs are mentioned. He has beautiful lips and wears braided hair. His colour is brown; his form is dazzling, for he shines like the radiant sun, like gold. He is arrayed with golden ornaments, and wears a glorious necklace (niská). He drives in a car. His weapons are often referred to: he holds the thunderbolt in his arm, and discharges his lightning shaft from the sky; but he is usually said to be armed with a bow and arrows, which are strong and swift.

Rudra is very often associated with the Maruts (i. 85). He is their father, and is said to have generated them from the shining udder of the cow Prsni.

He is fierce and destructive like a terrible beast, and is called a bull, as well as the ruddy (arusá) boar of heaven. He is exalted, strongest of the strong, swift, unassailable, unsurpassed in might. He is young and unaging, a lord (ísana) and father of the world. By his rule and universal dominion he is aware of the doings of men and gods, He is bountiful (midhváms), easily invoked and auspicious (sivá). But he is usually regarded as malevolent; for the hymns addressed to him chiefly express fear of his terrible shafts and deprecation of his wrath. He is implored not to slay or injure, in his anger, his worshippers and their belongings, but to avert his great malignity and his cow-slaying, man-slaying bolt from them, and to lay others low. He is, however, not purely maleficient like a demon. He not only preserves from calamity, but bestows blessings. His healing powers are especially often mentioned; he has a thousand remedies, and is the greatest physician of physicians. In this connexion he has two exclusive epithets, jálasa, cooling, and jálasa-bhesaja, possessing cooling remedies.

The physical basis represented by Rudra is not clearly apparent. But it seems probable that the phenomenon underlying his nature was the storm, not pure and simple, but in its baleful aspect seen in the destructive agency of lightning. His healing and beneficent powers would then have been founded partly on the fertilizing and purifying action of the thunderstorm, and partly on the negative action of sparing those whom he might slay. Thus the deprecations of his wrath led to the application of the euphemistic epithet sivá which became the regular name of Rudra's historical successor in post-Vedic mythology.

The etymological sense of the name is somewhat uncertain, but would be 'Howler' according to the usual derivation from rud cry.

APÁM NÁPAT

This deity is celebrated in one entire hymn (ii. 35), is invoked in two stanzas of a hymn to the Waters, and is often mentioned incidentally elsewhere. Brilliant and youthful, he shines without fuel in the waters which surround and nourish him. Clothed in lightning, he is golden in form, appearance, and colour. Standing in the highest place, he always shines with undimmed splendour. Steeds, swift as thought, carry the Son of Waters. In the last stanza of his hymn he is invoked as Agni and must be identified with him; Agni, moreover, in some hymns addressed to him, is spoken of as Apam napat. But the two are also distinguished; for example, 'Agni, accordant with the Son of Waters, confers victory over Vṛtra'. The epithet asu-hénam swiftly-speeding, applied three times to Apam napat, in its only other occurrence refers to Agni. Hence Apam napat appears to represent the lightning form of Agni which lurks in the cloud. For Agni, besides being directly called Apam napat, is also termed the embryo (gārbha) of the waters; and the third form of Agni is described as kindled in the waters.

This deity is not a creation of Indian mythology, but goes back to the Indo-Iranian period. For in the Avesta Apam napat is a spirit of the waters, who lives in their depths, who is surrounded by females, who is often invoked with them, who drives with swift steeds, and is said to have seized the brightness in the depth of the ocean.

MITRÁ

The association of Mitra with Varuna is so intimate that he is addressed alone in one hymn only (iii. 59). Owing to the scantiness of the information supplied in that hymn his separate character appears somewhat indefinite.
Uttering his voice, he marshals men and watches the tillers with unwinking eye. He is the great Aditya who marshals, yatayati, the people, and the epithet yatayáj-jana arraying men together appears to be peculiarly his. Savitr (i. 35) is identified with Mitra because of his laws, and Visnu (i. 154) takes his three steps by the laws of Mitra: statements indicating that Mitra regulates the course of the sun. Agni, who goes at the head of the dawns (that is to say, is kindled before dawn), produces Mitra, and when kindled is Mitra. In the Atharvaveda, Mitra at sunrise is contrasted with Varuna in the evening, and in the Brahmanas Mitra is connected with day, Varuna with night.

The conclusion from the Vedic evidence that Mitra was a solar deity, is corroborated by the Avesta and by Persian religion in general, where Mithra is undoubtedly a sun-god or a god of light specially connected with the sun.

The etymology of the name is uncertain, but it must originally have meant 'ally' or 'friend', for the word often means 'friend' in the RV., and the Avestic Mithra is the guardian of faithfulness. As the kindly nature of the god is often referred to in the Veda, the term must in the beginning have been applied to the sun-god in his aspect of a benevolent power of nature.

**BRHASPÁTI**

This god is addressed in eleven entire hymns, and in two others conjointly with Indra. He is also, but less frequently, called Brahmanas páti, 'Lord of prayer', the doublets alternating in the same hymn. His physical features are few: he is sharp-horned and blue-backed; golden-coloured and ruddy. He is armed with bow and arrows, and wields a golden hatchet or an iron axe. He has a car, drawn by ruddy steeds, which slays the goblins, bursts open the cow-stalls, and wins the light. Called the father of the gods, he is also said to have blown forth their births like a blacksmith. Like Agni, he is both a domestic and a brahman. priest. He is the generator of all prayers, and without him sacrifice does not succeed. His song goes to heaven, and he is associated with singers. In several passages he is identified with Agni, from whom, however, he is much oftener distinguished. He is often invoked with Indra, some of whose epithets, such as maghávan bountiful and vajrin welder of the bolt he shares. He has thus been drawn into the Indra myth of the release of the cows. Accompanied by his singing host he rends Vala with a roar, and drives out the cows. In to doing he dispels the darkness and finds the light. As regards his relation to his worshippers, he is said to help and protect the pious man, to prolong life, and to remove disease.

Brhaspáti is a purely Indian deity. The double accent and the parallel name Bráhmanas páti indicate that the first member is the genitive of a noun brh, from the same root as bráhman, and that the name thus means 'Lord of prayer'.

He seems originally to have represented an aspect of Agni, as a divine priest, presiding over devotion, an aspect which bad already attained an independent character by the beginning of the Rigvedic period. As the divine brahman priest he seems to have been the prototype of Brahma, the chief of the later Hindu triad.

**USÁS**

The goddess of Dawn is addressed in about twenty hymns. The personification is but slight, the physical phenomenon always being present to. the mind of the poet. Decked in gay attire like a dancer, clothed in light, she appears in the east and unveils her charms. Rising resplendent as from a bath she comes with light, driving away the darkness and removing the black robe of night. She is young, being born again and again, though ancient. Shining with a uniform hue, she wastes away the life of mortals. She illumines the ends of the sky when she awakes; she opens the gates of heaven; her radiant beams appear like herds of cattle. She drives away evil dreams, evil spirits, and the hated darkness. She discloses the treasures concealed by darkness, and distributes them bountifully, She awakens every living being to motion. When Usas shines forth, the birds, fly up from their nests and men seek nourishment. Day by day appearing at the appointed place, she never infringes the ordinance of nature and of the gods. She renders good service to the gods by awakening all worshippers and causing the sacrificial fires to be kindled. She brings the gods to drink the Soma draught. She is borne on a shining car, drawn by ruddy steeds or kine, which probably represent the red rays of morning.

Usas is closely associated with the Sun. She has opened paths for Surya to travel; she brings the eye of the gods, and leads on the beautiful white horse. She shines with the light of the Sun, with the light of her lover. Surya follows her as a young man a
maiden; she meets the god who desires her. She thus comes to be spoken of as the wife of Surya. But as preceding the Sun, she is occasionally regarded as his mother; thus she is said to arrive with a bright child. She is also called the sister, or the elder sister, of Night (x. 127), and their names are often conjoined as a dual compound (usása-nákta and náktosása). She is born in the sky, and in, therefore constantly called the 'daughter of Heaven'. As the sacrificial fire is kindled at dawn, Usas is often associated with Agni, who is sometimes, called her lover. Usas causes Agni to be kindled, and Agni goes to meet the shining Dawn as she approaches. She is also often connected with the twin gods of early morning, the Asvins (vii. 71). When the Asvins' car is yoked, the daughter of the sky is born. They are awakened by her, accompany her, and are her friends.

Usas brings the worshipper wealth and children, bestowing protection and long life. She confers renown and glory on all liberal benefactors of the poet. She is characteristically bountiful (maghóni).

The name of Usas is derived from the root vas, to shine, forms of which are often used with reference to her in the hymns in which she is invoked.

PARJÁNYA

This deity occupies quite a subordinate position, being celebrated in only three hymns. His name often means 'rain-cloud' in the literal sense but in most passages it represents the personification, the cloud then becoming an udder, a pail, or a water-skin. Parjanya is frequently described as a bull that quickens the plants and the earth. The shedding of rain is his most prominent characteristic. He flies around with a watery car, and loosens the water-skin; he sheds rain-water as our divine (ásara) father. In this activity he is associated with thunder and lightning. He is in a special degree the producer and nourisher of vegetation. He also produces fertility in cows, mares, and women. He is several times referred to as a father. By implication his wife is the Earth, and he is once called the son of Dyaus.

PUSÁN

This god is celebrated in eight hymns, five of which occur in the sixth Mandala. His individuality is vague, and his anthropomorphic traits are scanty. His foot and his right band are mentioned; he wears braided hair and a beard. He carries a golden spear, an awl, and a goad. His car is drawn by goats instead of horses. His characteristic food is gruel (karambhá).

He sees all creatures clearly and at once. He is the wooer of his mother and the lover of his sister (Dawn), and was given by the gods to the Sun-maiden Surya as a husband. He is connected with the marriage ceremonial in the wedding hymn (x. 85). With his golden aerial ships Pusan acts as the messenger of Surya. He moves onward observing the universe, and makes his abode in heaven. He is a guardian who knows and beholds all creatures. As best of charioteers he drove downward the golden wheel of the sun. He traverses the distant path of heaven and earth; he goes to and returns from both the beloved abodes. He conducts the dead on the far-off path of the Fathers. He is a guardian of roads, removing dangers out of the way; and is called 'son of deliverance' (vimúco nápat). He follows and protects cattle, bringing them home unhurt and driving back the lost. His bounty is often mentioned. 'Glowing' (aghrni) is one of his exclusive epithets. The name means 'prosperer', as derived from pus, cause to thrive. The evidence, though not clear, indicates that Pusan was originally a solar deity, representing the beneficent power of the sun manifested chiefly in its pastoral aspect.

ÁPAS

The Waters are addressed in four hymns, as well as in a few scattered verses. The personification is only incipient, hardly extending beyond the notion of their being mothers, young wives, and goddesses -who bestow boons and come to the sacrifice. They follow the path of the gods. Indra, armed with the bolt, dug out a channel for them, and they never infringe his ordinances. They are celestial as well as terrestrial, and the sea is their goal. They abide where the gods dwell, in the seat of Mitra-Varuna, beside the sun. King Varuna moves in their midst, looking down on the truth and the falsehood of men. They are mothers and as such produce Agni. They give their auspicious fluid like loving mothers. They are most motherly, the producers of all that is fixed and that moves. They purify, carrying away defilement. They even cleanse from moral guilt, the sins of violence, cursing, and lying. They also bestow remedies, health, wealth, strength, long life, and immortality. Their
blessing and aid are often implored, and they are invited to seat themselves on the sacrificial grass to receive the offering of the Soma priest.

The Waters are several times associated with honey. They mix their milk with honey. Their wave, rich in honey, became the drink of Indra, Whom it exhilarated and to whom it gave heroic strength. They are invoked to pour the wave which is rich in honey, gladdens the gods, is the draught of Indra, and is produced in the sky. Here the celestial Waters seem to be identified with the heavenly Soma, the beverage of Indra. Elsewhere the Waters used in preparing the terrestrial Soma seem to be meant. When they appear bearing ghee, milk, and honey, they are accordant with the priests that bring well-pressed Soma for Indra, Soma (viii. 48) delights in them like a young man in lovely maidens; he approaches them as a lover; they are maidens who bow down before the youth. The deification of the Waters is pre-Vedic, for they are invoked as apo in the Avesta also.

MITRÁ-VARUNA

This is the pair most frequently mentioned next to Heaven and Earth. The hymns in which they are conjointly invoked are much more numerous than those in which they are separately addressed. As Mitra (iii. 59) is distinguished by hardly any individual traits, the two together have practically the same attributes and functions as Varuna alone. They are conceived as young. Their eye is the sun. Reaching out they drive with the rays of the sun as with arms. They wear glistening garments. They mount their car in the highest heaven. Their abode is golden and is located in heaven; it is great, very lofty, firm, with a thousand columns and a thousand doors. They have spies that are wise and cannot be deceived. They are kings and universal monarchs. They are also called Asuras, who wield dominion by means of mayá occult power, a term mainly connected with them. By that power they send the dawns, make the sun traverse the sky, and obscure it with cloud and rain. They are rulers and guardians of the whole world. They support heaven, and earth, and air.

They are lords of rivers, and they are the gods most frequently thought of and prayed to as bestowers of rain. They have kine yielding refreshment, and streams flowing with honey. They control the rainy skies and the streaming waters. They bedew the pastures with ghee (= rain) and the spaces with honey. They send rain and refreshment from the sky. Rain abounding in heavenly water comes from them. One entire hymn dwells on their powers of bestowing rain.

Their ordinances are fixed and cannot be obstructed even by the immortal gods. They are upholders and cherishers of order. They are barriers against falsehood, which they dispel, hate, and punish. They afflict with disease those who neglect their worship. The dual invocation of these gods goes back to the Indo-Iranian period, for Ahura and Mithra are thus coupled in the Avesta.

SÚRYA

Some ten hymns are addressed to Surya. Since the name designates the, orb of the sun as well as the god, Surya is the most concrete of the solar deities, his connexion with the luminary always being present to the mind of the seers. The eye of Surya is several times mentioned; but Surya, himself is also often called the eye of Mitra and Varuna, as well as of Agni and of the gods. He is far-seeing, all-seeing, the spy of the whole world; he beholds all beings, and the good and bad deeds of mortals. He arouses men to perform their activities. He is the soul or guardian of all that moves or is stationary. His car is drawn by one steed called etasá, or by seven swift mares called hárit bays.

The Dawn or Dawns reveal or produce Surya; he shines from the lap of the Dawns; but Dawn is also sometimes Surya's wife. He also bears the metronymic Aditya or Aditeya, son of the goddess Aditi. His father is Dyaus or Heaven. The gods raised him who had been hidden in the ocean, and they placed him in the sky; various individual gods, too, are said to have produced Surya or raised him to heaven.

Surya is in various passages conceived as a bird traversing space; he is a ruddy bird that flies; or he is a flying eagle. He is also called a mottled bull, or a white and brilliant steed brought by Dawn. Occasionally he is, described as an inanimate object: he is a gem of the sky, or a variegated stone set in the midst of heaven. He is a brilliant weapon (áyudha) which Mitra-
Varuna conceal with cloud and rain, or their felly (paví), or a brilliant car placed by them in heaven. Surya is also sometimes spoken of as, a wheel (cakrá), though otherwise the wheel of Surya is mentioned. Surya shines for all the world, for men and gods. He dispels the darkness, which he rolls up like a skin, or which his rays throw off like a skin into the waters. He measures the days and prolong life. He drives away sickness, disease, and evil dreams. All creatures depend on him, and the epithet ‘all-creating’ (visvá-karman) is once applied to him. By his greatness he is the divine priest (asuryá puróhita) of the gods. At his rising he is besought to declare men sinless to Mitra-Varuna and to other gods.

The name Súrya is a derivative of svář light, and cognate with the Avesta hvare sun, which has swift horses and is the eye of Ahura Mazda

**ASVÍNA.**

These two deities are the most prominent gods after Indra, Agni, and Soma, being invoked in more than fifty entire hymns and in parts of several others. Though their name (asv-in horseman) is purely Indian, and though they undoubtedly belong to the group of the deities of light, the phenomenon which they represent is uncertain, because in all probability their origin is to be sought in a very early pre-Vedic age. They are twins and inseparable, though two or three passages suggest that they may at one time have been regarded as distinct. They are young and yet ancient. They are bright, lords of lustre, of golden brilliancy, beautiful, and adorned with lotus-garlands. They are the only gods called golden-pathed (hiranya-vartani). They are strong and agile, fleet as thought or as an eagle. They possess profound wisdom and occult power. Their two most distinctive and frequent epithets are dasrá wondrous and násatya true.

They are more closely associated with honey (mádhu) than any of the other gods. They desire honey and are drinkers of it. They have a skin filled with honey; they poured out a hundred jars of honey. They have a honey-goad; and their car is honey-hued and honey-bearing. They give honey to the bee and are compared with bees. They are, however, also fond of Soma, being invited to drink it with Usas and Surya. Their car is sunlike and, together with all its parts, golden. It is threefold and has three wheels. It is swifter than thought, than the twinkling of an eye. It was fashioned by the three divine artificers, the Rbhus. It is drawn by horses, more commonly by birds or winged steeds; sometimes by one or more buffaloes, or by a single asa (rásabha). It passes over the five countries; it moves around the sky; it traverses heaven and earth in one day; it goes round the sun in the distance. Their revolving course (vartís), a term almost exclusively applicable to them, is often mentioned. They come from heaven, air, and earth, or from the ocean; they abide in the sea of heaven, but sometimes their locality is referred to as unknown. The time of their appearance is between dawn and sunrise: when darkness stands among the ruddy cows; Usas awakens them; they follow after her in their car; at its yoking Usas is born. They yoke their car to descend to earth and receive the offerings of worshippers. They come not only in the morning, but also at noon and sunset. They dispel darkness and chase away evil spirits.

The Asvins are children of Heaven; but they are also once said to be the twin sons of Vivasvant and Tvāstr's daughter Saranyú (probably the rising Sun and Dawn). Pusan is once said to be their son; and Dawn seems to be meant by their sister. They are often associated with the Sun conceived as a female called either Surya or more commonly the daughter of Surya. They are Surya's two husbands whom she chose and whose car she mounts. Surya's companionship on their car is indeed characteristic. Hence in the wedding hymn (x. 85) the Asvins are invoked to conduct the bride home on their car, and they (with other gods) are besought to bestow fertility on her.

The Asvins are typically succouring divinities. They are the speediest deliverers from distress in general. The various rescues they effect are of a peaceful kind, not deliverance from the dangers of battle. They are characteristically divine physicians, healing diseases with their remedies, restoring sight, curing the sick and the maimed. Several legends are mentioned about those whom they restored to youth, cured of various physical defects, or befriended in other ways. The name oftenest mentioned is that of Bhujyu, whom they saved from the ocean in a ship.

The physical basis of the Asvins has been a puzzle from the time of the earliest interpreters before Yuska, who offered various explanations, while modern scholars also have suggested several theories. The two most probable are that the Asvins
represented either the morning twilight, as half light and half dark, or the morning and the evening star. It is probable that the
Asvins date from the Indo-European period. The two horsemen, sons of Dyaus, who drive across the heaven with their
steeds, and who have a sister, are parallel to the two famous horsemen of Greek mythology, sons of Zeus, brothers of Helena;
and to the two Lettic God's sons who come riding on their steeds to woo the daughter of the Sun. In the Lettic myth the
morning star comes to look at the daughter of the Sun. As the two Asvins wed the one Surya so the two Lettic God's sons
wed the one daughter of the Sun; the latter also (like the Dioskouroi and the Asvins) are rescuers from the ocean, delivering
the daughter of the Sun or the Sun himself.

VÁRUNA

Beside Indra (ii. 12) Varuna is the greatest of the gods of the RV., though the number of the hymns in which he is celebrated
alone (apart from Mitra) is small, numbering hardly a dozen.

His face, eye, arms, hands, and feet are mentioned. He moves his arms, walks, drives, sits, eats, and drinks. His eye with
which he observes mankind is the sun. He is far-sighted and thousand-eyed. He treads down wiles with shining foot. He sits
on the strewn grass at the sacrifice. He wears a golden mantle and puts on a shining robe. His car, which is often mentioned,
shines like the sun, and is drawn by well-yoked steeds. Varuna sits in his mansions looking on all deeds. The Fathers behold
him in the highest heaven. The spies of Varuna are sometimes referred to: they sit down around him; they observe the two
worlds; they stimulate prayer. By the golden-winged messenger of Varuna the sun is meant. Varuna is often called a king, but
especially a universal monarch (samráj) The attribute of sovereignty (ksatrā) and the term ásura are predominantly applicable
to him. His divine dominion is often alluded to by the word mayá occult power; the epithet mayíin crafty is accordingly used
chiefly of him.

Varuna is mainly lauded as upholder of physical and moral order. He is a great lord of the laws of nature. He established
heaven and earth, and by his law heaven and earth are held apart. He made the golden swing (the sun) to shine in heaven; he
has made a wide path for the sun; he placed fire in the waters, the sun in the sky, Soma on the rock. The wind which resounds
through the air is Varuna's breath. By his ordinances the moon shining brightly moves at night, and the stars placed up on
high are seen at night, but disappear by day. Thus Varuna is lord of light both by day and by night. He is also a regulator of
the waters. He caused the rivers to flow; by his occult power they pour swiftly into the ocean without filling it. It is, however,
with the aerial waters that he is usually connected. Thus he makes the inverted cask (the cloud) to pour its waters on heaven,
earth, and air, and to moisten the ground.

Varuna's ordinances being constantly said to be fixed, he is pre-eminently called dhrtravrata whose laws are established. The
gods themselves follow his ordinances. His power is; so great that neither the birds as they fly nor the rivers as they flow can
reach the limits of his dominion. He embraces the universe, and the abodes of all beings. He is all-knowing, and his
omniscience is typical. He knows the flight of the birds in the sky, the path of the ships in the ocean, the course of the far-
travelling wind beholding all the secret things that have been or shall be done, he witnesses men's truth and falsehood. No
creature can even wink without his knowledge.

As a moral governor Varuna stands far above any other deity. His wrath is aroused by sin, the infringement of his ordinances,
which he severely punishes. The fetters (pápas) with which he binds sinners are often mentioned, and are characteristic of
him. On the other hand, Varuna is gracious to the penitent. He removes sin as if untying a rope. He releases even from the sin
committed by men's fathers. He spares him who daily transgresses his laws when a suppliant, and is gracious to those who
have broken his laws by thoughtlessness. There is in fact no hymn to Varuna in which the prayer for forgiveness of guilt does
not occur. Varuna is on a footing of friendship with his worshipper, who communes with him in his celestial abode, and
sometimes sees him with the mental eye. The righteous hope to behold in the next world Varuna and Yama, the two kings
who reign in bliss.

The original conception of Varuna seems to have been the encompassing sky. It has, however, become obscured, because it
dates from an earlier age. For it goes back to the Indo-Iranian period at least, since the Ahura Mazda (the wise spirit) of the
Avesta agrees with the Asura Varuna in character, though not in name. It may even be older still; for the name Varuna is
perhaps identical with the Greek ouranos sky. In any case, the word appears to be derived from the root vr cover or
encompass.
MANDUKAS

The hymn [vii. 103], intended as a spell to produce rain, is a panegyric of frogs, who are compared during the drought to heated kettles, and are described as raising their voices together at the commencement of the rains like Brahmin pupils repeating the lessons of their teacher.

VÍSVE DEVÁH

The comprehensive group called Visve deváh or All-Gods occupies an important position, for at least forty entire hymns are addressed to them. It is an artificial sacrificial group intended to include all the gods in order that none should be left out in laudations meant for the whole pantheon. The hymn [viii. 29] though traditionally regarded as meant for the Visve deváh is a collection of riddles, in which each stanza describes a deity by his characteristic marks, leaving his name to be guessed. The deities meant in the successive stanzas are: 1. Soma, 2. Agni, 3. Tvastr, 4. Indra, 5. Rudra, 6. Pusan, 7. Visnu, 8. Asvins, 9. Mitra-Varuna, 10. Angirases.

SÓMA

As the Soma sacrifice formed the centre of the ritual of the RV., the god Soma is one of the most prominent deities. With rather more than 120 hymns (all those in Mandala ix, and about half a dozen in others) addressed to him, becomes next to Agni (i. 1) in importance. The anthropomorphism of his character is less developed than that of India or Varuna because the plant and its juice are constantly present to the mind of the poet. Soma has terrible and sharp weapons, which he grasps in his hand; he wields a bow and a thousand-pointed shaft. He has a car which is heavenly, drawn by a team like Vayu's. He is also said to ride on the same car as Indra. He is the best of chariooteers. In about half a dozen hymns he is associated with Indra, Agni, Pusan, and Rudra respectively as a dual divinity. He is sometimes attended by the Maruts, the close allies of Indra. He comes to the sacrifice and receives offerings on the sacred grass.

The Soma juice, which is intoxicating, is frequently termed mádhu or sweet draught, but oftenest called índu the bright drop. The colour Of Soma is brown (babhrú), ruddy (aruná), or more usually tawny (hári). The whole of the ninth book consists of incantations chanted over the tangible Soma, while the stalks are being pounded by stones, the juice passes through a woollen strainer, and flows into wooden vats, in which it is offered to the gods on the litter of sacred grass (barhís). These processes are overlaid with confused and mystical imagery in endless variation. The pressing stones with which the shoot (amsú) is crushed are called ádri or grávan. The pressed juice as it passes through the filter of sheep's wool is usually called pávamana or punaná flowing clear. This purified (unmixed) Soma is sometimes called suddhá pure, but much oftener sukrá, or súci bright; it is offered almost exclusively to Vayu or India. The filtered Soma flows into jars (kalása) or vats (dróna), where it is mixed with water and also with milk, by which it is sweetened. The verb mrj cleanse is used with reference to this addition of water and milk. Soma is spoken of as having three kinds of admixture (asír): milk (gó), sour milk (dádhi), and barley (yáva). The admixture being alluded to as a garment or bright robe, Soma is described as 'decked with beauty'. Soma is pressed three times a day: the Rbhús are invited to the evening pressing, Indra to the midday one, which is his exclusively, while the morning libation is his first drink. The three abodes (sadhástha) of Soma which are mentioned probably refer to three tubs used in the ritual.

Soma's connexion with the waters, resulting from the admixture, is expressed in the most various ways. He is the drop that grows in the waters; he is the embryo of the waters or their child; they are his mothers or his sisters; he is lord and king of streams; he produces waters and causes heaven and earth to rain. The sound made by the trickling Soma is often alluded to generally in hyperbolical usage, with verbs meaning to roar or bellow, or even thunder. He is thus commonly called a bull among the waters, which figure as cows. Soma is moreover swift, being often compared with a steed, sometimes with a bird flying to the wood. Owing to his yellow colour Soma's brilliance is the physical aspect most dwelt upon by the poets. He is then often likened to or associated with the sun.
The exhilarating power of Soma led to its being regarded as a divine drink bestowing immortal life. Hence it is called amṛta 
draught of immortality. All the gods drink Soma; they drank it to gain immortality; it confers immortality not only on gods, 
but on men. It has, moreover, medicinal powers: Soma heals whatever is sick, making the blind to see and the lame to walk. 
Soma also stimulates the voice, and is called 'lord of speech'. It awakens eager thought: he is a generator of hymns, a leader 
of poets, a seer among priests. Hence his wisdom is much dwelt upon; thus he is a wise seer, and he knows the races of the 
gods.

The intoxicating effect of Soma most emphasized by the poets is the stimulus it imparts to Indra in his conflict with hostile 
powers. That Soma invigorates Indra for the fight with Vṛtra is mentioned in innumerable passages. Through this association 
Indra's warlike exploits and cosmic actions come to be attributed to Soma independently. He is a victor unconquered in fight, 
born for battle. As a warrior he wins all kinds of wealth for his worshippers.

Though Soma is several times regarded as dwelling or growing on the mountains (like Haoma in the Avesta), his true origin 
and abode are regarded as in heaven. Soma is the child of heaven, is the milk of heaven, and is purified in heaven. He is the 
lord of heaven; he occupies heaven, and his place is the highest heaven. Thence he was brought to earth. The myth 
embodying this belief is that of the eagle that brings Soma to Indra, and is most fully dealt with in the two hymns iv. 26 and 
27. Being the most important of herbs, Soma is said to have been born as the lord (pāti) of plants, which also have him as 
their king; he is a lord of the wood (vānaspāti), and has generated all plants. But quite apart from his connexion with herbs, 
Soma is, like other leading gods, called a king: he is a king of rivers; a king of the whole earth; a king or father of the gods; 
a king of gods and mortals. In a few of the latest hymns of the RV. Soma begins to be mystically identified with the moon; in 
the AV. Soma several times means the moon; and in the Brahmanas this identification has already become a commonplace.

We know that the preparation and the offering of Soma (the Avestan Haoma) was already an important feature of Indo-
Iranian worship, In both the RV. and the Avesta it is stated that the stalks were pressed, that the juice was yellow, and was 
mixed with milk; in both it grows on mountains, and its mythical home is in heaven, whence it comes down to earth; in both 
the Soma draught has become a mighty god and is called a king; in both there are many other identical mythological traits 
relating to Soma.

It is possible that the belief in an intoxicating divine beverage, the home of which was in heaven, goes back to the Indo-
European period. It must then have been regarded as a kind of honey mead (Skt. mádhu, Gk. methu, Anglo-Saxon medu). 
The name of Soma (= Haoma) means pressed juice, being derived from the root su (= Av. hu) press.

FUNERAL HYMNS

The RV. contains a group of five hymns (x. 14-18) concerned with death and the future life. From them we learn that, though 
burial was also practised, cremation was the usual method of disposing of the dead, and was the main source of the 
mythology relating to the future life. Agni conveys the corpse to the other world, the Fathers, and the gods. He is besought to 
preserve the body intact and to burn the goat which is sacrificed as his portion. During the process of cremation Agni and 
Soma are besought to heal any injury that bird, beast, ant, or serpent may have inflicted on the body. The way to the heavenly 
world is a distant path on which Savitr (i. 35) conducts and Pusan (vi. 54) protects the dead. Before the pyre is lighted, the 
wife of the dead man, having lain beside him, arises, and his bow is taken from his hand. This indicates that in earlier times 
his widow and his weapons were burnt with the body of the husband. Passing along by the path trodden by the Fathers, the 
spirit of the dead man goes to the realm of light, and meets with the Fathers who revel with Yama in the highest heaven. 
Here, uniting with a glorious body, he enters upon a life of bliss which is free from imperfections and bodily frailties, in 
which all desires are fulfilled, and which is passed among the gods, especially in the presence of the two kings Yama and 
Varuna.
PITÁRAS

Two hymns (x. 15 and 54) are addressed to the Pitaras or Fathers, the blessed dead who dwell in the third heaven, the third or highest step of Visnu. The term as a rule applies to the early or first ancestors, who followed the ancient paths, seers who made the paths by which the recent dead go to join them. Various groups of ancestors are mentioned, such as the Angirasas and Atharvans, the Bhrgus and Vasisthas, who are identical in name with the priestly families associated by tradition with the composition of the Atharvaveda and of the second and seventh Mandalas of the Rigveda. The Pitaras are classed as higher, lower, and middle, as earlier and later, who though not always known to their descendants, are known to Agni. They revel with Yama and feast with the gods. They are fond of Soma, and thirst for the libations prepared for them on earth, and eat the offerings along with him. They come on the same car as Indra and the gods. Arriving in their thousands they range themselves on the sacrificial grass to the south, and drink the pressed draught. They receive oblations as their food. They are entreated to hear, intercede for, and protect their worshippers, and besought not to injure their descendants for any sin humanly committed against them. They are invoked to give riches, children, and long life to their sons, who desire to be in their good graces. The Vasisthas are once collectively implored to help their descendants. Cosmical actions, like those of the gods, are sometimes attributed to the Fathers. Thus they are said to have adorned the sky with stars, to have placed darkness in the night and light in the day; they found the light and generated the dawn. The path trodden by the Fathers (pitryána) is different from that trodden by the gods (devayána).

HYMN OF THE GAMBLER

This [x. 34] is one, among the secular hymns, of a group of four which have a didactic character. It is the lament of a gambler who, unable to resist the fascination of the dice, deplores the ruin to which he has brought on his family. The dice (aksás) consisted of the nuts of a large tree called vibhidaka (*Terminalia bellerica*), which is still utilized for this purpose in India.

PÚRUSA

There are six or seven hymns dealing with the creation of the world as produced from some original material. In the following one, the well-known Purusa-sukta or hymn of Man, the gods are the agents of creation, while the material out of which the world is made is the body of a primaeval giant named Purusa. The act of creation is here treated as a sacrifice in which Purusa is the victim, the parts when cut up becoming portions of the universe. Both its language and its matter indicate that it is one of the very latest hymns of the Rigveda. It not only presupposes a knowledge of the three oldest Vedas, to which it refers by name, but also, for the first and only time in the Rigveda, mentions the four castes. The religious view is moreover different from that of the old hymns, for it is pantheistic: 'Purusa is all this world, what has been and shall be'. It is, in fact, the starting-point of the pantheistic philosophy of India.

RÁTRI

The goddess of night, under the name of Rátri is invoked in only one hymn (x. 127). She is the sister of Usas, and like her is called a daughter of heaven. She is not conceived as the dark, but as the bright starlit night. Decked with all splendour she drives away the darkness. At her approach men, beasts, and birds go to rest. She protects her worshippers from the wolf and the thief, guiding them to safety. Under the name of nákta n., combined with usás, Night appears as a dual divinity with Dawn in the form of Usásá-nákta and Náktosása, occurring in some twenty scattered stanzas of the Rigveda.

HYMN OF CREATION

In the ... cosmogonic poem [x. 129] the origin of the world is explained the evolution of the existent (sát) from the nonexistent (ásat). Water thus came into being first; from it was evolved intelligence by heat. It is the starting-point of the natural philosophy which developed into the Sankhya system.
YAMÁ

Three hymns are addressed to Yama, the chief of the blessed dead. There is also another (x. 10), which consists of a dialogue between him and his sister Yami. He is associated with Varuna, Brhaspati, and especially Agni, the conductor of the dead, who is called his friend and his priest. He is not expressly designated a god, but only a being who rules the dead. He is associated with the departed Fathers, especially the Angirases, with whom he comes to the sacrifice to drink Soma.

Yama dwells in the remote recess of the sky. In his abode, which is the home of the gods, he is surrounded by songs and the sound of the flute. Soma is pressed for Yama, ghee is offered to him, and he comes to seat himself at the sacrifice. He is invoked to lead his worshippers to the gods, and to prolong life.

His father is Vivasvant and his mother Saranyu. In her dialogue with him Yami speaks of Yama as the 'only mortal', and elsewhere he is said to have chosen death and abandoned his body. He departed to the other world, having found out the path for many, to where the ancient Fathers passed away. Death is the path of Yama. His foot-fetter (pádbisa) is spoken of as parallel to the bond of Varuna. The owl (úluka) and the pigeon (kapóta) are mentioned as his messengers, but the two four-eyed, broad-nosed, brindled dogs, sons of Sarama (sarameyáu) are his regular emissaries. They guard the path along which the dead man hastens to join the Fathers who rejoice with Yama. They watch men and wander about among the peoples as Yama's messengers. They are besought to grant continued enjoyment of the light of the sun.

As the first father of mankind and the first of those that died, Yama appears to have originally been regarded as a mortal who became the chief of the souls of the departed. He goes back to the Indo-Iranian period, for the primaeval twins, from whom the human race is descended, Yama and Yami, are identical with the Yima and Yimeh of the Avesta. Yama himself may in that period have been regarded as a king of a golden age, for in the Avesta he is the ruler of an earthly, and in the RV. that of a heavenly paradise.

VÁTA

This god, as Váta, the ordinary name of wind, is addressed in two short hymns. He is invoked in a more concrete way than his doublet Vayú, who is celebrated in one whole hymn and in parts of others. Vata's name is frequently connected with forms of the root va, blow, from which it is derived. He is once associated with the god of the rain-storm in the dual form of Vata-Parjanyá, while Vayu is often similarly linked with Indra as Índra-Vayú. Vata is the breath of the gods. Like Rudra he wafts healing and prolongs life; for he has the treasure of immortality in his house. His activity is chiefly mentioned in connexion with the thunderstorm. He produces ruddy lights and makes the dawns to shine. His swiftness often supplies a comparison for the speed of the gods or of mythical steeds. His noise is also often mentioned.

The earliest accepted Gods were
Dyaush-pita (the sky father),
Prithivi mata (the earth mother),
Vayu (the wind God),
Parjanya (the rain God),
Surya (the sun God),
Varuna (the God of oceans),
Agni (the fire God),
Indra (the war God),
Soma (the God of speech, deity of soma creeper),
Ushas (the Goddess of dawn),
Yama (the God of death),
Adityas (a group of deities, who are six in number in the Rig Veda, eight in most of the Brahmanas & twelve in the Satapatha Brahmana,
Aswini (twin Deities),
Rudras (eight in number),
Vasus (eight in number),
Visvedevas (ten in number).
Lord Vishnu, the second Trinity finds a secondary place in the Rig Veda.
THE VEDIC PANTHEON

The principal Vedic gods are said to be 33 in number, namely eight Vasus, eleven Rudras, twelve Adityas, Indra and Prajapathi Brahma. These gods belong to the three regions of the earth (prithvi), the heavens (Dyaus) and the intermediate space (Antariksha).

Deities by prominence

List of Rigvedic deities by number of dedicated hymns, after Griffith. Some dedications are to twin-deities, such as Indra-Agni, Mitra-Varuna, Soma-Rudra, here counted doubly.

- **Indra 289**
  is the chief deity of the Rigveda, and the god of weather and war, and Lord of Svargaloka (Heaven). He rides a white elephant called Airavata and wields the dazzling weapon of lightening called Vajrayudh. Prone to drinking soma, loses control over himself, prone to anger, mighty and sensuous, and always concerned about his survival and status as the leader.

- **Agni 218**
The demi-god ruling fire, riding on a Ram. Latin *ignis* (the root of English *ignite*). The sacrifices made to Agni go to the deities because Agni is a messenger from and to the other gods. He is ever-young, because the fire is re-lit every day; but also he is immortal. Agni is represented as red and two-faced (sometimes covered with butter), suggesting both his destructive and beneficent qualities, and with black eyes and hair, three legs and seven arms. He rides a ram, or a chariot pulled by goats or, more rarely, parrots. Seven rays of light emanate from his body. One of his names is "Sapta jihva", 'seven tongues'. He is worshipped under a threefold form: fire on earth and lightning and the sun.

- **Soma 123 (most of them in the Soma Mandala) Haoma** (in Avestan), from Proto-Indo-Iranian *sauma-*, was a ritual drink of importance among the early Indo-Iranians, and the later Vedic and greater Persian cultures. It is frequently mentioned in the Rigveda, which contains many hymns praising its energizing or intoxicating qualities. In the Avesta, Haoma has an entire *Yasht* dedicated to it.
  
  It is described as prepared by pressing juice from the stalks of a certain mountain plant, which has been variously hypothesized to be a psychedelic mushroom, cannabis, peganum harmala, or ephedra. In both Vedic and Zoroastrian tradition, the drink is identified with the plant, and also personified as a divinity, the three forming a religious or mythological unity. Soma represents the god of the Moon. He rides through the sky in a chariot drawn by white horses. Soma was also the name of the elixir of immortality that only the gods can drink. The Moon was thought to be the storehouse of the elixir.

- **Vishvadevas 70** are the various Vedic gods taken together as a whole.

- **the Asvins 56** are divine twin horsemen in the Rigveda, sons of Saranya, a goddess of the dawn and wife of either Surya or Vivasvat. They are Vedic gods symbolising the shining of sunrise and sunset, appearing in the sky before the dawn in a golden chariot, bringing treasures to men and averting misfortune and sickness. They can be compared with the Dioscuri (the twins Castor and Pollux) of Greco-Roman mythology. The Twins or Twains who are the equivalent of the Geminis, the Dioskouris.

  They are the doctors of gods and are devas of Ayurvedic medicine. They are called Nasatya (dual nāsatyaу "kind, helpful" in the Rigveda; later, Nasatya is the name of one twin, while the other is called Dasra. By popular etymology, the name nāsatya was analysed as na+asatyā "not untrue"="true". 

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• **Varuna 46**
is a god of the sky, of rain and of the celestial ocean, as well as a god of law and of the underworld. He is the most prominent Asura in the Rigveda, and chief of the Adityas. As chief of the Adityas, Varuna has aspects of a solar deity. As the most prominent Asura, however, he is more concerned with moral and societal affairs than a deification of nature. Together with Mitra – originally oath personified — being master of rta, he is the supreme keeper of order and god of the law.

• **the Maruts 38**
storm deities and sons of Rudra and Diti and attendants of Indra. The number of Maruts varies from two to sixty (three times sixty in RV 8.96.8. They are very violent and aggressive, described as armed with golden weapons i.e. lightnings and thunderbolts, as having iron teeth and roaring like lions, as residing in the north, as riding in golden chariots drawn by ruddy horses.

• **Mitra 28 Mitra, Mithra, Mithras**
Mitra is a Vedic god who stood for the sun, and was, with his brother Varuna, the guardian of the cosmic order. He was the god of friendships and contracts. Hewas an important divinity of Indic culture, descended, together with the Zoroastrian yazata Mithra, from a common Proto-Indo-Iranian deity *Mitra, a god of . guardian of oaths and agreements. Mithra may also have been worshipped by the Mani. Some branches of Manicheism identified Mithra as the ruler of the second or third emanation (an occultist would say "ray," "aeon," or "sepheroth").

• **Ushas 21 "dawn",**
is a Vedic deity. She is the chief goddess (sometimes imagined as several goddesses, Dawns) exalted in the Rig Veda. She is portrayed as a beautifully adorned, sexually attractive young woman riding in a chariot.

• **Vayu (Wind) 12** he is the Vedic god entrusted with the rejuvenation of nature.

• **Savitar 11** is a solar deity (see Deva) and one of the Adityas. His name is in Vedic Sanskrit meanings "impeller, rouser, vivifier". Savitr is described in the Vedas as having golden arms, hands, hair, etc. He is sometimes identified with, and at other times distinguished from, the chief Sun deity Surya. A number of beautiful Vedic hymns are invoked in his praise. He is the god of the Sun at Sunrise and Sunset, and was most often invoked in the latter role in Vedic hymns.

• **Rbhus 11** meaning "clever, skilful", cognate to Latin *labor*, said of Indra, Agni and the Adityas in the Rigveda) are three semi-divine beings of the Rigveda and the Atharvaveda, **Rbhu, Vaja and Vibhvan**, called collectively by the name of their leader.

They are supposed to dwell in the solar sphere, and are the artists who formed the horses of Indra, the carriage of the Ashvins, and the miraculous cow of Brihaspati; they made their parents young, and performed other wonderful works; they are supposed to take their ease and remain idle for twelve days (the twelve intercalary days of the winter solstice) every year in the house of the Sun (Agohya), after which they recommence working. When the gods heard of their skill, they sent Agni to them with the one cup of their rival Tvashtar, the artificer of the gods, bidding the Rbhus construct four cups from it; when they had successfully executed this task, the gods received the Rbhus amongst themselves and allowed them to partake of their sacrifices.

They appear generally as accompanying Indra, especially at the evening sacrifice; in later mythology, Rbhu is a son of Brahman.

• **Pushan 10**
God of meeting. Puchan was responsible for marriages, journeys, roads, and the feeding of cattle. He was a psychopomp, conducting souls to the other world. He protected travelers from bandits and wild beasts, and protected men from being
exploited by other men. He was a supportive guide, a "good" god, leading his adherents towards rich pastures and wealth. He carried a golden lance, a symbol of activity.

- **Apris 9**
  means "conciliation, propitiation" and refers to special invocations spoken previous to the offering of oblations. RV 1.13 is known as the Apri-hymn of the Kanvas, and Sayana in the context of this hymn enumerates twelve Apris propitiating twelve deities, also known as Apris. These are deified objects belonging to the fire sacrifice of Vedic religion, the fuel, the sacred grass, the enclosure etc. The Apris are all regarded as different manifestations of Agni.

- **Brhaspati 8** *(also known as Brahmanaspati)* is the guru of the Devas and of the Danavas.

- **Surya (Sun) 8** is the chief solar deity. His chariot is pulled by seven horses, which represent the seven chakras.

- **Dyaus and Prithivi (Heaven and Earth) 6**, plus 5.84 dedicated to Earth alone. **Dyaus Pita** is the Sky Father, husband of Prithivi and father of Agni and Indra (RV 4.17.4). His origins can be traced to the Proto-Indo-European sky god *Dyeus*, who is also reflected as Greek Zeus (accusative Dia, genitive Dios; theos pater), Jupiter (from Latin Iovius pater, "father-god"; deus pater) in Roman mythology, Div in Slavic mythology and Tyr in Norse mythology in Albanian (Zoti). Sharing a fate similar to nordic Tyr's, already in the Rig Veda, Dyaus Pita is all but featureless, appearing in hymns 1.89, 1.90, 1.164, 1.191 and 4.1 in simple invocations.

- **Apas (Waters) 6**
  Ap (āp-) is the Vedic Sanskrit term for "water", in Classical Sanskrit occurring only in the plural, āpas (sometimes reanalysed as a thematic singular, āpa-), whence Hindi āp. The term is from PIE *hap-* "water". The Indo-Iranian word survives also, as the Farsi word for water, Aah, e.g. in Punjab (from pañcāpas "five waters"). In archaic ablauting contractions, the laryngeal of the PIE root remains visible in Vedic Sanskrit, e.g. pratīpa- "against the current", from *proti-hp-o-. The word has many cognates in archaic European toponyms (e.g. Mess-apia, perhaps also Avon).

- **Adityas 6** 'Ādityas' are a group of solar deities, sons of Aditi and Kashyapa.

- **Vishnu 6** Viṣṇu involves the root viś, meaning "to settle, to enter", or also (in the Rigveda) "to pervade", and a suffix nu, translating to approximately "the All-Pervading One".

- **Brahmanaspati 6**
- **Rudra 5**- Rudra ("Howler") is a Rigvedic god of the storm, the hunt, death, Nature and the Wind
- **Dadhikras 4**
- **the Sarasvati River / Sarasvati 3**

- **Yama**
  is a Lokapāla and an Aditya. Yama, "Lord of Death" and "King of the Law of decay" Yaama means evening. He is depicted with green or red skin, red clothes, and riding a water buffalo. He holds a loop of rope in his left hand with which he pulls the soul from the corpse. He is the son of Surya (Sun) and twin brother of Yami, or Yamuna, traditionally the first human pair in the Vedas

- **Parjanya (Rain) 3** is the Vedic Sanskrit for "rain" or "raincloud". Personified, it is the deity of rain, often identified with Indra, the "Bull" of the Rigveda, but also associated with Varuna as a deity of clouds and as punishing sinners. Two hymns of the the Rigveda, 5.63 and 7.101, are dedicated to Parjanya.
  He is one of the 12 Adityas,
Vishwakarma is the presiding deity of all craftsmen and architects. Son of Brahma, he is the divine craftsman of the whole universe, and the official builder of all the gods' palaces. Vishwakarma is also the designer of all the flying chariots of the gods, and all their weapons.

Manyu is also known as mainyu in the Zorastrian religion. In ancient Persian mythology, Spenta Mainyu ("holy spirit") is the god of life and the personification of the good and the light. He is the twin brother of Angra Mainyu (Ahriman), the god of darkness, with whom he fights an eternal battle.

Kapinjala (the Heathcock, a form of Indra) 2

Minor deities (one single or no dedicated hymn)

Manas (Thought), prominent concept, deified in 10.58
Dakshina (Reward), prominent concept, deified in 10.107
Jnanam (Knowledge), prominent concept, deified in 10.71
Purusha ("Cosmic Man" of the Purusha sukta 10.90)
Aditi
Bhaga
Vasukra
Atri
Apam Napat
Ksetrapati
Ghrita
Nirriti
Asamati
Urvasi
Pururavas
Vena
Aranyani
Mayabheda
Tarksya
Tvastar
Saranyu
TRADITIONS

It also contains fragmentary references to possible historical events, notably the struggle between the early Vedic people (known as Vedic Aryans, a subgroup of the Indo-Aryans) and their enemies, the Dasa.
Rishis

Each hymn of the Rigveda is traditionally attributed to a specific rishi, and the "family books" (2-7) are said to have been composed by one family of rishis each. The main families, listed by the number of verses ascribed to them are:

- Angirasas: 3619 (especially Mandala 6)
- Kanvas: 1315 (especially Mandala 8)
- Vasishthas: 1267 (Mandala 7)
- Vaishvamitras: 983 (Mandala 3)
- Atris: 885 (Mandala 5)
- Bhrugas: 473
- Kashyapas: 415 (part of Mandala 9)
- Grtsamadas: 401 (Mandala 2)
- Agastyas: 316
- Bharatas: 170

Translations

The Rigveda was translated into English by Ralph T.H. Griffith in 1896. Partial English translations by Maurice Bloomfield and William Dwight Whitney exist. Griffith's translation is good, considering its age, but it is no replacement for Geldner's 1951 translation (in German), the only independent scholarly translation so far. The later translations by Elizarenkova depends heavily on Geldner, but Elizarenkova's translation (in Russian) is valuable in taking into account scholarly literature up to 1990.

Hindu tradition

According to Indian tradition, the Rigvedic hymns were collected by Paila under the guidance of Vyāsa, who formed the Rigveda Samhita as we know it. According to the Satapatha Brāhmaṇa, the number of syllables in the Rigveda is 432,000, equalling the number of muhurtas (1 day = 30 muhurtas) in forty years. This statement stresses the underlying philosophy of the Vedic books that there is a connection (bandhu) between the astronomical, the physiological, and the spiritual.

The authors of the Brāhmaṇa literature described and interpreted the Rigvedic ritual. Yaska was an early commentator of the Rigveda. In the 14th century, Sāyana wrote an exhaustive commentary on it. Other Bhāṣyas (commentaries) that have been preserved up to present times are those by Mādhava, Skandaśvāmin and Veṅkatamadhaṇava.

Dating and historical reconstruction

Geography of the Rigveda, with river names; the extent of the Swat and Cemetary H cultures are also indicated. The Rigveda is far more archaic than any other Indo-Aryan text. For this reason, it was in the center of attention of western scholarship from the times of Max Müller. The Rigveda records an early stage of Vedic religion, still closely tied to the pre-Zoroastrian Persian religion. It is thought that Zoroastrianism and Vedic Hinduism evolved from an earlier common religious Indo-Iranian culture.
The Rigveda's core is accepted to date to the late Bronze Age, making it the only example of Bronze Age literature with an unbroken tradition. Its composition is usually dated to roughly between 1700–1100 BC. The text in the following centuries underwent pronunciation revisions and standardization (samhitapatha, padapatha). This redaction would have been completed in about the 7th century BC. Writing appears in India in ca. the 5th century BC in the form of the Brahmi script, but texts of the length of the Rigveda were likely not written down before the Early Middle Ages, in the Gupta or Siddham scripts, and while written manuscripts were used for teaching in medieval times, they played a minor role in the preservation of knowledge because of their ephemeral nature (Indian manuscripts were on bark or palm leaves and decomposed rapidly in the tropical climate) until the advent of the printing press in British India. The hymns were thus preserved by oral tradition for up to a millennium from the time of their composition until the redaction of the Rigveda, and the entire Rigveda was preserved in shakhas for another 2,500 years from the time of its redaction until the editio princeps by Müller, a collective feat of memorization unparalleled in any other known society.

Puranic literature names Vidagdha as the author of the Pada-text. Other scholars argue that Sthavira Sak of the Aitareya Aranyaka is the padakara of the RV. After their composition, the texts were preserved and codified by a vast body of Vedic priesthood as the central philosophy of the Iron Age Vedic civilization. The Rigveda describes a mobile, nomadic culture, with horse-drawn chariots and metal (bronze) weapons. According to some scholars the geography described is consistent with that of the Punjab (Gandhara): Rivers flow north to south, the mountains are relatively remote but still reachable (Soma is a plant found in the mountains, and it has to be purchased, imported by merchants). Nevertheless, the hymns were certainly composed over a long period, with the oldest elements possibly reaching back into Indo-Iranian times, or the early 2nd millennium BC. Thus there is some debate over whether the boasts of the destruction of stone forts by the Vedic Aryans and particularly by Indra refer to cities of the Indus Valley civilization or whether they hark back to clashes between the early Indo-Aryans with the BMAC (Bactria-Margiana Archaeological Complex) culture centuries earlier, in what is now northern Afghanistan and southern Turkmenistan (separated from the upper Indus by the Hindu Kush mountain range, and some 400 km distant). In any case, while it is highly likely that the bulk of the Rigveda was composed in the Punjab, even if based on earlier poetic traditions, there is no mention of either tigers or rice in the Rigveda (as opposed to the later Vedas), suggesting that Vedic culture only penetrated into the plains of India after its completion. Similarly, it is assumed that there is no mention of iron. The Iron Age in northern India begins in the 12th century BC with the Black and Red Ware (BRW) culture. This is a widely accepted timeframe for the beginning codification of the Rigveda (i.e. the arrangement of the individual hymns in books, and the fixing of the samhitapatha (by applying Sandhi) and the padapatha (by dissolving Sandhi) out of the earlier metrical
text), and the composition of the younger Vedas. This time probably coincides with the early Kuru kingdom, shifting the center of Vedic culture east from the Punjab into what is now Uttar Pradesh.

Some of the names of gods and goddesses found in the *Rigveda* are found amongst other belief systems based on Proto-Indo-European religion as well: Dyaus-Pita is cognate with Greek Zeus, Latin Jupiter (from deus-pater), and Germanic Tyr; while Mitra is cognate with Persian *Mithra*; also, Ushas with Greek Eos and Latin Aurora; and, less certainly, Varuna with Greek Uranos. Finally, Agni is cognate with Latin *ignis* and Russian *ogon*, both meaning “fire”.

Some writers have traced astronomical references[2] in the *Rigveda* dating it to as early as 4000 BC,[9] a date well within the Indian Neolithic. Claims of such evidence remain controversial.[10]

Kazanas (2000) in a polemic against the “Aryan Invasion Theory” suggests a date as early as 3100 BC, based on an identification of the early Rigvedic Sarasvati River as the Ghaggar-Hakra and on glottochronological arguments. Being a polemic against mainstream scholarship, this is of course in diametral opposition to views in mainstream historical linguistics, which assumes a date as late as 3000 BC for the age of late Proto-Indo-European itself.

**Flora and Fauna in the Rigveda**
The horse (Asva) and cattle play an important role in the Rigveda. There are also references to the elephant (Hastin, Varana), Camel (Ustra, especially in Mandala 8), Buffalo (Mahisa), lion (Simha) and to the Gaur in the Rigveda.[11] The peafowl (Mayura) and the Chakravaka (Anas casarca) are birds mentioned in the Rigveda.

**More recent Indian views – spiritual Interpretation**
The Hindu perception of the *Rigveda* has moved away from the original ritualistic content to a more symbolic or mystical interpretation. For example, instances of animal sacrifice are not seen as literal slaughtering but as transcendental processes. The Rigvedic view is seen to consider the universe to be infinite in size, dividing knowledge into two categories: lower (related to objects, beset with paradoxes) and higher (related to the perceiving subject, free of paradoxes). Swami Dayananda, who started the Arya Samaj and Sri Aurobindo have emphasized a spiritual (adhyatimic) interpretation of the book.

The Sarasvati river, lauded in RV 7.95 as the greatest river flowing from the mountain to the sea is sometimes equated with the Ghaggar-Hakra river, which went dry perhaps before 2600 BC or certainly before 1900 BC. Others argue that the Sarasvati was originally the Helmand in Afghanistan. These questions are tied to the debate about the Indo-Aryan migration (termed “Aryan Invasions Theory”) vs. the claim that Vedic culture together with Vedic Sanskrit originated in the Indus Valley Civilisation, a topic of great significance in Hindu nationalism, addressed for example by Amal Kiran and Shrikant G. Talageri. Subhash Kak has claimed that there is an astronomical code in the organization of the hymns. Bal Gangadhar Tilak, also based on astronomical alignments in the Rigveda, in his "The Orion" (1893) claimed presence of the Rigvedic culture in India in the 4th millennium BC, and in his "Arctic Home in the Vedas" (1903) even argued that the Aryans originated near the North Pole and came south during the Ice Age.
SYMBOLISM OF RIG VEDA

Agni: Fire; It is the cosmic power of heat and light and the will power united with wisdom. Human will power is a feeble projection of this power. It can be strengthened by the RV chants to Agni.

Indra: He is the Lord of the Divine Mind and Action. In Indian tradition, mind is not a source of knowledge, it manipulates the knowledge to aid action. Indra battles the evil forces on behalf of the human.

Vāyu: Wind; He is the Lord of all the Life-energies, Prāṇa which represent the passions, feelings, emotions and abilities.

Ashvins: The Lords of Bliss and Divine Physicians who render the human body free of disease so that it can accept the divine Prāṇa, the life-energy.

Mitra: The Lord of Love and Harmony.

Varuṇa: The Master of Infinities who cannot tolerate restrictive thinking or actions. Only he can cut the three bonds which restrict the three aspects of every human being - physical, vital and mental.

Sarasvati: The Goddess of inspiration

Iļa: The Goddess of revelation.

Sārama: The Goddess of intuition.

Sūrya: The Supreme Deity of Light and Force.

Symbolism of some common nouns

go: Cow; each go stands for a particular type of Light or Knowledge.

ashva: Horse; stands for the vital energy which the devās can bestow.

adri: Hill; the force or beings of inconscience and ignorance.

āpah: Water; the divine energies flowing from the heights purifying all mankind.

nadi: River; the flowing current of energies.

Rigveda is the oldest Veda.

It comprises of 10 Mandals, 102 Suktas and containing 10,552 mantras. These mantras are filed with good thoughts and they have the ability to inspire us greatly. The ultimate aim of all these mantras is to purify the human mind through knowledge. Darkness is symbol of lack of knowledge or illusionary living, which makes us devoid of justness and sagacity.

The Rigveda is divided into 2 parts-

(i) Mandal, Anuvak and Sukta
(ii) Ashtak, Adhgaya and Sukta

According to the first division, the Rigveda consist of 10 Mandalas. There are Suktas that comprise the Mandalas. In every Sukta there are mantras or Richas. The quantity of Suktas is 1017 and the other additional Suktas account to 11. In this way, the total number is unequal. There seem to be maximum Suktas in the 1st and 10th Mandala and there are very few Suktas in the 2nd Mandala.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Mandala</th>
<th>Sukta</th>
<th>Number of Mantras</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1</td>
<td>191</td>
<td>2006</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2</td>
<td>43</td>
<td>429</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3</td>
<td>62</td>
<td>617</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4</td>
<td>58</td>
<td>589</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>5</td>
<td>87</td>
<td>727</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

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The Brahmanas stand second to the Vedas. The ultimate aim of these books is procedures of performing Yagya and rituals. The Brahmanas are divided into 3 parts.

(i) Brahmana,
(ii) Aranyaka,
(iii) Upanishad

There are 2 Rigveda Brahmin texts i.e. Kausheetki and Aitereya. These Brahmana speak about the Soma and Rajasuya Yagya.

The Aitereya and Kausheetki are the 2 Aranyakas of the Rigveda.

There are 5 texts of the Aitereya and each of these is known as Aranyakas. The 2nd and 3rd are independent Upanishads. In the 2nd half of the last 4 paragraphs are counted as Vedanta texts that is why they are referred to Aitereya Upanishads. There are 3 parts of the Kausheetki Aranyaka. The 2 parts of this Aranyaka are filled with rituals. The 3rd part is referred to as Kausheetki Upanishad.

The Rig Veda contains many levels of myths, which can hence be interpreted in many ways - even the esoteric nature of the hymns, for example, can have two, three or four or more actual meanings to them. Many are the levels of understanding!

Generally, however, there are levels of interpretation under Four categories:-

1. Purana, Historic, which refers to the literal meaning of the texts, and also refers to some stories that are later reproduced in the popular Puranas of latter times we have today.
2. Scientific - this has a three fold interpretation as Astrology, Astronomy and Ayurveda (Medicine), which also includes mathematics, art and architecture etc.
3. Yogic or Vedantic, being Philosophical, or even pertaining to various practices in Yoga. This also includes mantra and mantra-yoga, bhakti-yoga and other such interpretations, depending on the interpreter of the text, and their philosophical bent.
4. Adhyatmic or esoteric, inner renderings, which refer to visions, inner yogic visions of the chakras, lokas, experiences of bliss, visions of deities etc.

Hence, one verses itself, may have up to, say, 7-8 different renderings on various levels! The Vedic symbolism is generally Threefold, Fivefold, Sevenfold. Thousand fold (meaning numerous). The text themselves can be classed as basically Twofold, under which various headings come (noted above), as (a) Devic or Scientific and (b) Adhidaivic or Spiritual.

In the earliest phase of Indo-European studies, Sanskrit was assumed to be very close to (if not identical with) the Proto-Indo-European language. Its geographical location also fitted the then-dominant Biblical model of human migration, according to which Europeans were descended from the tribe of Japhet, which was supposed to have expanded from Mount Ararat after the Flood. Iran and northern India seemed to be likely early areas of settlement for the Japhetites.
In the course of the 19th century, as the field of historical linguistics progressed, and Bible-based models of history were abandoned, it became clear that Sanskrit could no longer be given priority. In line with late 19th century ideas, an Aryan 'invasion' was made the vehicle of the language transfer. Max Muller estimated the date to be around 1500–1200 BC\(^1\), which is also supported by more recent scholars.

The Indus Valley civilization, discovered in the 1920s, was unknown to 19th century scholars. The discovery of the Harappa and Mohenjo-daro sites changed the theory from an invasion of implicitly advanced Aryan people on an aboriginal population to an invasion of nomadic barbarians on an advanced urban civilization, an argument associated with the mid-20th century archaeologist Mortimer Wheeler. The decline roughly contemporaneous to the proposed migration movement was seen initially as an independent confirmation of these early suggestions (compare the causal relations between the decline of the Roman Empire and the Germanic Migration Period).

Among the archaeological signs claimed by Wheeler to support the theory of an invasion are the many unburied corpses found in the top levels of Mohenjo-daro. They were interpreted by Wheeler as victims of a conquest of the city, but Wheeler's interpretation is no longer accepted by many scholars (e.g. Bryant 2001). Wheeler himself expressed no certainty, but wrote, in a famous phrase, that "Indra stands accused".

In the later 20th century, ideas were refined, and so now migration and acculturation are seen as the methods whereby Indo-Aryan spread into northwest India around 1700 BCE. These changes are exactly in line with changes in thinking about language transfer in general, such as the migration of the Greeks into Greece (between 2100 and 1600 BCE), or the Indo-Europeanization of Western Europe (between 2200 and 1300 BCE).

**Iranian Avesta**

The language of the Gathas (the oldest part of the Avesta) is very similar to the language of the Rigveda, and differ only in certain well defined phonetic changes. Beyond language, the Vedic universe is surprisingly reflected in the Avestan universe. Both have a common divinity (Mitra:Mithra), and the roles of gods and demons are reversed (deva:daeva), (asura:ahura). The sacrificing priest is called (hotr:zaotr) and in both traditions, (soma:haoma) play an important role. This indicates a common origin of the Avestan and the Vedic. The point of departure is the supreme position of Ahura Mazda, the uncreated god in the Avesta, in opposition to the many gods in the Vedas.

Therefore the date of the Avesta could also indicate the date of the Rigveda. However, the date of the Gathas is uncertain. The ancient Greeks dated Zarathustra (and thus the Gathas) to 6000 BCE or to the 6th century BCE. Some scholars claim that the Gathas date to before 1100 BCE and could also be much older.\(^2\)

The Avesta however, unlike the Rigveda, does speak of an Airyanem Vaejah, an external homeland of the Avestan Aryas and of Zarathustra, generally considered to be somewhere between the Caucasus and South Asia. The term Vaejah can be derived from the Vedic "vij" and would thus suggest the region of a fast-flowing river (see Bryant 2001: 327). The location of Airyanem Vaejah is disputed. Some of the places that have been suggested are the Hindukush and Afghanistan. The Avesta does also not seem to know the region north of the Sir Darya (Jaxartes) or the western Iranian region. The lower Oxus region, south of the Aral Sea, seems to be an outlying region for the Avestan people.
ARYAN INVASION AND FALL OF THE INDUS EMPIRE

Nomadic Aryans invaded India ca. 1500 BC destroying the Indus valley civilization and exterminating the Indus inhabitants. Thus ended the most brilliant civilization of the ancient world. Subsequent to this invasion, India was plunged into 2000 years of the Vedic Dark Ages. When cities were built again, it was under Scytho-Greek influence. The ziggurat of the Indus disappeared forever.

- **Ash layers** indicate widespread burning down of Indus cities by the Aryans.
- **Fractured skulls** and mutilated skeletons display axe and sword marks due to widespread massacre of the Indus inhabitants by Aryan invaders.
- **Caste System of Apartheid** similar to US South arose when white Caucasoid Aryans crushed the Semitic (‘Pani’ or Phoenician) & black Dravidian inhabitants. Shivaism is still the Dravidian religion (Tamil"civa", red, angry), while Vaishnavism is the Indo-Aryan religion.
- **Discontinuity** marks the Aryan invasion in all respects. Pottery, architecture, Aryan weapons (incl. the horse & chariot) & Aryan settlements occur towards the end of the civilization atop the destroyed cities with primitive fire altars and the new painted grey ware (PGW)
- **Flooding** is indicated by the silt deposits and was caused by the deliberate destruction of the indus dam and irrigation system by the Aryans.
- **Northern Dravidians** (eg. the Brahui, Bhil and Gonds occupy isolated tracts of North and Central India showing that the Dravidians were once spread over all of India.
- **Sanskrit Literature** clearly records the Aryan invasion. Indra, chief of the Aryan gods, is repeatedly referred to as "destroyer of cities" and exterminator of dasyus. In Tamil literature 1500 BC is the date of the mythical destruction of Tamil civilisation; this coincides with the Aryan invasion. In addition Sanskrit contains many loanwords of Dravidian origin. Shiva is one example (Tamil"civa"). Some sounds are also of Dravidian
- **Astronomical Science** used by the Vedic ritualists was taken from the Semito-Dravidian Indus valley people as these were compiled during the Indus Valley and are not referred to in the Avesta or Rig Veda.

The conventional dates for the RV in modern scholarship place the RV between 1700 BC and 1000 BC. An example of how these dates are constructed can be found on the [Indology list](#). Some of the argument is reproduced here.
HOW OLD IS THE RIG VEDA? (PART I)

Arun Gupta gives this summary

The model in which these dates are constructed is one in which the Aryans, speakers of Vedic Sanskrit or a precursor language, entered India sometime after 1700 BC, that is, after the end of the urban period of the Harappan culture. The Aryans entered India as invaders or as peaceful migrants. The Aryans brought along the horse and the horse-drawn chariot, which gave them a military advantage over the original inhabitants, if they were invaders; and items of high prestige if they were migrants. Either way the Aryans became the elite, and were able to impose their language and religion on the people. They may have invented the castes to perpetuate their hegemony. It was these people who composed the RV. The Mandalas of the RV can be arranged in an order (believed to be chronological) with a shift in the names of rivers and places from the older Mandalas to the newer ones showing a movement of the Aryans from Afghanistan and Northwest India into Punjab and ultimately into the Gangetic plains.

The culture which we glimpse in the RV does not know of iron, and so the RV can be no later than the beginning of widespread use of iron in India (around 1000 BC to 900 BC). The RV can be no older than the first Aryan-style chariots, first recorded around the Ural mountains on the Asia-Europe border around 2000 BC. The RV is “horse-obsessed” and so can be no older than the earliest domesticated horses in India, which date is said to be later than 1700 BC.

The Harappan culture had no horses, insists Western scholarship. Various putative horse remains found around Harappan cities either have been carelessly excavated so that reliable dates cannot be determined, and are probably post-1700 BC or the bones are not those of the horse (Equus Caballus) but rather are of the wild Kutchi onager (Equus hemiones khur). Horses are not found on the famous Harappan seals and the few figurines found of horse-like animals are said to be representations of the onager. Some few words found in the cuneiform-inscribed clay tablets of the Middle East show a borrowing from a language that is said to be pre-Vedic Sanskrit. Since these writings can be reliably dated to around 1400 BC, the RV is said to be most likely later than that date.

Finally, the RV is believed, in this model, to have been composed in a relatively short period of time; perhaps a century rather than centuries elapsed between the composition of the earliest and latest hymns.
FOREWORD TO RIG VEDA
AUROBINDO

In ancient times the Veda was revered as a sacred book of wisdom, a great mass of inspired poetry, the work of Rishis, seers and sages, who received in their illumined minds rather than mentally constructed a great universal, eternal and impersonal Truth which they embodied in Mantras, revealed verses of power, not of an ordinary but of a divine inspiration and source. The name given to these sages was Kavi, which afterwards came to mean any poet, but at the time had the sense of a seer of truth, -- the Veda itself describes them as kavyayah satyasrutah, "seers who are hearers of the Truth" and the Veda itself was called, sruti, a word which came to mean "revealed Scripture". The seers of the Upanishad had the same idea about the Veda and frequently appealed to its authority for the truths they themselves announced and these too afterwards came to be regarded as Sruti, revealed Scripture, and were included in the sacred Canon.

This tradition persevered in the Brahmanas and continued to maintain itself in spite of the efforts of the ritualistic commentators, Yajnikas, to explain everything as myth and rite and the division made by the Pandits distinguishing the section of works, Karmakanda, and the section of Knowledge, Jnanakanda, identifying the former with the hymns and the latter with the Upanishads. This drowning of the parts of Knowledge by the parts of ceremonial works was strongly criticised in one of the Upanishads and in the Gita, but both look on the Veda as a Book of Knowledge. Even, the Sruti including both Veda and Upanishad was regarded as the supreme authority for spiritual knowledge and infallible.

Is this all legend and moonshine, or a groundless and even nonsensical tradition? Or is it the fact that there is only a scanty element of higher ideas in some later hymns which started this theory? Did the writers of the Upanishads foist upon the Riks a meaning which was not there but read into it by their imagination or a fanciful interpretation? Modern European scholarship insists on having it so. And it has persuaded the mind of modern India. In favour of this view is the fact that the Rishis of the Veda were not only seers but singers and priests of sacrifice, that their chants were written to be sung at public sacrifices and refer constantly to the customary ritual and seem to call for the outward objects of these ceremonies, wealth, prosperity, victory over enemies. Sayana, the great commentator, gives us a ritualistic and where necessary a tentatively mythical or historical sense to the Riks, very rarely does he put forward any higher meaning though sometimes he lets a higher sense come through or puts it as an alternative as if in despair of finding out some ritualistic or mythical interpretation. But still he does
not reject the spiritual authority of the Veda or deny that there is a higher truth contained in the Riks. This last development was left to our own times and popularised by occidental scholars.

The European scholars took up the ritualistic tradition, but for the rest they dropped Sayana overboard and went on to make their own etymological explanation of the words, or build up their own conjectural meanings of the Vedic verses and gave a new presentation often arbitrary and imaginative. What they sought for in the Veda was the early history of India, its society, institutions, customs, a civilisation-picture of the times. They invented the theory based on the difference of languages of an Aryan invasion from the north, an invasion of a Dravidian India of which the Indians themselves had no memory or tradition and of which there is no record in their epic or classical literature. The Vedic religion was in this account only a worship of Nature-Gods full of solar myths and consecrated by sacrifices and a sacrificial liturgy primitive enough in its ideas and contents, and it is these barbaric prayers that are the much vaunted, haloed and apotheosized Veda.

There can be no doubt that in the beginning there was a worship of the Powers of the physical world, the Sun, Moon, Heaven and Earth, Wind, Rain and Storm etc., the Sacred Rivers and a number of Gods who presided over the workings of Nature. That was the general aspect of the ancient worship in Greece, Rome, India and among other ancient peoples. But in all these countries these gods began to assume a higher, a psychological function; Pallas Athene who may have been originally a Dawn-Goddess springing in flames from the head of Zeus, the Sky-God, Dyaus of the Veda, has in classical Greece a higher function and was identified by the Romans with their Minerva, the Goddess of learning and wisdom; similarly, Saraswati, a River Goddess, becomes in India the goddess of wisdom, learning and the arts and crafts: all the Greek deities have undergone a change in this direction -- Apollo, the Sun-God, has become a god of poetry and prophecy, Hephaestus the Fire-God a divine smith, god of labour. In India the process was arrested half-way, and the Vedic Gods developed their psychological functions but retained more fixedly their external character and for higher purposes gave place to a new pantheon. They had to give precedence to Puranic deities who developed out of the early company but assumed larger cosmic functions, Vishnu, Rudra, Brahma, -- developing from the Vedic Brihaspati, or Brahma, -- Shiva, Lakshmi, Durga. Thus in India the change in the gods was less complete, the earlier deities became the inferior divinities of the Puranic pantheon and this was largely due to the survival of the Rigveda in which their psychological and their external functions co-existed and are both given a powerful emphasis; there was no such early literary record to maintain the original features of the Gods of Greece and Rome.

This change was evidently due to a cultural development in these early peoples who became progressively more mentalised and less engrossed in the physical life as they advanced in civilisation and needed to read into their religion and their deities finer and subtler aspects which would support their more highly mentalised concepts and interests and find for them a true spiritual being or some celestial figure as their support and sanction. But the largest part in determining and deepening this inward turn must be attributed to the Mystics who had an enormous influence on these early civilisations; there was indeed almost everywhere an age of the Mysteries in which men of a deeper knowledge and self-knowledge established their practices, significant rites, symbols, secret lore within or on the border of the more primitive exterior religions. This took different forms in different countries; in Greece there were the Orphic and Eleusinian Mysteries, in Egypt and Chaldea the priests and their occult lore and magic, in Persia the Magi, in India the Rishis. The preoccupation of the Mystics was with self-knowledge and a profounder world-knowledge; they found out that in man there was a deeper self and inner being behind the surface of the outward physical man, which it was his highest business to discover and know. "Know thyself" was their great precept, just as in India to know the Self, the Atman became the great spiritual need, the highest thing for the human being. They found also a Truth, a Reality behind the outward aspects of the universe and to discover, follow, realise this Truth was their great aspiration. They discovered secrets and powers of Nature which were not those of the physical world but which could bring occult mastery over the physical world and physical things and to systematise this occult knowledge and power was also one of their strong preoccupations. But all this could only be safely done by a difficult and careful training, discipline, purification of the nature; it could not be done by the ordinary man. If men entered into these things without a severe test and training it would be dangerous to themselves and others; this knowledge, these powers could be misused, misinterpreted, turned from truth to falsehood, from good to evil. A strict secrecy was therefore maintained, the knowledge handed down
behind a veil from master to disciple. A veil of symbols was created behind which these mysteries could shelter, formulas of speech also which could be understood by the initiated but were either not known by others or were taken by them in an outward sense which carefully covered their true meaning and secret. This was the substance of Mysticism everywhere.

It has been the tradition in India from the earliest times that the Rishis, the poet-seers of the Veda, were men of this type, men with a great spiritual and occult knowledge not shared by ordinary human beings, men who handed down this knowledge and their powers by a secret initiation to their descendant and chosen disciples. It is a gratuitous assumption to suppose that this tradition was wholly unfounded, a superstition that arose suddenly or slowly formed in a void, with nothing whatever to support it; some foundation must have been however small or however swelled by legend and the accretions of centuries. But if it is true, then inevitably the poet- seers must have expressed something of their secret knowledge, their mystic lore in their writings and such an element must be present, however well- concealed by an occult language or behind a technique of symbols, and if it is there it must be to some extent discoverable. It is true that an antique language, obsolete words, -- Yaska counts more than four hundred of which he did not know the meaning, -- and often a difficult and out-of-date diction helped to obscure their meaning; the loss of the sense of their symbols, the glossary of which they kept to themselves, made them unintelligible to later generations; even in the time of the Upanishads the spiritual seekers of the age had to resort to initiation and meditation to penetrate into their secret knowledge, while the scholars afterwards were at sea and had to resort to conjecture and to concentrate on a mental interpretation or to explain by myths, by the legends of the Brahmanas themselves often symbolic and obscure. But still to make this discovery will be the sole way of getting at the true sense and the true value of the Veda. We must take seriously the hint of Yaska, accept the Rishi's description of the Veda's contents as "seer-wisdoms, seer-words", and look for whatever clue we can find to this ancient wisdom. Otherwise the Veda must remain for ever a sealed book; grammarians, etymologists, scholastic conjectures will not open to us the sealed chamber.

For it is a fact that the tradition of a secret meaning and a mystic wisdom couched in the Riks of the ancient Veda was as old as the Veda itself. The Vedic Rishis believed that their Mantras were inspired from higher hidden planes of consciousness and contained this secret knowledge. The words of the Veda could only be known in their true meaning by one who was himself a seer or mystic; from others the verses withheld their hidden knowledge. In one of Vamadeva's hymns in the fourth Mandala (IV.3.16) the Rishi describes himself as one illumined expressing through his thought and speech words of guidance, "secret words" -- ninya vacamsi -- "seer-wisdoms that utter their inner meaning to the seer" -- kavyani kavaye nivacana. The Rishi Dirghatamas speaks of the Riks, the Mantras of the Veda, as existing "in a supreme ether, imperishable and immutable in which all the gods are seated", and he adds "one who knows not That what shall he do with the Rik?" (I.164.39) He further alludes to four planes from which the speech issues, three of them hidden in the secrecy while the fourth is human, and from there comes the ordinary word; but the word and thought of the Veda belongs to the higher planes (I.164.46). Elsewhere in the Riks the Vedic Word is described (X.71) as that which is supreme and the topmost height of speech, the best and the most faultless. It is something that is hidden in secrecy and from there comes out and is manifested. It has entered into the truth-seers, the Rishis, and it is found by following the track of their speech. But all cannot enter into its secret meaning. Those who do not know the inner sense are as men who seeing see not, hearing hear not, only to one here and there the Word desiring him like a beautifully robed wife to a husband lays open her body. Others unable to drink steadily of the milk of the Word, the Vedic cow, move with it as with one that gives no milk, to him the Word is a tree without flowers or fruits. This is quite clear and precise; it results from it beyond doubt that even then while the Rig-veda was being written the Riks were regarded as having a secret sense which was not open to all. There was an occult and spiritual knowledge in the sacred hymns and by this knowledge alone, it is said, one can know the truth and rise to a higher existence. This belief was not a later tradition but held, probably, by all and evidently by some of the greatest Rishis such as Dirghatamas and Vamadeva.

The tradition, then, was there and it was prolonged after the Vedic times. Yaska speaks of several schools of interpretation of the Veda. There was a sacrificial or ritualistic interpretation, the historical or rather mythological
explanation, an explanation by the grammarians and etymologists, by the logicians, a spiritual interpretation. Yaska himself declares that there is a triple knowledge and therefore a triple meaning of the Vedic hymns, a sacrificial or ritualistic knowledge, a knowledge of the gods and finally a spiritual knowledge; but the last is the true sense and when one gets it the others drop or are cut away. It is this spiritual sense that saves and the rest is outward and subordinate. He says further that "the Rishis saw the truth, the true law of things, directly by an inner vision"; afterwards the knowledge and the inner sense of the Veda were almost lost and the Rishis who still knew had to save it by handing it down through initiation to disciples and at a last stage outward and mental means had to be used for finding the sense such as Nirukta and other Vedangas. But even then, he says, "the true sense of the Veda can be recovered directly by meditation and tapasya", those who can use these means need no outward aids for this knowledge. This also is sufficiently clear and positive.

The tradition of a mystic element in the Veda as a source of Indian civilisation, its religion, its philosophy, its culture is more in consonance with historical fact than the European scouting of this idea. The nineteenth century European scholarship writing in a period of materialistic rationalism regarded the history of the race as a development out of primitive barbarism or semi-barbarism, a crude social life and religion and a mass of superstitions, by the growth of outward civilised institutions, manners and habits through the development of intellect and reason, art, philosophy and science and a clearer and sounder, more matter-of-fact intelligence. The ancient idea about the Veda could not fit into this picture; it was regarded as rather a part of ancient superstitious ideas and a primitive error. But we can now form a more accurate idea of the development of the race. The ancient more primitive civilisations held in themselves the elements of the later growth but their early wise men were not scientists and philosophers or men of high intellectual reason but mystics and even mystery-men, occultists, religious seekers; they were seekers after a veiled truth behind things and not of an outward knowledge. The scientists and philosophers came afterwards; they were preceded by the mystics and often like Pythagoras and Plato were to some extent mystics themselves or drew many of their ideas from the mystics. In India philosophy grew out of the seeking of the mystics and retained and developed their spiritual aims and kept something of their methods in later Indian spiritual discipline and Yoga. The Vedic tradition, the fact of a mystical element in the Veda fits in perfectly with this historical truth and takes its place in the history of Indian culture. The tradition of the Veda as the bed-rock of Indian civilisation -- not merely a barbaric sacrificial liturgy -- is more than a tradition, it is an actual fact of history.

But even if an element of high spiritual knowledge, or passages full of high ideas were found in the hymns, it might be supposed that those are perhaps only a small factor, while the rest is a sacrificial liturgy, formulas of prayer and praise to the Gods meant to induce them to shower on the sacrificers material blessings such as plenty of cows, horses, fighting men, sons, food, wealth of all kinds, protection, victory in battle, or to bring down rain from heaven, recover the sun from clouds or from the grip of Night, the free flowing of the seven rivers, recovery of cattle from the Dasyus (or the Dravidians) and the other boons which on the surface seem to be the object of this ritual worship. The Rishis would then be men with some spiritual or mystic knowledge but otherwise dominated by all the popular ideas proper to their times. These two elements they would then mix up intimately in their hymns and this would account at least in part for the obscurity and the rather strange and sometimes grotesque jumble which the traditional interpretation offers us. But if, on the other hand, a considerable body of high thinking clearly appears, if there is a large mass of verses or whole hymns which admit only of a mystic character and significance, and if finally, the ritualistic and external details are found to take frequently the appearance of symbols such as were always used by the mystics, and if there are many clear indications, even some explicit statements in the hymns themselves of such a meaning, then all changes. We are in the presence of a great scripture of the mystics with a double signification, one exoteric the other esoteric, the symbols themselves have a meaning which makes them a part of the esoteric significance, an element in the secret teaching and knowledge. The whole of the Rig-veda, a small number of hymns perhaps excepted, becomes in its inner sense such a Scripture. At the same time the exoteric sense need not be merely a mask; the Riks may have been regarded by their authors as words of power, powerful not only for internal but for external things. A purely spiritual scripture would concern itself with only spiritual significances, but the ancient mystics were also what we would call occultists, men who believed that by inner means outer as well as inner results could be produced, that
thought and words could be so used as to bring about realisations of every kind, -- in the phrase common in the Veda itself, -- both the human and the divine.

But where is this body of esoteric meaning in the Veda? It is only discoverable if we give a constant and straightforward meaning to the words and formulas employed by the Rishis, especially to the key-words which bear as keystones the whole structure of their doctrine. One such word is the great word, Ritam, Truth; Truth was the central object of the seeking of the Mystics, a spiritual or inner Truth, a truth of ourselves, a truth of things, a truth of the world and of the gods, a truth behind all we are and all that things are. In the ritualistic interpretation this master word of the Vedic knowledge has been interpreted in all kinds of senses according to the convenience or fancy of the interpreter, "truth", "sacrifice", "water", "one who has gone", even "food", not to speak of a number of other meanings; if we do that, there can be no certitude in our dealings with the Veda. But let us consistently give it the same master sense and a strange but clear result emerges. If we apply the same treatment to other portions translated in this book we have many mystic verses and whole hymns which, however mystic, tear the veil off the outer sacrificial images covering the real sense of the Veda. "Thought," says the Rishi, "has nourished our eyes and the veil vanishes; the body of the Word, the Truth stands out before us.

Many of the lines, many whole hymns even of the Veda bear on their face a mystic meaning; they are evidently an occult form of speech, have an inner meaning. When the seer speaks of Agni as "the luminous guardian of the Truth shining out in his own home", or of Mitra and Varuna or other gods as "in touch with the Truth and making the Truth grow" or as "born in the Truth", these are words of a mystic poet, who is thinking of that inner Truth behind things of which the early sages were the seekers. He is not thinking of the Nature-Power presiding over the outer element of fire or of the fire of the ceremonial sacrifice. Or he speaks of Saraswati as one who impels the words of Truth and awakes to right thinking or as one opulent with the thought: Saraswati awakes to consciousness or makes us conscious of the "Great Ocean and illumines all our thoughts". It is surely not the River Goddess whom he is thus hymning but the Power, the River if you will, of inspiration, the word of the Truth, bringing its light into our thoughts, building up in us that Truth, an inner knowledge. The Gods constantly stand out in their psychological functions; the sacrifice is the outer symbol of an inner work, an inner interchange between the gods and men, -- man giving what he has, the gods giving in return the horses of power, the herds of light, the heroes of Strength to be his retinue, winning for him victory in his battle with the hosts of Darkness, Vritras, Dasyus, Panis. When the Rishi says, "Let us become conscious whether by the War-Horse or by the Word of a Strength beyond men", his words have either a mystic significance or they have no coherent meaning at all. In the portions translated in this book we have many mystic verses and whole hymns which, however mystic, tear the veil off the outer sacrificial images covering the real sense of the Veda. "Thought," says the Rishi, "has nourished for us human things in the Immortals, in the Great Heavens; it is the milch-cow which milks of itself the wealth of many forms" -- the many kinds of wealth, cows, horses and the rest for which the sacrificer prays; evidently this is no material wealth, it is something which Thought, the Thought embodied in the Mantra, can give and it is the result of the same Thought that nourishes our human things in the Immortals, in the Great Heavens. A process of divinisation, and of a bringing down of great and luminous riches, treasures won from the Gods by the inner work of sacrifice, is hinted at in terms necessarily covert but still for one who knows how to read these secret words, ninya vacamsi, sufficiently expressive, kavaye nivacana. Again, Night and Dawn the eternal sisters are like "joyful weaving women weaving the weft of our perfected works into the form of a sacrifice". Again, words with a mystic form and meaning, but there could hardly be a more positive statement of the psychological character of the Sacrifice, the real meaning of the Cow, of the riches sought for, the plenitudes of the Great Treasure.
Under pressure of the necessity to mask their meaning with symbols and symbolic words -- for secrecy must be observed -- the Rishis resorted to fix double meanings, a device easily manageable in the Sanskrit language where one word often bears several different meanings, but not easy to render in an English translation and very often impossible. Thus the word for cow, go, meant also light or a ray of light; this appears in the names of some of the Rishis, Gotama, most radiant, Gavishthira, steadfast in the Light. The cows of the Veda were the Herds of the Sun, familiar in Greek myth and mystery, the rays of the Sun of Truth and Light and Knowledge; this meaning which comes out in some passages can be consistently applied everywhere yielding a coherent sense. The word ghṛta means ghee or clarified butter and this was one of the chief elements of the sacrificial rite; but ghṛta could also mean light, from the root ghr to shine and it is used in this sense in many passages. Thus the horses of Indra, the Lord of Heaven, are described as dripping with light, ghṛtasnu [[Sayana, though in several passages he takes ghṛta in the sense of light, renders it here by ‘water’; he seems to think that the divine horses were very tired and perspiring profusely! A Naturalistic interpreter might as well argue that as Indra is a God of the sky, the primitive poet might well believe that rain was the perspiration of Indra’s horses.]] -- it certainly does not mean that ghee dripped from them as they ran, although that seems to be the sense of the same epithet as applied to the grain of which Indra’s horses are invited to partake when they come to the sacrifice. Evidently this sense of light doubles with that of clarified butter in the symbolism of the sacrifice. The thought or the word expressing the thought is compared to pure clarified butter, expressions like dhiyam ghṛtacim, the luminous thought or understanding occur. There is a curious passage in one of the hymns translated in this book calling on Fire as priest of the sacrifice to flood the offering with a mind pouring ghṛta, ghṛtaprasa manasa and so manifest the Seats (“places, or planes”), the three heavens each of them and manifest the Gods. [[This is Sayana’s rendering of the passage and rises directly from the words.]] But what is a ghee-pouring mind, and how by pouring ghee can a priest manifest the Gods and the triple heavens? But admit the mystical and esoteric meaning and the sense becomes clear. What the Rishi means is a “mind pouring the light”, a labour of the clarity of an enlightened or illumined mind; it is not a human priest or a sacrificial fire, but the inner Flame, the mystic seer-will, kaviṇkratu, and that can certainly manifest by this process the Gods and the worlds and all planes of the being. The Rishis, it must be remembered, were seers as well as sages, they were men of vision who saw things in their meditation in images, often symbolic images which might precede or accompany an experience and put it in a concrete form, might predict or give an occult body to it: so it would be quite possible for him to see at once the inner experience and in image its symbolic happening, the flow of clarifying light and the priest god pouring this clarified butter on the inner self-offering which brought the experience. This might seem strange to a Western mind, but to an Indian mind accustomed to the Indian tradition or capable of meditation and occult vision it would be perfectly intelligible. The mystics were and normally are symbolists, they can even see all physical things and happenings as symbols of inner truths and realities, even their outer selves, the outer happenings of their life and all around them. That would make their identification or else an association of the thing and its symbol easy, its habit possible.

Other standing words and symbols of the Veda invite a similar interpretation of their sense. As the Vedic “cow” is the symbol of light, so the Vedic “horse” is a symbol of power, spiritual strength, force of tapasya. When the Rishi asks Agni for a “horse-form cow-in-front gift” he is not asking really for a number of horses forming a body of the gift with some cows walking in front, he is asking for a great body of spiritual power led by the light or, as we may translate it, “with the Ray-Cow walking in its front.” [[Compare the expression which describes the Aryan, the noble people as led by the light -- jyoti-agrah.]] As one hymn describes the recovery from the Panis of the mass of the rays (the cows, -- the shining herds, gavyam), so another hymn asks Agni for a mass of abundance or power of the horse -- asvyam. So too the Rishi asks sometimes for the heroes or fighting men as his retinue, sometimes in more abstract language and without symbol for a complete hero-force -- suviryam; sometimes he combines the symbol and the thing. So too the Rishis ask for a son or sons or offspring, apatyam, as an element of the wealth for which they pray to the Gods, but here too an esoteric sense can be seen, for in certain passages the son born to us is clearly an image of some inner birth: Agni himself is our son, thechild of our works, the child who as the Universal Fire is the father of his fathers, and it is by setting the steps on things that have fair offspring that we create or discover a path to the higher world of Truth. Again, “water” in the Veda is used as a symbol. It speaks of the inconscient ocean, salīlam apraketam, in which the Godhead is involved and out of which he is born.
by his greatness; it speaks also of the great ocean, maho arnah, the upper waters which, as one hymn says, Saraswati makes conscious for us or of which she makes us conscious by the ray of intuition -- pra cetayati ketuna. The seven rivers seem to be the rivers of Northern India but the Veda speaks of the seven Mighty Ones of Heaven who flow down from Heaven; they are waters that know, knowers of the Truth -- rtajna -- and when they are released they discover for us the road to the great Heavens. So, too, Parashara speaks of Knowledge and universal Life, "in the house of the waters". Indra releases the rain by slaying Vritra, but this rain too is the rain of Heaven and sets the rivers flowing. Thus the legend of the release of the waters which takes so large a place in the Veda puts on the aspect of a symbolic myth. Along with it comes the other symbolic legend of the discovery and rescue, from the dark cave in the mountain, of the Sun, the cows or herds of the Sun, or the Sun-world -- svar -- by the Gods and the Angiras Rishis. The symbol of the Sun is constantly associated with the higher Light and the Truth: it is in the Truth concealed by an inferior Truth that are unyoked the horses of the Sun, it is the Sun in its highest light that is called upon in the great Gayatri Mantra to impel our thoughts. So, too, the enemies in the Veda are spoken of as robbers, dasyus, who steal the cows, or Vritras and are taken literally as human enemies in the ordinary interpretation, but Vritra is a demon who covers and holds back the Light and the waters and the Vritras are his forces fulfilling that function. The Dasys, robbers or destroyers, are the powers of darkness, adversaries of the seekers of Light and the Truth. Always there are indications that lead us from the outward and exoteric to an inner and esoteric sense.

In connection with the symbol of the Sun a notable and most significant verse in a hymn of the fifth Mandala may here be mentioned; for it shows not only the profound mystic symbolism of the Vedic poets, but also how the writers of the Upanishads understood the Rig-veda and justifies their belief in the inspired knowledge of their forerunners. "There is a Truth covered by a Truth", runs the Vedic passage, "where they unyoke the horses of the Sun; the ten hundreds stood together, there was That One; [[Or, That (the supreme Truth) was one.]] I saw the greatest (best, most glorious) of the embodied gods. [[Or, it means, "I saw the greatest (best) of the bodies of the gods."]]] Then mark how the seer of the Upanishad translates this thought or this mystic experience into his own later style, keeping the central symbol of the Sun but without any secrecy in the sense. Thus runs the passage in the Upanishad, "The face of the Truth is covered with a golden lid. O Pushan, that remove for the vision of the law of the Truth. [[Or, for the law of the Truth, for vision.]] O Pushan (fosterer), sole seer, O Yama, O Sun, O Child of the Father of beings, marshal and gather together thy rays; I see the Light which is that fairest (most auspicious) form of thee; he who is this Purusha, He am I." The golden lid is meant to be the same as the inferior covering truth, rtam, spoken of in the Vedic verse; the "best of the bodies of the Gods" is equivalent to the "fairest form of the Sun", it is the supreme Light which is other and greater than all outer light; the great formula of the Upanishad, "He am I", corresponds to That One, tad ekam, of the Rig-vedic verse; the "standing together of the ten hundreds" (the rays of the Sun, says Sayana, and that is evidently the meaning) is reproduced in the prayer to the Sun "to marshal and mass his rays" so that the supreme form may be seen. The Sun in both the passages, as constantly in the Veda and frequently in the Upanishad, is the Godhead of the supreme Truth and Knowledge and his rays are the light emanating from that supreme Truth and Knowledge. It is clear from this instance -- and there are others -- that the seer of the Upanishad had a truer sense of the meaning of the ancient Veda than the mediaeval ritualistic commentator with his gigantic learning, much truer than the modern and very different mind of the European scholars.

There are certain psychological terms which have to be taken consistently in their true sense if we are to find the inner or esoteric meaning. Apart from the Truth, Ritam, we have to take always in the sense of "thought" the word dhi which constantly recurs in the hymns. This is the natural meaning of dhi which corresponds to the later word Buddhi; it means thought, understanding, intelligence and in the plural 'thoughts', dhiyah. It is given in the ordinary interpretation all kinds of meanings; "water", "work", "sacrifice", "food", etc. as well as thought. But in our search we have to take it consistently in its ordinary and natural significance and see what is the result. The word ketu means very ordinarily "ray" but it also bears the meaning of intellect, judgment or an intellectual perception. If we compare the passages in the Veda in which it occurs we can come to the conclusion that it meant a ray of perception or intuition, for instance, it is by the ray of intuition, ketuna, that Saraswati makes us conscious of the great waters; that too probably is the meaning of the rays which come from the Supreme foundation above
and are directed downwards; these are the intuitions of knowledge as the rays of the Sun of Truth and Light. The word kṛtusthā means ordinarily work or sacrifice but it also means intelligence, power or resolution and especially the power of the intelligence that determines the work, the will. It is in this latter sense that we can interpret it in the esoteric rendering of the Veda. Agni is a seer-will, kavīkṛtus, he is the "will in the heart", kṛtur hṛdi. Finally the word sravas which is constantly in use in the Veda means name, it is also taken by the commentators in the sense of food, but these significances cannot be fitted in everywhere and very ordinarily lack all point and apposite force. But sravas comes from the root sru to hear and is used in the sense of ear itself or of hymn or prayer -- a sense which Sayana accepts -- and from this we can infer that it means the "thing heard" or its result knowledge that comes to us through hearing. The Rishis speak of themselves as hearers of the Truth, satyasrutah, and the knowledge received by this hearing as Sruti. It is in this sense of inspiration or inspired knowledge that we can take it in the esoteric meaning of the Veda and we find that it fits in with a perfect appositeness; thus when the Rishi speaks of sravamsi as being brought through upward and brought through downward, this cannot be applied to food or fame but is perfectly apposite and significant if he is speaking of inspirations which rise up to the Truth above or bring down the Truth to us. This is the method we can apply everywhere, but we cannot pursue the subject any further here. In the brief limits of this Foreword these slight indications must suffice; they are meant only to give the reader an initial insight into the esoteric method of interpretation of the Veda.

But what then is the secret meaning, the esoteric sense, which emerges by this way of understanding the Veda? It is what we would expect from the nature of the seeking of the mystics everywhere. It is also, as we should expect from the actual course of the development of Indian culture, an early form of the spiritual truth which found its culmination in the Upanishads; the secret knowledge of the Veda is the seed which is evolved later on into the Vedanta. The thought around which all is centred is the seeking after Truth, Light, Immortality. There is a Truth deeper and higher than the truth of outward existence, a Light greater and higher than the light of human understanding which comes by revelation and inspiration, an immortality towards which the soul has to rise. We have to find our way to that, to get into touch with this Truth and Immortality, sapanta rtam amrtam, [[I.68.2.]] to be born into the Truth, to grow in it, to ascend in spirit into the world of Truth and to live in it. To do so is to unite ourselves with the Godhead and to pass from mortality into immortality. This is the first and the central teaching of the Vedic mystics.

The Platonists, developing their doctrine from the early mystics, held that we live in relation to two worlds, -- a world of higher truth which might be called the spiritual world and that in which we live, the world of the embodied soul which is derived from the higher but also degraded from it into an inferior truth and inferior consciousness. The Vedic mystics held this doctrine in a more concrete and pragmatic form, for they had the experience of these two worlds. There is the inferior truth here of this world mixed as it is with much falsehood and error, antatya bhureh, [[VII.60.5.]] and there is a world or home of Truth, sadanam rtasya, [[I.164.47; also IV.21.3.]] the Truth, the Right, the Vast, satyam rtam brhat, [[Atharva XII.1.I.]] where all is Truth-Conscious, rtacit. [[IV.3.4.]] There are many worlds between up to the triple heavens and their lights but this is the world of the highest Light -- the world of the Sun of Truth, svar, or the Great Heaven. We have to find the path to this Great Heaven, the path of Truth, rtasya panthah, [[III.12.7; also VII.66.3.]] or as it is sometimes called the way of the gods. This is the second mystic doctrine. The third is that our life is a battle between the powers of Light and Truth, the Gods who are the Immortals and the powers of Darkness. These are spoken of under various names as Vritra and Vritras, Vala and the Panis, the Dasyus and their kings. We have to call in the aid of the Gods to destroy the opposition of these powers of Darkness who conceal the Light from us or rob us of it, who obstruct the flowing of the streams of Truth, rtasya dharah, [[V.12.2; also VII.43.4.]] the streams of Heaven and obstruct in every way the soul's ascent. We have to invoke the Gods by the inner sacrifice, and by the Word call them into us, -- that is the specific power of the Mantra, -- to offer to them the gifts of the sacrifice and by that giving secure their gifts, so that by this process we may build the way of our ascent to the goal. The elements of the outer sacrifice in the Veda are used as symbols of the inner sacrifice and self-offering; we give what we are and what we have in order that the riches of the divine Truth and Light may descend into our life and become the elements of our inner birth into the Truth, - - a right thinking, a right understanding, a right action must develop in us which is the thinking, impulsion and action of that higher Truth, rtasya presa, rtasya dhitiḥ, [[I.68.3.]] and by this we must build up ourselves in that
Truth. Our sacrifice is a journey, a pilgrimage and a battle, -- a travel towards the Gods and we also make that journey with Agni, the inner Flame, as our path-finder and leader. Our human things are raised up by the mystic Fire into the immortal being, into the Great Heaven, and the things divine come down into us. As the doctrine of the Rig-veda is the seed of the teaching of the Vedanta, so is its inner practice and discipline a seed of the later practice and discipline of Yoga. Finally, as the summit of the teaching of the Vedic mystics comes the secret of the one Reality, ekam sat, [[1.164.46.]] or tad ekam, [[X.129.2.]] which became the central word of the Upanishads. The Gods, the powers of Light and Truth are powers and names of the One, each God is himself all the Gods or carries them in him: there is the one Truth, tat satyam, [[III.39.5; also IV.54.4 and VIII.45.27.]] and one bliss to which we must rise. But in the Veda this looks out still mostly from behind the veil. There is much else but this is the kernel of the doctrine.

The interpretation I have put forward was set out at length in a series of articles with the title "The Secret of the Veda" in the monthly philosophical magazine, Arya, some thirty years ago; written in serial form while still developing the theory and not quite complete in its scope or composed on a preconceived and well-ordered plan it was not published in book-form and is therefore not yet available to the reading public. It was accompanied by a number of renderings of the hymns of the Rig-veda which were rather interpretations than translations and to these there was an introduction explanatory of the "Doctrine of the Mystics". Subsequently there was planned a complete translation of all the hymns to Agni in the ten Mandals which kept close to the text; the renderings of those hymns in the second and sixth Mandalas are now published in this book for the first time as well as a few from the first Mandala. But to establish on a scholastic basis the conclusions of the hypothesis it would have been necessary to prepare an edition of the Rig-veda or of a large part of it with a word by word construing in Sanskrit and English, notes explanatory of important points in the text and justifying the interpretation both of separate words and of whole verses and also elaborate appendices to fix firmly the rendering of keywords like rta, sravas, kratu, ketu,} etc. essential to the esoteric interpretation. This also was planned, but meanwhile greater preoccupations of a permanent nature intervened and no time was left to proceed with such a considerable undertaking. For the benefit of the reader of these translations who might otherwise be at a loss, this Foreword has been written and some passages [[In the present edition the entire essay has been reproduced. - Ed.] from the unpublished "Doctrine of the Mystics" have been included. The text of the Veda has been given for use by those who can read the original Sanskrit. These translations however are not intended to be a scholastic work meant to justify a hypothesis; the object of this publication is only to present them in a permanent form for disciples and those who are inclined to see more in the Vedas than a superficial liturgy and would be interested in knowing what might be the esoteric sense of this ancient Scripture.

This is a literary and not a strictly literal translation. But a fidelity to the meaning, the sense of the words and the structure of the thought, has been preserved: in fact the method has been to start with a bare and scrupulously exact rendering of the actual language and adhere to that as the basis of the interpretation; for it is only so that we can find out the actual thoughts of these ancient mystics. But any rendering of such great poetry as the hymns of the Rig-veda, magnificent in their colouring and images, noble and beautiful in rhythm, perfect in their diction, must, if it is not to be a merely dead scholastic work, bring at least a faint echo of their poetic force, -- more cannot be done in a prose translation and in so different a language. The turn of phrase and the syntax of English and Vedic Sanskrit are poles asunder; to achieve some sense of style and natural writing one has constantly to turn the concentrated speech of the Veda into a looser, more diluted English form. Another stumbling- block for the translator is the ubiquitous double entendre marking in one word the symbol and the thing symbolised, Ray and Cow, clear light of the mind and clarified butter, horses and spiritual power; one has to invent phrases like the "herds of the light" or "the shining herds" or to use devices such as writing the word horse with a capital H to indicate that it is a symbolic horse that is meant and not the common physical animal; but very often the symbol has to be dropped, or else the symbol has to be kept and the inner meaning left to be understood ; [[The Rishis sometimes seem to combine two different meanings in the same word; I have occasionally tried to render this double sense.]] I have not always used the same phrase though always keeping the same sense, but varied the translation according to the needs of the passage. Often I have been unable to find an adequate English word which will convey the full connotation or colour of the original text; I have used two words instead of one or a

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phrase or resorted to some other device to give the exact and complete meaning. Besides, there is often a use of ancient words or turns of language of which the sense is not really known and can only be conjectured or else different renderings are equally possible. In many passages I have had to leave a provisional rendering; it was intended to keep the final decision on the point until the time when a more considerable body of the hymns had been translated and were ready for publication; but this time has not yet come.
THE DOCTRINE OF THE MYSTICS
Sri Aurobindo

The Veda possesses the high spiritual substance of the Upanishads, but lacks their phraseology; it is an inspired knowledge as yet insufficiently equipped with intellectual and philosophical terms. We find a language of poets and illuminates to whom all experience is real, vivid, sensible, even concrete, not yet of thinkers and systematisers to whom the realities of the mind and soul have become abstractions. Yet a system, a doctrine there is; but its structure is supple, its terms are concrete, the cast of its thought is practical and experimental, but in the accomplished type of an old and sure experience, not of one that is crude and uncertain because yet in the making. Here we have the ancient psychological science and the art of spiritual living of which the Upanishads are the philosophical outcome and modification and Vedanta, Sankhya and Yoga the late intellectual result and logical dogma. But like all life, like all science that is still vital, it is free from the armoured rigidities of the reasoning intellect; in spite of its established symbols and sacred formulæ it is still large, free, flexible, fluid, supple and subtle. It has the movement of life and the large breath of the soul. And while the later Philosophies are books of Knowledge and make liberation the one supreme good, the Veda is a Book of Works and the hope for which it spurns our present bonds and littleness is perfection, self-achievement, immortality.

The doctrine of the Mystics recognises an Unknowable, Timeless and Unnameable behind and above all things and not seizable by the studious pursuit of the mind. Impersonally, it is That, the One Existence; to the pursuit of our personality it reveals itself out of the secrecy of things as the God or Deva, -- nameless though he has many names, immeasurable and beyond description though he holds in himself all description of name and knowledge and all measures of form and substance, force and activity.

The Deva or Godhead is both the original cause and the final result. Divine Existent, builder of the worlds, lord and begetter of all things, Male and Female, Being and Consciousness, Father and Mother of the Worlds and their inhabitants, he is also their Son and ours: for he is the Divine Child born into the Worlds who manifests himself in the growth of the creature. He is Rudra and Vishnu, Prajapati and Hiranyagarbha, Surya, Agni, Indra, Vayu, Soma, Brihaspati, -- Varuna and Mitra and Bhaga and Aryaman, all the gods. He is the wise, mighty and liberating Son born from our works and our sacrifice, the Hero in our warfare and Seer of our knowledge, the White Steed in the front of our days who gallops towards the upper Ocean.

The soul of man soars as the Bird, the Hansa, past the shining firmaments of physical and mental consciousness, climbs as the traveller and fighter beyond earth of body and heaven of mind by the ascending path of the Truth to find this Godhead waiting for us, leaning down to us from the secrecy of the highest supreme where it is seated in the triple divine Principle and the source of the Beatitude. The Deva is indeed, whether attracting and exalted there or here helpful to us in the person of the greater Gods, always the Friend and Lover of man, the pastoral Master of the Herds who gives us the sweet milk and the clarified butter from the udder of the shining Cow of the infinitude. He is the source and outpourer of the ambrosial Wine of divine delight and we drink it drawn from the sevenfold waters of existence or pressed out from the luminous plant on the hill of being and uplifted by its raptures we become immortal.

Such are some of the images of this ancient mystic adoration.

The Godhead has built this universe in a complex system of worlds which we find both within us and without, subjectively cognised and objectively sensed. It is a rising tier of earths and heavens; it is a stream of diverse waters; it is a Light of seven rays, or of eight or nine or ten; it is a Hill of many plateaus. The seers often image it in a series of trios; there are three earths and three heavens. More, there is a triple world below, -- Heaven, Earth
and the intervening mid-region; a triple world between, the shining heavens of the Sun; a triple world above, the supreme and rapturous abodes of the Godhead.

But other principles intervene and make the order of the worlds yet more complex. These principles are psychological; for since all creation is a formation of the Spirit, every external system of worlds must in each of its planes be in material correspondence with some power or rising degree of consciousness of which it is the objective symbol and must house a kindred internal order of things. To understand the Veda we must seize this Vedic parallelism and distinguish the cosmic gradations to which it leads. We rediscover the same system behind the later Puranic symbols and it is thence that we can derive its tabulated series most simply and clearly. For there are seven principles of existence and the seven Puranic worlds correspond to them with sufficient precision, thus:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>The 7 Principles of Existence</th>
<th>The Corresponding 7 Principle Worlds of Existence</th>
</tr>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1. Pure Existence -- Sat</td>
<td>World of the highest truth of being (Satyaloka)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2. Pure Consciousness -- Chit</td>
<td>World of infinite Will or conscious force (Tapoloka)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3. Pure Bliss -- Ananda</td>
<td>World of creative delight of existence (Janaloka)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4. Knowledge or Truth -- Vijnana</td>
<td>World of the Vastness (Maharloka)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>5. Mind</td>
<td>World of light (Swar)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6. Life (nervous being)</td>
<td>World of various becoming (Bhuvar)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7. Matter</td>
<td>The material world (Bhur)</td>
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</tbody>
</table>

Now this system which in the Purana is simple enough, is a good deal more intricate in the Veda. There the three highest worlds are classed together as the triple divine Principle, -- for they dwell always together in a Trinity; infinity is their scope, bliss is their foundation. They are supported by the vast regions of the Truth whence a divine Light radiates out towards our mentality in the three heavenly luminous worlds of Swar, the domain of Indra. Below is ranked the triple system in which we live.

We have the same cosmic gradations as in the Puranas but they are differently grouped, -- seven worlds in principle, five in practice, three in their general groupings:

| 1. The Supreme Sat-Chit-Ananda | The Triple divine worlds |

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2. The Link-World Super-mind

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>3. The triple lower world</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td><strong>The Truth, Right, Vast, manifested in Swar,</strong></td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>with its three luminous heavens</strong></td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>Pure Mind</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Heaven (Dyaus, the three heavens)</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Life-force</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>The Mid-Region (Antariksha)</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Matter</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Earth (the three earths)</strong></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

And as each principle can be modified by the subordinate manifestation of the others within it, each world is divisible into several provinces according to different arrangements and self-orderings of its creative light of consciousness. Into this framework, then, we must place all the complexities of the subtle vision and the fertile imagery of the seers down to the hundred cities which are now in the possession of the hostile kings, the Lords of division and evil. But the gods shall break them open and give them for his free possession to the Aryan worshipper!

But where are these worlds and whence are they created? Here we have one of the profoundest ideas of the Vedic sages. Man dwells in the bosom of the Earth-Mother and is aware of this world of mortality only; but there is a superconscient high beyond where the divine worlds are seated in a luminous secrecy; there is a subconscient or inconscient below his surface waking impressions and from that pregnant Night the worlds as he sees them are born. And these other worlds between the luminous upper and the tenebrous lower ocean? They are here. Man draws from the life-world his vital being, from the mind-world his mentality; he is ever in secret communication with them; he can consciously enter into them, be born into them, if he will. Even into the solar worlds of the Truth he can rise, enter the portals of the Superconscient, cross the threshold of the Supreme. The divine doors shall swing open to his increasing soul.

This human ascension is possible because every being really holds in himself all that his outward vision perceives as if external to him. We have subjective faculties hidden in us which correspond to all the tiers and strata of the objective cosmic system and these form for us so many planes of our possible existence. This material life and our narrowly limited consciousness of the physical world are far from being the sole experience permitted to man, -- be he a thousand times the Son of Earth. If maternal Earth bore him and retains him in her arms, yet is Heaven also one of his parents and has a claim on his being. It is open to him to become awake to profounder depths and higher heights within his awakening consciousness is his intended progress. And as he mounts thus to higher and ever higher planes of himself, new worlds open to his life and his vision and become the field of his experience and the home of his spirit. He lives in contact and union with their powers and godheads and remoulds himself in their image. Each ascent is thus a new birth of the soul, and the Veda calls the worlds "births" as well as seats and dwelling-places.

For as the Gods have built the series of the cosmic worlds, even so they labour to build up the same series of ordered states and ascending degrees in man's consciousness from the mortal condition to the crowning immortality. They raise him from the limited material state of being in which our lowest manhood dwells contented and subject to the Lords of Division, give him a life rich and abundant with the many and rapid shocks and impulsions from the dynamic worlds of Life and Desire where the Gods battle with the demons and raise him yet higher from those troubled rapidities and intensities into the steadfast purity and clarity of the high mental existence. For pure thought and feeling are man's sky, his heaven; this whole vitalistic existence of emotion, passions, affections of which desire is the pivot, forms for him a mid-world; body and material living are his earth.
But pure thought and pure psychic state are not the highest height of the human ascension. The home of the Gods is an absolute Truth which lives in solar glories beyond mind. Man ascending thither strives no longer as the thinker but is victoriously the seer; he is no longer this mental creature but a divine being. His will, life, thought, emotion, sense, act are all transformed into values of an all-puissant Truth and remain no longer an embarrassed or a helpless tangle of mixed truth and falsehood. He moves lamely no more in our narrow and grudging limits but ranges in the unobstructed Vast; toils and zigzags no longer amid these crookednesses, but follows a swift and conquering straightness; feeds no longer on broken fragments, but is suckled by the teats of Infinity. Therefore he has to break through and out beyond these firmaments of earth and heaven; conquering firm possession of the solar worlds, entering on to his highest Height he has to learn how to dwell in the triple principle of Immortality.

This contrast of the mortality we are and the immortal condition to which we can aspire is the key of the Vedic thought and practice. Veda is the earliest gospel we have of man's immortality and these ancient stanzas conceal the primitive discipline of its inspired discoverers.

Substance of being, light of consciousness, active force and possessive delight are the constituent principles of existence; but their combination in us may be either limited, divided, hurt, broken and obscure or infinite, enlightened, vast, whole and unhurt. Limited and divided being is ignorance; it is darkness and weakness, it is grief and pain; in the Vast, in the integral, in the infinite we must seek for the desirable riches of substance, light, force and joy. Limitation is mortality; immortality comes to us as an accomplished self-possession in the infinite and the power to live and move in firm vastnesses. Therefore it is in proportion as he widens and on condition that he increases constantly in substance of his being, brightens an ever loftier flame of will and vaster light of knowledge, advances the boundaries of his consciousness, raises the degrees and enlarges the breadth of his power, force and strength, confirms an intenser beatitude of joy and liberates his soul into immeasurable peace that man becomes capable of immortality.

To widen is to acquire new births. The aspiring material creature becomes the straining vital man; he in turn transmutes himself into the subtle mental and psychical being; this subtle thinker grows into the wide, multiple and cosmic man open on all sides of him to all the multitudinous inflowings of the Truth; the cosmic soul rising in attainment strives as the spiritual man for a higher peace, joy and harmony. These are the five Aryan types, each of them a great people occupying its own province or state of the total human nature. But there is also the absolute Aryan who would conquer and pass beyond these states to the transcendental harmony of them all.

It is the supramental Truth that is the instrument of this great inner transfiguration. That replaces mentality by luminous vision and the eye of the gods, mortal life by breath and force of the infinite existence, obscure and death-possessed substance by the free and immortal conscious-being. The progress of man must be therefore, first, his self-expanding into a puissant vitality capable of sustaining all vibrations of action and experience and a clear mental and psychical purity; secondly, an outgrowing of this human light and power and its transmutation into an infinite Truth and an immortal Will.

Our normal life and consciousness are a dark or at best a starlit Night. Dawn comes by the arising of the Sun of that higher Truth and with Dawn there comes the effective sacrifice. By the sacrifice the Dawn itself and the lost Sun are constantly conquered out of the returning Night and the luminous herds rescued from the darkling cave of the Panis; by the sacrifice the rain of the abundance of heaven is poured out for us and the sevenfold waters of the higher existence descend impetuously upon our earth because the coils of the obscuring Python, the all-enfolding and all-withholding Vritra, have been cloven asunder by the God-Mind's flashing lightnings; in the sacrifice the Soma-wine is distilled and uplifts us on the stream of its immortalising ecstasy to the highest heavens.

Our sacrifice is the offering of all our gains and works to the powers of the higher existence. The whole world is a dumb and helpless sacrifice in which the soul is bound as a victim self-offered to unseen Gods. The liberating
Word must be found, the illuminating hymn must be framed in the heart and mind of man and his life must be
turned into a conscious and voluntary offering in which the soul is no longer the victim, but the master of the
sacrifice. By right sacrifice and by the all-creative and all-expressive Word that shall arise out of his depths as a
sublime hymn to the Gods man can achieve all things. He shall conquer his perfection; Nature shall come to him
as a willing and longing bride; he shall become her seer and rule her as her King.

By the hymn of prayer and God-attraction, by the hymn of praise and God-affirmation, by the hymn of God-
attainment and self-expression man, can house in himself the Gods, build in this gated house of his being the
living image of their deity, grow into divine births, form within himself vast and luminous worlds for his soul to
inhabit. By the word of the Truth the all-engendering Surya creates; by that rhythm Brahmanaspati evokes the
worlds and Twashtri fashions them; finding the all-puissant Word in his intuitive heart, shaping it in his mind the
human thinker, the mortal creature can create in himself all the forms, all the states and conditions he desires
and, achieving, can conquer for himself all wealth of being, light, strength and enjoyment. He builds up his integral
being and aids his gods to destroy the evil armies; the hosts of his spiritual enemies are slain who have divided,
torn and afflicted his nature.

The image of this sacrifice is sometimes that of a journey or voyage; for it travels, it ascends; it has a goal -- the
vastness, the true existence, the light, the felicity -- and it is called upon to discover and keep the good, the
straight and the happy path to the goal, the arduous, yet joyful road of the Truth. It has to climb, led by the flaming
strength of the divine Will, from plateau to plateau as of a mountain, it has to cross as in a ship the waters of
existence, traverse its rivers, overcome their deep pits and rapid currents; its aim is to arrive at the far-off ocean of
light and infinity.

And this is no easy or peaceful march; it is for long seasons a fierce and relentless battle. Constantly the Aryan
man has to labour and to fight and conquer; he must be a tireless toiler and traveller and a stern warrior, he must
force open and storm and sack city after city, win kingdom after kingdom, overthrow and tread down ruthlessly
enemy after enemy. His whole progress is a warring of Gods and Titans, Gods and Giants, Indra and the Python,
Aryan and Dasyu. Aryan adversaries even he has to face in the open field; for old friends and helpers turn into
enemies; the kings of Aryan states he would conquer and overpass join themselves to the Dasyus and are
leagued against him in supreme battle to prevent his free and utter passing on.

But the Dasyu is the natural enemy. These dividers, plunderers, harmful powers, these Danavas, sons of the
Mother of division, are spoken of by the Rishis under many general appellations. There are Rakshasas; there are
Eaters and Devourers, Wolves and Tearers; there are hurlers and haters; there are dualisers; there are confiners
or censurers. But we are given also many specific names. Vritra, the Serpent, is the grand Adversary; for he
obstructs with his coils of darkness all possibility of divine existence and divine action. And even when Vritra is
slain by the light, fiercer enemies arise out of him. Shushna afflicts us with his impure and ineffective force,
Namuchi fights man by his weaknesses, and others too assail, each with his proper evil. Then there are Vala and
the Panis, miser traffickers in the sense-life, stealers and concealers of the higher Light and its illuminations which
they can only darken and misuse, -- an impious host who are jealous of their store and will not offer sacrifice to
the Gods. These and other personalities, -- they are much more than personifications, -- of our ignorance, evil,
weakness and many limitations make constant war upon man; they encircle him from near or they shoot their
arrows at him from afar or even dwell in his gated house in the place of the Gods and with their shapeless
stammering mouths and their insufficient breath of force mar his self-expression. They must be expelled,
overpowered, slain, thrust down into their nether darkness by the aid of the mighty and helpful deities.

The Vedic deities are names, powers, personalities of the universal Godhead and they represent each some
essential puissance of the Divine Being. They manifest the cosmos and are manifest in it. Children of Light, Sons
of the Infinite, they recognise in the soul of man their brother and ally and desire to help and increase him by
themselves increasing in him so as to possess his world with their light, strength and beauty. The Gods call man
to a divine companionship and alliance; they attract and uplift him to their luminous fraternity, invite his aid and offer theirs against the Sons of Darkness and Division. Man in return calls the Gods to his sacrifice, offers to them his swiftresses and his strengths, his clarities and his sweetmesses, -- milk and butter of the shining Cow, distilled juices of the Plant of Joy, the Horse of the Sacrifice, the cake and the wine, the grain for the God- Mind's radiant coursers. He receives them into his being and their gifts into his life, increases them by the hymn and the wine and forms perfectly, -- as a smith forges iron, says the Veda, -- their great and luminous godheads.

All this Vedic imagery is easy to understand when once we have the key, but it must not be mistaken for mere imagery. The Gods are not simply poetical personifications of abstract ideas or of psychological and physical functions of Nature. To the Vedic seers they are living realities; the vicissitudes of the human soul represent a cosmic struggle not merely of principles and tendencies but of the cosmic Powers which support and embody them. These are the Gods and the Demons. On the world- stage and in the individual soul the same real drama with the same personages is enacted.

To what gods shall the sacrifice be offered? Who shall be invoked to manifest and protect in the human being this increasing godhead?

Agni first, for without him the sacrificial flame cannot burn on the altar of the soul. That flame of Agni is the seven-tongued power of the Will, a Force of God instinct with knowledge. This conscious and forceful will is the immortal guest in our mortality, a pure priest and a divine worker, the mediator between earth and heaven. It carries what we offer to the higher Powers and brings back in return their force and light and joy into our humanity.

Indra, the Puissant next, who is the power of pure Existence self-manifested as the Divine Mind. As Agni is one pole of Force instinct with knowledge that sends its current upward from earth to heaven, so Indra is the other pole of Light instinct with force which descends from heaven to earth. He comes down into our world as the Hero with the shining horses and slays darkness and division with his lightnings, pours down the life-giving heavenly waters, finds in the trace of the hound, Intuition, the lost or hidden illuminations, makes the Sun of Truth mount high in the heaven of our mentality.

Surya, the Sun, is the master of that supreme Truth, -- truth of being, truth of knowledge, truth of process and act and movement and functioning. He is therefore the creator or rather the manifestor of all things, -- for creation is outbringing, expression by the Truth and Will, -- and the father, fosterer, enlightener of our souls. The illuminations we seek are the herds of this Sun who comes to us in the track of the divine Dawn and releases and reveals in us nigh- hidden world after world up to the highest Beatitude.

Of that beatitude Soma is the representative deity. The wine of his ecstasy is concealed in the growths of earth, in the waters of existence; even here in our physical being are his immortalising juices and they have to be pressed out and offered to all the gods; for in that strength these shall increase and conquer.

Each of these primary deities has others associated with him who fulfil functions that arise from his own. For if the truth of Surya is to be established firmly in our mortal nature, there are previous conditions that are indispensable; a vast purity and clear wideness destructive of all sin and crooked falsehood, -- and this is Varuna; a luminous power of love and comprehension leading and forming into harmony all our thoughts, acts and impulses, -- this is Mitra; an immortal puissance of clear- discerning aspiration and endeavour, -- this is Aryaman; a happy spontaneity of the right enjoyment of all things dispensing the evil dream of sin and error and suffering, -- this is Bhaga. These four are powers of the Truth of Surya.

For the whole bliss of Soma to be established perfectly in our nature a happy and enlightened and unmaimed condition of mind, vitality and body are necessary. This condition is given to us by the twin Ashwins; wedded to
the daughter of Light, drinkers of honey, bringers of perfect satisfactions, healers of maim and malady they occupy our parts of knowledge and parts of action and prepare our mental, vital and physical being for an easy and victorious ascension.

Indra, the Divine Mind, as the shaper of mental forms has for his assistants, his artisans, the Ribhus, human powers who by the work of sacrifice and their brilliant ascension to the high dwelling-place of the Sun have attained to immortality and help mankind to repeat their achievement. They shape by the mind Indra's horses, the Ashwins' chariot, the weapons of the Gods, all the means of the journey and the battle. But as giver of the Light of truth and as Vritra-slayer Indra is aided by the Maruts, who are powers of will and nervous or vital Force that have attained to the light of thought and the voice of self-expression. They are behind all thought and speech as its impellers and they battle towards the Light, Truth and Bliss of the supreme Consciousness. There are also female energies; for the Deva is both Male and Female and the gods also are either activising souls or passively executive and methodising energies. Aditi, infinite Mother of the gods, comes first; and there are besides five powers of the Truth-Consciousness; -- Mahi or Bharati, the vast Word that brings us all things out of the divine source; Ila, the strong primal word of the Truth who gives us its active vision; Saraswati, its streaming current and the word of its inspiration; Sarama, the Intuition, hound of heaven who descends into the cavern of the subconscious and finds there the concealed illuminations; Dakshina, whose function is to discern rightly, dispose the action and the offering and distribute in the sacrifice to each godhead its portion. Each god, too, has his female energy.

All this action and struggle and ascension is supported by Heaven our Father and Earth our Mother, Parents of the Gods, who sustain respectively the purely mental and psychic and the physical consciousness. Their large and free scope is the condition of our achievement. Vayu, Master of life, links them together by the mid-air, the region of vital force. And there are other deities, -- Parjanya, giver of the rain of heaven; Dadhikravan, the divine war-horse, a power of Agni; the mystic Dragon of the Foundations; Trita Aptya who on the third plane of existence consummates our triple being; and more besides.

The development of all these godheads is necessary to our perfection. And that perfection must be attained on all our levels; -- in the wideness of earth, our physical being and consciousness; in the full force of vital speed and action and enjoyment and nervous vibration, typified as the Horse which must be brought forward to upbear our endeavour; in the perfect gladness of the heart of emotion and a brilliant heat and clarity of the mind throughout our intellectual and psychical being; in the coming of the supramental Light, the Dawn and the Sun and the shining Mother of the herds, to transform all our existence; for so comes to us the possession of the Truth, by the Truth the admirable surge of the Bliss, in the Bliss infinite Consciousness of absolute being.

Three great Gods, origin of the Puranic Trinity, largest puissances of the supreme Godhead, make possible this development and upward evolution; they support in its grand lines and fundamental energies all these complexities of the cosmos. Brahmanaspati is the Creator; by the word, by his cry he creates, -- that is to say, he expresses, he brings out all existence and conscious knowledge and movement of life and eventual forms from the darkness of the Inconscient. Rudra, the Violent and Merciful, the Mighty One, presides over the struggle of life to affirm itself; he is the armed, wrathful and beneficent Power of God who lifts forcibly the creation upward, smites all that opposes, scourges all that errs and resists, heals all that is wounded and suffers and complains and submits. Vishnu of the vast pervading motion holds in his triple stride all these worlds; it is he that makes a wide room for the action of Indra in our limited mortality; it is by him and with him that we rise into his highest seats where we find waiting for us the Friend, the Beloved, the Beatific Godhead.

Our earth shaped out of the dark inconscient ocean of existence lifts its high formations and ascending peaks heavenward; heaven of mind has its own formations, clouds that give out their lightnings and their waters of life; the streams of the clarity and the honey ascend out of the subconscious ocean below and seek the superconscient ocean above; and from above that ocean sends downward its rivers of the light and truth and bliss.
even into our physical being. Thus in images of physical Nature the Vedic poets sing the hymn of our spiritual ascension.

That ascension has already been effected by the Ancients, the human forefathers, and the spirits of these great Ancestors still assist their offspring; for the new dawns repeat the old and lean forward in light to join the dawns of the future. Kanwa, Kutsa, Atri, Kakshiwan, Gotama, Shunahshepa have become types of certain spiritual victories which tend to be constantly repeated in the experience of humanity. The seven sages, the Angirasas, are waiting still and always, ready to chant the word, to rend the cavern, to find the lost herds, to recover the hidden Sun. Thus the soul is a battlefield full of helpers and hurters, friends and enemies. All this lives, teems, is personal, is conscious, is active. We create for ourselves by the sacrifice and by the word shining seers, heroes to fight for us, children of our works. The Rishis and the Gods find for us our luminous herds; the Ribhus fashion by the mind the chariots of the gods and their horses and their shining weapons. Our life is a horse that neighing and galloping bears us onward and upward; its forces are swift-hooved steeds, the liberated powers of the mind are wide-winging birds; this mental being or this soul is the upsoaring Swan or the Falcon that breaks out from a hundred iron walls and wrests from the jealous guardians of felicity the wine of the Soma. Every shining godward Thought that arises from the secret abysses of the heart is a priest and a creator and chants a divine hymn of luminous realisation and puissant fulfilment. We seek for the shining gold of the Truth; we lust after a heavenly treasure.

The soul of man is a world full of beings, a kingdom in which armies clash to help or hinder a supreme conquest, a house where the gods are our guests and which the demons strive to possess; the fullness of its energies and wideness of its being make a seat of sacrifice spread, arranged and purified for a celestial session.

Such are some of the principal images of the Veda and a very brief and insufficient outline of the teaching of the Forefathers. So understood the Rig-veda ceases to be an obscure, confused and barbarous hymnal; it becomes the high-aspiring Song of Humanity; its chants are episodes of the lyrical epic of the soul in its immortal ascension.

This at least; what more there may be in the Veda of ancient science, lost knowledge, old psycho-physical tradition remains yet to be discovered
THE SECRET OF THE VEDA
Example of Aurobindo’s interpretation.
Agni and the Truth (Excerpt)

The Rig-veda is one in all its parts. Whichever of its ten Mandalas we choose, we find the same substance, the same ideas, the same images, the same phrases. The Rishis are the seers of a single truth and use in its expression a common language. They differ in temperament and personality; some are inclined to a more rich, subtle and profound use of Vedic symbolism; others give voice to their spiritual experience in a barer and simpler diction, with less fertility of thought, richness of poetical image or depth and fullness of suggestion. Often the songs of one seer vary in their manner, range from the utmost simplicity to the most curious richness. Or there are risings and fallings in the same hymn; it proceeds from the most ordinary conventions of the general symbol of sacrifice to a movement of packed and complex thought. Some of the Suktas are plain and almost modern in their language; others baffle us at first by their semblance of antique obscurity. But these differences of manner take nothing from the unity of spiritual experience, nor are they complicated by any variation of the fixed terms and the common formule. In the deep and mystic style of Dirghatamas Auchathya as in the melodious lucidity of Medhatithi Kanwa, in the puissant and energetic hymns of Vishwamitra as in Vasishtha's even harmonies we have the same firm foundation of knowledge and the same scrupulous adherence to the sacred conventions of the Initiates......In order to illustrate the method I propose to take the first eleven Suktas of the first Mandala and to show how some of the central ideas of a psychological interpretation arise out of certain important passages or single hymns and how the surrounding context of the passages and the general thought of the hymns assume an entirely new appearance in the light of this profounder thinking.

The Sanhita of the Rig-veda, as we possess it, is arranged in ten books or Mandalas. A double principle is observed in the arrangement. Six of the Mandalas are given each to the hymns of a single Rishi or family of Rishis. Thus the second is devoted chiefly to the Suktas of the Rishi Gritsamada, the third and the seventh similarly to the great names of Vishwamitra and Vasishtha respectively, the fourth to Vamadeva, the sixth to Bharadwaja. The fifth is occupied by the hymns of the house of Atri. In each of these Mandalas the Suktas addressed to Agni are first collected together and followed by those of which Indra is the deity; the invocations of other Gods, Brihaspati, Surya, the Ribhus, Usha, etc. close the Mandala. A whole book, the ninth, is given to a single God, Soma. The first, eighth and tenth Mandalas are collections of Suktas by various Rishis, but the hymns of each seer are ordinarily placed together in the order of their deities, Agni leading, Indra following, the other Gods succeeding. Thus the first Mandala opens with ten hymns of the seer Madhuchchhandas, son of Vishwamitra, and an eleventh ascribed to Jetri, son of Madhuchchhandas. This last Sukta, however, is identical in style, manner and spirit with the ten that precede it and they can all be taken together as a single block of hymns one in intention and diction.

A certain principle of thought-development also has not been absent from the arrangement of these Vedic hymns. The opening Mandala seems to have been so designed that the general thought of the Veda in its various elements should gradually unroll itself under the cover of the established symbols by the voices of a certain number of Rishis who almost all rank high as thinkers and sacred singers and are, some of them, among the most famous names of Vedic tradition. Nor can it be by accident that the tenth or closing Mandala gives us, with an even greater miscellaneity of authors, the last developments of the thought of the Veda and some of the most modern in language of its Suktas. It is here that we find the Sacrifice of the Purusha and the great Hymn of the Creation. It is here also that modern scholars think they discover the first origins of the Vedantic philosophy, the Brahmavada.

In any case, the hymns of the son and grandson of Vishwamitra with which the Rig-veda opens strike admirably the first essential notes of the Vedic harmony. The first hymn, addressed to Agni, suggests the central conception
of the Truth which is confirmed in the second and third Suktas invoking Indra in company with other gods. In the remaining eight hymns with Indra as the sole deity, except for one which he shares with the Maruts, we find the symbols of the Soma and the Cow, the obstructor Vritra and the great role played by Indra in leading man to the Light and overthrowing the barriers to his progress. These hymns are therefore of crucial importance to the psychological interpretation of the Veda…..
THE CONCEPT OF YUGA (AGES) IN HINDUISM

In Hindu tradition, the world goes through a continuous cycle of these epochs. Each ascending phase of the cycle from Kali Yuga to Satya Yuga is followed by a descending phase back to Kali Yuga, then another ascending phase and so on. Alternatively, it is sometimes supposed that at the end of the descending Kali Yuga, the world will return to the Satya Yuga, and begin a new decline.

The descent from Satya to Kali is associated with progressively deterioration of Dharma (righteousness) manifested as decrease in length of human life and quality of human moral standards. In the Vishnu Purana, for example, the Kali yuga is described thus:

"In the Kali Yuga, there will be numerous rulers vying with each other. They will have no character. Violence, falsehood and wickedness will be the order of the day. Piety and good nature will dwindle slowly... Passion and lust will be the only attraction between the sexes. Women will be the objects of sensual pleasure. Dishonest will be the bottom line of subsistence. Learned people will be ridiculed and put to shame; the word of the wealthy person will be the only law."

The traditional virtues accorded highest value in the four epochs are

1. Satya Yuga or Krita Yuga - dhyana (meditation)
2. Treta Yuga - yajna (sacrifice)
3. Dvapara Yuga - archana (worship)
4. Kali Yuga - daana (gifts)

1. In the highest yuga, the great majority of the people can experience spirituality by direct intuitive realization of truth. The veil between the material and the transcendent realms becomes almost transparent. According to Natya Shastra, there is no Natya performances in the Krita Yuga because it is a period free from any kind of unhappiness or misery. Satya Yuga is also called the Golden Age.
2. Treta Yuga is the mental age, mental power is harnessed, men are in power, and inventions dissolve the illusion of time. (Inventions are characteristic of both Dvapara and Treta yugas.)
3. In Dwapara Yuga, science flourishes, people experience the spiritual in terms of subtle energies and rational choices, inventions are abundant, particularly those that dissolve the illusion of distance (between people and between things), and power is mostly in the hands of women. The end of this age is associated with the death of Krishna, and the events described in the Mahabharata.
4. In the lowest phase, Kali Yuga, most people are aware only of the physical aspect of existence, the predominant emphasis of living is material survival, and power is mostly in the hands of men. People's relationship with the spiritual is governed predominantly by superstition and by authority.

Temples, wars, and writing are hallmarks of Dvapara and Kali yugas. In the higher ages (Treta and Satya), writing is unnecessary because people communicate directly by thought; temples are unnecessary because people feel the omnipresence of God; wars are rare but they do occur; one such war is described in the Ramayana.

The traditional timescale of the yugas is as follows:

1. Satya Yuga or Krita Yuga - 1,728,000 years
2. Treta Yuga - 1,296,000 years
3. Dvapara Yuga - 864,000 years
4. Kali Yuga - 432,000 years

Upon conclusion of seventy-one (or sometimes seven) circuits of this cycle, there is a period equally long during which the world is inundated; then the cycle begins again. However during the recent period this concept had been modified with additional mythical assumptions by various teachers. We give a few.

**Sri Yukteswar's teachings on the yugas**

An alternative view of the yuga cycle and timescale was taught by the 19th/20th-century Indian yogi Swami Sri Yukteswar Giri, guru of Paramahansa Yogananda.

In his book, The Holy Science, Sri Yukteswar explains that the descending phase of Satya Yuga lasts 4800 years, Treta Yuga 3600 years, Dwapara Yuga 2400 years, and Kali Yuga 1200 years. The ascending phase of Kali Yuga then begins, also lasting 1200 years; and so on. The ascending phase of Kali Yuga began in September of 499 CE. Since September 1699, we have been in the ascending phase of Dwapara Yuga, according to Sri Yukteswar. Evidence exists to support Sri Yukteswar's theory. For example, the average life span is getting longer.

In The Holy Science, Sri Yukteswar writes that the traditional view is based on a misunderstanding. He says that at the end of the last descending Dwapara Yuga (about 700 BC) "Maharaja Yudhisthira, noticing the appearance of the dark Kali Yuga, made over his throne to his grandson [and]...together with all of his wise men...retired to the Himalaya Mountains...Thus there was none in the court...who could understand the principle of correctly accounting the ages of the several Yugas."

According to Sri Yukteswar, nobody wanted to announce the bad news of the beginning of the ascending Kali Yuga, so they just kept adding years to the Dwapara date (at that time 2400 Dwapara). As the Kali began to ascend again, scholars of the time recognized that there was a mistake in the date (then being called 3600+ Kali, although their texts said Kali had only 1200 years). "By way of reconciliation, they fancied that 1200 years, the real age of Kali, were not the ordinary years of our earth, but were so many daiva (or deva) years ("years of the gods"), consisting of 12 daiva months of 30 daiva days each, with each daiva day being equal to one ordinary solar year of our earth. Hence according to these men 1200 years of Kali Yuga must be equal to 432,000 years of our earth."

Sri Yukteswar also writes that our sun has a 'star for its dual', with an orbit around this star. As our sun moves through this orbit it takes the whole solar system closer to and then further from the "grand center" of our solar system called 'Vishnunabhi', which is the seat of the creative power, 'Brahma', [which]...regulates...the mental virtue of the internal world." He states that the proximity to this grand center determines which yuga it is.

**Patrizia Norelli-Bachelet's teachings on the yugas**

According to Vedic Cosmologist Patrizia Norelli-Bachelet, the numbers given for the yuga are to be understood as seconds of degrees of arc of precessional movement (precession of the equinoxes). Therefore, in her seeing of the yugas the Kali Yuga equals 432,000 seconds of arc, which equals 120 degrees of the 360 degrees of the 25,920 year precession (120° x 60° x 60 seconds of arc = 432,000°). Norelli-Bachelet notes in her work that 432,000 miles is the radius of the Sun.

According to this formula for the yugas:

- Kali Yuga = 8640 years (one third of the precession or 4 astrological ages)
- Dwapar Yuga (Two Kali Yuga) = 17,280 years (two thirds of the precession or 8 astrological ages)
• Treta Yuga (Three Kali Yuga) = 25,920 years (one precession of the equinoxes)
• Satya Yuga (Four Kali Yuga) = 34,560 years (one and a third of the precession of the equinoxes)

Norelli-Bachelet's teachings on the yuga, presented in her book "The Gnostic Circle" in 1972 are not widely accepted by Modern Vedic scholars or astrologers.

The 24,000 Year Yuga Calendar - The Four Ages (Yugas)

The Calendar below reflects the Four Ages (Four Yugas) of spiritual development which man passes through. Today, in the year 2004 AD we are currently in the upward or Rising Bronze Age and "moving" back towards God Awareness. For example, by a quick study of the last 300 years of history, you will see the great advancements in knowledge and that of human rights which man has been able to achieve. (Below the Calendar is an explanation of each Age).

11,500 BC is when the current 24,000 Year Cycle started and 12,500 AD is when it will end.
RIG VEDA – COMMENTARIES & INTERPRETATION

The 24,000 Year Calendar reflects how Human Consciousness "Falls and Rises" in 12,000 Year intervals. Since man was created perfect, the first 12,000 Year Cycle started by Falling or Descending from God attunement. The interpretation of the Adam & Eve story by Swami Sri Yukteswar clearly explains this – “Adam & Eve explained.” Therefore, the first 12,000 Year Cycle started by "Falling" or moving away from God Awareness. Of the current 12,000 Year Cycle - the last year was 500 AD and is noted above on the 24,000 Year Calendar at the very bottom. Then there is 12,000 years of "Rising" or moving back towards God Awareness. By this process every person will eventually UNDERSTAND and COMPREHEND God. Today 2003 AD, Human Consciousness is currently moving back towards God Awareness.

We are currently in the beginning portion of a Rising Bronze Age. The Spiritual understanding in man is predominately in the second stage of Spiritual development and is less then HALF complete. The next major change in Human Consciousness will come around 4100 AD, which is the start of a Rising Silver Age and is the third stage of Spiritual development. Finally, we will enter a Rising Golden Age around 7700 AD. In a Rising Golden Age the human intellect can comprehend all, even God the Spirit beyond this visible world. Kriya Yoga is a sacred technique which can be used by man to accelerate this natural way of Spiritual evolution. Thus, Kriya Yoga will speed up your Spiritual development! Otherwise, man and his Spiritual understanding is determined by the 24,000 Year Cycle of Spiritual evolution.

(http://www.godteacher.org/God_24,000_Year_Yuga_Cycle.htm)