



English translation of Holy Vedas – Rig Veda : Book 10

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Credits

English translation of
Holy Vedas – Rig Veda : Book 10

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Book 03 Part 01

HYMN I. Agni.

1

THOU, Agni, who wilt have the strong, hast made me the Soma's priest, to worship in assembly. Thou shinest 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 [sic] 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, he 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 shonest assuming lasting and refulgent beauties. Full streams of fatness and sweet juice descended, there where the Mighty One grew strong by wisdom.

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 [sic] 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 Visvamisras. 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, lasting, rich in marvels. To us he born a son, and spreading offspring. Agni, be this thy gracious will to us-ward.

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 Bhrgus' 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 at sacrifice, whose sacred grass is trimmed. Wishing to do thee service, Agni, they are there, desirous of thy friendship grant them store of wealth.

7

He hath filled heaven and earth and the great realm of light, when at his birth the skilful held him in their hold. He like a horse is led forth to the sacrifice Sage, graciously inclined, that he may win us strength.

8

Honour the oblation–bearer, him who knows fair rites, serve ye the Household Friend who knows all things that be. He drives the chariot of the lofty ordinance: Agni most active, is the great High Priest of Gods.

9

They who are free from death, fain for him, purified three splendours of the mighty Agni, circling all. To man, for his enjoyment, one of these they gave: the other two have passed into the sister sphere.

10

Man's sacrificial food hath sharpened like an axe, for brightness, him the Sage of men, the people's Lord, Busied with sacred rites he mounts and he descends. He hath laid down his vital germ within these worlds.

11

He stirs with life in wombs dissimilar in kind, born as a Lion or a loudly–bellowing Bull: Vaisvanara immortal with wide–reaching might, bestowing goods and wealth on him who offers gifts.

12

Vaisvanara, as of old, mounted the cope of heaven, heaven's ridge, well greeted, by those skilled in noble songs. He, as of old, producing riches for the folk, still watchful, traverses the common way again.

13

For new prosperity we seek to Agni, him whose course is splendid, gold–haired, excellently bright, Whom Matarisvan stablished, dweller in the heaven, meet for high praise and holy, sage and true to Law.

14

As pure and swift of course, beholder of the light, who stands in heaven's bright sphere a sign, who wakes at dawn, Agni, the head of heaven, whom none may turn aside–to him the Powerful with mighty prayer we seek.

15

The cheerful Priest, the pure, in whom no guile is found, Friend of the House, praise–worthy, dear to all mankind, Fair to behold for beauty like a splendid car,– Agni the Friend of men we ever seek for wealth.

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 compasseth with 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 filledst 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.

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: sirew [sic] we the sacred grass where Gods may rest them.

5

Claiming in mind the seven priests' burn to blations, 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 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 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. 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, carborne [sic], 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 whitebacked 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 ease 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

Yea, by tradition from the ancient sages they brought great strength from the two mighty Parents, To where the singer's Bull, the night's dispeller, after his proper law hath waxen stronger.

7

Seven holy singers guard with five Adhvaryus the Bird's beloved firmly–settled station. The

willing Bulls, untouched by old, rejoice them: as Gods themselves the ways of Gods they follow.

8

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.

9

The many seek the great Steed as a stallion: the reins obey the Lord of varied colour. O heavenly Priest, most pleasant, full of wisdom, bring the great Gods to us, and Earth and Heaven.

10

Rich Lord, the Mornings have gleamed forth in splendour, fair-rayed, fair-speaking, worshipped with all viands, Yea, with the glory of the earth, O Agni. Forgive us, for our weal, e'en sin committed.

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 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 intelligence 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 hast 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 stablished 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 Soma 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 [sic] 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 camest, 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.Rarth and Heaven.

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 offspring. 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 and stress the man who worships.

4

Agni most bright and fair with song we honour, yea, the adorable, 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, stablished 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 foeman'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, desirous, 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 [sic] 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.

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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' assembly, 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 drops of oil and fatness.

2

For thee, O Purifier, flow the drops of fatness rich in oil. After thy wont vouchsafe to us the choicest boon that Gods may feast.

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, Guileless 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 immortal being.

2

Both Bharatas, Devasravas, Devavata, have strongly rubbed to life effectual Agni. O Agni, look thou forth with ample riches: be, every day, bearer of food to feed us.

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 Drsadvati, 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 feast, Accept our sacrifice with joy.

3

With splendour, Agni, Son of Strength, thou who art worshipped, wakeful One. Seat thee on this my sacred grass.

4

With all thy fires, with all the Gods, Agni, exalt the songs we sing. And living men in holy rites.

5

Grant, Agni, to the worshipper wealth rich in heroes, plenteous store, Make thou us rich with many sons.

HYMN XXV. Agni.

1

THOU art the sapient Son of Dyaus, O Agni, yes and the Child of Earth, who knowest all things. Bring the Gods specially, thou Sage, for worship.

2

Agni the wise bestows the might of heroes grants strengthening food, preparing it for nectar. Thou who art rich in food bring the Gods hither.

3

Agni, infallible, lights Earth and Heaven, immortal Goddesses 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 gathering places.

HYMN XXVI. 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; Brhaspati for man's observance of the Gods, the Singer prompt to hear, the swiftly-moving guest.

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. Pourers of floods, the Maruts, Masters of all wealth, they who can ne'er be conquered, make the mountains shake.

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, With spotted deer for steeds, with wealth that never fails, they, wise Ones, come to sacrifice at our gatherings.

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 inspired of' prayers that men should utter, The Sparkler, joyous in his Parents' bosom, –him, the Truth-speaker, sate ye, Earth and Heaven.

HYMN XXVII. 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, Who listens and gives bounteous gifts.

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, hollower, 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 die 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 take with 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 shines 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; 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, unailing. 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 he was 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 one singly in his home, have kindled fire.

16

As we, O Priest observant, have elected thee this day, what time the solemn sacrifice began, So surely hast thou worshipped, surely hast thou toiled: come thou unto the Soma, wise and knowing all.

HYMN XXX. Indra.

1

THE friends who offer Soma long to find thee: they pour forth Soma and present their viands. They bear unmoved the cursing of the people, for all our wisdom comes from thee, O Indra.

2

Not far for thee are mid-air's loftiest regions: start hither, Lord of Bays, with thy Bay Horses. Made for the Firm and Strong are these libations. The pressing-stones are set and fire is kindled.

3

Fair cheeks hath Indra, Maghavan, the Victor, Lord of a great host, Stormer, strong in

action. What once thou didst in might when mortals vexed thee,—where now, O Bull, are those thy hero exploits?

4

For, overthrowing what hath ne'er been shaken, thou goest forth alone destroying Vrtras. For him who followeth thy Law the mountains and heaven and earth stand as if firmly stablished.

5

Yea, Much—invoked! in safety through thy glories alone thou speakest truth as Vrtra's slayer. E'en these two boundless worlds to thee, O Indra, what time thou graspest them, are but a handful.

6

Forthwith thy Bay steeds down the steep, O Indra, forth, crushing foemen, go thy bolt of thunder! Slay those who meet thee, those who flee, who follow: make all thy promise true; be all completed.

7

The man to whom thou givest as Provider enjoys domestic plenty undivided. Blest, Indra, is thy favour dropping fatness: thy worship, Much—invoked! brings gifts in thousands.

8

Thou, Indra, Much—invoked! didst crush to pieces Kunaru handless fiend who dwelt with Danu. Thou with might, Indra, smotest dead the scorner, the footless Vrtra as he waxed in vigour.

9

Thou hast established in her seat, O Indra, the level earth, vast, vigorous, unbounded. The Bull hath propped the heaven and air's mid—region. By thee sent onward let the floods flow hither.

10

He who withheld the kine, in silence I yielded in fear before thy blow, O Indra. He made paths easy to drive forth the cattle. Loud—breathing praises helped the Much—invoked One.

11

Indra alone filled full the earth and heaven, the Pair who meet together, rich in treasures. Yea, bring thou near us from the air's mid—region strength, on thy car, and wholesome food, O Hero.

12

Surya transgresses not the ordered limits set daily by the Lord of Tawny Coursers. When to the goal he comes, his journey ended, his Steeds he looses: this is Indra's doing.

13

Men gladly in the course of night would look on the broad bright front of the refulgent Morning; And all acknowledge, when she comes in glory, the manifold and goodly works of

Indra.

14

A mighty splendour rests upon her bosom: bearing ripe milk the Cow, unripe, advances. All sweetness is collected in the Heifer, sweetness which Indra made for our enjoyment.

15

Barring the way they come. Be firm, O Indra; aid friends to sacrifice and him who singeth. These must be slain by thee, malignant mortals, armed with ill arts, our quiverbearing foemen.

16

A cry is beard from enemies most near us: against them send thy fiercest-flaming weapon. Rend them from under, crush them and subdue them. Slay, Maghavan, and make the fiends our booty.

17

Root up the race of Raksasas, O Indra rend it in front and crush it in the middle. How long hast thou behaved as one who wavers? Cast thy hot dart at him who hates devotion:

18

When borne by strong Steeds for our weal, O Leader, thou seatest thee at many noble viands. May we be winners of abundant riches. May Indra be our wealth with store of children.

19

Bestow on us resplendent wealth. O Indra let us enjoy thine overflow of bounty. Wide as a sea our longing hath expanded, fulfil it, O thou Treasure-Lord of treasures.

20

With kine and horses satisfy this longing with very splendid bounty skill extend it. Seeking the light, with hymns to thee, O Indra, Kusikas have brought their gift, the singers.

21

Lord of the kine, burst the kine's stable open: cows shall be ours, and strength that wins the booty. Hero, whose might is true, thy home is heaven: to us, O Maghavan, grant gifts of cattle.

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 XXXI. Indra.

1

WISE, teaching, following the thought of Order, the sonless gained a grandson from his daughter. Fain, as a sire, to see his child prolific, he sped to meet her with an eager spirit.

2

The Son left not his portion to the brother, he made a home to hold him who should gain, it. What time his Parents gave the Priest his being, of the good pair one acted, one promoted.

3

Agni was born trembling with tongue that flickered, so that the Red's great children should be honoured. Great is their germ, that born of them is mighty, great the Bays' Lord's approach through sacrifices.

4

Conquering bands upon the Warrior waited: they recognized great light from out the darkness. The conscious Dawns went forth to meet his coming, and the sole Master of the kine was Indra.

5

The sages freed them from their firmbuilt prison: the seven priests drove them forward with their spirit. 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, fain for war, singing from heaven, as Friend he saved his lovers from dishonour.

9

They sate them down with spirit fain 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 fire, and Sun and
Morning.

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 [sic] 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 convey 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.

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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, everyouthful, Whose greatness the dear world-halves have not measured, no, nor conceived the might of him the Holy.

8

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

9

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

10

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

11

Thou, puissant God, more mighty, slewest. Ahi showing his strength when couched around the waters. The heaven itself attained not to thy greatness when with one hip of thine the earth was shadowed.

12

Sacrifice, Indra, made thee wax so mighty, the dear oblation with the flowing Soma. O Worshipful, with worship help our worship, for worship helped thy bolt when slaying Ahi.

13

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

14

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

15

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

16

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

17

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

HYMN XXXIII. Indra.

1

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

2

Impelled by Indra whom ye pray to urge you, ye move as 'twere on chariots to the ocean.

Flowing together, swelling with your billows, O lucid Streams, each of you seeks the other.

3

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

4

We two who rise and swell with billowy waters move forward to the home which Gods have made us. Our flood may not be stayed when urged to motion. What would the singer, calling to the Rivers?

5

Linger a little at my friendly bidding rest, Holy Ones, a moment in your journey. With hymn sublime soliciting your favour Kusika's son hath called unto the River.

6

Indra who wields the thunder dug our channels: he smote down Vrtra, him who stayed our currents. Savitar, God, the lovely-handed, led us, and at his sending forth we flow expanded.

7

That hero deed of Indra must be lauded for ever that he rent Ahi in pieces. He smote away the obstructors with his thunder, and eager for their course forth flowed the waters.

8

Never forget this word of thine, O singer, which future generations shall reecho. In hymns, O bard, show us thy loving kindness. Humble us not mid men. To thee be honour!

9

List quickly, Sisters, to the bard who cometh to you from far away with car and wagon. Bow lowly down; be easy to be traversed stay, Rivers, with your floods below our axles.

10

Yea, we will listen to thy words, O singer. With wain and car from far away thou comest. Low, like a nursing mother, will I bend me, and yield me as a maiden to her lover.

11

Soon as the Bharatas have fared across thee, the warrior band, urged on and sped by Indra, Then let your streams flow on in rapid motion. I crave your favour who deserve our worship.

12

The warrior host, the Bharatas, fared over the singer won the favour of the Rivers. Swell with your billows, hasting, pouring riches. Fill full your channels, and roll swiftly onward.

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.

HYMN XXXIV. Indra.

1

FORT-RENDER, Lord of Wealth, dispelling foemen, Indra with lightnings hath o'ercome the Dasa. Impelled 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. O Indra, thou art equally the Leader of heavenly hosts and human generations.

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. For man the days' bright ensign he illumined, and found the light for his joy and gladness.

5

Forward to fiercely falling blows pressed Indra, herolike doing many hero exploits. These holy songs he taught the bard who gaised [sic] 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. He in his strength, with all-surpassing prowess, through wondrous arts crushed the malignant Dasyus.

7

Lord of the brave, Indra who rules the people gave freedom to the Gods by might and battle. Wise singers glorify with chanted praises these his achievements in Vivasvan's dwelling.

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 treasures.

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 we will prepare to feast thee.

6

Thine is this Soma: hasten to approach it. Drink thou thereof, benevolent, and cease not. Sit on the sacred grass at this our worship, and take these drops into thy belly, Indra.

7

The grass is strewn for thee, pressed is the Soma; the grain is ready for thy Bays to feed on. To thee who lovest them, the very mighty, strong, girt by Maruts, are these gifts presented.

8

This the sweet draught, with cows, the men, the mountains, the waters, Indra, have for thee made ready. Come, drink thereof, Sublime One, friendly-minded, foreseeing, knowing well the ways thou goest.

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—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

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, hath reached the eternal waters.

5

First the more ancient Bull engendered offspring; these are his many draughts that lent him vigour. From days of old ye Kings, two Sons of Heaven, by hymns of sacrifice have won dominion.

6

Three seats ye Sovrans, in the Holy synod, many, yea, all, ye honour with your presence. There saw I, going thither in the spirit, Gandharvas in their course with wind—blown tresses.

7

That same companionship of her, the Milch—cow, here with the strong Bull's divers forms they stablished. Enduing still some new celestial figure, the skilful workers shaped a form around him.

8

Let no one here debar me from enjoying the golden light which Savitar diffuses. He covers both all-fostering worlds with praises even as a woman cherishes her children.

9

Fulfil, ye twain, his work, the Great, the Ancient: as heavenly blessing keep your guard around us. All the wise Gods behold his varied actions who stands erect, whose voice is like a herdsman's.

10

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. 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 strengthener was Indra the Majestic he spread their stalls of kine 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: He drinks the Soma and is strong

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 lovest 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 Soma, 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 Soma–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.

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HYMN XLIV. Indra.

1

May this delightsome Soma be expressed for thee by tawny stones. Joying thereat, O Indra, with thy Bay Steeds come: ascend thy golden-coloured car.

2

In love thou madest Usas glow, in love thou madest Surya shine. Thou, Indra, knowing, thinking, Lord of Tawny Steeds, above all glories waxest great.

3

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

4

When born to life the golden Bull illumines all the realm of light. He takes his golden weapon, Lord of Tawny Steeds, the golden thunder in his arms.

5

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

HYMN XLV. Indra.

1

COME hither, Indra, with Bay Steeds, joyous, with tails like peacocks' plumes. Let no men cheek thy course as fowlers stay the bird: pass o'er them as o'er desert lands.

2

He who slew Vrtra, burst the cloud, brake the strongholds and drave the floods, Indra who mounts his chariot at his Bay Steeds' cry, shatters e'en things that stand most firm.

3

Like pools of water deep and full, like kine thou cherishest thy might; Like the milch-cows that go well-guarded to the mead, like water-brooks that reach the lake.

4

Bring thou us wealth with power to strike, our share, 'gainst him who calls it his. Shake, Indra, as with hooks, the tree for ripened fruit, for wealth to satisfy our wish.

5

Indra, self-ruling Lord art thou, good Leader, of most glorious fame. So, waxen in thy strength, O thou whom many praise, be thou most swift to hear our call.

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 exceedeth 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 Vrtra-slayer. Slay
thou our foemen, 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 Vrtra.

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 the plant's milk which the mountains nourish. That milk thy Mother first, the Dame who bare thee, poured for thee in thy mighty Father's dwelling.

3

Desiring food he came unto his Mother, and on her breast beheld the pungent Soma. Wise, he moved on, keeping aloof the others, and wrought great exploits in his varied aspects.

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 Vrtras, 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 Vrtras.

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 welleffused libation.

3

With milk they made Indra their good Preserver, lauding for help and rule the bounteous rainer. Impetuous God, when thou hast drunk the Soma, enraptured 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 song and praises. Full of all wondrous power he goes to conquest: worship is his, sole Lord from days aforetime.

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 lovest song.

11

Incline thy body to this juice which suits thy Godlike nature well: May it cheer thee who lovest 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 goats 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

Let roasted corn of our midday libation, and sacrificial cake here please thee, Indra, What time the lauding singer, keen of purpose and eager as a bull, with hymns implores thee.

6

At the third sacrifice, O thou whom many praise, give glory to the roasted corn and holy cake. With offered viands and with songs may we assist thee, Sage, whom Vaja and the Rbhus wait upon.

7

The groats have we prepared for thee with Pusan, corn for thee, Lord of Bay Steeds, with thy horses. Eat thou the meal-cake, banded with the Maruts, wise Hero, Vrtra-slayer, drink the Soma.

8

Bring forth the roasted corn to meet him quickly, cake for the bravest Hero mid the heroes. Indra, may hymns accordant with thee daily strengthen thee, Bold One, for the draught of Soma.

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 looses thy loud-neighing Courser.

6

Thou hast drunk Soma, Indra, turn thee homeward; thy joy is in thy home, thy racious [sic] 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 billowy 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 horse to win him riches. East, west, and north, let the King slay the foeman, then at earth's choicest place perform his worship.

12

Praises to Indra have I sung, sustainer of this earth and heaven. This prayer of Visvamitra keeps secure the race of Bharatas.

13

The Visvamitras have sung forth this prayer to Indra Thunder–aimed: So let him make us prosperous.

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

Sasarpari, 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

Sasarpari 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.

17

Strong be the pair of oxen, firm the axles, let not the pole slip nor the yoke be broken. 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 whereon 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 hateth 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 be faithful: be ye our leaders for our high advantage. To Heaven and Earth I offer this my homage, 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? 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 glorious Adityas.

11

The fair-tongued Savitar, the golden-handed, comes thrice from heaven as Lord in our assembly. Bear to the Gods this song of praise, and send us, then, Savitar, complete and perfect safety.

12

Deft worker, skilful-handed, helpful, holy, may Tvastar, God, give us these things to aid us, Take your delight, Ye Rbhus joined with Pusan: ye have prepared the rite with stones adjusted.

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 wealth with noble offspring.

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 to kinsmen: 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 he 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 unimpregnated, 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 wondrous beauty. Great is the Gods' supreme and sole dominion.

10

Visnu, the guardian, keeps the loftiest station, upholding dear, immortal dwelling-places. Agni knows well all these created beings. Great is the Gods' 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, These 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. The Hero is renowned for gathering riches. Great is the Gods' supreme and sole dominion.

21

Yea, and on this our earth the All-Sustainer dwells like a King with noble friends about him. In his protection heroes rest in safety. 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

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, Ruleth majestic with his triple aspect, the Bull, the Everlasting Ones' impregner.

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 LVII. 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 praisers.

2

Indra and Pusan, deft of hand and mighty, well-pleased have drained the heaven's

exhaustless udder. As in this praise the Gods have all delighted, may I win blessing here from you, O Vasus.

3

Fain to lend vigour to the Bull, the siste.. [sic] with reverence recognize the germ within him. The Cows come lowing hither to the Youngling, to him endued with great and wondrous beauties.

4

Fixing with thought, at sacrifice, the press–stones, I bid the well–formed Heaven and Earth come hither; For these thy flames, which give men boons in plenty, rise up on high, the beautiful, the holy.

5

Agni, thy meath–sweet tongue that tastes fair viands, which among Gods is called the far–extended,– Therewith make all the Holy Odes be seated here for our help, and feed them with sweet juices.

6

Let thy stream give us drink, O God, O Agni, wonderful and exhaustless like the rain–clouds. Thus care for us, O Vasu Jatavedas, show us thy loving–kindness, reaching all men.

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. Destroy in us the counsel of the niggard come hitherward, for we have shown you favour.

3

With lightly–rolling car and well–yoked horses hear this, the press–stone's song, ye Wonder–Workers. Have not the sages of old time, ye Asvins, called you most prompt to come and stay misfortune?

4

Remember us, and come to us, for ever men, as their wont is, invoke the Asvins. Friends as it were have offered you these juices, sweet, blent with milk at the first break of morning.

5

Even through many regions, O ye Asvins high praise is yours among mankind, ye Mighty–Come, helpers, on the paths which Gods have travelled: here your libations of sweet meath are ready.

6

Ancient your home, auspicious is your friendship: Heroes, your wealth is with the house of Jahnu. Forming again with you auspicious friendship, let us rejoice with draughts of meath together.

7

O Asvins, Very Mighty ones, with Vayu and with his steeds, one-minded, ever-youthful, Nasatyas, joying in the third day's Soma, drink it, not hostile, Very Bounteous Givers.

8

Asvins, to you are brought abundant viands in rivalry with sacred songs, unceasing. Sprung from high Law your car, urged on by press-stones, goes round the earth and heaven in one brief moment.

9

Asvins, your Soma sheds delicious sweetness: drink ye thereof and come unto our dwelling. Your car, assuming many a shape, most often goes to the Soma-presser's place of meeting.

HYMN LIX. 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 helpst 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 LX. Rbhus.

1

HERE is your ghostly kinship, here, O Men: they came desirous to these holy rites with store of wealth, With wondrous arts, whereby, with schemes to meet each need, Ye gained, Sudhanvan's Sons! your share in sacrifice.

2

The mighty powers wherewith. ye formed the chalices, the thought by which ye drew the cow from out the hide, The intellect wherewith ye wrought the two Bay Steeds,—through these, O Rbhus, ye attained divinity.

3

Friendship with Indra have the Rbhus, fully gained: grandsons of Manu, they skilfully urged the work. Sudhanvan's Children won them everlasting life, serving with holy rites, pious with noble acts. 4:In company with Indra come ye to the juice, then gloriously shall your wishes be fulfilled. Not to be paragoned, ye Priests, are your good deeds, nor your heroic acts, Rbhus, Sudhanvan's Sons.

5

O Indra, with the Rbhus, Mighty Ones, pour down the Soma juice effused, well-blent, from both thy hands. Maghalan, urged by song, in the drink-offerer's house rejoice thee with the Heroes, with Sudhanvan's Sons.

6

With Rbhu near, and Vaja, Indra, here exult, with Saci, praised of many, in the juice we pour. These homes wherein we dwell have turned themselves to thee, —devotions to the Gods, as laws of men ordain.

7

Come with the mighty Rbhus, Indra, come to us, strengthening with thy help the singer's holy praise; At hundred eager calls come to the living man, with thousand arts attend the act of sacrifice.

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 golden coloured.

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 sweets, 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.

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