



English translation of Holy Vedas – Rig Veda : Book 10

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Credits

English translation of
Holy Vedas – Rig Veda : Book 10

by
Ralph T.H. Griffith

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Book 08 Part 01

HYMN I. Indra.

1

GLORIFY naught besides, O friends; so shall no sorrow trouble you. Praise only mighty Indra when the juice is shed, and say your lauds repeatedly:

2

Even him, eternal, like a bull who rushes down, men's Conqueror, bounteous like a cow; Him who is cause of both, of enmity and peace, to both sides most munificent.

3

Although these men in sundry ways invoke thee to obtain thine aid, Be this our prayer, addressed, O Indra, unto thee, thine exaltation every day.

4

Those skilled in song, O Maghavan among these men o'ercome with might the foeman's songs. Come hither, bring us strength in many a varied form most near that it may succour us.

5

O Caster of the Stone, I would not sell thee for a mighty price, Not for a thousand, Thunderer! nor ten thousand, nor a hundred, Lord of countless wealth!

6

O Indra, thou art more to me than sire or niggard brother is. Thou and my mother, O Good Lord, appear alike, to give me wealth abundantly.

7

Where art thou? Whither art thou gone? For many a place attracts thy mind. Haste, Warrior, Fort-destroyer, Lord of battle's din, haste, holy songs have sounded forth.

8

Sing out the psalm to him who breaks down castles for his faithful friend, Verses to bring the Thunderer to destroy the forts and sit on Kanva's sacred grass.

9

The Horses which are thine in tens, in hundreds, yea, in thousands thine, Even those vigorous Steeds, fleet-footed in the course, with those come quickly near to us.

10

This day I call Sabardugiha who animates the holy song, Indra the richly-yielding Milch-cow who provides unfailling food in ample stream.

11

When Sura wounded Etasa, with Vata's rolling winged car. Indra bore Kutsa Arjuneya off, and mocked Gandharva. the unconquered One.

12

He without ligature, before making incision in the neck, Closed up the wound again, most wealthy Maghavan, who maketh whole the injured part.

13

May we be never cast aside, and strangers, as it were, to thee. We, Thunder-wielding Indra, count ourselves as trees rejected and unfit to bum.

14

O Vrtra-slayer, we were thought slow and unready for the fray. Yet once in thy great bounty may we have delight, O Hero, after praising thee.

15

If he will listen to my laud, then may out Soma-drops that flow Rapidly through the strainer gladden Indra, drops due to the Tugryas' Strengtheners.

16

Come now unto the common laud of thee and of thy faithful friend. So may our wealthy nobles' praise give joy to thee. Fain would I sing thine eulogy.

17

Press out the Soma with the stones, and in the waters wash it clean. The men investing it with raiment made of milk shall milk it forth from out the stems.

18

Whether thou come from earth or from the lustre of the lofty heaven, Wax stronger in thy body through my song of praise: fill full all creatures, O most Wise.

19

For India press the Soma out, most gladdening and most excellent. May Sakra make it swell sent forth with every prayer and asking, as it were, for strength.

20

Let me not, still beseeching thee with earnest song at Soma rites, Anger thee like soma wild beast. Who would not beseech him who hath power to grant his prayer?

21

The draught made swift with rapturous joy, effectual with its mighty strength, All-conquering, distilling transport, let him drink: for he in ecstasy gives us gifts.

22

Where bliss is not, may he, All-praised, God whom the pious glorify, Bestow great wealth upon the mortal worshipper who sheds the juice and praises him.

23

Come, Indra, and rejoice thyself, O God, in manifold affluence. Thou fillest like a lake thy vast capacious bulk with Soma and with draughts besides.

24

A thousand and a hundred Steeds are harnessed to thy golden car. So may the long-maned Bays, yoked by devotion, bring Indra to drink the Soma juice.

25

Yoked to thy chariot wrought of gold, may thy two Bays with peacock tails, Convey thee hither, Steeds with their white backs, to quaff sweet juice that makes us eloquent.

26

So drink, thou Lover of the Song, as the first drinker, of this juice. This the outpouring of the savoury sap prepared is good and meet to gladden thee.

27

He who alone by wondrous deed is Mighty, Strong by holy works, May he come, fair of cheek; may he not stay afar, but come and turn not from our call.

28

Susna's quick moving castle thou hast crushed to pieces with thy bolts. Thou, Indra, from of old, hast followed after light, since we have had thee to invoke.

29

My praises when the Sun hath risen, my praises at the time of noon, My praises at the coming of the gloom of night, O Vasu, have gone forth to thee.

30

Praise yea, praise him. Of princes these are the most liberal of their gifts, These, Paramajya, Ninditasva, Prapathi, most bounteous, O Medhyatithi.

31

When to the car, by faith, I yoked the horses longing for the way— For skilled is Yadu's son in dealing precious wealth, he who is rich in herds of kine.

32

May he who gave me two brown steeds together with their cloths of gold, May he, Asanga's son Svanadratha, obtain all joy and high felicities.

33

Playoga's son Asanga, by ten thousand, O Agni, hath surpassed the rest in giving. For me ten bright-hued oxen have come forward like lotus-stalks from out a lake upstanding.

34

What time her husband's perfect restoration to his lost strength and manhood was apparent, His consort Sasvati with joy addressed him, Now art thou well, my lord, and shalt be happy.

HYMN II. Indra.

1

HERE is the Soma juice expressed; O Vasu, drink till thou art full: Undaunted God, we give it thee.

2

Washed by the men, pressed out with stones, strained through the filter made of wool, 'Tis like a courser bathed in stream.

3

This juice have we made sweet for thee like barley, blending it with milk. Indra, I call thee to our feast.

4

Beloved of all, Indra alone drinks up the flowing Soma juice Among the Gods and mortal men.

5

The Friend, whom not the brilliant-hued, the badly-mixt or bitter draught, Repels, the far-extending God;

6

While other men than we with milk chase him as hunters chase a deer, And with their kine inveigle him.

7

For him, for Indra, for the God, be pressed three draughts of Soma juice In the juice-drinker's own abode.

8

Three reservoirs exude their drops, filled are three beakers to the brim, All for one offering to the God.

9

Pure art thou, set in many a place, and blended in the midst with milk And curd, to cheer the Hero best.

10

Here, Indra, are thy Soma-draughts pressed out by us, the strong, the pure: They crave admixture of the milk.

11

O Indra, pour in milk, prepare the cake, and mix the Soma-draught. I hear them say that thou art rich.

12

Quaffed juices fight within the breast. The drunken praise not by their wine, The naked

praise not when it rains.

13

Rich be the praiser of one rich, munificent and famed like thee: High rank be his, O Lord of Bays.

14

Foe of the man who adds no milk, he heeds not any chanted hymn Or holy psalm that may he sung.

15

Give us not, Indra, as a prey unto the scornful or the proud: Help, Mighty One, with power and might.

16

This, even this, O Indra, we implore. as thy devoted friends, The Kanvas praise thee with their hymns.

17

Naught else, O Thunderer, have I praised in the skilled singer's eulogy: On thy land only have I thought.

18

The Gods seek him who presses out the Soma; they desire not sleep They punish sloth unweariedly.

19

Come hither swift with gifts of wealth – be not thou angry with us–like A great man with a youthful bride.

20

Let him not, wrathful with us, spend the evening far from us to–day, Like some unpleasant son–in–law.

21

For well we know this Hero's love, most liberal of the boons he gives, His plans whom the three worlds display.

22

Pour forth the gift which Kanvas bring, for none more glorious do we know Than the Strong Lord with countless aids.

23

O presser, offer Soma first to Indra, Hero, Sakra, him The Friend of man, that he may drink;

24

Who, in untroubled ways, is best provider, for his worshippers. Of strength in horses and in kine.

25

Pressers, for him blend Soma juice, each draught most excellent, for him The Brave, the Hero, for his joy.

26

The Vrtra–slayer drinks the juice. May he who gives a hundred aids Approach, nor stay afar from us.

27

May the strong Bay Steeds, yoked by prayer, bring hither unto us our Friend, Lover of Song, renowned by songs.

28

Sweet are the Soma juices, come! Blent are the Soma juices, come! Rsi–like, mighty, fair of cheek, come hither quickly to the feast.

29

And lauds which strengthen thee for great bounty and valour, and exalt Indra who doeth glorious deeds,

30

And songs to thee who lovest song, and all those hymns addressed to thee– These evermore confirm thy might.

31

Thus he, sole doer of great deeds whose hand holds thunder, gives us strength, He who hath never been subdued.

32

Vrtra he slays with his right hand, even Indra, great with mighty power, And much–invoked in many a place.

33

He upon whom all men depend, all regions, all achievements, he Takes pleasure in our wealthy chiefs.

34

All this hath he accomplished, yea, Indra, most gloriously renowned, Who gives our wealthy princes strength.

35

Who drives his chariot seeking spoil, from afar, to him he loves: For swift is he to bring men wealth.

36

The Sage who, winning spoil with steeds, slays Vrtra, Hero with the men, His servant's faithful succourer.

37

O Priyamedhas, worship with collected mind this Indra whom The Soma hath full well inspired.

38

Ye Kanvas, sing the Mighty One, Lord of the Brave, who loves renown, All-present, glorified by song.

39

Strong Friend, who, with no trace of feet, restores the cattle to the men, Who rest their wish and hope on him.

40

Shaped as a Ram, Stone-hurler I once thou camest hither to the son Of Kanva, wise Medhyatithi.

41

Vibhindu, thou hast helped this man, giving him thousands four times ten, And afterward eight thousand more.

42

And these twain pouring streams of milk, creative, daughters of delight, For wedlock sake I glorify.

HYMN III. Indra.

1

DRINK, Indra, of the savoury juice, and cheer thee with our milky draught. Be, for our weal, our Friend and sharer of the feast, and let thy wisdom guard us well.

2

In thy kind grace and favour may we still be strong: expose us not to foe's attack. With manifold assistance guard and succour us, and bring us to felicity.

3

May these my songs of praise exalt thee, Lord, who hast abundant wealth. Men skilled in holy hymns, pure, with the hues of fire, have sung them with their lauds to thee.

4

He, with his might enhanced by Rsis thousandfold, hath like an ocean spread himself. His majesty is praised as true at solemn rites, his power where holy singers rule.

5

Indra for worship of the Gods, Indra while sacrifice proceeds, Indra, as worshippers in battle-shock, we call, Indra that we may win the spoil.

6

With might hath Indra spread out heaven and earth, with power hath Indra lighted up the

Sun. In Indra are all creatures closely held; in him meet the distilling Soma–drops.

7

Men with their lauds are urging thee, Indra, to drink the Soma first. The Rbhus in accord have lifted up their voice, and Rudras sung thee as the first.

8

Indra increased his manly strength at sacrifice, in the wild rapture of this juice. And living men to–day, even as of old, sing forth their praises to his majesty.

9

I crave of thee that hero strength, that thou mayst first regard this prayer, Wherewith thou holpest Bhrgu and the Yatis and Praskanva when the prize was staked.

10

Wherewith thou sentest mighty waters to the sea, that, Indra, is thy manly strength. For ever unattainable is this power of him to whom the worlds have cried aloud.

11

Help us, O Indra, when we pray to thee for wealth and hero might. First help thou on to strength the man who strives to win, and aid our laud, O Ancient One.

12

Help for us, Indra, as thou holpest Paura once, this man's devotions bent on gain. Help, as thou gavest Rugama and Syavaka and Svarnara and Krpa aid.

13

What newest of imploring prayers shall, then, the zealous mortal sing? For have not they who laud his might, and Indra–power won for themselves the light of heaven?

14

When shall they keep the Law and praise thee mid the Gods? Who counts as Rsi and as sage? When ever wilt thou, Indra Maghavan, come nigh to presser's or to praiser's call?

15

These songs of ours exceeding sweet, these hymns of praise ascend to thee, Like ever–conquering chariots that display their strength, gain wealth, and give unfailing aid.

16

The Bhrgus are like Suns, like Kanvas, and have gained all that their thoughts were bent upon. The living men of Priyamedha's race have sung exalting Indra with their lauds.

17

Best slayer of the Vrtras, yoke thy Bay Steeds, Indra, from afar. Come with the High Ones hither, Maghavan, to us, Mighty, to drink the Soma juice.

18

For these, the bards and singers, have cried out to thee with prayer, to gain the sacrifice.

As such, O Maghavan, Indra, who lovest song, even as a lover bear my call.

19

Thou from the lofty plains above, O Indra, hurledst Vrtra down. Thou dravest forth the kine of guileful Mrgaya and Arbuda from the mountain's hold.

20

Bright were the flaming fires, the Sun gave forth his shine, and Soma, Indra's juice, shone clear. Indra, thou blewest the great Dragon from the air –. men must regard that valorous deed.

21

The fairest courser of them all, who runneth on as 'twere to heaven. Which Indra and the Maruts gave, and Pakasthaman Kaurayan.

22

To me hath Pakasthaman given, a ruddy horse, good at the pole, Filling is girth and rousing wealth;

23

Compared with whom no other ten strong coursers, harnessed to the pole, Bear Tugrya to his dwelling place.

24

Raiment is body, food is life, and healing ointment giveth strength. As the free-handed giver of the ruddy steed, I have named Pakasthaman fourth.

HYMN IV. Indra.

1

THOUGH, Indra, thou art called by men eastward and westward, north and south, Thou chiefly art with Anava and Turvasa, brave Champion I urged by men to Come.

2

Or, Indra, when with Ruma, Rusama, Syavaka, and Krpa thou rejoicest thee, Still do the Kanvas, bringing praises, with their prayers, O Indra, draw thee hither: come.

3

Even as the wild-bull, when he thirsts, goes to the desert's watery pool, Come hither quickly both at morning and at eve, and with the Kanvas drink thy fill.

4

May the drops gladden thee, rich Indra, and obtain bounty for him who pours the juice. Soma pressed in the mortar didst thou take and drink, and hence hast won surpassing might.

5

With mightier strength he conquered strength, with energy he crushed their wrath. O Indra,

Strong in youth, all those who sought the fray bent and bowed down to thee like trees.

6

He who wins promise of thine aid goes girt as with a thousand mighty men of war. He makes his son preeminent in hero might – he serves with reverential prayer.

7

With thee, the Mighty, for our Friend, we will riot fear or feel fatigue. May we see Turvasa and Yadu: thy great deed, O Hero, must be glorified.

8

On his left hip the Hero hath reclined himself: the proffered feast offends him not. The milk is blended with the honey of the bee: quickly come hither, baste, and drink.

9

Indra, thy friend is fair of form and rich in horses, cars, and kine. He evermore hath food accompanied by wealth, and radiant joins the company.

10

Come like a thirsty antelope to the drinking–place: drink Soma to thy heart's desire. Raining it down, O Maghavan, day after day, thou gainest thy surpassing might.

11

Priest, let the Soma juice flow forth, for Indra longs to drink thereof. He even now hath yoked his vigorous Bay Steeds: the Vrtra–slayer hath come near.

12

The man with whom thou fillest thee with Soma deems himself a pious worshipper. This thine appropriate food is here poured out for thee: come, hasten forward. drink of it,

13

Press out the Soma juice, ye priests, for Indra borne upon his car. The pressing–stones speak loud of Indra, while they shed the juice which, offered, honours him.

14

To the brown juice may his dear vigorous Bay Steeds bring Indra, to our holy task. Hither let thy Car–steeds who seek the sacrifice bring thee to our drink–offerings.

15

Pusan, the Lord of ample wealth, for firm alliance we elect. May he with wisdom, Sakra! Looser! Much–invoked! aid us to riches and to seed.

16

Sharpen us like a razor in the barber's hands: send riches thou who settest free. Easy to find with thee are treasures of the Dawn for mortal man whom thou dost speed.

17

Pusan, I long to win thy love, I long to praise thee, Radiant God. Excellent Lord, 'tis strange

tome, no wish have I to sing the psalm that Pajra sings.

18

My kine, O Radiant God, seek pasture where they will, my during wealth, Immortal One. Be our protector, Pusan! be, most liberal Lord, propitious to our gathering strength.

19

Rich was the gift Kurunga gave, a hundred steeds at morning rites. Among the gifts of Turvasas we thought of him, the opulent, the splendid King.

20

What by his morning songs Kanva, the powerful, hath, with the Priyamedhas, gained—

71

The herds of sixty thousand pure and spotless kine, have I, the Rsi, driven away.

21

The very trees were joyful at my coming: kine they obtained in plenty, steeds in plenty.

HYMN V. Asvins.

1

WHEN, even as she were present here, red Dawn hath shone from far away, She spreadeth light on every side.

2

Like Heroes on your will-yoked car farshining, Wonder-Workers! ye Attend, O Asvins, on the Dawn.

3

By you, O Lords of ample wealth our songs of praise have been observed: As envoy have I brought the prayer.

4

Kanvas must praise the Asvins dear to many, making many glad, Most rich, that they may succour us.

5

Most liberal, best at winning strength, inciters, Lords of splendour who Visit the worshipper's abode.

6

So for devout Sudeva dew with fatness his unfailing mead, And make it rich for sacrifice.

7

Hitherward running speedily with horses, as with rapid hawks, Come, Asvins, to our song of praise

8

Wherewith the three wide distances, and all the lights that are in heaven. Ye traverse, and three times of night.

9

O Finders of the Day, that we may win us food of kine and wealth, Open the paths for us to tread.

10

O Asvins, bring us wealth in kine, in noble heroes, and in cars: Bring us the strength that horses give.

11

Ye Lords of splendour, glorified, ye Wonder–Workers borne on paths Of gold, drink sweets with Soma juice.

12

To us, ye Lords of ample wealth, and to our wealth chiefs extend Wide shelter, ne'er to be assailed.

13

Come quickly downward to the prayer of people whom ye favour most: Approach not unto other folk.

14

Ye Asvins whom our minds perceive, drink of this lovely gladdening draught, The meath which we present to you.

15

Bring riches hither unto us in hundreds and in thousands, source Of plenteous food, sustaining all.

16

Verily sages call on you, ye Heroes, in full many a place. Moved by the priests, O Asvins, conic.

17

Men who have trimmed the sacred grass, bringing oblations and prepared, O Asvins, are invoking you.

18

May this our hymn of praise to–day, most powerful to bring you, be, O Asvins, nearest to your hearts.

19

The skin filled full of savoury meath, laid in the pathway of your car– O Asvins, drink ye both therefrom.

20

For this, ye Lords of ample wealth, bring blessing for our herd, our kine, Our progeny, and plenteous food.

21

Ye too unclosed to us like doors the strengthening waters of the sky, And rivers, ye who find the day.

22

When did the son of Tugra serve you, Men? Abandoned in the sea, That with winged steeds your car might fly.

23

Ye, O Nasatyas, ministered to Kanva with repeated aid, When cast into the heated pit.

24

Come near with those most recent aids of yours which merit eulogy, When I invoke you, Wealthy Gods.

25

As ye protected Kanva erst, Priyamedha and Upastuta, Atri, Sinjara, Asvins Twain

26

And Amsu in decisive fight, Agastya in the fray for kine. And, in his battles, Sobhari.

27

For so much bliss, or even more, O Asvins, Wealthy Gods, than this, We pray white singing hymns to you.

28

Ascend your car with golden seat, O Asvins, and with reins of gold, That reaches even to the sky.

29

Golden is its supporting shaft, the axle also is of gold, And both the wheels are made of gold.

30

Thereon, ye Lords of ample wealth, come to us even from afar, Come ye to this mine eulogy.

31

From far away ye come to us, Asvins, enjoying plenteous food Of Dasas, O Immortal Ones.

32

With splendour, riches, and renown, O Asvins, hither come to us, Nasatyas, shining brilliantly.

33

May dappled horses, steeds who fly with pinions, bring you hitherward To people skilled in sacrifice.

34

The wheel delayeth not that car of yours accompanied by song, That cometh with a store of food.

35

Borne on that chariot wrought of gold, with coursers very fleet of foot, Come, O Nasatyas, swift as thought.

36

O Wealthy Gods, ye taste and find the brisk and watchful wild beast good. Associate wealth with food for us.

37

As such, O Asvins, find for me my share of new-presented gifts, As Kasu, Cedi's son, gave me a hundred head of buffaloes, and ten thousand kine.

38

He who hath given me for mine own ten Kings like gold to look upon. At Caidya's feet are all the people round about, all those who think upon the shield.

39

No man, not any, goes upon the path on which the Cedis walk. No other prince, no folk is held more liberal of gifts than they.

HYMN VI Indra

1

INDRA, great in his power and might, and like Parjanya rich in rain, Is magnified by Vatsa's lauds.

2

When the priests, strengthening the Son of Holy Law, present their gifts, Singers with Order's hymn of praiser.

3

Since Kanvas with their lauds have made Indra complete the sacrifice. Words are their own appropriate arms.

4

Before his hot displeasure all the peoples, all the men, bow down, As rivers bow them to the sea.

5

This power of his shone brightly forth when Indra brought together, like A skin, the worlds of

heaven and earth.

6

The fiercely-moving Vrtra's head he severed with his thunderbolt, His mighty hundred-knotted bolt.

7

Here are—we sing them loudly forth—our thoughts among—the best of songs. Even lightnings like the blaze of fire.

8

When bidden thoughts, spontaneously advancing, glow, and with the stream Of sacrifice the Kanvas shine.

9

Indra, may we obtain that wealth in horses and in herds of cows, And prayer that may be noticed first.

10

I from my Father have received deep knowledge of the Holy Law I was born like unto the Sun.

11

After the lore of ancient time I make, like Kanva, beautiful songs, And Indra's selfgains strength thereby.

12

Whatever Rsis have not praised thee, Indra, or have lauded thee, By me exalted wax thou strong.

13

When his wrath thundered, when he rent Vrtra to pieces, limb by limb, He sent the waters to the sea.

14

Against the Dasyu gusna thou, Indra, didst hurl thy during bolt: Thou, Dread one, hast a hero's fame.

15

Neither the heavens nor firmaments nor regions of the earth contain Indra, the Thunderer with his might.

16

O Indra him who lay at length staying thy copious waters thou, In his own footsteps, smotest down

17

Thou hiddest deep in darkness itim [sic], O Indra, who had set his grasp On spacious

heaven and earth conjoined.

18

Indra, whatever Yatis and Bhrgus have offered praise to thee, Listen, thou Mighty, to my call.

19

Indra, these spotted cows yield thee their butter and the milky draught; Aiders, thereby, of sacrifice;

20

Which, teeming, have received thee as a life-germ, Indra, with their mouth, Like Surya who sustaineth all.

21

O Lord of Might, with hymns of praise the Kanvas have increased thy power, The drops poured forth have strengthened thee.

22

Under thy guidance, Indra, mid thy praises, Lord of Thunder, shall The sacrifice be soon performed.

23

Indra, disclose much food for us, like a stronghold with store of kine: Give progeny and heroic strength.

24

And, Indra, grant us all that wealth of fleet steeds which shone bright of old Among the tribes of Nahusas.

25

Hither thou seemest to attract heaven's fold which shines before our eyes, When, Indra, thou art kind to us.

26

Yea, when thou puttest forth thy power, Indra, thou governest the folk. Mighty, unlimited in strength.

27

The tribes who bring oblations call to thee, to thee to give them help, With drops to thee who spreadest far.

28

There where the mountains downward slope, there by the meeting of the streams The Sage was manifest with song.

29

Thence, marking, from his lofty place downward he looks upon the sea, And thence with

rapid stir he moves.

30

Then, verify, they see the light refulgent of primeval seed, Kindled on yonder side of heaven.

31

Indra, the Kanvas all exalt thy wisdom and thy manly power, And, Mightiest! thine heroic strength.

32

Accept this eulogy of mine, Indra, and guard me carefully: Strengthen my thought and prosper it.

33

For thee, O Mighty, Thunder-armed, we singers through devotion have Fashioned the hymn that we may live.

34

To Indra have the Kanvas sung, like waters speeding down a slope: The song is fain to go to him.

35

As rivers swell the ocean, so our hymns of praise make Indra strong, Eternal, of resistless wrath.

36

Come with thy lovely Bay Steeds, come to us from regions far away O Indra, drink this Soma juice.

37

Best slayer of Vrtras, men whose sacred grass is ready trimmed Invoke thee for the gain of spoil.

38

The heavens and earth come after thee as the wheel follows Etasa: To thee flow Soma-drops effused.

39

Rejoice, O Indra, in the light, rejoice in Saryandyan, be Glad in the sacrificer's hymn.

40

Grown strong in heaven, the Thunder-armed hath bellowed, Vrtra-slayer, Bull, Chief drinker of the Soma juice.

41

Thou art a Rsi born of old, sole Ruler over all by might: Thou, Indra, guardest well our wealth.

42

May thy Bay Steeds with beauteous backs, a hundred, bring thee to the feast, Bring thee to these our Soma–draughts.

43

The Kanvas with their hymns of praise have magnified this ancient thought That swells with streams of meath and oil.

44

Mid mightiest Gods let mortal man choose Indra at the sacrifice, Indra, whoe'er would win, for help.

45

Thy steeds, by Priyamedhas praised, shall bring thee, God whom all invoke, Hither to drink the Soma juice.

46

A hundred thousand have I gained from Parsu, from Tirindira, And presents of the Yadavas.

47

Ten thousand head of kine, and steeds three times a hundred they bestowed On Pajra for the Sama–song.

48

Kakuha hath reached up to heaven, bestowing buffaloes yoked in fours, And matched in fame the Yadavas.

-- Book 08 Part 01 --

Book 08 Part 02

HYMN VII. Maruts.

1

O MARUTS, when the sage hath poured the Trstup forth as food for you, Ye shine amid the mountain–clouds.

2

When, Bright Ones, fain to show your might ye have determined on your course, The mountain–clouds have bent them down.

3

Loud roaring with the winds the Sons of Prsni have upraised themselves: They have poured out the streaming food.

4

The Maruts spread the mist abroad and make mountains rock and reel, When with the winds they go their way

5

What time the rivers and the hills before your coming bowed them down, So to sustain your mighty force.

6

We call on you for aid by night, on you for succour in the day, On you while sacrifice proceeds.

7

These, verily, wondrous, red of hue, speed on their courses with a roar Over the ridges of the sky.

8

With might they drop the loosened rein so that the Sun may run his course, And spread themselves with beams of light.

9

Accept, ye Maruts, this my song, accept ye this mine hymn of praise, Accept, Rbhuksans, this my call.

10

The dappled Cows have poured three lakes, meath for the Thunder–wielding God, From the great cask, the watery cloud.

11

O Maruts, quickly come to us when, longing for felicity, We call you hither from the sky.

12

For, Rudras and Rbhuksans, ye, Most Bountiful, are in the house, Wise when the gladdening draught is drunk.

13

O Maruts, send us down from heaven riches distilling rapturous joy, With plenteous food, sustaining all.

14

When, Bright Ones, hither from the hills ye have resolved to take your way, Ye revel in the drops effused.

15

Man should solicit with his lauds happiness which belongs to them, So great a band invincible.

16

They who like fiery sparks with showers of rain blow through the heaven and earth, Milking the spring that never fails.

17

With chariots and tumultuous roar, with tempests and with hymns of praise The Sons of Prsni hurry forth.

18

For wealth, we think of that whereby ye aided Yadu, Turvasa, And KanVa who obtained the spoil.

19

May these our viands Bounteous Ones I that flow in streams like holy oil, With Kanva's hymns, increase your might.

20

Where, Bounteous Lords for whom the grass is trimmed, are ye rejoicing now? What Brahman is adoring you?

21

Is it not there where ye of old, supplied with sacred grass, for lauds Inspired the strong in sacrifice?

22

They brought together both the worlds, the mighty waters, and the Sun, And, joint by joint, the thunderbolt.

23

They sundered Vrtra limb from limb and split the gloomy mountain–clouds, Performing a heroic deed.

24

They reinforced the power and strength of Trita as he fought, and helped Indra in battle with the foe.

25

They deck themselves for glory, bright, celestial, lightning in their hands, And helms of gold upon their heads.

26

When eagerly ye from far away came to the cavern of the Bull, He bellowed in his fear like Heaven.

27

Borne by your golden–footed steeds, O Gods, come hither to receive The sacrifice we offer you.

28

When the red leader draws along their spotted deer yoked to the car. The Bright Ones come, and shed the rain.

29

Susoma, Saryakiavan, and Arjika full of homes, have they. These Heroes, sought with downward car.

30

When, Maruts, ye come to him, the singer who invokes you thus, With favours to your suppliant?

31

What now? where have ye still a friend since ye left Indra all alone? Who counteth on your friendship now?

32

The Kanvas sing forth Agni's praise together with our Maruts' who Wield thunder and wear swords of gold.

33

Hither for new felicity may I attract the Impetuous Ones, The Heroes with their wondrous strength

34

Before them sink the very hills deeming themselves abysses: yea, Even the mountains bend them down.

35

Steeds flying on their tortuous path through mid–air carry them, and give The man who lauds them strength and life.

36

Agni was born the first of all, like Surya lovely with his light: With lustre these have spread abroad.

HYMN VIII. Asvins.

1

WITH all the succours that are yours, O Asvins, hither come to us: Wonderful, borne on paths of gold, drink ye the meath with Soma juice.

2

Come now, ye Asvins, on your car decked with a sun–bright canopy, Bountiful, with your golden forms, Sages with depth of intellect.

3

Come hither from the Nahusas, come, drawn by pure hymns, from mid–air. O Asvins, drink the savoury juice shed in the Kanvas' sacrifice.

4

Come to us hither from the heavens, come from mid–air, well–loved by us: Here Kanva's son hath pressed for you the pleasant meath of Soma juice.

5

Come, Asvins, to give car to us, to drink the Soma, Asvins, come. Hail, Strengtheners of the praise–song speed onward, ye Heroes, with your thoughts.

6

As, Heroes, in the olden time the Rsis called you to their aid, So now, O Asvins, come to us, come near to this mine eulogy.

7

Even from the luminous sphere of heaven come to us, ye who find the light, Carers for Vatsa, through our prayers and lauds, O ye who hear our call.

8

Do others more than we adore the Asvins with their hymns of praise? The Rsi Vatsa, Kanva's son, hath magnified you with his songs.

9

The holy singer with his hymns hath called you, Asvins, hither–ward; Best Vrtra–slayers, free from stain, as such bring us felicity.

10

What time, ye Lords of ample wealth, the Lady mounted on your car, Then, O ye Asvins, ye

attained all wishes that your hearts desired.

11

Come thence, O Asvins, on your car that hath a thousand ornaments: Vatsa the sage, the sage's son, hath sung a song of sweets to you.

12

Cheerers of many, rich in goods, discoverers of opulence, The Asvins, Riders through the sky, have welcomed this my song of praise.

13

O Asvins, grant us all rich gifts wherewith no man may interfere. Make us observe the stated times: give us not over to reproach.

14

Whether, Nasatyas, ye be nigh, or whether ye be far away, Come thence, O Asvins, on your car that hath a thousand ornaments.

15

Vatsa the Rsi with his songs, Nasatyas, hath exalted you: Grant him rich food distilling oil, graced with a thousand ornaments.

16

Bestow on him, O Asvins, food that strengthens, and that drops with oil, On him who praises you for bliss, and, Lords of bounty, prays for wealth.

17

Come to us, ye who slay the foe, Lords of rich treasure, to this hymn. O Heroes, give us high renown and these good things of earth for help.

18

The Priyamedhas have invoked you with all succours that are yours, You, Asvins, Lords of solemn rites, with calls entreating you to come.

19

Come to us, Asvins, ye Who bring felicity, auspicious Ones, To Vatsa who with prayer and hymn, lovers of song, hath honoured you.

20

Aid us, O Heroes, for those hymns for which ye helped GoSarya erst, Gave Vasa, Dasavraja aid, and Kanva and Medhatithi:

21

And favoured Trasadasyu, ye Heroes, in spoil–deciding fray: For these, O Asvins, graciously assist us in acquiring strength.

22

O Asvins, may pure hymns of ours, and songs and praises, honour you: Best slayers

everywhere of foes, as such we fondly yearn for you.

23

Three places of the Asvins, erst concealed, are made apparent now. Both Sages, with the flight of Law come hither unto those who live.

HYMN IX. Asvins.

1

To help and favour Vatsa now, O Asvins, come ye hitherward. Bestow on him a dwelling spacious and secure, and keep malignities away.

2

All manliness that is in heaven, with the Five Tribes, or in mid-air, Bestow, ye Asvins, upon us.

3

Remember Kanva first of all among the singers, Asvins, who Have thought upon your wondrous deeds.

4

Asvins, for you with song of praise this hot oblation is effused, This your sweet Soma juice, ye Lords of ample wealth, through which ye think upon the foe.

5

Whatever ye have done in floods, in the tree, Wonder-Workers, and in growing plants, Therewith, O Asvins, succour me.

6

What force, Nasatyas, ye exert, whatever, Gods, ye tend and heal, This your own Vatsa gains not by his hymns alone: ye visit him who offers gifts.

7

Now hath the Rsi splendidly thought out the Asvins' hymn of praise. Let the Atharvan pour the warm oblation forth, and Soma very rich in sweets.

8

Ye Asvins, now ascend your car that lightly rolls upon its way. May these my praises make you speed hitherward like a cloud of heaven.

9

When, O Nasatyas, we this day make you speed hither with our hymns, Or, Asvins, with our songs of praise, remember Kanya specially.

10

As erst Kaksivan and the Rsi Vyasva, as erst Dirghatamas invoked your presence, Or, in the sacrificial chambers, Vainya Prthi, so be ye mindful of us here, O Asvins.

11

Come as home-guardians, saving us from foemen, guarding our living creatures and our bodies, Come to the house to give us seed and offspring,

12

Whether with Indra ye be faring, Asvins, or resting in one dwelling-place with Vayu, In concord with the Rbhus or Adityas, or standing still in Visnu's striding-places.

13

When I, O Asvins, call on you to-day that I may gather strength, Or as all-conquering might in war, be that the Asvins' noblest grace.

14

Now come, ye Asvins, hitherward: here are oblations set for you; These Soma-draughts to aid Yadu and Turvasa, these offered you mid Kaniva's Sons.

15

Whatever healing balm is yours, Nisatyas, near or far away, Therewith, great Sages, grant a home to Vatsa and to Vimada.

16

Together with the Goddess, with the Asvins' Speech have I awoke. Thou, Goddess, hast disclosed the hymn, and holy gift from mortal men.

17

Awake the Asvins, Goddess Dawn! Up Mighty Lady of sweet strains! Rise, straightway, priest of sacrifice! High glory to the gladdening draught!

18

Thou, Dawn, approaching with thy light shinest together with the Sun, And to this man-protecting home the chariot of the Asvins comes.

19

When yellow stalks give forth the juice, as cows from udders pour their milk, And voices sound the song of praise, the Asvins' worshippers show first.

20

Forward for glory and for strength, protection that shall conquer men, And power and skill, most sapient Ones!

21

When Asvins, worthy of our lauds, ye seat you in the father's house. With wisdom or the bliss ye bring.

HYMN X. Asvins.

1

WHETHER ye travel far away or dwell in yonder light of heaven, Or in a mansion that is

built above the sea, come thence, ye Asvins, hitherward.

2

Or if for Manu, ye prepared the sacrifice, remember also Kanva's son. I call Brhaspati, Indra, Visnu, all the gods, the Asvins borne by rapid steeds.

3

Those Asvins I invoke who work marvels, brought hither to receive, With whom our friendship is most famed, and kinship passing that of Gods.

4

On whom the solemn rites depend, whose worshippers rise without the Sun: These who foreknow the holy work of sacrifice, and by their Godhead drink the sweets of Soma juice.

5

Whether ye, Lords of ample wealth, now linger in the east or west, With Druhyu, or with Anu, Yadu, Turvaga, I call you hither; come to me.

6

Lords of great riches, whether through the firmament ye fly or speed through heaven and earth, Or with your Godlike natures stand upon your cars, come thence, O Asvins, hitherward.

HYMN XI. Agni.

1

THOU Agni, God mid mortal men, art guard of sacred rites, thou art To be adored at sacrifice.

2

O Mighty Agni, thou must be glorified at our festivals, Bearing our offerings to the Gods.

3

O Jatavedas Agni, fight and drive our foes afar from us, Them and their godless enmities.

4

Thou, Jatavedas, seekest not the worship of a hostile man, However nigh it be to thee.

5

We sages, mortals as we are, adore the mighty name of thee, Immortal Jatavedas' name.

6

Sages, we call the Sage to help, mortals, we call the God to aid: We call on Agni with our songs.

7

May Vatsa draw— thy mind away even from thy loftiest dwelling—place, Agni, with song that yearns for thee.

8

Thou art the same in many a place: mid all the people thou art Lord. In fray and fight we call on thee.

9

When we are seeking strength we call Agni to help us in the strife, The giver of rich gifts in war.

10

Ancient, adorable at sacrifices, Priest from of old, meet for our praise, thou sittest. Fill full and satisfy thy body, Agni, and win us happiness by offering worship.

HYMN XII. Indra.

1

JOY, Mightiest Indra, known and marked, sprung most from Soma–draughts, wherewith Thou smitest down the greedy fiend, for that we long.

2

Wherewith thou bolpest [sic] Adhrigu, the great Dasagva, and the God Who stirs the sunlight, and the sea, for that we long.

3

Wherewith thou dravest forth like cars Sindhu and all the mighty floods To go the way ordained by Law, for that we long.

4

Accept this laud for aid, made pure like oil, thou Caster of the Stone, Whereby even in a moment thou hast waxen great.

5

Be pleased, Song–lover, with this song it flows abundant like the sea. Indra, with all thy succours thou hast waxen great.

6

The God who from afar hath sent gifts to maintain our friendship's bond, Thou. spreading them like rain from heaven, hast waxen great.

7

The beams that mark him have grown strong, the thunder rests between his arms, When, like the Sun, he hath increased both Heaven and Earth.

8

When, Mighty Lord of Heroes, thou didst cat a thousand buffaloes, Then grew and waxed exceeding great thine Indra–power.

9

Indra consumeth with the rays of Surya the malicious man: Like Agni conquering the

woods, he hath grown strong.

10

This newest thought of ours that suits the time approaches unto thee: Serving, beloved in many a place it metes and marks.

11

The pious germ of sacrifice directly purifies the soul. By Indra's lauds it waxes great, it metes and marks.

12

Indra who wins the friend hath spread himself to drink the Soma—draught: Like worshipper's dilating praise; it metes and marks.

13

He whom the sages, living men, have gladdened, offering up their hymns, Hath swelled like oil of sacrifice in Agni's mouth.

14

Aditi also hath brought forth a hymn for Indra, Sovran Lord: The work of sacrifice for help is glorified.

15

The ministering priests have sung their songs for aid and eulogy: God, thy Bays turn not from the rite which Law ordains.

16

If, Indra, thou drink Soma by Visnu's or Trta Aptya's side, Or with the Maruts take delight in flowing drops;

17

Or, Sakra, if thou gladden thee afar or in the sea of air, Rejoice thee in this juice of ours, in flowing drops.

18

Or, Lord of Heroes if thou aid the worshipper who shed; the, juice, Or him whose laud delights thee, and his flowing drops.

19

To magnify the God, the God, Indra, yea, Indra for your help, And promptly end the sacrifice—this have they gained.

20

With worship, him whom men adore, with Soma, him who drinks it most, Indra with lauds have they increased this have they gained.

21

His leadings are with power and might and his instructions manifold: He gives the

worshipper all wealth: this have they gained.

22

For slaying Vrtra have the Gods set Indra in the foremost place. Indra the choral bands have sung, for vigorous strength.

23

We to the Mighty with our might, with lauds to him who hears our call, With holy hymns have sung aloud, for vigorous strength.

24

Not earth, nor heaven, nor firmaments contain the Thunder-wielding God: They shake before his violent rush and vigorous strength.

25

What time the Gods, O Indra, get thee foremost in the furious fight, Then thy two beautiful Bay Steeds carried thee on.

26

When Vrtra, stayer of the floods, thou siest [sic], Thundeicr [sic] with might, Then thy two beautiful Bay Steeds carried thee on.

27

When Visnu, through thine energy, strode wide those three great steps of his, Then thy two beautiful Bay Steeds carried thee on.

28

When thy two beautiful Bay Steeds grew great and greater day by day, Even then all creatures that had life bowed down to thee.

29

When, Indra, all the Marut folk humbly submitted them to thee, Even then all creatures that had life bowed down to thee.

30

When yonder Sun, that brilliant light, thou settest in the heaven above, Even then all creatures that had life bowed down to thee.

31

To thee, O Indra, with this thought the sage lifts up this eulogy, Akin and leading as on foot to sacrifice.

32

When in thine own dear dwelling all gathered have lifted up the voice Milk-streams at worship's central spot, for sacrifice,

33

As Priest, O Indra, give us wealth in brave men and good steeds and kine That we may first

remember thee for sacrifice.

HYMN XIII. Indra.

1

INDRA, when Soma juices flow, makes his mind pure and meet for lauds. He gains the power that brings success, for great is he.

2

In heaven's first region, in the seat of Gods, is he who brings success, Most glorious, prompt to save, who wins the water-floods.

3

Him, to win strength, have I invoked, even Indra mighty for the fray. Be thou most near to us for bliss, a Friend to aid.

4

Indra, Song-lover, here for thee the worshipper's libation flows. Rejoicing in this sacred grass thou shinest forth.

5

Even now, O Indra, give us that which, pressing juice, we crave of thee. Bring us wealth manifold which finds the light of heaven.

6

What time the zealous worshipper hath boldly sung his songs to thee, Like branches of a tree up-grows what they desire.

7

Generate songs even as of old, give ear unto the singer's call. Thou for the pious hast grown great at each carouse.

8

Sweet strains that glorify him play like waters speeding down a slope, Yea, him who in this song is called the Lord of Heaven;

9

Yea, who alone is called the Lord, the single Ruler of the folk, By worshippers seeking aid: may he joy in the draught.

10

Praise him, the Glorious, skilled in song, Lord of the two victorious Bays: They seek the worshipper's abode who bows in prayer.

11

Put forth thy strength: with dappled Steeds come, thou of mighty intellect, With swift Steeds to the sacrifice, for 'tis thy joy.

12

Grant wealth to those who praise thee, Lord of Heroes, Mightiest Indra: give Our princes everlasting fame and opulence.

13

I call thee when the Sun is risen, I call thee at the noon of day: With thy car-horses, Indra, come wellpleased to us.

14

Speed forward hither, come to us, rejoice thee in the milky draught: Spin out the thread of ancient time, as well is known.

15

If, Sakra, Vrtra-slayer, thou be far away or near to us. Or in the sea, thou art the guard of Soma juice.

16

Let songs we sing and Soma-drops expressed by us make Indra strong: The tribes who bring oblations find delight in him.

17

Him sages longing for his aid, with offerings brought in eager haste, Him. even as branches, all mankind have made to grow.

18

At the Trkadrukas the Gods span sacrifice that stirred the mind: May our songs strengthen him who still hath strengthened us.

19

When, true to duty, at due times the worshipper offers lauds to thee, They call him Purifier, Pure, and Wonderful.

20

That mind of Rudra, fresh and strong, moves conscious in the ancient ways, With reference whereto the wise have ordered this.

21

If thou elect to be my Friend drink of this sacrificial juice, By help whereof we may subdue all enemies.

22

O Indra, Lover of the song, when shall thy praiser be most blest? When wilt thou grant us wealth in herds of kine and steeds?

23

And thy two highly-lauded Bays, strong stallions, draw thy car who art Untouched by age, most gladdening car for which we pray.

24

With ancient offerings we implore the Young and Strong whom many praise. He from of old hath sat upon dear sacred grass.

25

Wax mighty, thou whom many laud for aids which Rsis have extolled. Pour down for us abundant food and guard us well.

26

O Indra, Caster of the Stone, thou helpst him who praises thee: From sacrifice I send to thee a mind yoked hymn.

27

Here, yoking for the Soma–draught these Horses, sharers of thy feast, Thy Bay Steeds, Indra, fraught with weal tb, [sic] consent to come.

28

Attendants on thy glory, let the Rudras roar assent to thee, And all the Marut companies come to the feast.

29

These his victorious followers bold in the heavens the place they love, Leagued in the heart of sacrifice, as well we know.

30

That we may long behold the light, what time the ordered rite proceeds, He duly measures, as he views, the sacrifice.

31

O Indra, strong is this thy car, and strong are these Bay Steeds of thine: O Satakratu, thou art strong, strong is our call.

32

Strong is the press–stone, strong thy joy, strong is the flowing Soma juice: Strong is the rite thou furthest, strong is our call.

33

As strong I call on thee the Strong, O Thunderer with thy thousand aids: For thou hast won the hymn of praise. Strong is our call.

HYMN XIV. Indra.

1

IF I, O Indra, were, like thee, the single Sovran of all wealth, My worshipper should be rich in kine.

2

I should be fain, O Lord of Power, to strengthen and enrich the sage, Were I the Lord of

herds of kine.

3

To worshippers who press the juice thy goodness, Indra, is a cow Yielding in plenty kine and steeds.

4

None is there, Indra, God or man, to hinder thy munificence, The wealth which, lauded, thou wilt give.

5

The sacrifice made Indra strong when he unrolled the earth, and made Himself a diadem in heaven.

6

Thine aid we claim, O Indra, thine who after thou hast waxen great Hast won all treasures for thine own.

7

In Soma's ecstasy Indra spread the firmament and realms of light, When he cleft Vala limb from limb.

8

Showing the hidden he drave forth the cows for the Angirases, And Vala he cast headlong down.

9

By Indra were the luminous realms of heaven established and secured, Firm and immovable from their place.

10

Indra, thy laud moves quickly like a joyous wave of water—floods: Bright shine the drops that gladden thee.

11

For thou, O Indra, art the God whom hymns and praises magnify: Thou blessest those who worship thee.

12

Let the two long—maned Bay Steeds bring Indra to drink the Soma juice, The Bountiful to our sacrifice.

13

With waters' foam thou forest off, Indra, the head of Namuci, Subduing all contending hosts.

14

The Dasyus, when they fain would climb by magic arts and mount to heaven, Thou, Indra, castest down to earth.

15

As Soma–drinker conquering all, thou scatteredst to every side Their settlement who poured no gifts.

HYMN XV. Indra.

1

SING forth to him whom many men invoke, to him whom many laud. Invite the powerful Indra with your songs of praise.

2

Whose lofty might—for doubly strong is he—supports the heavens and earth, And hills and plains and floods and light with manly power.

3

Such, Praised by many! thou art King alone thou smitest Vrtras dead, To gain, O Indra, spoils of war and high renown.

4

We sing this strong and wild delight of thine which conquers in the fray, Which, Caster of the Stone! gives room and shines like gold.

5

Wherewith thou also foundest lights for Ayu and for Manu's sake: Now joying in this sacred grass thou beamest forth.

6

This day too singers of the hymn praise, as of old, this might of thine: Win thou the waters day by day, thralls of the strong.

7

That lofty Indra—power of thine, thy strength and thine intelligence, Thy thunderbolt for which we long, the wish makes keen.

8

O Indra, Heaven and Earth augment thy manly power and thy renown; The waters and thy mountains stir and urge thee on.

9

Visnu the lofty ruling Power, Varuna, Mitra sing thy praise: In thee the Marut3' company have great delight.

10

O Indra, thou wast born the Lord of men, most liberal of thy gifts: Excellent deeds for evermore are all thine own.

11

Ever, alone, O highly—praised, thou sendest Vrtras to their rest: None else than Indra

executes the mighty deed.

12

Though here and there, in varied hymns, Indra, men call on thee for aid, Still with our heroes fight and win the light of heaven.

13

Already have all forms of him entered our spacious dwelling–place: For victory stir thou Indra, up, the Lord of Might.

HYMN XVI. Indra.

1

PRAISE Indra whom our songs must laud, sole Sovran of mankind, the Chief Most liberal who controlleth men.

2

In whom the hymns of praise delight, and all the glory–giving songs. Like the floods' longing for the sea.

3

Him I invite with eulogy, best King, effective in the fight, Strong for the gain of mighty spoil.

4

Whose perfect ecstasies are wide, profound, victorious, and give joy in the field where heroes win.

5

Him, when the spoils of war are staked, men call to be their advocate: They who have Indra win the day.

6

Men honour him with stirring songs and magnify with solemn rites: Indra is he who giveth case.

7

Indra is priest and Rsi, he is much invoked by many men, And mighty by his mighty powers.

8

Meet to be lauded and invoked, true Hero with his deeds of might, Victorious even when alone.

9

The men, the people magnify that Indra with their Slina [sic]. songs, With hymns and sacred eulogies

10

Him who advances them to wealth, sends light to lead them in the war, And quells their

foemen in the fray.

11

May he, the saviour much–invoked, may Indra bear us in a ship Safely beyond all enemies.

12

As such, O Indra, honour us with gifts of booty, further us, And lead us to felicity.

HYMN XVII Indra.

1

COME, we have pressed the juice for thee; O Indra, drink this Soma here Sit thou on this my sacred grass.

2

O Indra, let thy long–maned Bays, yoked by prayer, bring thee hitherward Give ear and listen to our prayers.

3

We Soma–bearing Brahmans call thee Soma–drinker with thy friend, We, Indra, bringing Soma juice.

4

Come unto us who bring the juice, come unto this our eulogy, Fair–visored! drink thou of the juice.

5

I pour it down within thee, so through all thy members let it spread: Take with thy tongue the pleasant drink.

6

Sweet to thy body let it be, delicious be the savoury juice: Sweet be the Soma to thine heart.

7

Like women, let this Soma–draught, invested with its robe, approach, O active Indra, close to thee.

8

Indra, transported with the juice, vast in his bulk, strong in his neck And stout arms, smites the Vrtras down.

9

O Indra, go thou forward, thou who rulest over all by might: Thou Vrtra–slayer slay the fiends,

10

Long be thy grasping–hook wherewith thou givest ample wealth to him Who sheds the juice

and worships thee.

11

Here, Indra, is thy Soma–draught, made pure upon the sacred grass: Run hither, come and drink thereof.

12

Famed for thy radiance, worshipped well this juice is shed for thy delight Thou art invoked, Akhandala!

13

To Kundapayya, grandson's son, grandson of Srngavrs! to thee, To him have I addressed my thought.

14

Strong pillar thou, Lord of the home armour of Soma–offerers: The drop of Soma breaketh all the strongholds down, and Indra is the Rsis' Friend.

15

Holy Prdikusanu, winner of the spoil, one eminent o'er many men, Lead on the wild horse Indra with his vigorous grasp forward to drink the Soma juice.

HYMN XVIII. Adityas.

1

Now let the mortal offer prayer to win the unexampled grace Of these Adityas and their aid to cherish life.

2

For not an enemy molests the paths which these Adityas tread: Infallible guards, they strengthen us in happiness.

3

Now soon may Bhaga, Savitar, Varuna, Mitra, Aryaman Give us the shelter widely spread which we implore.

4

With Gods come thou whose fostering care none checks, O Goddess Aditi: Come, dear to many, with the Lords who guard us well.

5

For well these Sons of Aditi know to keep enmities aloof, Unrivalled, giving ample room, they save from woe.

6

Aditi guard our herd by day, Aditi, free from guile, by night, Aditi, ever strengthening, save us from grief!

7

And in the day our hymn is this: May Aditi come nigh to help, With loving-kindness bring us weal and chase our foes.

8

And may the Asvins, the divine Pair of Physicians, send us health: May they remove iniquity and chase our foes.

9

May Agni bless us with his fires, and Surya warm us pleasantly: May the pure Wind breathe sweet on us, and chase our foes.

10

Drive ye disease and strife away, drive ye away malignity: Adityas, keep us ever far from sore distress.

11

Remove from us the arrow, keep famine, Adityas! far away: Keep enmities afar from us, Lords of all wealth!

12

Now, O Adityas, grant to us the shelter that lets man go free, Yea, even the sinner from his sin, ye Bounteous Gods 1

13

Whatever mortal with the power of demons fain would injure us, May he, impetuous, suffer harm by his own deeds.

14

May sin o'ertake our human foe, the man who speaketh evil thing, Him who would cause our misery, whose heart is false.

15

Gods, ye are with the simple ones, ye know each mortal in your hearts; Ye, Vasus, well discriminate the false and true.

16

Fain would we have the sheltering aid of mountains and of water-floods: Keep far from us iniquity, O Heaven and Earth.

17

So with auspicious sheltering aid do ye, O Vasus, carry us Beyond all trouble and distress, borne in your ship.

18

Adityas, ye Most Mighty Ones, grant to our children and their seed Extended term of life that they may live long days.

19

Sacrifice, O Adityas, is your inward monitor: be kind, For in the bond of kindred we are bound to you.

20

The Maruts' high protecting aid, the Asvins, and the God who saves, Mitra and Varuna for weal we supplicate.

21

Grant us a home with triple guard, Aryaman, Mitra, Varuna! Unthreatened, Maruts! meet for praise, and filled with men.

22

And as we human beings, O Adityas, are akin to death, Graciously lengthen ye our lives that we may live.

-- Book 08 Part 02 --

Book 08 Part 03

HYMN XIX. Agni.

1

SING praise to him, the Lord of Light. The Gods have made the God to be their messenger,
And sent oblation to Gods.

2

Agni, the Bounteous Giver, bright with varied flames, laud thou, O singer Sobhari– Him who
controls this sacred food with Soma blent, who hath first claim to sacrifice.

3

Thee have we chosen skilftillest in sacrifice, Immortal Priest among the Gods, Wise finisher
of this holy rite:

4

The Son of Strength, the blessed, brightly shining One, Agni whose light is excellent. May
be by sacrifice win us in heaven the grace of Mitra, Varuna, and the Floods.

5

The mortal who hath ministered to Agni with oblation, fuel, ritual lore, And reverence, skilled
in sacrifice.

6

Verily swift to run are his fleet-footed steeds, and most resplendent fame is his. No trouble
caused by Gods or wrought by mortal man from any side o'ertaketh him.

7

May we by thine own fires be well supplied with fire, O Son of Strength, O Lord of Might:
Thou as our Friend hast worthy men.

8

Agni, who praises like a guest of friendly mind, is as a car that brings us gear. Also in thee
is found perfect security thou art the Sovran Lord of wealth.

9

That man, moreover, merits praise who brings, auspicious Agni, sacrificial gifts May he win
riches by his thoughts.

10

He for whose sacrifice thou standest up erect is prosperous and rules o'er men. He wins
with coursers and with singers killed in song: with heroes he obtains the prize.

11

He in whose dwelling Agni is chief ornament, and, all–desired, loves his laud well, And zealously tends his offerings–

12

His, or the lauding sage's word, his, Son of Strength! who is most prompt with sacred gifts, Set thou beneath the Gods, Vasu, above mankind, the speech of the intelligent.

13

He who with sacrificial gifts or homage bringeth very skilful Agni nigh, Or him who flashes fast with song,

14

The mortal who with blazing fuel, as his laws command, adores the Perfect God, Blest with his thoughts in splendour shall exceed all men, as though he overpassed the floods.

15

Give us the splendour, Agni, which may overcome each greedy fiend in our abode, The wrath of evil–hearted folk.

16

That, wherewith Mitra, Varuna, and Aryaman, the Asvins, Bhaga give us light, That may we, by thy power finding best furtherance, worship, O Indra, helped by thee.

17

O Agni, most devout are they, the sages who have set thee Sage exceeding wise, O God, for men to look upon:

18

Who have arranged thine altar Blessed God, at morn brought thine oblation, pressed the juice. They by their deeds of strength have won diem, mighty wealth, who have set all their hope in thee.

19

–May Agni worshipped bring us bliss, may the gift, Blessed One, and sacrifice bring bliss; Yea, may our praises bring us bliss.

20

Show forth the mind that brings success in war with fiends, wherewith thou conquerest in fight. Bring down the many firm hopes of our enemies, and let us vanquish with thine aid.

21

I praise with song the Friend of man, whom Gods sent down to be herald and messenger, Best worshipper, bearer of our gifts.

22

Thou unto sharp–toothed Agni, Young and Radiant God, proclaimest with thy song the feast– Agni, who for our sweet strains moulds heroic strength when sacred oil is offered

him,

23

While, served with sacrificial oil, now upward and now downward Agni moves his sword, As doth the Asura his robe.

24

The God, the Friend of man, who bears our gifts to heaven, the God with his sweet-smelling mouth, Distributes, skilled in sacrifice, his precious things, Invoking Priest, Immortal God.

25

Son of Strength, Agni, if thou wert the mortal, bright as Mitra, I worshipped with our gifts! And I were the Immortal God

26

I would not give thee up, Vasu, to calumny, or misery, O Bounteous One. My worshipper should feel no hunger or distress, nor, Agni, should he live in sin.

27

Like a son cherished in his father's house, let our oblation rise unto the Gods.

28

With thine immediate aid may I, excellent Agni, ever gain my wish A mortal with a God to help.

29

O Agni, by thy wisdom, by thy bounties, by thy leading may I gather wealth. Excellent Agni, thou art called my Providence: delight thou to be liberal.

30

Agni, he conquers by thine aid that brings him store of noble heroes and great strength, Whose bond of friendship is thy choice.

31

Thy spark is black and crackling, kindled in due time, O Bounteous, it is taken up. Thou art the dear Friend of the mighty Mornings: thou shinest in glimmerings of the night.

32

We Sobharis have come to him, for succour, who is good to help with thousand powers, The Sovran, Trasadasyu's Friend.

33

O Agni, thou on whom all other fires depend, as branches on the parent stem, I make the treasures of the folk, like songs, mine own, while I exalt thy sovran might.

34

The mortal whom, Adityas, ye, Guileless, lead to the farther bank Of all the princes,

Bounteous Ones

35

Whoe'er he be, Man-ruling Kings! the Regent of the race of men- May we, O Mitra, Varuna, and Aryaman, like him be furtherers of your law.

36

A gift of fifty female slaves hath Trasadasyu given me, Purukutsa's son, Most liberal, kind, lord of the brave.

37

And Syava too for me led forth a strong steed at Suvastu's ford: A herd of three times seventy kine, good lord of gifts, he gave to me.

HYMN XX Maruts.

1

LET none, Swift Travellers! check you: come hither, like-spirited, stay not far away, Ye benders even of what is firm.

2

Maruts, Rbhuksans, Rudras come ye with your cars strong-fellied and exceeding bright. Come, ye for whom we long, with food, to sacrifice, come ye with love to Sobbari.

3

For well we know the vigorous might of Rudra's Sons, the Maruts, who are passing strong, Swift Visnu's band, who send the rain.,

4

Islands are bursting forth and misery is stayed: the heaven and earth are joined in one. Decked with bright rings, ye spread the broad expanses out, when ye, Self. luminous, stirred yourselves.

5

Even things immovable shake and reel, the mountains and the forest trees at your approach, And the earth trembles as ye come.

6

To lend free course, O Maruts, to your furious rush, heaven high and higher still gives way, Where they, the Heroes mighty with their arms, display their gleaming ornaments on their forms.

7

After their Godlike nature they, the bull. like Heroes, dazzling and impetuous, wear Great splendour as they show erect.

8

The pivot of the Sobbaris' chariot within the golden box is balmed with milk. May they the

Well-born, Mighty, kindred of the Cow, aid us to food and to delight.

9

Bring, ye who sprinkle balmy drops. oblations to your vigorous Marut company, To those whose leader is the Bull.

10

Come hither, O ye Mares, on your stronghosed car, solid in look, with solid naves. Lightly like winged falcons, O ye Heroes, come, come to enjoy our offerings.

11

Their decoration is the same: their ornaments of gold are bright upon their arms; Their lances glitter splendidly.

12

They toil not to defend their bodies from attack, strong Heroes with their mighty arms. Strong are your bows and strong the weapons in your cars, and glory sits on every face.

13

Whose name extendeth like a sea, alone, resplendent, so that all have joy in it, And life-power like ancestral might.

14

Pay honour to these Maruts and sing praise to them, for of the wheel-spokes of the car Of these loud roarers none is last: this is their power, this moves them to give mighty gifts.

15

Blest by your favouring help was he, O Maruts, at the earlier flushings of the morn, And even now shall he be blest.

16

The strong man to whose sacrifice, O Heroes, ye approach that ye may taste thereof, With glories and with war that winneth spoil shall gain great bliss, ye Shakers of the world.

17

Even as Rudra's Sons, the brood of the Creator Dyaus, the Asura, desire, O Youthful Ones, so shall it be:

18

And these the bounteous, worthy of the Maruts who move onward pouring down the rain— Even for their sake, O Youthful Ones, with kindest heart take us to you to be your own.

19

O Sobhari, with newest song sing out unto the youthful purifying Bulls, Even as a plougher to his steers.

20

Who, like a celebrated boxer, overcome the challengers in every fight: They who, like

shining bulls, are most illustrious—honour those Maruts with thy song.

21

Allied by common ancestry, ye Maruts, even the Cows, alike in energy, Lick, all by turns, each other's head.

22

Even mortal man, ye Dancers breast adorned with gold, attains to brotherhood with you. Mark ye and notice us, O Maruts; evermore your friendship is secured to us.

23

O Maruts, rich in noble gifts, bring us a portion of the Maruts' medicine, Ye Coursers who are Friends to us.

24

Haters of those who serve you not, bliss—bringers, bring us bliss with those auspicious aids Wherewith ye are victorious and guard Sindhu well, and succour Krvi in his need.

25

Maruts, who rest on fair trimmed grass, what balm soever Sindhu or Asikni hath, Or mountains or the seas contain.

26

Ye carry on your bodies, ye who see it all: so bless us graciously therewith. Cast, Maruts, to the ground our sick man's malady: replace the dislocated limb.

HYMN XXI. Indra.

1

WE call on thee, O Matchless One! We seeking help, possessing nothing firm ourselves,
Call on thee wonderful in fight

2

On thee for aid in sacrifice. This youth of ours, the bold, the mighty, hath gone forth. We therefore, we thy friends, Indra, have chosen thee, free—giver, as our Guardian God.

3

Come hither, for the drops are here, O Lord of corn—lands. Lord of horses, Lord of kine:
Drink thou the Soma, Soma's Lord!

4

For we the kinless singers have drawn hither thee, O Indra, who hast numerous kin. With all the forms thou hast, comic thou of bull—like strength, come near to drink the Soma juice.

5

Sitting like birds beside thy meath, mingled with milk, that gladdeneth and exalteth thee,
Indra, to thee we sing aloud.

6

We speak to thee with this our reverential prayer. Why art thou pondering yet awhile? Here are our wishes; thou art liberal, Lord of Bays: we and our hymns are present here.

7

For not in recent times alone, O Indra, Thunder-armed, have we obtained thine aid. Of old we knew thy plenteous wealth.

8

Hero, we knew thy friendship and thy rich rewards: these, Thunderer, now we crave of thee. O Vasu, for all wealth that cometh of the kine, sharpen our powers, fair-visored God.

9

Him who of old hath brought to us this and that blessing, him I magnify for you, Even Indra, O my friends, for help

10

Borne by Bay Steeds, the Lord of heroes, ruling men, for it is he who takes; delight. May Maghavan bestow on us his worshippers hundreds of cattle and of steeds.

11

Hero, may we, with thee for Friend, withstand the man who pants against us in his wrath, In fight with people rich in kine.

12

May we be victors in the singer's battlesong, and meet the wicked, Much invoked! With heroes smite the foeman and show forth our strength. O Indra, further thou our thoughts.

13

O Indra, from all ancient time rivalless ever and companionless art thou: Thou seekest comradeship in war.

14

Thou findest not the wealthy man to be thy friend: those scorn thee who are flown with wine. What time thou thunderest and gatherest, then thou, even as a Father, art invoked.

15

O Indra, let us not, like fools who waste their lives at home, with friendship such as thine Sit idly by the poured-out juice.

16

Giver of kine, may we not miss thy gracious gifts: let us not rob thee of thine own. Strip even the strong places of the foe, and bring: thy gifts can never be made vain.

17

Indra or blest Sarasvati alone bestows such wealth, treasure so great, or thou, O Citra, on the worshipper.

18

Citra is King, and only kinglings are the rest who dwell beside Sarasvati. He, like Parjanya with his rain, hath spread himself with thousand, yea, with myriad gifts.

HYMN XXII. Asvins.

1

HITHERWARD have I called to-day, for succour, that most wondrous car Which ye ascended, Asvins, ye whose paths are red, swift to give Car, for Surya's sake.

2

Car ever young, much longed-for, easily invoked, soon guided, first in deeds of might, Which waits and serves, O Sobhari, with benevolence, without a rival or a foe.

3

These Asvins with our homage, these Two Omnipresent Deities Hitherward will we bring for kind help, these who seek the dwelling of the worshipper.

4

One of your chariot wheels is moving swiftly round, one speeds for you its onward course. Like a milch-cow, O Lords of splendour, and with haste let your benevolence come to us.

5

That chariot of yours which hath a triple seat and reins of gold, The famous car that traverseth the heaven and earth, thereon Nasatyas, Asvins, come.

6

Ye with your plough, when favouring Manu with your help, ploughed the first harvest in the sky. As such will we exalt you, Lords of splendour, now, O Asvins, with our prayer and praise.

7

Come to us, Lords of ample wealth, by paths of everlasting Law, Whereby to high dominion ye with mighty strength raised Trksi, Trasadasyu's son.

8

This Soma pressed with stones is yours, ye Heroes, Lords of plenteous wealth. Approach to drink the Soma, come, drink in the worshipper's abode.

9

O Asvins, mount the chariot, mount the golden seat, ye who are Lords of plenteous wealth, And bring to us abundant food.

10

The aids wherewith ye helped Paktha and Adhrigt;, and Babhru severed from his friends,— With those, O Asvins, come hither with speed and soon, and heal whatever is diseased.

11

When we continually invoke the Asvins, the resistless, at this time of day, We lovers of the song, with songs.

12

Through these, ye Mighty Ones, come hither to my call which brings all blessings, wears all forms,— Through which, All—present Heroes, lavishest of food ye strengthened Krvi, come through these.

13

I speak to both of these as such, these Asvins whom I reverence at this time of day: With homage we entreat them both.

14

Ye who are Lords of splendour, ye whose paths are red, at eve, at mom, at sacrifice, Give us not utterly as prey to mortal foe, ye Rudras, Lords of ample wealth.

15

For bliss I call. the blissful car, at morn the inseparable Asvins with their car I call, like Sobhari our sire.

16

Rapid as thought, and strong, and speeding to the joy, bringing your swiftly—coming help, Be to us a protection even from far away Lords of great wealth, with many aids.'

17

Come, Wonder—Workers, to our home, our home, O Asvins, rich in cattle, steeds, and gold, Chief drinkers of the Soma's juice

18

Choice—worthy strength, heroic, firm and excellent, uninjured by the Raksas foe, At this your coming nigh, ye Lords of ample wealth and all good things, may we obtain.

HYMN XXIII. Agni.

1

WORSHIP thou Jatavedas, pray to him who willingly accepts, Whose smoke wanders at will, and none may grasp his flame.

2

Thou, all men's friend, Visvamanas, exaltest Agni with thy song, The Giver, and his flames with which no cars contend.

3

Whose resolute assault, to win vigour and food, deserves our praise,— Through whose discovering power the priest obtaineth wealth.

4

Up springs the imperishable flame, the flame of the Refulgent One Most bright, with glowing jaws and glory in his train.

5

Skilled in fair sacrifice, extolled, arise in Godlike loveliness, Shining with lofty splendour, with effulgent light.

6

Called straight to our oblations, come, O Agni, through our eulogies, As thou hast been our envoy bearing up our gifts.

7

I call your Agni, from of old Invoking Priest of living men: Him with this song I laud and magnify for you.

8

Whom, wondrous wise, they animate with solemn rites and his fair form, Kind as a friend to men who keep the holy Law.

9

Him, true to Law, who perfecteth the sacrifice,. Law-loving ones! Ye with your song have gratified in the place of prayer.

10

May all our sacrifices go to him the truest Angiras, Who is among mankind the most illustrious Priest.

11

Imperishable Agni, thine are all these high enkindled lights, Like horses and like stallions showing forth their strength.

12

So give us, Lord of Power and Might, riches combined with hero strength, And guard us with our sons and grand. sons in our frays.

13

Soon as the eager Lord of men is friendly unto Manti's race, Agni averteth from us all the demon host.

14

O Hero Agni, Lord of men, on hearing this new laud of mine, Burn down the Raksasas, enchanters, with thy flame.

15

No mortal foe can e'er prevail by arts of magic over him Who serveth Agni well with sacrificial gifts.

16

Vyasva the sage, who sought the Bull, hath won thee, finder of good things: As such may we enkindle thee for ample wealth.

17

Usana Kavya stablished thee, O Agni, as Invoking Priest: Thee, Jatavedas, Sacrificing Priest for man.

18

All Deities of one accord appointed thee their messenger: Thou, God, through hearing, hadst first claim to sacrifice.

19

Him may the mortal hero make his own immortal messenger. Far-spreading, Purifier, him whose path is black.

20

With lifted ladles let us call him splendid with his brilliant flame, Men's ancient Agni, wasting not, adorable.

21

The man who pays the worship due to him with sacrificial gifts Obtains both plenteous nourishment and hero fame.

22

To Jatavedas Agni, chief in sacrifices, first of all With homage goes the ladle rich with sacred gifts.

23

Even as Vyatya did, may we with these most high and liberal hymns Pay worship unto Agni of the splendid flame.

24

Now sing, as Sthurayupa sang, with lands to him who spreadeth far, To Agni of the home, O Rsi, Vyasva's son.

25

As welcome guest of human kind, as offspring of the forest kings, The sages worship ancient Agni for his aid.

26

For men's oblations brought to him who is the mighty Lord of all, Sit, Agni, mid our homage, on the sacred grass.

27

Grant us abundant. treasures, grant the opulence which many crave, With store of heroes, progeny, and high renown.

28

Agni, Most Youthful of the Gods, send evermore the gift of wealth Unto Varosusaman and to all his folk.

29

A mighty Conqueror art thou, O Agni, so disclose to us Food in our herds of kine and gain of ample wealth.

30

Thou, Agni, art a glorious God: bring hither Mitra, Varuna, Imperial Sovrans, holy-minded, true to Law.

HYMN XXIV. Indra.

1

COMPANIONS, let us learn a prayer to Indra. whom the thunder arms, To glorify your bold and most heroic Friend.

2

For thou by slaying Vrtra art the Vrtra-slayer, famed for might. Thou, Hero, in rich gifts surpassesst wealthy chiefs.

3

As such, when glorified, bring us riches of very wondrous fame, Set in the highest rank, Wealth-giver, Lord of Bays!

4

Yea, Indra, thou disclosesst that preeminent dear wealth of men: Boldly, O Bold One, glorified, bring it to us.

5

The workers of destruction stay neither thy right hand nor thy left: Nor hosts that press about thee, Lord of Bays, in fight.

6

O Thunder-armed, I come with songs to thee as to a stall with kine: Fulfil the wish and thought of him who sings thy praise.

7

Chief Vrtra-slayer, through the hymn of Visvamanas think of all, All that concerneth us, Excellent, Mighty Guide.

8

May we, O Vrtra-slayer, O Hero, find this thy newest boon, Longed-for, and excellent, thou who art much invoked!

9

O Indra, Dancer, Much-invoked! as thy great power is unsurpassed, So be thy bounty to

the worshipper unchecked.

10

Most Mighty, most heroic One, for mighty bounty fill thee full. Though strong, strengthen thyself to win wealth, Maghavan!

11

O Thunderer, never have our prayers gone forth to any God but thee: So help us, Maghavan, with thine assistance now.

12

For, Dancer, verily I find none else for bounty, saving thee, For splendid wealth and power, thou Lover of the Song.

13

For Indra pour ye out the drops meath blent with Soma let him drink With bounty and with majesty will he further us.

14

I spake to the Bay Coursers' Lord, to him who gives ability: Now hear the son of Asva as he praises thee.

15

Never was any Hero born before thee mightier than thou: None certainly like thee in goodness and in wealth.

16

O ministering priest, pour out of the sweet juice what gladdens most: So is the Hero praised who ever prospers us.

17

Indra, whom Tawny Coursers bear, praise such as thine, preeminent, None by his power or by his goodness hath attained.

18

We, seeking glory, have invoked this Master of all power and might Who must be glorified by constant sacrifice.

19

Come, sing we praise to Indra, friends, the Hero who deserves the laud, Him who with none to aid o'ercomes all tribes of men.

20

To him who wins the kine, who keeps no cattle back, Celestial God, Speak wondrous speech more sweet than butter and than meath.

21

Whose hero powers are measureless, whose bounty ne'er may be surpassed, Whose

liberality, like light, is over all.

22

As Vyasva did, praise Indra, praise the Strong unfluctuating Guide, Who gives the foe's possessions to the worshipper.

23

Now, son of Vyasva, praise thou him who to the tenth time still is new, The very Wise, whom living men must glorify

24

Thou knowest, Indra, Thunder-armed, how to avoid destructive powers, As one secure from pitfalls each returning day.

25

O Indra, bring that aid wherewith of old, Most Wondrous! thou didst slay His foes for active Kutsa: send it down to us.

26

So now we seek thee fresh in might, Most Wonderful in act! for gain: For thou art he who conquers all our foes for us.

27

Who will set free from ruinous woe, or Arya on the Seven Streams: O valiant Hero, bend the Dasa's weapon down.

28

As to Varosusaman thou broughtest great riches, for their gain, To Vyasva's sons, Blest Lady, rich in ample wealth!

29

Let Narya's sacrificial meed reach Vyasva's Soma-bearing sons: In hundreds and in thousands be the great reward.

30

If one should ask thee, Where is he who sacrificed? Whither lookest thou? Like Vala he hath passed away and dwelleth now on Gomati.

HYMN XXV. Mitra-Varuna.

1

I WORSHIP you who guard this All, Gods, holiest among the Gods, You, faithful to the Law, whose power is sanctified.

2

So, too, like charioteers are they, Mitra and sapient Varuna, Sons high-born from of old, whose holy laws stand fast.

3

These Twain, possessors of all wealth, most glorious, for supremest sway Aditi, Mighty Mother, true to Law, brought forth.

4

Great Varuna and Mitra, Gods, Asuras and imperial Lords, True to Eternal Law proclaim the high decree.

5

The offspring of a lofty Power, Daksa's Two Sons exceeding strong, Who, Lords of flowing rain, dwell in the place of food.

6

Ye who have gathered up your gifts, celestial and terrestrial food, Let your rain come to us fraught with the mist of heaven.

7

The Twain, who from the lofty sky seem to look down on herds below, Holy, imperial Lords, are set to be revered.

8

They, true to Law, exceeding strong, have sat them down for sovran rule: Princes whose laws stand fast, they have obtained their sway.

9

Pathfinders even better than the eye, with unobstructed sight, Even when they close their lids, observant, they perceive.

10

So may the Goddess Aditi, may the Nasatyas guard us well, The Maruts guard us well, endowed with mighty strength.

11

Do ye, O Bounteous Gods, protect our dwelling lace by day and night: With you for our defenders may we go unharmed.

12

May we, unharmed, serve bountiful Visnu, the God who slayeth none: Self-moving Sindhu hear and be the first to mark.

13

This sure protection we elect, desirable and reaching far, Which Mitra, Varuna, and Aryaman afford.

14

And may the Sindhu of the floods, the Maruts, and the Asvin Pair, Boon Indra, and boon Visnu have one mind with us.

15

Because these warring Heroes stay the enmity of every foe, As the fierce water–flood repels the furious ones.

16

Here this one God, the Lord of men, looks forth exceeding far and wide: And we, for your advantage, keep his holy laws.

17

We keep the old accustomed laws, the statutes of supremacy, The long–known laws of Mitra and of Varuna.

18

He who hath measured with his ray the boundaries of heaven and earth, And with his majesty hath filled the two worlds full,

19

Surya hath spread his light aloft up to the region of the sky, Like Agni all aflame when gifts are offered him.

20

With him who sits afar the word is lord of food that comes from kine, Controller of the gift of unempoisoned food.

21

So unto Surya, Heaven, and Earth at morning and at eve I speak. Bringing enjoyments ever rise thou up for us.

22

From Uksanyayana a bay, from Harayana a white steed, And from Susaman we obtained a harnessed car.

23

These two shall bring me further gain of troops of tawny–coloured steeds, The carriers shall they be of active men of war.

24

And the two sages have I gained who hold the reins and bear the whip, And the two great strong coursers, with my newest song.

HYMN XXVI. Asvins.

1

I CALL your chariot to receive united praise mid princely men, Strong Gods who pour down wealth, of never vanquished might!

2

Ye to Varosusaman come, Nasatyas, for this glorious rite. With your protecting aid. Strong

Gods, who pour down wealth.

3

So with oblations we invoke you, rich in ample wealth, to-day, When night hath passed, O ye who send us plenteous food. O Asvins, Heroes, let your car, famed, best to travel, come to us, And, for his glory, mark your zealous servant's lauds.

5

Asvins, who send us precious gifts, even when offended, think of him: For ye, O Rudras, lead us safe beyond our foes.

6

For, Wonder-Workers, with fleet steeds ye fly completely round this All, Stirring our thoughts, ye Lords of splendour, honey-hued.

7

With all-sustaining opulence, Asvins, come hitherward to us, Ye rich and noble Heroes, ne'er to be o'erthrown.

8

To welcome this mine offering, O ye Indra-like Nasatyas, come As Gods of best accord this day with other Gods.

9

For we, like Vyasva, lifting up our voice like oxen, call on you: With all your loving kindness, Sages, come to us.

10

O Rsi, laud the Asvins well. Will they not listen to thy call? Will they not bum the Panis who are nearer them?

11

O Heroes, listen to the son of Vyasva, and regard me here, Varuna, Mitra, Aryaman, of one accord.

12

Gods whom we yearn for, of your gifts, of what ye bring to us, bestow By princes' hands on me, ye Mighty, day by day.

13

Him whom your sacrifices clothe, even as a woman with her robe, The Asvins help to glory honouring him well.

14

Whoso regards your care of men as succour widest in its reach, About his dwelling go, ye Asvins, loving us.

15

Come to us ye who pour down wealth, come to the home which men must guard: Like shafts, ye are made meet for sacrifice by song.

16

Most fetching of all calls, the laud, as envoy, Heroes, called to you Be it your own, O Asvin Pair.

17

Be ye in yonder sea of heaven, or joying in the home of food, Listen to me, Immortal Ones.

18

This river with his lucid flow attracts you, more than all the streams,— Even Sindhu with his path of gold.

19

O Asvins, with that glorious fame come hither, through our brilliant song, Come ye whose ways are marked with light.

20

Harness the steeds who draw the car, O Vasu, bring the well-fed pair. O Vayu, drink thou of our meath: come unto our drink-offerings.

21

Wonderful Vayu, Lord of Right, thou who art Tvastar's son-in-law, Thy saving succour we elect.

22

To Tvastar's son-in-law we pray for wealth whereof he hath control: For glory we seek vayu, men with juice effused.

23

From heaven, auspicious Vayu, come drive hither with thy noble steeds: Come on thy mighty car with wide-extending seat.

24

We call thee to the homes of men, thee wealthiest in noble food, And liberal as a press-stone with a horse's back.

25

So, glad and joyful in thine heart, do thou, God, Vayu, first of all Vouchsafe us water, strength, and thought.

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HYMN XXVII. Visvedevas.

1

CHEIF Priest is Agni at the laud, as stones and grass at sacrifice: With song I seek the Maruts, Brahmanaspati, Gods for help much to be desired.

2

I sing to cattle and to Earth, to trees, to Dawns, to Night, to plants. O all ye Vasus, ye possessors of all wealth, be ye the furtherers of our thoughts.

3

Forth go, with Agni, to the Gods our sacrifice of ancient use, To the Adityas, Varuna whose Law stands fast, and the all-lightening Marut troop.

4

Lords of all wealth, may they be strengtheners of man, destroyers of his enemies. Lords of all wealth, do ye, with guards which none may harm, preserve our dwelling free from foes.

5

Come to us with one mind to-day, come to us all with one accord, Maruts with holy song, and, Goddess Aditi, Mighty One, to our house and home.

6

Send us delightful things, ye Maruts, on your steeds: come ye, O Mitra, to our gifts. Let Indra, Varuna, and the Adityas sit, swift Heroes, on our sacred grass.

7

We who have trimmed the grass for you, and set the banquet in array, And pressed the Soma, call you, Varuna, like men, with sacrificial fires aflame.

8

O Maruts, Visnu, Asvins, Pusan, haste away with minds turned hitherward to Me. Let the Strong Indra, famed as Vrtra's slayer, come first with the winners of the spoil.

9

Ye Guileless Gods, bestow on us a refuge strong on every side, A sure protection, Vasus, unassailable from near at hand or from afar.

10

Kinship have I with you, and close alliance O ye Gods, destroyers of our foes. Call us to our prosperity of former days, and soon to new klicity.

11

For now have I sent forth to you, that I may win a fair reward, Lords of all wealth, with homage, this my song of praise. like a milch-cow that faileth not.

12

Excellent Savitar hath mounted up on high for you, ye sure and careful Guides. Bipedes and quadrupeds, with several hopes and aims, and birds have settled to their tasks.

13

Singing their praise with God-like thought let us invoke each God for grace, Each God to bring you help, each God to strengthen you.

14

For of one spirit are the Gods with mortal man, co-sharers all of gracious gifts. May they increase our strength hereafter and to-day, providing ease and ample room.

15

I laud you, O ye Guileless Gods, here where we meet to render praise. None, Varuna and Mitra, harms the mortal, man who honours and obeys your laws.

16

He makes his house endure, he gathers plenteous food who pays obedience to your will. Born in his sons anew he spreads as Law commands, and prospers every way unharmed.

17

E'en without war he gathers wealth, and goes his way on pleasant paths, Whom Mitra, Varuna and Aryaman protect, sharing the gift, of one accord.

18

E'en on the plain for him ye make a sloping path, an easy way where road is none: And far away from him the ineffectual shaft must vanish, shot at him in vain.

19

If ye appoint the rite to-day, kind Rulers, when the Sun ascends, Lords of all wealth, at sunset or at waking time, or be it at the noon of day,

20

Or, Asuras, when ye have sheltered the worshipper who goes to sacrifice, at eve may we, O Vasus, ye possessors of all wealth, come then into the midst of You.

21

If ye to-day at sunrise, or at noon, or in the gloom of eve, Lords of all riches, give fair treasure to the man, the wise man who hath sacrificed,

22

Then we, imperial Rulers, claim of you this boon, your wide protection, as a son. May we, Adityas, offering holy gifts, obtain that which shall bring us greater bliss.

HYMN XXVIII. Visvedevas.

1

THE Thirty Gods and Three besides, whose seat hath been the sacred grass, From time of old have found and gained.

2

Varuna, Mitra, Aryaman, Agnis, with Consorts, sending boons, To whom our Vasat! is addressed:

3

These are our guardians in the west, and northward here, and in the south, And on the east, with all the tribe.

4

Even as the Gods desire so verily shall it be. None minisheth this power of theirs, No demon, and no mortal

5

The Seven carry seven spears; seven are the splendours they possess, And seven the glories they assume.

HYMN XXIX Visvedevas.

1

ONE is a youth brown, active, manifold he decks the golden one with ornament.

2

Another, luminous, occupies the place of sacrifice, Sage, among the Gods.

3

One brandishes in his hand an iron knife, firm, in his seat amid the Deities.

4

Another holds the thunderbolt, wherewith he slays the Vrtras, resting in his hand.

5

Another bears a pointed weapon: bright is he, and strong, with healing medicines.

6

Another, thief-like, watches well the ways, and knows the places where the treasures lie.

7

Another with his mighty stride hath made his three steps thither where the Gods rejoice.

8

Two with one Dame ride on with winged steeds, and journey forth like travellers on their way.

9

Two, highest, in the heavens have set their seat, worshipped with holy oil, imperial Kings.

10

Some, singing lauds, conceived the Sama–hymn, great hymn whereby they caused the Sun to shine.

HYMN XXX. Visvedevas.

1

NOT one of you, ye Gods, is small, none of you is a feeble child: All of you, verily, are great.

2

Thus be ye lauded, ye destroyers of the foe, ye Three–and–Thirty Deities, The Gods of man, the Holy Ones.

3

As such defend and succour us, with benedictions speak to us: Lead us not from our fathers' and from Manu's path into the distance far away.

4

Ye Deities who stay with us, and all ye Gods of all mankind, Give us your wide protection, give shelter for cattle and for steed.

HYMN XXXI. Various Deities.

1

THAT Brahman pleases Indra well, who worships, sacrifices, pours Libation, and prepares the meal.

2

Sakra protects from woe the man who gives him sacrificial cake. And offers Soma blent with milk.

3

His chariot shall be glorious, sped by Gods, and mighty shall he be, Subduing all hostilities.

4

Each day that passes, in his house flows his libation, rich in milk, Exhaustless, bringing progeny.

5

O Gods, with constant draught of milk, husband and wife with one accord Press out and wash the Soma juice.

6

They gain sufficient food: they come united to the sacred grass, And never do they fail in strength.

7

Never do they deny or seek to hide the favour of the Gods: They win high glory for themselves.

8

With sons and daughters by their side they reach their full extent of life, Both decked with ornaments of gold.

9

Serving the Immortal One with gifts of sacrificial meal and wealth, They satisfy the claims of love and pay due honour to the Gods.

10

We claim protection from the Hills, we claim protection of the Floods, Of him who stands by Visnu's side.

11

May Pusan come, and Bhaga, Lord of wealth, All-bounteous, for our weal Broad be the path that leads to bliss:

12

Aramati, and, free from foes, Visva with spirit of a God, And the Adityas' peerless might.

13

Seeing that Mitra, Aryaman, and Varuna are guarding us, The paths of Law are fair to tread.

14

I glorify with song, for wealth, Agni the God, the first of you. We honour as a well-loved Friend the God who prospereth our fields.

15

As in all frays the hero, so swift moves his car whom Gods attend. The man who, sacrificing, strives to win the heart of Deities will conquer those who worship not.

16

Ne'er are ye injured, worshipper, presser of juice, or pious man. The man who, sacrificing, strives to win the heart of Deities will conquer those who worship not.

17

None in his action equals him, none holds him far or keeps him off. The man who, sacrificing, strives to win the heart of Deities will conquer those who worship not.

18

Such strength of heroes shall be his, such mastery of fleet-foot steeds. The man who, sacrificing, strives to win the heart of Deities will conquer those who worship not.

HYMN XXXII. Indra.

1

KANVAS, tell forth with song the deeds of Indra, the Impetuous, Wrought in the Soma's wild delight.

2

Strong God, he slew Anarsani, Srbinda, Pipru, and the fiend, Ahisuva, and loosed the floods.

3

Thou broughtest down the dwelling–place, the height of lofty Arbuda. That exploit, Indra, must be famed.

4

Bold, to your famous Soma I call the fair–visored God for aid, Down like a torrent from the hill.

5

Rejoicing in the Soma–draughts, Hero, burst open, like a fort, The stall of horses and of kine.

6

If my libation gladdens, if thou takest pleasure in my laud, Come with thy Godhead from afar.

7

O Indra, Lover of the Song, the singers of thy praise are we: O Soma–drinker, quicken us.

8

And, taking thy delight with us bring us still undiminished food: Great is thy wealth, O Maghavan.

9

Make thou us rich in herds of kine, in steeds, in gold: let us exert Our strength in sacrificial gifts.

10

Let us call him to aid whose hands stretch far, to whom high laud is due. Who worketh well to succour us.

11

He, Satakratu, even in fight acts as a Vrtra–slayer s,till: He gives his worshippers much wealth.

12

May he, this A;akra, strengthen us, Boon God who satisfies our needs, Indra, with all this saving helps.

13

To him, the mighty stream of wealth, the Soma–presser's rescuing Friend, To Indra sing your song of praise;

14

Who bringeth what is great and firm, who winneth glory in his wars, Lord of vast wealth through power and might.

15

There liveth none to cheek or stay his energies and gracious deeds: None who can say, He giveth not.

16

No debt is due by Brahmans now, by active men who press the juice: Well hath each Soma–draught been paid.

17

Sing ye to him who must be praised, say lauds to him who must be praised, Bring prayer to him who must be praised.

18

May be, unchecked, strong, meet for praise, bring hundreds, thousands forth to light, Indra who aids the worshipper.

19

Go with thy God–like nature forth, go where the folk are calling thee: Drink, Indra, of the drops we pour.

20

Drink milky draughts which are thine own, this too which was with Tugrya once, This is it, Indra, that is thine.

21

Pass him who pours libations out in angry mood or after sin: Here drink the juice we offer thee.

22

Over the three great distances, past the Five Peoples go thy way, O Indra, noticing our voice.

23

Send forth thy ray like Surya: let my songs attract thee hitherward, Like waters gathering to the vale.

24

Now to the Hero fair of cheek, Adhvaryu, pour the Soma forth: Bring of the juice that he may drink

25

Who cleft the water–cloud in twain, loosed rivers for their downward flow, And set the ripe milk in the kine.

26

He, meet for praise, slew Vrtra, slew Ahisuva, Urnavabha's son, And pierced th:rough Arbuda with frost.

27

To him your matchless Mighty One, unconquerable Conqueror, Sing forth the prayer which Gods have given:

28

Indra, who in the wild delight of Soma juice considers here All holy Laws among the Gods.

29

Hither let these thy Bays who share thy banquet, Steeds with golden manes, Convey thee to the feast prepared.

30

Hither, O thou whom many laud, the Bays whom Priyamedha praised, Shall bring thee to the Soma–draught.

HYMN XXXIII. Indra.

1

WE compass thee like waters, we whose grass is trimmed and Soma pressed. Here where the filter pours its stream, thy worshippers round thee, O Vrtra–slayer, sit.

2

Men, Vasu! by the Soma, with lauds call thee to the foremost place: When comest thou athirst unto the juice as home, O Indra, like a bellowing bull?

3

Boldly, Bold Hero, bring us spoil in thousands for the Kanvas' sake. O active Maghavan, with eager prayer we crave the yellow–hued with store of kine.

4

Medhyatithi, to Indra sing, drink of the juice to make thee glad. Close–knit to his Bay Steeds, bolt–armed, beside the juice is he: his chariot is of gold.

5

He Who is praised as strong of hand both right and left, most wise and hold: Indra who, rich in hundreds, gathers thousands up, honoured as breaker–down of forts.

6

The bold of heart whom none provokes, who stands in bearded confidence; Much–lauded, very glorious, overthrowing foes, strong Helper, like a bull with might.

7

Who knows what vital power he wins, drinking beside the flowing juice? This is the fair-checked God who, joying in the draught, breaks down the castles in his strength.

8

As a wild elephant rushes on this way and that way, mad with heat, None may compel thee, yet come hither to the draught: thou movest mighty in thy power.

9

When he, the Mighty, ne'er o'erthrown, steadfast, made ready for the fight, When Indra Maghavan lists to his praiser's call, he will not stand aloof, but come.

10

Yea, verily, thou art a Bull, with a bull's rush. whom none may stay: Thou Mighty One, art celebrated as a Bull, famed as a Bull both near and far.

11

Thy reins are very bulls in strength, bulls' strength is in thy golden whip. Thy car, O Maghavan, thy Bays are strong as bulls: thou, Satakratu, art a Bull.

12

Let the strong presser press for thee. Bring hither, thou straight-rushing Bull. The mighty makes the mighty run in flowing streams for thee whom thy Bay Horses bear.

13

Come, thou most potent Indra, come to drink the savoury Soma juice. Maghavan, very wise, will quickly come to hear the songs, the prayer, the hymns of praise.

14

When thou hast mounted on thy car let thy yoked Bay Steeds carry thee, Past other men's libations, Lord of Hundred Powers, thee, Vrtra-slayer, thee our Friend.

15

O thou Most Lofty One, accept our laud as nearest to thine heart. May our libations be most sweet to make thee glad, O Soma-drinker, Heavenly Lord.

16

Neither in thy decree nor mine, but in another's he delights,— The man who brought us unto this.

17

Indra himself hath said, The mind of woman brooks not discipline, Her intellect hath little weight.

18

His pair of horses, rushing on in their wild transport, draw his car: High-lifted is the stallion's yoke.

19

Cast down thine eyes and look not up. More closely set thy feet. Let none See what thy garment veils, for thou, a Brahman, hast become a dame.

HYMN XXXIV. Indra.

1

Come hither, Indra, with thy Bays, come thou to Kanva's eulogy. Ye by command of yonder Dyaus, God bright by day! have gone to heaven.

2

May the stone draw thee as it speaks, the Soma–stone with ringing voice. Ye by command of yonder Dyaus, God bright by day! have gone to heaven.

3

The stones' rim shakes the Soma here like a wolf worrying a sheep. Ye by command of yonder Dyaus, God bright by day! have gone to heaven.

4

The Kanvas call thee hitherward for succour and to win the spoil. Ye by command of yonder Dyaus, God bright by day! have gone to heaven.

5

I set for thee, as for the Strong, the first draught of the juices shed.

6

Come with abundant blessings, come with perfect care to succour us.

7

Come, Lord of lofty thought, who hast infinite wealth and countless aids.

8

Adorable mid Gods, the Priest good to mankind shall bring thee near.

9

As wings the falcon, so thy Bays rushing in joy shall carry thee.

10

Come from the enemy to us, to svaha and the Soma–draught.

11

Come hither with thine car inclined to hear, take pleasure in our lauds.

12

Lord of well–nourished Horses, come with well–fed Steeds alike in hue.

13

Come hither from the mountains, come from regions of the sea of air.

14

Disclose to us O Hero, wealth in thousands both of kine and steeds.

15

Bring riches hitherward to us in hundreds, thousands, myriads. Ye by command of yonder Dyaus, God bright by day! have gone to heaven.

16

The thousand steeds, the mightiest troop, which we and Indra have received From Vasurocis as a gift,

17

The brown that match the wind in speed, and bright bay coursers fleet of foot, Like Suns, resplendent are they all.

18

Mid the Pargvata's rich gifts, swift steeds whose wheels run rapidly, I seemed to stand amid a wood.

HYMN XXXV. Asvins.

1

WITH Agni and with Indra, Visnu. Varuna, with the Adityas, Rudras, Vasus, closely leagued; Accordant, of one mind with Surya and with Dawn, O Asvins, drink the Soma juice.

2

With all the Holy Thoughts, all being Mighty Ones! in close alliance with the Mountains, Heaven, and Earth; Accordant. of one mind with Surya and with Dawn, O Asvins, drink the Soma juice.

3

With all the Deities, three times eleven, here, in close alliance with the Maruts, Bhrgus, Floods; Accordant, of one mind with Surya and with Dawn, O Asvins, drink the Soma juice.

4

Accept the sacrifice, attend to this my call: come nigh, O ye Twain Gods, to all libations here. Accordant, of one mind with Surya and with Dawn, O Asvins, bring us strengthening food.

5

Accept our praise-song as a youth accepts a maid. Come nigh, O ye Twain Gods, to all libations here. Accordant, of one mind with Sarya and with Dawn O Asvins, bring us strengthening food.

6

Accept the songs we sing, accept the solemn rite. Come nigh, O ye Twain Gods, to all libations here. Accordant, of one mind with Surya and with Dawn, O Asvins, bring us

strengthening food.

7

Ye fly as starlings fly unto the forest trees; like buffaloes ye seek the Soma we have shed. Accordant, of one mind with Surya and with Dawn, come thrice, O Asvins, to our home.

8

Ye fly like swans, like those who travel on their way; like buffaloes ye seek the Soma we have shed. Accordant, of one mind with Surya and with Dawn, come thrice, O Asvins, to our home.

9

Ye fly to our oblation like a pair of hawks; like buffaloes ye seek the Soma we have shed. Accordant, of one mind with Surya and with Dawn, come thrice, O Asvins, to our home.

10

Come hitherward and drink and satisfy yourselves, bestow upon us progeny and affluence. Accordant, of one mind with Surya and with Dawn, O Asvins, grant us vigorous strength.

11

Conquer your foes, protect us, praise your worshippers; bestow upon us progeny and affluence. Accordant, of one mind with Surya and with Dawn, O Asvins, grant us vigours strength.

12

Slay enemies, animate men whom ye befriend; bestow upon us progeny and affluence. Accordant, of one mind with Surya and with Dawn, O Asvins, grant us vigorous strength.

13

With Mitra, Varuna, Dharma, and the Maruts in your company approach unto your praiser's call. Accordant, of one mind with Surya and with Dawn, and with the Adityas, Asvins! come.

14

With Visnu and the Angirases attending you, and with the Maruts come unto your praiser's call. Accordant, of one mind with Surya and with Dawn, and with the Adityas, Asvins! come.

15

With Rbhus and With Vajas. O ye Mighty Ones, leagued with the Maruts come ye to your praiser's call. Accordant, of one mind with Surya and with Dawn, and with the Adityas, Asvins! come.

16

Give spirit to our prayer and animate our thoughts; slay ye the Raksasas and drive away disease. Accordant, of One mind with Surya and with Dawn, –the presser's Soma, Asvins drink.

17

Strengthen the Ruling Power, strengthen the men of war; slay ye the Raksasas and drive

away disease. Accordant, of one mind with Surya and with Dawn, the presser's Soma, Asvins drink.

18

Give strength unto the milch-kine, give the people strength, slay ye the Raksasas and drive away disease. Accordant, of one mind with Surya and with Dawn, the presser's Soma, Asvins drink.

19

As ye heard Atri's earliest eulogy, so hear Syavasva, Soma-presser, ye who reel in joy. Accordant, of one mind with Surya and with Dawn, drink juice, O Asvins, three days old.

20

Further like running streams Syavasva's eulogies who presses out the Soma, ye who reel in joy. Accordant, of one mind with Surya and with Dawn, drink juice, O Asvins, three days old.

21

Seize, as ye grasp the reins, Syavasva's solemn rites who presses out the Soma, ye who reel in joy. Accordant, of one mind with Surya and with Dawn, drink juice, O Asvins, three days old.

22

Drive down your chariot hitherward drink ye the Soma's savoury juice. Approach, ye Asvins, come to us: I call you, eager for your aid. Grant treasures to the worshipper.

23

When sacrifice which tells our reverence hath begun. Heroes! to drink the gushing juice, Approach, ye Asvins, come to us: I call you, eager for your aid. Grant treasures to the worshipper.

24

Sate you with consecrated drink, with juice effused, ye Deities. Approach, ye Asvins, come to us: I call you, eager for your aid. Grant treasures to the worshipper.

HYMN XXXVI. Indra.

1

THOU helpst him whose grass is trimmed, who sheds the juice, O Satakratu, drink Soma to make thee glad. The share which they have fixed for thee, thou, Indra, Victor o'er all hosts and space, begirt [sic] with Maruts, Lord of Heroes, winner of the floods.

2

Maghavan, help thy worshipper: let him help thee. O Satakratu, drink Soma to make thee glad. The share which they have fixed for thee, etc.

3

Thou aidest Gods with food, and that with might aid thee, O Satakratu, drink Soma to make

thee glad.

4

Creator of the heaven, creator of the earth, O Satakratu, drink Soma to make thee glad.

5

Father of cattle, father of all steeds art thou. O Satakratu, drink Soma to make thee glad.

6

Stone-hurler, glorify the Atris' hymn of praise. O Satakratu, drink Soma to make thee glad.

7

Hear thou Syavagva while he pours to thee, as erst thou heardest Atri when he wrought his holy rites. Indra, thou only gavest Trasadasyu aid in the fierce fight with heroes, strengthening his prayers.

HYMN XXXVIL Indra.

1

THIS prayer, and those who shed the juice, in wars with Vrtra thou helpst, Indra, Lord of Strength, with all thy succours. O Vrtra-slayer, from libation poured at noon, drink of the Soma juice, thou blameless Thunderer.

2

Thou mighty Conqueror of hostile armaments, O Indra, Lord of Strength, with all thy saving help.

3

Sole Ruler, thou art Sovran of this world of life, O Indra, Lord of Strength, with all thy saving help.

4

Thou only sunderest these two consistent worlds, O Indra, Lord of Strength, with all thy saving help.

5

Thou art the Lord supreme o'er rest and energy, O Indra, Lord of Strength, with all thy saving help.

6

Thou helpst one to power, and one thou hast not helped, O Indra, Lord of Strength, with all thy saving aid.

7

Hear thou Syavasva while he sings to thee, as erst thou heardest Atri when he wrought his holy rites. Indra, thou only gavest Trasadasyu aid in the fierce fight with heroes, strengthening his powers.

HYMN XXXVIII. Indra–Agni.

1. YE Twain are Priests of sacrifice, winners in war and holy works: Indra and Agni, mark this well.

2

Ye bounteous riders on the car, ye Vrtra–slayers unsubdued: Indra and Agni, mark this well.

3

The men with pressing–stones have pressed this meath of yours which gives delight: Indra, and Agni, mark this well.

4

Accept our sacrifice for weal, sharers of praise! the Soma shed: Indra and Agni, Heroes, come.

5

Be pleased with these libations which attract you to our sacred gifts Indra and Agni, Heroes, come.

6

Accept this eulogy of mine whose model is the Gayatri: Indra and Agni, Heroes, Come.

7

Come with the early–faring Gods, ye who are Lords of genuine wealth: Indra–Agni, to the Soma–draught

8

Hear ye the call of Atris, hear Syavasva as he sheds the juice: Indra–Agni to the Soma–draught

9

Thus have I called you to our aid as sages called on you of old: Indra–Agni to the Soma draught!

10

Indra's and Agni's grace I claim, Sarasvati's associates To whom this psalm of praise is sung.

HYMN XXXIX. Agni.

1

THE glorious Agni have I praised, and worshipped with. the sacred food. May Agni deck the Gods for us. Between both gathering–places he goes on his embassy, the Sage. May all the others die away.

2

Agni, burn down the word within their bodies through our newest speech, All hatreds of the godless, all the wicked man's malignities. Away let the destroyers go. May all the others die away.

3

Agni, I offer hymns to thee, like holy oil within thy mouth. Acknowledge them. among the Gods, for thou art the most excellent, the worshipper's blissful messenger. Let all the others die away.

4

Agni bestows all vital power even as each man supplicates. He brings the Vasus strengthening gifts, and grants delight, in rest and stir, for every calling on the Gods. Let all the others die away.

5

Agni hath made himself renowned by wonderful victorious act. He is the Priest of all the tribes, chosen with sacrificial meeds. He urges Deities to receive. Let all the others die away.

6

Agni knows all that springs from Gods, he knows the mystery of men. Giver of wealth is Agni, he uncloses both the doors to us when worshipped with our newest gift. Let all the others die away.

7

Agni inhabiteth with Gods and men who offer sacrifice. He cherisheth with great delight much wisdom, as all things that be, God among Gods adorable. May all the others die away.

8

Agni who liveth in all streams, Lord of the Sevenfold Race of men, Him dweller in three homes we seek, best slayer of the Dasytis for Mandhatar, first in sacrifice. Let all the others die away.

9

Agni the Wise inhabiteth three gathering-places, triply formed. Decked as our envoy let the Sage bring hither and conciliate the Thrice Eleven Deities. Let all the others die away.

10

Our Agni, thou art first among the Gods, and first mid living men. Thou only rulest over wealth. Round about thee, as natural dams, circumfluous the waters run. Let all the others die away.

HYMN XL. Indra-Agni.

1

INDRA and Agni, surely ye as Conquerors will give us wealth, Whereby in fight we may

o'ercome that which is strong and firmly fixed, as Agni burns the woods with wind. Let all the others die away.

2

We set no snares to tangle you; Indra we worship and adore, Hero of heroes mightiest. Once may he come unto us with his Steed, come unto us to win us strength, and to complete the sacrifice.

3

For, famous Indra–Agni, ye are dwellers in the midst of frays. Sages in wisdom, ye are knit to him who seeketh you as friends. Heroes, bestow on him his wish.

4

Nabhaka–like, with sacred song Indra's and Agni's praise I sing, Theirs to whom all this world belongs, this heaven and this mighty earth which bear rich treasure in their lap.

5

To Indra and to Agni send your prayers, as was Nabhaka's wont,— Who oped with sideway opening the sea with its foundations seven—Indra all powerful in his might.

6

Tear thou asunder, as of old, like tangles of a creeping plant, Demolish thou the Dasa's might. May we with Indra's help divide the treasure he hath gathered up.

7

What time with this same song these men call Indra–Agni sundry ways, May we with our own heroes quell those who provoke us to the fight, and conquer those who strive with us.

8

The Two refulgent with their beams rise and come downward from the sky. By Indra's and by Agni's hest, flowing away, the rivers, run which they released from their restraint.

9

O Indra, many are thine aids, many thy ways of guiding us, Lord of the Bay Steeds, Hinva's Son. To a Good Hero come our prayers, which soon shall have accomplishment.

10

Inspire him with your holy hymns, the Hero bright and glorious, Him who with might demolisheth even the brood of Susna, and winneth for us the heavenly streams.

11

Inspire him worshipped with fair rites, the glorious Hero truly brave. He brake in pieces Susna's brood who still expected not the stroke, and won for us the heavenly streams. Let all the others die away.

12

Thus have we sung anew to Indra–Agni, as sang our sires, Angirases, and Mandhatar. Guard us with triple shelter and preserve us: may we be masters of a store of riches.

HYMN XLI. Varuna.

1

To make this Varuna come forth sing thou a song unto the band of Maruts wiser than thyself,— This Varuna who guardeth well the thoughts of men like herds of kine. Let all the others die away.

2

Him altogether praise I with the song and hymns our fathers sang, and with Nabhaka's eulogies,— Him dwelling at the rivers' source, surrounded by his Sisters Seven.

3

The nights he hath encompassed, and established the morns with magic art visible over all is he. His dear Ones, following his Law, have prospered the Three Dawns for him.

4

He, visible o'er all the earth, established the quarters of the sky: He measured out the eastern place, that is the fold of Varuna: like a strong herdsman is the God.

5

He who supports the worlds of life, he who well knows the hidden names mysterious of the morning beams, He cherishes much wisdom, Sage, as heaven brings forth each varied form.

6

In whom all wisdom centres, as the nave is set within the wheel. Haste ye to honour Trita, as kine haste to gather in the fold, even as they muster steeds to yoke.

7

He wraps these regions as a robe; he contemplates the tribes of Gods and all the works of mortal men. Before the home of Varuna all the Gods follow his decree.

8

He is an Ocean far—removed, yet through the heaven to him ascends the worship which these realms possess. With his bright foot he overthrew their magic, and went up to heaven.

9

Ruler, whose bright far—seeing rays, pervading all three earths, have filled the three superior realms of heaven. Firm is the seat of Varuna: over the Seven he rules as King.

10

Who, after his decree, o'erspread the Dark Ones with a robe of light; Who measured out the ancient seat, who pillared both the worlds apart as the Unborn supported heaven. Let all the others die away.

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HYMN XLII Varuna.

1

LORD of all wealth, the Asura propped the heavens, and measured out the broad earth's wide expanses. He, King supreme, approached all living creatures. All these are Varuna's holy operations.

2

So humbly worship Varuna the Mighty revere the wise Guard of World Immortal. May he vouchsafe us triply–barred protection. O Earth and Heaven, within your lap preserve us.

3

Sharpen this song of him who strives his utmost, sharpen, God Varuna, his strength and insight; May we ascend the ship that bears us safely, whereby we may pass over all misfortune.

4

Asvins, with songs the singer stones have made you hasten hitherward, Nasatyas, to the Soma–draught. Let all the others die away.

5

As the sage Atri with his hymns, O Asvins, called you eagerly, Nasatyas, to the Soma–draught. Let all the others die away.

6

So have I called you to our aid, even as the wise have called of old, Nasatyas, to the Soma–draught. Let all the others die away.

HYMN XLIII. Agni.

1

THESE songs of mine go forth as lauds of Agni, the disposing Sage, Whose worshipper is ne'er o'erthrown.

2

Wise Agni Jatavedas, I beget a song of praise for thee. Who willingly receivest it.

3

Thy sharpened flames, O Agni, like the gleams of light that glitter through, Devour the forests with their teeth.

4

Gold–coloured, bannered with the smoke, urged by the wind, aloft to heaven Rise, lightly

borne, the flames of fire.

5

These lightly kindled fiery flames are all around made visible, Even as the gleamings of the Dawns.

6

As Jatavedas speeds along, the dust is black beneath his feet, When Agni spreads upon the earth.

7

Making the plants his nourishment, Agni devours and wearies not, Seeking the tender shrubs again.

8

Bending him down with all his tongues, he flickers with his fiery glow Splendid is Agni in the woods.

9

Agni, thine home is in the floods: into the plants thou forcest way, And as their Child art born anew.

10

Worshipped with offerings shines thy flame, O Agni, from the sacred oil, With kisses on the ladle's mouth.

11

Let us serve Agni with our hymns, Disposer, fed on ox and cow, Who bears the Soma on his back.

12

Yea, thee, O Agni, do we seek with homage and with fuel, Priest Whose wisdom is most excellent.

13

O worshipped with oblations, pure Agni, we call on thee as erst, Did Bhrgu, Manus, Angiras.

14

For thou, O Agni, by the fire, Sage by the Sage, Good by the Good, Friend by the Friend, art lighted up.

15

So wealth in thousands, food with store of heroes give thou to the sage, O Agni, to the worshipper.

16

O Agni, Brother, made by strength, Lord of red steeds and brilliant sway, Take pleasure in

this laud of mine.

17

My praises, Agni, go to thee, as the cows seek the stall to meet, The lowing calf that longs for milk.

18

Agni, best Angiras, to thee all people who have pleasant homes, Apart, have turned as to their wish.

19

The sages skilled in holy song and thin. Kers [sic] with their thoughts have urged Agni to share the sacred feast.

20

So, Agni, unto thee the Priest, Invoker, strong in forays, pray 'nose who spin out the sacrifice.

21

In many a place, the same in look art thou, a Prince o'er all the tribes In battles we invoke thine aid.

22

Pray thou to Agni, pray to him who blazes served with sacred oil: Let him give ear to this our call.

23

We call on thee as such, as one who hears, as Jatavedas, one, Agni! who beats away our foes.

24

I pray to Agni, King of men, the Wonderful, the President Of holy Laws: may he give ear.

25

Him like a bridegroom, him who stirs all people, like a noble horse, Like a fleet steed, we instigate.

26

Slaying things deadly, burning up foes, Riksasas, on every side, Shine, Agni, with thy sharpened flame.

27

Thou whom the people kindle even as Manus did, best Angiras! O Agni, mark thou this my speech.

28

O Agni, made by strength! be thou born in the heavens or born in floods, As such we call on thee with songs.

29

Yea, all the people, all the folk who have good dwellings, each apart, Send food for thee to eat thereof.

30

O Agni, so may we, devout, gazed at by men, throughout our days, Pass lightly over all distress.

31

We venerate with cheerful hearts the cheerful Agni, dear to all, Burning, with purifying flame.

32

So thou, O Agni rich in light, beaming like Surya with thy rays Boldly demolishest the gloom,

33

We pray to thee for this thy gift, Victor the gift that faileth not, O Agni, choicest wealth from thee.

HYMN XLIV. Agni.

1

PAY service unto Agni with your fuel, rouse your Guest with oil: In him present your offerings.

2

Agni, do thou accept my laud, be magnified by this my song: Welcome my sweetly-spoken words.

3

Agni, envoy, I place in front; the oblation-bearer I address: Here let him seat the Deities.

4

Agni, the lofty flames of' thee enkindled have gone up on high, Thy bright flames, thou Refulgent One.

5

Beloved! let my ladles full of sacred oil come near to thee: Agni, accept our offerings.

6

I worship Agni-may he hear!-the cheerful, the Invoker, Priest, Of varied splendour, rich in light.

7

Ancient Invoker, meet for praise, beloved Agni, wise and strong, The visitant of solemn rites.

8

Agni, best Angiras, accept straightway these offerings, and guide The seasonable sacrifice.

9

Excellent God, with brilliant flames, enkindled bring thou hitherward, Knowing the way, the Heavenly Host.

10

Him, Sage and Herald, void of guile, ensign of sacrifices, him Smoke–bannered, rich in light, we seek.

11

O Agni, be our Guardian thou, God, against those who injure us: Destroy our foes, thou Son of Strength.

12

Making his body beautiful, Agni the Sage hath waxen by The singer and his ancient hymn.

13

I invoke the Child of Strength, Agni with purifying flame, At this well–ordered sacrifice.

14

So Agni, rich in many friends, with fiery splendour, seat thyself With Gods upon our sacred grass.

15

The mortal man who serves the God Agni within his own abode, For him he causes wealth to shine.

16

Agni is head and height of heaven, the Master of the earth is he: He quickeneth the watere [sic] seed.

17

Upward, O Agni, rise thy flames, pure and resplendent, blazing high, Thy lustres, fair effulgences.

18

For, Agni, thou as Lord of Light rulest o'er choicest gifts: may I, Thy singer, find defence in thee.

19

O Agni, they who understand stir thee to action with their thoughts: So let our songs enhance thy might.

20

We ever claim the friendship of Agni, the singing messenger, Of God–like nature, void of guile.

21

Agni who bears most holy sway, the holy Singer, holy Sage, Shines holy when we worship him.

22

Yea, let my meditations, let my songs exalt thee evermore. Think, Agni, of our friendly bond,

23

If I were thou and thou wert I, O Agni, every prayer of thine Should have its due fulfilment here.

24

For Excellent and Lord of wealth. art thou O Agni, rich in light: May we enjoy thy favouring grace.

25

Agni, to thee whose laws stand fast our resonant songs of praise speed forth, As rivers hasten to the sea.

26

Agni, the Youthful Lord of men, who stirreth much and eateth all, The Sage, I glorify with hymns.

27

To Agni let us haste with lauds, the Guide of sacrificial rites, Armed with sharp teeth, the Mighty One.

28

And let this man, good Agni, be with thee the singer of thy praise: Be gracious, Holy One, to him.

29

For thou art sharer of our feast, wise, ever watchful as a Sage: Agni, thou shinest in the sky.

30

O Agni, Sage, before our foes, before misfortunes fall on us, Excellent Lord, prolong our lives.

HYMN XLV. Indra

1

HITHERWARD! they who light flame and straightway trim the sacred grass. Whose Friend is Indra ever young.

2

High is their fuel, great their laud, wide is their splinter from the stake, Whose Friend is

Indra ever young.

3

Unequaled in fight the hero leads his army with the warrior chiefs. Whose Friend is Indra ever young.

4

The new-born Vrtra-slayer asked his Mother, as he seized his shaft, Who are the fierce? Who are renowned?

5

Savasi answered, He who seeks thine enmity will battle like A stately elephant on a hill.

6

And hear, O Maghavan; to him who craves of thee thou grantest all Whate'er thou makest firm is firm.

7

What time the Warrior Indra goes to battle, borne by noble steeds, Best of all charioteers is he.

8

Repel, O Thunder-armed, in all directions all attacks on us: And be our own most glorious God.

9

May Indra set our car in front, in foremost Place to win the spoil, He whom the wicked injure not.

10

Thine enmity may we escape, and, gakra, for thy bounty, rich In kine, may we come near to thee

11

Softly approaching, Thunder-armed wealthy by hundreds, rich in steeds, Unrivalled, ready with our gifts.

12

For thine exalted excellence gives to thy worshippers each day Hundreds and thousands of thy boons.

13

Indra, we know thee breaker-down even of strong forts, winner of spoil, A:one who conquers wealth for us.

14

Though thou art highest, Sage and Bold let the drops cheer thee when we come To thee as to a trafficker.

15

Bring unto us the treasure of the opulent man who, loth to give, Hath slighted thee for gain of wealth.

16

Indra, these friends of ours, supplied with Soma, wait and look to thee, As men with fodder to the herd.

17

And thee who art not deaf, whose cars are quick to listen, for our aid, We call to us from far away.

18

When thou hast listened, make our call one which thou never wilt forget, And be our very nearest Friend.

19

When even now, when we have been in trouble, we have thought of thee, O Indra, give us gifts of kine.

20

O Lord of Strength, we rest on thee, as old men rest upon a staff: We long to have thee dwell with us.

21

To Indra sing a song of praise, Hero of mighty valour, him Whom no one challenges to war.

22

Hero, the Soma being shed, I pour the juice for thee to drink: Sate thee and finish thy carouse.

23

Let not the fools, or those who mock beguile thee when they seek thine aid Love not the enemies of prayer.

24

Here let them with rich milky draught cheer thee to great munificence: Drink as the wild-bull drinks the lake.

25

Proclaim in our assemblies what deeds, new and ancient, far away, The Vrtra-slayer hath achieved.

26

In battle of a thousand arms Indra drank Kadru's Soma juice: There he displayed his manly might.

27

True undeniable strength he found in Yadu and in Turvasa, And conquered through the sacrifice.

28

Him have I magnified, our Lord in, common, Guardian of your folk, Discloser of great wealth in kine;

29

Rbhuksan, not to be restrained, who strengthened Tugra's son in lauds, Indra beside the flowing juice;

30

Who for Trisoka clave the hill that formed a wide receptacle, So that the cows might issue forth.

31

Whate'er thy plan or purpose be, whate'er, in transport, thou wouldst do, Do it not, Indra, but be kind.

32

But little hath been heard of done upon the earth by one like thee i Let thine heart, Indra, turn to us.

33

Thine then shall be this high renown, thine shall these lofty praises be, When, Indra, thou art kind to us.

34

Not for one trespass, not for two, O Hero, slay us, nor for three, Nor yet for many trespasses.

35

I fear one powerful like thee, the crusher down of enemies, Mighty, repelling all attacks.

36

O wealthy God, ne'er may I live to see my friend or son in need*: Hitherward let thy heart be turned.

37

What friend, O people, unprovoked, hath ever said unto a friend, He turns and leaves us in distress?

38

Hero, insatiate enjoy this Soma juice so near to thee, Even as a hunter rushing down.

39

Hither I draw those Bays of thine yoked by our hymn, with splendid car, That thou mayst

give unto the priests.

40

Drive all our enemies away, smite down the foes who press around, And bring the wealth for which we long:

41

O Indra, that which is concealed in strong firm place precipitous: Bring us the wealth for which we long

42

Great riches which the world of men shall recognize as sent by thee: Bring us the wealth for which we long.

HYMN XLVI. Indra.

1

WE, Indra, Lord of ample wealth, our Guide, depend on one like thee, Thou driver of the Tawny Steeds.

2

For, Hurler of the Bolt, we know thee true, the giver of our food, We know the giver of our wealth.

3

O thou whose majesty the bards celebrate with their songs, thou Lord, Of hundred powers and hundred aids.

4

Fair guidance hath the mortal man whom Aryaman, the Marut host, And Mitra, void of guile, protect.

5

Kine, steeds, and hero strength he gains, and prospers, by the Adityas sped, Ever in wealth which all desire.

6

We pray to Indra for his gift, to him the Fearless and the Strong, We pray to him the Lord of wealth.

7

For verily combined in him are all the fearless powers of aid. Him, rich in wealth, let swift Steeds bring to us, his Bays, to Soma juice for his carouse:

8

Yea, that most excellent carouse, Indra, which slays most enemies, With Heroes wins the light of heaven, and is invincible in war:

9

Which merits fame, all–bountiful! and, unsubdued, hath victory in deeds of might. So come to our libations, Strongest! Excellent! May we obtain a stall of kine.

10

Responding to our wish for cows, for steeds, and chariots, as of old, Be gracious, Greatest of the Great

11

For, Hero, nowhere can I find the bounds of thy munificence. Still do thou favour us, O Bolt–armed Maghavan: with strength hast thou rewarded hymns.

12

High, glorifier of his friend, he knows all generations, he whom many praise. All races of mankind with ladies lifted up invoke that Mighty Indra's aid.

13

Be he our Champion and Protector in great deeds, rich in all wealth, the Vrtra–slayer, Maghavan.

14

In the wild raptures of the juice sing to your Hero with high laud, to him the Wise, To Indra, glorious in his name, the Mighty One, even as the hymn alloweth it.

15

Thou givest wealth to me myself, thou givest treasure, Excellent! and the strong steed, O Much–invoked, in deeds of might, yea, even now.

16

Him, Sovran Ruler of all precious things, who even hath power o'er this fair form of his, As now it taketh shape, and afterward,

17

We praise, so that the Mighty One may speed to you, Pourer of bounties, Traveller, prepared to go. Thou favourest the Maruts known to all, by song and sacrifice. With song and praise I sing to thee.

18

We in the sacrifice perform their will whose voice is lifted high, The worship of those Thundering Ories who o'er the ridges of these mountains fly in troops.

19

O Indra, Mightiest, bring us that which crushes men of evil minds, Wealth suited to our needs, O Stirrer of the thought, best wealth, O thou who stirrest thought.

20

O Winner, noble winner, strong, wondrous, most splendid, excellent, Sole Lord of victory, bring all–overpowering wealth, joy–giving, chief in deeds of might.

21

Now let the godless man approach who hath received reward so great As Vasa, Asvya, when this light of morning dawned, received from Prthusravas, from Kanita's son.

22

Steeds sixty thousand and ten thousand kine, and twenty hundred camels I obtained; Ten hundred brown in hue, and other ten red in three spots: in all, ten thousand kine.

23

Ten browns that make my wealth increase, fleet steeds whose tails are long and fair, Turn with swift whirl my chariot wheel;

24

The gifts which Prthusravas gave, Kanita's son munificent. He gave a chariot wrought of gold: the prince was passing bountiful, and won himself most lofty fame.

25

Come thou to this great rite of ours, Vayu! to give us vigorous light. We have served thee that thou mightest give much to us, yea, mightest quickly give great wealth.

26

Who with thrice seven times seventy horses comes to us, invested with the rays of morn, Through these our Soma-draughts and those who press, to give, drinker of pure bright Soma Juice.

27

Who hath inclined this glorious one, bounteous himself, to give me gifts. Borne on firm chariot with the prosperous Nahup, wise, to a man yet more devout.

28

Sole Lord in beauty meet for praise, O Vayu, dropping fatness down, Hurried along by steeds, by camels, and by hounds, spreads forth thy train: even this it is.

29

So, as a prize dear to the strong, the sixty thousand have I gained, Bulls that resemble vigorous steeds.

30

To me come oxen like a herd, yea, unto me the oxen come.

31

And in the grazing herd he made a hundred camels bleat for me, And twenty hundred mid the white.

32

A hundred has the sage received, Dasa Balbutha's and Taruksa's gifts. These are thy people, Vayu, who rejoice with Indra for their guard, rejoice with Gods for guards.

33

And now to Vasa Asvya here this stately woman is led forth, Adorned with ornaments of gold.

HYMN XLVII. Adityas.

1

GREAT help ye give the worshipper, Varuna, Mitra, Mighty Ones! No sorrow ever reaches him whom ye, Adityas, keep from harm. Yours are incomparable aids, and good the succour they afford.

2

O Gods, Adityas, well ye know the way to keep all woes afar. As the birds spread their sheltering wings, spread your protection over us.

3

As the birds spread their sheltering wings let your protection cover us. We mean all shelter and defence, ye who have all things for your own.

4

To whomsoever they, Most Wise, have given a home and means of life, O'er the whole riches of this man they, the Adityas, have control.

5

As drivers of the car avoid ill roads, let sorrows pass us by. May we be under Indra's guard, in the Adityas' favouring grace.

6

For verily men sink and faint through loss of wealth which ye have given. Much hath he gained from you, O Gods, whom ye, Adityas, have approached.

7

On him shall no fierce anger fall, no sore distress shall visit him, To whom, Adityas, ye have lent your shelter that extendeth far.

8

Resting in you, O Gods, we are like men who fight in coats of mail. Ye guard us from each great offence, ye guard us from each lighter fault.

9

May Aditi defend us, may Aditi guard and shelter us, Mother of wealthy Mitra and of Aryaman and Varuna.

10

The shelter, Gods, that is secure, auspicious, free from malady, A sure protection, triply strong, even that do ye extend to us.

11

Look down on us, Adityas, as a guide exploring from the bank. Lead us to pleasant ways as men lead horses to an easy ford.

12

Ill be it for the demons' friend to find us or come near to us. But for the milch-cow be it well, and for the man who strives for fame.

13

Each evil deed made manifest, and that which is concealed, O Gods, The whole thereof remove from us to Trita Aptya far away.

14

Daughter of Heaven, the dream that bodes evil to us or to our kine, Remove, O Lady of the Light, to Trita Aptya far away.

15

Even if, O Child of Heaven, it make a garland or a chain of gold, The whole bad dream, whatever it be, to Trita Aptya we consign.

16

To him whose food and work is this, who comes to take his share therein, To Trita, and to Dvita, Dawn! bear thou the evil dream away.

17

As we collect the utmost debt, even the eighth and sixteenth part, So unto Aptya we transfer together all the evil dream.

18

Now have we conquered and obtained, and from our trespasses are free. Shine thou away the evil dream, O Dawn, whereof we are afraid. Yours are incomparable aids, and good the succour they afford.

HYMN XLVIII. Soma.

1

WISELY have I enjoyed the savoury viand, religious-thoughted, best to find out treasure, The food to which all Deities and mortals, calling it meath, gather themselves together.

2

Thou shalt be Aditi as thou hast entered within, appeaser of celestial anger. Indu, enjoying Indra's friendship, bring us – as a swift steed the car – forward to riches.

3

We have drunk Soma and become immortal; we have attained the light, the Gods discovered. Now what may foeman's malice do to harm us? What, O Immortal, mortal man's deception?

4

Absorbed into the heart, be sweet, O Indu, as a kind father to his son, O Soma, As a wise Friend to friend: do thou, wide-ruler, O Soma, lengthen out our days for living.

5

These glorious drops that give me freedom have I drunk. Closely they knit my joints as straps secure a car. Let them protect my foot from slipping on the way: yea, let the drops I drink preserve me from disease.

6

Make me shine bright like fire produced by friction: give us a clearer sight and make us better. For in carouse I think of thee, O Soma, Shall I, as a rich man, attain to comfort?

7

May we enjoy with an enlivened spirit the juice thou givest, like ancestral riches. O Soma, King, prolong thou our existence as Surya makes the shining days grow longer.

8

King Soma, favour us and make us prosper: we are thy devotees; of this be mindful. Spirit and power are fresh in us, O Indu give us not up unto our foeman's pleasure.

9

For thou hast settled in each joint, O Soma, aim of men's eyes and guardian of our bodies. When we offend against thine holy statutes, as a kind Friend, God, best of all, be gracious.

10

May I be with the Friend whose heart is tender, who, Lord of Bays! when quaffed will never harm me— This Soma now deposited within me. For this, I pray for longer life to Indra.

11

Our maladies have lost their strength and vanished: they feared, and passed away into the darkness. Soma hath risen in us, exceeding mighty, and we are come where men prolong existence. 12, Fathers, that Indu which our hearts have drunken, Immortal in himself, hath entered mortals. So let us serve this Soma with oblation, and rest securely in his grace and favour.

13

Associate with the Fathers thou, O Soma, hast spread thyself abroad through earth and heaven. So with oblation let us serve thee, Indu, and so let us become the lords of riches,

14

Give us your blessing, O ye Gods' preservers. Never may sleep or idle talk control us. But evermore may we, as friends of Soma, speak to the synod with brave sons around us.

15

On all sides, Soma, thou art our life-giver: aim of all eyes, light-finder, come within us. Indu, of one accord with thy protections both from behind and from before preserve us.

HYMN XLIX. Agni.

1

AGNI, come hither with thy fires; we choose thee as Invoking Priest. Let the extended ladle full of oil balm thee, best Priest, to sit on sacred grass.

2

For unto thee, O Angiras, O Son of Strength, move ladles in the sacrifice. To Agni, Child of Force, whose locks drop oil, we seek, foremost in sacrificial rites.

3

Agni, thou art Disposer, Sage, Herald, bright God! and worshipful, Best offerer, cheerful, to be praised in holy rites, pure Lord! by singers with their hymns.

4

Most Youthful and Eternal, bring the longing Gods to me, the guileless, for the feast. Come, Vasu, to the banquet that is well-prepared: rejoice thee, gracious, with our songs.

5

Famed art thou, Agni, far and wide, Preserver, righteous, and a Sage. The holy singers, O refulgent kindled God! arrangers, call on thee to come –

6

Shine, Most Resplendent! blaze, send bliss unto the folk, and to thy worshipper Great art thou. So may my princes, with good fires, subduing foes, rest in the keeping of the Gods.

7

O Agni, as thou burnest down to earth even high-grown underwood, So, bright as Mitra is, burn him who injures us, him who plots ill against thy friend.

8

Give us not as a prey to mortal enemy, nor to the wicked friend of fiends. With conquering guards, auspicious, unassailable, protect us, O Most Youthful God.

9

Protect us, Agni, through the first, protect us through the second hymn, Protect us through three hymns, O Lord of Power and Might, through four hymns, Vasu, guard thou us.

10

Preserve us from each fiend who brings the Gods no gift, preserve thou us in deeds of strength: For we possess in thee the nearest Friend of all, for service of the Gods and weal.

11

O Holy Agni, give us wealth renowned with men and strengthening life. Bestow on us, O Helper, that which many crave, more glorious still by righteousness;

12

Wherewith we may o'ercome our rivals in the war, o'erpowering the foe's designs. So wax

thou by our food, O Excellent in strength. Quicken our thoughts that find out wealth.

13

Agni is even as a bull who whets and brandishes his horns. Well-sharpened are his jaws which may not be withstood: the Child of Strength hath powerful teeth.

14

Not to be stayed, O Bull, O Agni, are thy teeth when thou art spreading far and wide. Make our oblations duly offered up, O Priest, and give us store of precious things.

15

Thou liest in the wood: from both thy Mothers mortals kindle thee. Unweariedly thou bearest up the offerer's gifts, then shinest bright among the Gods.

16

And so the seven priests, O Agni, worship thee, Free-giver, Everlasting One. Thou cleavest through the rock with heat and fervent glow. Agni, rise up above the men.

17

For you let us whose grass is trimmed call Agni, Agni, restless God. Let us whose food is offered call to all the tribes Agni the Invoking Priest of men.

18

Agni, with noble psalm that tells his wish he dwells, thinking on thee who guardest him. Speedily bring us strength of many varied sorts to be most near to succour us.

19

Agni, Praise-singer! Lord of men, God burner-up of Raksasas, Mighty art thou, the ever-present Household-Lord, Home-friend and Guardian from the sky.

20

Let no fiend come among us, O thou rich in light, no spell of those who deal in spells. To distant pastures drive faint hunger: far away, O Agni, chase the demons' friends.

HYMN L. Indra.

1

BOTH boons,—may Indra, hitherward turned, listen to this prayer of ours, And mightiest Maghavan with thought inclined to us come near to drink the Soma juice.

2

For him, strong, independent Ruler, Heaven and Earth have fashioned forth for power and might. Thou seatest thee as first among thy peers in place, for thy soul longs for Soma juice.

3

Fill thyself full, O Lord of wealth, O Indra, with the juice we shed. We know thee, Lord of Bay Steeds victor in the fight, vanquishing e'en the invincible.

4

Changeless in truth, O Maghavan Indra, let it be as thou in wisdom wilt it. May we, O fair of check, win booty with thine aid, O Thunderer, swiftly seeking it.

5

Indra, with all thy saving helps give us assistance, Lord of power. For after thee we follow even as glorious bliss, thee, Hero, finder-out of wealth.

6

Increaser of our steeds and multiplying kine, a golden well, O God, art thou, For no one may impair the gifts laid up in thee. Bring me whatever thing I ask.

7

For thou,—come to the worshipper!—wilt find great wealth to make us rich. Fill thyself full, O Maghavan, for gain of kine, full, Indra, for the gain of steeds.

8

Thou as thy gift bestowest many hundred herds, yea, many thousands dost thou give. With singers' hymns have we brought the Fort-render near, singing to Indra for his grace.

9

Whether the simple or the sage, Indra, have offered praise to thee, He Satakratu! by his love hath gladdened thee, ambitious! ever pressing on!

10

If he the Strong of arm, the breaker-down of forts, the great Destroyer, hear my call, We, seeking riches cry to Indra, Lord of wealth, to Satakratu with our lauds.

11

We count not then as sinners, nor as niggardly or foolish men, When with the Soma juice which we have shed we make Indra, the Mighty One, our Friend.

12

Him have we yoked in fight, the powerful Conqueror, debt-claimer, not to be deceived. Best charioteer, the Victor marks each fault, he knows the strong to whom he will come near.

13

Indra, give us security from that whereof we are afraid. Help us, O Maghavan, let thy succour give us this: drive away foes and enemies.

14

For thou, O liberal Lord of bounty, strengthenest his ample home who worships thee. So Indra, Maghavan, thou Lover of the Song, we with pressed Soma call on thee,

15

Indra is Vrtra-slayer, guard, our best defender from the foe. May he preserve our last and middlemost, and keep watch from behind us and before.

16

Defend us from behind, below, above, in front, on all sides, Indra, shield us well. Keep far away from us the terror sent from heaven: keep impious weapons far away.

17

Protect us, Indra, each to-day, each morrow, and each following day. Our singers, through all days, shalt thou, Lord of the brave, keep safely both by day and night.

18

A crushing Warrior, passing rich is Maghavan, endowed with all heroic might. Thine arms, O Satakratu, are exceeding strong, arms which have grasped the thunderbolt.

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Book 08 Part 06

HYMN LI. Indra.

1

OFFER ye up as praise to him that wherein Indra takes delight. The Soma-bringers magnify Indra's great energy with hymns. Good are the gifts that Indra gives.

2

Sole among chiefs, companionless, impetuous, and peerless, he Hath waxen great o'er many folk, yea., over all things born, in might.

3

Lord of swift bounty, he will win e'en with a steed of worthless sort. This, Indra, must be told of thee who wilt perform heroic deeds.

4

Come to us.hither: let us pay devotions that enhance thy might, For which, Most Potent! thou wouldst fain bless the man here who strives for fame.

5

For thou, O Indra, makest yet more bold the spirit of the bold Who with strong Soma serveth thee, still ready with his reverent prayers.

6

Worthy of song, he looketh down as a man looketh into wells. Pleased with the Soma-bringer's skill he maketh him his mate and friend.

7

In strength and wisdom all the Gods, Indra, have yielded unto thee. Be thou the Guard of all, O thou whom many praise.

8

Praised, Indra, is this might of thine, best for the service of the Gods, That thou with power dost slay Vrtra, O Lord of Strength.

9

He makes the races of mankind like synods of the Beauteous One. Indra knows this his manifest deed, and is renowned.

10

Thy might, O Indra, at its birth, thee also, and thy mental power, In thy care, Maghavan rich in kine! they have increased exceedingly.

11

O Vrtra–slayer, thou and I will both combine for winning spoil. Even malignity will consent,
O Bolt–armed Hero, unto us.

12

Let us extol this Indra as truthful and never as untrue. Dire is his death who pours no gifts
great light hath he who offers them. Good are the gifts that Indra gives.

HYMN LII. Indra.

1

WITH powers of Mighty Ones hath he, Ancient, Beloved, been equipped, Through whom
the Father Manu made prayers efficacious with the Gods.

2

Him, Maker of the sky, let stones wet with the Soma ne'er forsake, Nor hymns and prayer
that must be said.

3

Indra who knew full well disclosed the kine to the Angirases. This his great deed must be
extolled.

4

Indra, promoter of the song, the sage's Strengthener as of old, Shall come to bless and
succour us at presentation of this laud.

5

Now after their desire's intent the pious singers with the cry Of Hail! have sung loud hymns
to thee, Indra, to gain a stall of kine.

6

With Indra rest all deeds of might, deeds done and yet to be performed, Whom singers
know devoid of guile.

7

When the Five Tribes with all their men to Indra have sent out their voice, And when the
priest hath strewn much grass, this is the Friend's own dwelling place.

8

This praise is verily thine own: thou hast performed these manly deeds, And sped the wheel
upon its way.

9

At the o'erflowing of this Steer, boldly he strode for life, and took Soma as cattle take their
corn.

10

Receiving this and craving help, we, who with you are Daksa's sons, Would fain exalt the

Maruts' Lord.

11

Yea, Hero, with the singers we sing.to the duly–coming Band. Allied with thee may we prevail.

12

With us are raining Rudras, clouds accordant in call to battle, at the death of Vrtra,

The strong assigned to him who sings and praises. May Gods with Indra at their head protect us.

HYMN LIII. Andra.

1

MAY our hymns give thee great delight. Display thy bounty, Thunderer. Drive off the enemies of prayer.

2

Crush with thy foot the niggard churls who bring no gifts. Mighty art thou There is not one to equal thee.

3

Thou art the Lord of Soma pressed, Soma impressed is also thine. Thou art the Sovran of the folk.

4

Come, go thou forth, dwelling in heaven and listening to the prayers of men: Thou fillest both the heavens and earth.

5

Even that hill with rocky heights, with hundreds, thousands, held within. Thou for thy worshippers brakest through.

6

We call on thee both night and day to taste the flowing Soma juice: Do thou fulfil our heart's desire.

7

Where is that ever–youthful Steer, strong. necked and never yet bent down? What Brahman ministers to him?

8

To whose libation doth the Steer, betake him with delight therein? Who takes delight in Indra now?

9

Whom, Vrtra–slayer, have thy gift and hero powers accompanied? Who is thy dearest in

the laud?

10

For thee among mankind, among the Purus is this Soma shed. Hasten thou hither: drink thereof.

11

This, growing by Soma and by Saryanavan, dear to thee, In Arjikiya, cheers thee best.

12

Hasten thou hitherward, and drink this for munificence to-day, Delightful for thine eager draught.

HYMN LIV. Indra.

1

THOUGH, Indra, thou art called by men from east and west, from north and south, Come hither quickly with fleet steeds

2

If in the effluence of heaven, rich in its light, thou takest joy, Or in the sea in Soma juice.

3

With songs I call thee, Great and Wide, even as a cow to profit us, Indra, to drink the Soma-draught.

4

Hither, O Indra, let thy Bays bear up and, bring upon thy car Thy glory, God! and majesty.

5

Thou, Indra, wouldst be sung and praised as great, strong, lordly in thy deeds Come hither, drink our Soma juice.

6

We who have shed the Soma and prepared the feast are calling thee. To sit on this our sacred grass.

7

As, Indra, thou art evermore the common Lord of all alike, As such we invoke thee now.

8

The men with stones have milked for thee this nectar of the Soma juice: Indra, be pleased with it, and drink.

9

Neglect all pious men with skill in sacred song: come hitherward, With speed, and give us high renown.

10

Gods, may the mighty rest unharmed, the King who gives me spotted kine, Kine decked with golden ornaments.

11

Beside a thousand spotted kine I have received a gift of gold, Pure, brilliant, and exceeding great.

12

Durgaha's grandsons, giving me a thousand kine, munificent, Have won renown among the Gods.

HYMN LV. Indra.

1

LOUD singing at the sacred rite where Soma flows we priests invoke With haste, that he may help, as the bard's Cherisher, Indra who findeth wealth for you.

2

Whom with fair helm, in rapture of the juice, the firm resistless slayers hinder not: Giver of glorious wealth to him who sing a his praise, honouring him who toils and pours:

3

Sakra, who like a curry-comb for horses or a golden goad, Indra, the Vrtra-slayer, urges eagerly the opening of the stall of kine:

4

Who for the worshipper scatters forth ample wealth, even though buried, piled in heaps: May Indra, Lord of Bay Steeds, fair-helmed Thunderer, act at his pleasure, as he lists.

5

Hero whom many praise, what thou hast longed for, oven of old, from men. All that we offer unto thee, O Indra, now, sacrifice, laud, effectual speech.

6

To Soma, Much-invoked, Bolt-armed! for thy carouse, Celestial, Soma-drinker come. Thou to the man who- prays and pours the juice hast been best giver of delightful wealth.

7

Here, verily, yesterday we let the Thunder-wielder drink his fill. So in like manner offer him the jifice [sic] today. Now range you by the Glorious One.

8

Even the wolf, the savage beast that rends the sheep, follows the path of his decrees. So graciously accepting, Indra, this our praise, with wondrous thought come forth to us.

9

What manly deed of vigour now remains that Indra hath not done? Who hath not heard his

glorious title and his fame, the Vrtra–slayer from his birth?

10

'How great his power resistless! how invincible the Vrtra–slayer's matchless might! Indra excels all usurers who see the day, excels all traffickers in strength.

11

O Indra, Vrtra–slayer, we, thy very constant worshippers, Bring prayers ne'er heard before to thee, O Much–invoked, O Thunder–armed, to be thy meed.

12

O thou of mighty acts, the aids that are in thee call forward many an eager hope. Past the drink–offerings, Vasu, even of the good, hear my call, Strongest God, and come.

13

Verily, Indra, we are thine, we worshippers depend on thee. For there is none but only thou to show us race, O Maghavan, thou much invoked.

14

From this our misery and famine set us free, from this dire curse deliver us. Succour us with thine help and with thy wondrous thought. Most Mighty, finder of the way.

15

Now let your Soma juice be poured; be not afraid, O Kali's sons. This darkening sorrow goes away; yea, of itself it vanishes.

HYMN LVI. Adityas.

1

Now pray we to these Ksatriyas, to the Adityas for their aid, These who are gracious to assist.

2

May Mitra bear us over distress, and Varuna and Aryaman, Yea, the Adityas, as they know.

3

For wonderful and meet for praise is these Adityas' saving help To him who offers and prepares.

4

The mighty aid of you, the Great, Varuna, Mitra, Aryaman, We claim to be our sure defence.

5

Guard us, Adityas, still alive, before the deadly weapon strike: Are ye not they who hear our call?

6

What sheltering defence ye have for him who toils in pouring gifts, Graciously bless ye us therewith.

7

Adityas, Gods, from sorrow there is freedom; for the sinless, wealth, O ye in whom no fault is seen.

8

Let not this fetter bind us fast: may he release us for success; For strong is Indra and renowned.

9

O Gods who fain would lend your aid, destroy not us as ye destroy Your enemies who go astray.

10

And thee too, O Great Aditi, thee also, Goddess, I address, Thee very gracious to assist.

11

Save us in depth and shallow from the foe, thou Mother of Strong Sons Let no one of our seed be harmed.

12

Far–spread! wide–ruling! grant that we, unharmed by envy, may expand Grant that our progeny may live.

13

Those who, the Princes of the folk, in native glory, ne'er deceived, Maintain their statutes, void of guilt–

14

As such, from mouth of ravening wolves, O ye Adityas, rescue us, Like a bound thief, O Aditi.

15

Adityas, let this arrow, yea, let this malignity depart From us or ever it strike us dead.

16

Fori [sic] Bountiful Adityas, we have evermore enjoyed your help, Both now and in die days of old.

17

To every one, O ye Most Wise, who turneth even from sin to you, Ye Gods vouchsafe that he may live.

18

May this new mercy profit us, which, ye Adityas, frees like one, Bound from his bonds, O

Aditi.

19

O ye Adityas, this your might is not to be despised by us: So be ye graciously inclined.

20

Let not Vivasvan's weapon nor the shaft, Adityas, wrought with skill, Destroy us ere old age be nigh.

21

On every side dispel all sin, Adityas, all hostility, Indigence, and combined attack.

HYMN LVII. Indra.

1

EVEN as a car to give us aid, we draw thee hither for our bliss, Strong in thy deeds, checking assault, Lord, Mightiest Indra, of the brave!

2

Great in thy power and wisdom, Strong, with thought that comprehendeth all Thou hast filled full with majesty.

3

Thou very Mighty One, whose hands by virtue of thy greatness grasp, The golden bolt that breaks its way.

4

Your Lord of might that ne'er hath bent, that ruleth over all mankind, I call, that he, as he is wont, may aid the chariots and the men.

5

Whom, ever furthering, in frays that win the light, in both the hosts Men call to succour and to help.

6

Indra, the Strong, the measureless, worthy of praise, Most Bountiful, Sole Ruler even over wealth.

7

Him, for his ample bounty, him, this Indra do I urge to drink, Who, as his praise was sung of old, the Dancer, is the Lord of men.

8

Thou Mighty One, whose friendship none of mortals ever hath obtained None will attain unto thy might.

9

Aided by thee, with thee allied, in frays for water and for sun, Bolt-armed! may we win

ample spoil.

10

So seek we thee with sacrifice and songs, chief Lover of the Song, As, in our battles Indra, thou to Purumayya gavest help.

11

O Thunderer, thou whose friendship and whose onward guidance both are sweet, Thy sacrifice must be prepared.

12

To us, ourselves, give ample room, give for our dwelling ample room Give ample room to us to live.

13

We count the banquet of the Gods a spacious pathway for the men, And for the cattle, and the car.

14

Six men, yea, two and two, made glad with Soma juice, come near to me With offerings pleasant to the taste.

15

Two brown-hued steeds, Indrota's gift, two bays from Rksa's son were mine, From Asvamedha's son two red.

16

From Atithigva good car-steeds; from Arksa rein-obeying steeds, From Asvamedha beauteous ones.

17

Indrota, Atithigva's son, gave me six horses matched with mares And Patakratu gave besides.

18

Marked above all, amid the brown, is the red mare Vrsanvati, Obedient to the rein and whip.

19

O bound to me by deeds of might, not even the man who loves to blame. Hath found a single fault in you.

HYMN LVIII. Indra.

1

I SEND you forth the song of praise for Indu, hero-gladdener. With hymn and plenty he invites you to complete the sacrifice.

2

Thou wishest for thy kine a bull, for those who long for his approach, For those who turn away from him, lord of thy cows whom none may kill.

3

The dappled kine who stream with milk prepare his draught of Soma juice: Clans in the birth-place of the Gods, in the three luminous realms of heaven.

4

Praise, even as he is known, with song Indra the guardian of the kine, The Son of Truth, Lord of the brave.

5

Hither his Bay Steeds have been sent, red Steeds are on the sacred grass,, Where we in concert sing our songs.

6

For Indra Thunder-armed the kine have yielded mingled milk and meath, What time he found them in the vault.

7

When I and Indra mount on high up to the Bright One's place and home, We, having drunk of meath, will reach his seat whose Friends are three times seven.

8

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

9

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

10

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

11

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

12

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

13

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

14

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

15

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

16

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

17

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

18

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

HYMN LIX. Indra.

1

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

2

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

3

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

4

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

5

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

6

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

7

Let not a godless mortal gain this food, O thou whose life is long! But one who yokes the

bright-hued steeds, the Etasas, even Indra yoker of the Bays.

8

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

9

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

10

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

11

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

12

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

13

O my companions, wish for power. How may we perfect Sara's praise, The liberal princely patron, never to be harmed?

14

By many a sage whose grass is trimmed thou art continually praised, That thou, O Sara, hast bestowed here one and here another calf.

15

The noble, Suradeva's son, hath brought a calf, led by the car to three of us. As a chief brings a goat to milk.

HYMN LX. Agni.

1

O AGNI, with thy mighty wealth guard us from all malignity, Yea, from all hate of mortal man.

2

For over thee, O Friend from birih, the wrath of man hath no control: Nay, Guardian of the earth art thou.

3

As such, with all the Gods, O Son of Strength, auspicious in thy flame. Give us wealth bringing all things good.

4

Malignities stay not from wealth the mortal man whom, Agni, thou Protectest while he offers gifts.

5

Sage Agni, be whom thou dost urge, in worship of the Gods, to wealth, With thine assistance winneth kine.

6

Riches with many heroes thou hast for the man who offers gifts: Lead thou us on to higher bliss.

7

Save us, O Jatavedas, nor abandon us to him who sins, Unto the evil-hearted man.

8

O Agni, let no godless man avert thy bounty as a God: Over all treasures thou art Lord.

9

So, Son of Strength, thou aidest us to what is great and excellent. Those, Vasu! Friend! who sing thy praise.

10

Let our songs come anear to him beauteous and bright with piercing flame Our offerings, with our homage, to the Lord of wealth, to him whom many praise, for help:

11

To Agni Jatavedas, to the Son of Strength, that he may give us precious gifts, Immortal, from of old Priest among mortal men, the most delightful in the house.

12

Agni, made yours by sacrifice, Agni, while holy rites advance; Agni, the first in songs, first with the warrior steed; Agni to win the land for us.

13

May Agni who is Lord of wealth vouchsafe us food for friendship sake. Agni we ever seek for seed and progeny, the Vasu who protects our lives.

14

Solicit with your chants, for help, Agni the God with piercing flame, For riches famous Agni, Purumilha and ye men! Agni to light our dwelling well.

15

Agni we laud that he may keep our foes afar, Agni to give us health and strength. Let him as Guardian be invoked in all the tribes, the lighter-up of glowing brands.

HYMN LXI. Agni.

1

PREPARE oblation: let him come; and let the minister serve again Who knows the ordering thereof,

2

Rejoicing in his friendship, let the priest be seated over man, Beside the shoot of active power.

3

Him, glowing bright beyond all thought, they seek among the race of man; With him for tongue they seize the food.

4

He hath inflamed the twofold plain: life giving, he hath climbed the wood, And with his tongue hath struck the rock.

5

Wandering here the radiant Calf finds none to fetter him, and seeks The Mother to declare his praise.

6

And now that great and mighty team, the team of horses that are his, And traces of his car, are seen.

7

The seven milk a single cow; the two set other five to work, On the stream's loud-resounding bank.

8

Entreated by Vivasvan's ten, Indra cast down the water-jar With threefold hammer from the sky.

9

Three times the newly-kindled flame proceeds around the sacrifice: The priests anoint it with the meath.

10

With reverence they drain the fount that circles with its wheel above, Exhaustless, with the mouth below.

11

The pressing-stones are set at work: the meath is poured into the tank, At the out-shedding of the fount.

12

Ye cows, protect the fount: the two Mighty Ones bless the sacrifice. The handles twain are wrought of gold.

13

Pour on the juice the ornament which reaches both the heaven and earth Supply the liquid to the Bull.

14

These know their own abiding–place: like calves beside the mother cows They meet together with their kin.

15

Devouring in their greedy jaws, they make sustaining food in heaven, To Indra, Agni light and prayer.

16

The Pious One milked out rich food, sustenance dealt in portions seven, Together with the Sun's seven rays.

17

I took some Soma when the Sun rose up, O Mitra, Varuna. That is the sick man's medicine.

18

From where oblations must be laid, which is the Well–beloved's home, He with his tongue hath compassed heaven.

HYMN LXII. Asvins.

1

ROUSE ye for him who keeps the Law, yoke your steeds, Aiyins, to your car Let your protecting help be near.

2

Come, Asvins, with your car more swift than is the twinkling of an eye Let your protecting help be near.

3

Asvins, ye overlaid with cold the fiery pit for Atri's sake: Let your protecting help be near.

4

Where are ye? whither are ye gone? whither, like falcons, have ye flown? Let your protecting help be near.

5

If ye at any time this day are listening to this my call, Let your protecting help be near.

6

The Asvins, first to hear our prayer, for closest kinship I approach: Let your protecting help be near.

7

For Atri ye, O Asvins, made a dwelling place to shield him well, Let your protecting help be near.

8

Ye warded off the fervent heat for Atri when he sweetly spake: Let your protecting help be near.

9

Erst Saptavadbri by his prayer obtained the trenchant edge of fire: Let your protecting help be near.

10

Come hither, O ye Lords of wealth, and listen to this call of mine: Let your protecting help be near.

11

What is this praise told forth of you as Elders in the ancient way? Let your protecting help be near.

12

One common brotherhood is yours, Asvins your kindred is the same: Let your protecting help be near.

13

This is your chariot, Asvins, which speeds through the regions, earth and heaven Let your protecting aid be near.

14

Approach ye hitherward to us with thousands both of steeds and kine: Let your protecting help be near.

15

Pass us not by, remember us with thousands both of kine and steeds: Let your protecting help be near.

16

The purple-tinted Dawn hath risen, and true to Law hath made the light Let your protecting help be near.

17

He looked upon the Asvins, as an axearmed man upon a tree: Let your protecting help be near.

18

By the black band encompassed round, break it down, bold one, like a fort. Let your protecting help be near.

HYMN LXIII. Agni.

1

EXERTING all our strength with thoughts of power we glorify in speech Agni your dear familiar Friend, the darling Guest in every home.

2

Whom, served with sacrificial oil like Mitra, men presenting gifts Eulogize with their songs of praise

3

Much-lauded Jatavedas, him who bears oblations up to heaven Prepared in service of the Gods.

4

To noblest Agni, Friend of man, best Vrtra-slayer, are we come, Him in whose presence Rksa's son, mighty Srutarvan, waxes great;

5

To deathless Jatavedas, meet for praise, adored, with sacred oil, Visible through the gloom of night

6

Even Agni whom these priestly men worship with sacrificial gifts, With lifted ladles offering them.

7

O Agni, this our newest hymn hath been addressed from us to thee, O cheerful Guest, well-born, most wise, worker of wonders, ne'er deceived.

8

Agni, may it be dear to thee, most grateful, and exceeding sweet: Grow mightier, eulogized therewith.

9

Splendid with splendours may it be, and in the battle with the foe Add loftier glory to thy fame.

10

Steed, cow, a lord of heroes, bright like Indra, who shall fill the car. Whose high renown ye celebrate, and people praise each glorious deed.

11

Thou whom Gopavana made glad with song, O Agni Angiras, Hear this my call, thou Holy One.

12

Thou whom the priestly folk implore to aid the gathering of the spoil, Such be thou in the

fight with foes.

13

I, called to him who reels with joy, Srutarvan, Rksa's son, shall stroke
The heads of four presented steeds, like the long wool of fleecy rams.

14

Four coursers with a splendid car, Savistha's horses, fleet of foot, Shall bring me to the
sacred feast, as flying steeds brought Tugra's son.

15

The very truth do I declare to thee, Parusni, mighty flood. Waters! no man is there who
gives more horses than Savistha gives.

HYMN LXIV. Agni.

1

YOKE, Agni, as a charioteer, thy steeds who best invite the Gods: As ancient Herald seat
thyself.

2

And, God, as skilfullest of all, call for us hitherward the Gods: Give all our wishes sure
effect.

3

For thou, Most Youthful, Son of Strength, thou to whom sacrifice is paid, Art holy, faithful to
the Law.

4

This Agni, Lord of wealth and spoil hundredfold, thousandfold, is head And chief of riches
and a Sage.

5

As craftsmen bend the felly, so bend at our general call: come nigh, Angiras, to the
sacrifice.

6

Now, O Virupa, rouse for him, Strong God who shines at early morn, Fair praise with voice
that ceases not.

7

With missile of this Agni, his who looks afar, will we lay low The thief in combat for the kine.

8

Let not the Companies of Gods fail us, like Dawns that float away, Like cows who leave the
niggardly.

9

Let not the sinful tyranny of any fiercely hating foe Smite us, as billows smite a ship.

10

O Agni, God, the people sing reverent praise to thee for strength: With terrors trouble thou the foe.

11

Wilt thou not, Agni, lend us aid in winning cattle, winning wealth? Maker of room, make room for us.

12

In this great battle cast us not aside as one who bears a load: Snatch up the wealth and win it all.

13

O Agni, let this plague pursue and fright another and not us: Make our impetuous strength more strong.

14

The reverent or unwearied man whose holy labour he accepts, Him Agni favours with success.

15

Abandoning the foeman's host pass hither to this company: Assist the men with whom I stand.

16

As we have known thy gracious help, as of a Father, long ago, So now we pray to thee for bliss.

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HYMN LXV. Indra.

NOT to forsake me, I invoke this Indra girt by Maruts, Lord Of magic power who rules with might.

2

This Indra with his Marut Friends clave into pieces Vrtra's bead With hundred-knotted thunderbolt.

3

Indra, with Marut Friends grown strong, hath rent asunder Vrtra, and Released the waters of the sea.

4

This is that Indra who, begirt [sic] by Maruts, won the light of heaven That he might drink the Soma juice.

5

Mighty, impetuous, begirt [sic] by Maruts, him who loudly roars, Indra we invoke with songs.

6

Indra begirt [sic] by Maruts we invoke after the ancient plan, That he may drink the Soma juice.

7

O liberal Indra, Marut-girt, much-lauded Satakratu, drink The Soma at this sacrifice.

8

To thee, O Indra, Marut-girt, these Soma juices, Thunderer! Are offered from the heart with lauds.

9

Drink, Indra, with thy Marut Friends, pressed Soma at the morning rites, Whetting thy thunderbolt with strength.

10

Arising in thy might, thy jaws thou shookest, Indra, having quaffed The Soma which the mortar pressed.

11

Indra, both worlds complained to thee when uttering thy fearful roar, What time thou smotest Dasyus dead.

12

From Indra have I measured out a song eight-footed with nine parts, Delicate, faithful. to the Law.

HYMN LXVI. Indra.

1

SCARCELY was Satakratu, born when of his Mother he inquired, Who are the mighty? Who are famed?

2

Then Savassi declared to him Aurnavabha, Ahisuva: Son, these be they thou must o'erthrow

3

The Vrtra-slayer smote them all as spokes are hammered into naves: The Dasyu-killer waxed in might.

4

Then Indra at a single draught drank the contents of thirty pails, Pails that were filled with Soma juice.

5

Indra in groundless realms of space pierced the Gandharva through, that he Might make Brahmans' strength increase.

6

Down from the mountains Indra shot hither his well-directed shaft: He gained the ready brew of rice.

7

One only is that shaft of thine, with thousand feathers, hundred barbs, Which, Indra, thou hast made thy friend.

8

Strong as the gbus at thy birth, therewith to those who praise thee, men, And women, bring thou food to eat.

9

By thee these exploits were achieved, the mightiest deeds, abundantly: Firm in thy heart thou settest them.

10

All these things Visnu brought, the Lord of ample stride whom thou hadst sent- A hundred buffaloes, a brew of rice and milk: and Indra, slew the ravening boar

11

Most deadly is thy bow, successful, fashioned well: good is thine arrow, decked with gold.

Warlike and well equipped thine arms are, which increase sweetness for him who drinks the sweet.

HYMN LXVII. Indra.

1

BRING us a thousand, Indra, as our guerdon for the Soma juice: Hundreds of kine, O Hero, bring.

2

Bring cattle, bring us ornament, bring us embellishment and steeds, Give us, besides, two rings of gold.

3

And, Bold One, bring in ample store rich jewels to adorn this ear, For thou, Good Lord, art far renowned.

4

None other is there for the priest, Hero! but thou, to give him gifts, To win much spoil and prosper him.

5

Indra can never be brought low, Sakra can never be subdued: He heareth and beholdeth all.

6

He spieth out the wrath of man, he who can never be deceived: Ere blame can come he marketh it.

7

He hath his stomach full of might, the Vrtra–slayer, Conqueror, The Soma–drinker, ordering all.

8

In thee all treasures are combined, Soma all blessed things in thee, Uninjured, easy to bestow.

9

To thee speeds forth my hope that craves the gift of corn, and kine and gold, Yea, craving horses, speeds to thee.

10

Indra, through hope in thee alone even this sickle do I grasp. Fill my hand, Maghavan, with all that it can hold of barley cut or gathered up.

HYMN LXVIII. Soma.

1

THIS here is Soma, ne'er restrained, active, all-conquering bursting forth, Rsi and Sage by sapience,

2

All that is bare he covers o'er, all that is sick he medicines; The blind man sees, the cripple walks.

3

Thou, Soma, givest wide defence against the hate of alien men, Hatreds that waste and weaken us.

4

Thou by thine insight and thy skill, Impetuous One, from heaven and earth Drivest the sinner's enmity.

5

When to their task they come with zeal, may they obtain the Giver's grace, And satisfy his wish who thirsts.

6

So may he find what erst was lost, so may be speed the pious man, And lengthen his remaining life.

7

Gracious, displaying tender love, unconquered, gentle in thy thoughts, Be sweet, O Soma, to our heart.

8

O Soma, terrify us not; strike us not with alarm, O King: Wound not our heart with dazzling flame.

9

When in my dwelling-place I see the wicked enemies of Gods, King, chase their hatred far away, thou Bounteous One, dispel our foes.

HYMN LXIX. Indra

1

O Sarakratu! truly I have made none else my Comforter. Indra; be gracious unto us.

2

Thou who hast ever aided us kindly of old to win the spoil, As such, O Indra, favour us.

3

What now? As prompter of the poor thou helpst him who sheds the juice. Wilt thou not, Indra, strengthen us?

4

O Indra, help our chariot on, yea, Thunderer, though it lag behind: Give this my car the foremost place.

5

Ho there! why sittest thou at ease? Make thou my chariot to be first And bring the fame of victory near.

6

Assist our car that seeks the prize. What can be easier for thee? So make thou us victorious.

7

Indra, be firm: a fort art thou. To thine appointed place proceeds The auspicious hymn in season due.

8

Let not our portion be disgrace. Broad is the course, the prize is set, The barriers are opened wide.

9

This thing we wish. that thou mayst take thy fourth, thy sacrificial name. So art thou held to be our Lord.

10

Ekadyu hath exalted you, Immortals: both Goddesses and Gods hath he delighted. Bestow upon him bounty meet for praises. May he, enriched with prayer, come soon and early.

HYMN LXX. Indra.

1

INDRA, God of the mighty arm, gather for us with thy right hand Manifold and nutritious spoil.

2

We know thee mighty in thy deeds, of mighty bounty, mighty wealth, Mighty in measure, prompt to aid.

3

Hero, when thou art fain to give, neither may Gods nor mortal men Restrain thee like a fearful Bull.

4

Come, let us glorify Indra, Lord supreme of wealth, Self-ruling King: In bounty may he harm us not.

5

Let prelude sound and following chant so let him hear the Saman sung, And with his bounty

answer us.

6

O Indra, with thy right hand bring, and with thy left remember us. Let us not lose our share of wealth.

7

Come nigh, O Bold One, boldly bring hither the riches of the churl Who giveth least of all the folk.

8

Indra, the booty which thou hast with holy singers to receive, Even that booty win with us.

9

Indra, thy swiftly-coming spoil, the booty which rejoices all, Sounds quick in concert with our hopes.

HYMN LXXI. Indra.

1

HASTE forward to us from afar, or, Vrtra-slayer, from anear, To meet the offering to the meath.

2

Strong are the Soma-draughts; come nigh: the juices fill thee with delight: Drink boldly even as thou art wont'.

3

Joy, Indra, in the strengthening food et it content thy wish and thought, And be delightful to thine heart.

4

Come to us thou who hast no foe: we call thee down to hymns of praise, In heaven's sublimest realm of light.

5

This Soma here expressed with stones and dressed with milk for thy carouse, Indra, is offered up to thee.

6

Graciously, Indra, hear my call. Come and obtain the draught, and sate Thyself with juices blent with milk.

7

The Soma, Indra, which is shed in chalices and vats for thee, Drink thou, for thou art Lord thereof.

8

The Soma seen within the mats, as in the flood the Moon is seen, Drink thou, for thou art Lord thereof.

9

That which the Hawk brought in his claw, inviolate, through the air to thee, Drink thou, for thou art Lord thereof.

HYMN LXXII. Visvedevas.

1

WE choose unto ourselves that high protection of the Mighty Gods That it may help and succour us.

2

May they be ever our allies, Varuna, Mitra, Aryaman, Far-seeing Gods who prosper us.

3

Ye furtherers of holy Law, transport us safe o'er many woes, As over water-floods in ships.

4

Dear wealth be Aryaman to us, Varuna dear wealth meet for praise: Dear wealth we choose unto ourselves.

5

For Sovrans of dear wealth are ye, Adityas, not of sinner's wealth, Ye sapient Gods who slay the foe.

6

We in our homes, ye Bounteous Ones, and while we journey on the road, Invoke you, Gods, to prosper us.

7

Regard us, Indra, Visnu, here, ye Asvins and the Marut host, Us who are kith and kin to you.

8

Ye Bounteous Ones, from time of old we here set forth our brotherhood, Our kinship in the Mother's womb.

9

Then come with Indra for your chief, as early day, ye Bounteous Gods Yea,

1

address you now for this.

HYMN LXXIII. Agni.

1

AGNI, your dearest Guest, I laud, him who is loving as a friend, Who brings us riches like a car.

2

Whom as a far-foreseeing Sage the Gods have, from the olden time, Established among mortal men.

3

Do thou, Most Youthful God, protect the men who offer, hear their songs, And of thyself preserve their seed.

4

What is the praise wherewith, O God, Angiras, Agni, Son of Strength, We, after thine own wish and thought,

5

May serve thee, O thou Child of Power, and with what sacrifice's plan? What prayer shall I now speak to thee?

6

Our God, make all of us to dwell in happy habitations, and Reward our songs with spoil and wealth.

7

Lord of the house, what plenty fills the songs which thou inspirest now, Thou whose hymn helps to win the kine?

8

Him Wise and Strong they glorify, the foremost Champion in the fray, And mighty in his dwelling-place.

9

Agni, he dwells in rest and peace who smites and no one smites again: With hero sons he prospers well

HYMN LXXIV. Asvins.

1

To this mine invocation, O ye Asvins, ye Nasatyas, come, To drink the savoury Soma juice.

2

This laud of mine, ye Asvins Twain, and this mine invitation hear, To drink the savoury Soma juice.

3

Here Krsna is invoking you, O Asvins, Lords of ample wealth. To drink the savoury Soma juice.

4

List, Heroes, to the singer's call, the call of Krsna lauding you, To drink the savoury Soma juice.

5

Chiefs, to the sage who sings your praise grant an inviolable home, To drink the savoury Soma juice.

6

Come to the worshipper's abode, Asvins, who here is lauding you, To drink the savoury Soma juice.

7

Yoke to the firmly jointed car the ass which draws you, Lords of wealth. To drink the savoury Soma juice.

8

Come hither, Asvins, on your car of triple form with triple seat, To drink the savoury Soma juice.

9

O Asvins, O Nasatyas, now accept with favouring grace my songs, To drink the savoury Soma juice.

HYMN LXXV. Asvins.

1

YE Twain are wondrous strong, well-skilled in arts that heal, both bringers of delight, ye both won Daksa's praise. Visvaka calls on you as such to save his life. Break ye not off our friendship, come and set me free.

2

How shall he praise you now who is distraught in mind? Ye Twain give wisdom for the gain of what is good. Visvaka calls on you as such to save his life. Break ye not off our friendship, come and set me free.

3

Already have ye Twain, possessors of great wealth, prospered Visnapu [sic] thus for gain of what is good. Visvaka calls on you as such to save his life. Break ye not off our friendship, come and set me free.

4

And that Impetuous Hero, winner of the spoil, though he is far away, we call to succour us, Whose gracious favour, like a father's, is most sweet. Break ye not off our friendship, come and set me free.

5

About the holy Law toils Savitar the God the horn of holy Law hath he spread far and wide.

The holy Law hath quelled even mighty men of war. Break ye not off our friendship, come and act me free.

HYMN LXXVI. Asvins.

1

SPLENDID, O Asvins, is your praise. Come fountain-like, to pour the stream. Of the sweet juice effused—dear is it, Chiefs, in heaven—drink like two wild bulls at a pool.

2

Drink the libation rich in sweets, O Asvins Twain: sit. Heroes, on the sacred grass. Do ye with joyful heart in the abode of man preserve his life by means of wealth.

3

The Priyamedhas bid you come with all the succours that are yours. Come to his house whose holy grass is trimmed, to dear sacrifice at the morning rites.

4

Drink ye the Soma rich in meath, ye Asvins Twain: sit gladly on the sacred grass. So, waxen mighty, to our eulogy from heaven come ye as wild-bulls to the pool.

5

Come to us, O ye Asvins, now with steeds of many a varied hue, Ye Lords of splendour, wondrous, borne on paths of gold, drink Soma, ye who strengthen Law.

6

For we the priestly singers, fain to hymn your praise, invoke you for the gain of strength. So, wondrous, fair, and famed for great deeds come to us, through our hymn, Asvins, when ye hear.

HYMN LXXVII. Indra.

1

As cows low to their calves in stalls, so with our songs we glorify This Indra, even your Wondrous God who checks attack, who joys in the delicious juice.

2

Celestial, bounteous Giver, girt about with might, rich, mountain-like, in precious things, Him swift we seek. for foodful booty rich in kine, brought hundredfold and thousandfold.

3

Indra, the strong and lofty hills are powerless to bar thy way. None stay that act of thine when thou wouldst fain give wealth to one like me who sings thy praise.

4

A Warrior thou by strength, wisdom, and wondrous deed, in might excellest all that is. Hither may this our hymn attract thee to our help, the hymn which Gotamas have made.

5

For in thy might thou stretchest out beyond the boundaries of heaven. The earthly region, Indra, comprehends thee not. After thy Godhead hast thou waxed.

6

When, Maghavan, thou honourest the worshipper, no one is there to stay thy wealth. Most liberal Giver thou, do thou inspire our song of praise, that we may win the spoil.

HYMN LXXVIII. Indra.

1

To Indra sing the lofty hymn, Maruts that slays the Vrtras best. Whereby the Holy Ones created for the God the light divine that ever wakes.

2

Indra who quells the curse blew curses far away, and then in splendour came to us. Indra, refulgent with thy Marut host! the Gods strove eagerly to win thy love.

3

Sing to your lofty Indra, sing, Maruts, a holy hymn of praise. Let Satakratu, Vrtra–slayer, kill the foe with hundred–knotted thunderbolt.

4

Aim and fetch boldly forth, O thou whose heart is bold: great glory will be thine thereby. In rapid torrent let the mother waters spread. Slay Vrtra, win the light of heaven.

5

When thou, unequalled Maghavan, wast born to smite the Vrtras dead, Thou spreadest out the spacious earth and didst support and prop the heavens.

6

Theri [sic] was the sacrifice produced for thee, the laud, and song of joy, Thou in thy might surpassesst all, all that now is and yet shall be.

7

Raw kine thou filledst with ripe milk. Thou madest Surya rise to heaven., Heat him as milk is heated with pure Sama hymns, great joy to him who loves the song.

HYMN LXXIX. Indra.

1

MAY Indra, who in every fight must be invoked, be near to us. May the most mighty Vrtra–slayer, meet for praise, come to libations and to hymns.

2

Thou art the best of all in sending bounteous gifts, true art thou, lordly in thine act. We claim alliance with the very Glorious One, yea, with the Mighty Son of Strength.

3

Prayers unsurpassed are offered up to thee the Lover of the Song. Indra, Lord of Bay Steeds, accept these fitting hymns, hymns which we have thought out for thee.

4

For thou, O Maghavan, art truthful, ne'er subdued and bringest many a Vrtra low. As such, O Mightiest Lord, Wielder of Thunder, send wealth hither to the worshipper.

5

O Indra, thou art far-renowned, impetuous, O Lord of Strength. Alone thou slayest with the guardian of mankind resistless never-conquered foes.

6

As such we seek thee now, O Asura, thee most wise, craving thy bounty as our share. Thy sheltering defence is like a mighty cloak. So may thy glories reach to us.

HYMN LXXX. Indra.

1

DOWN to the stream a maiden came, and found the Soma by the way. Bearing it to her home she said, For Indra will I press thee out, for Sakra will I press thee out.

2

Thou roaming yonder, little man, beholding every house in turn, Drink thou this Soma pressed with teeth, accompanied with grain and curds, with cake of meal and song of praise.

3

Fain would we learn to know thee well, nor yet can we attain to thee. Still slowly and in gradual drops, O Indu, unto Indra flow.

4

Will he not help and work for us? Will he not make us wealthier? Shall we not, hostile to our lord, unite ourselves to Indra now?

5

O Indra, cause to sprout again three places, these which I declare,– My father's head, his cultured field, and this the part below my waist.

6

Make all of these grow crops of hair, you cultivated field of ours, My body, and my father's head.

7

Cleansing Apala, Indra! thrice, thou gavest sunlike skin to her, Drawn, Satakratu! through the hole of car, of wagon, and of yoke.

HYMN LXXXI. Indra

1

INVITE ye Indra with a song to drink your draught of Soma juice, All-conquering Satakratu, most munificent of all who live.

2

Lauded by many, much-invoked, leader of song, renowned of old: His name is Indra, tell it forth.

3

Indra the Dancer be to us the giver of abundant strength: May he, the mighty, bring it near.

4

Indra whose jaws are strong hath drunk of worshipping Sudaksa's draught, The Soma juice with barley mixt.

5

Call Indra loudly with your songs of praise to drink the Soma juice. For this is what augments his strength.

6

When he hath drunk its gladdening drops, the God with vigour of a God Hath far surpassed all things that are.

7

Thou speedest down to succour us this ever-conquering God of yours, Him who is drawn to all our songs

8

The Warrior not to be restrained, the Soma-drinker ne'er o'erthrown, The Chieftain of resistless might.

9

O Indra, send us riches, thou Omniscient, worthy of our praise: Help us in the decisive fray.

10

Even thence, O Indra, come to us with food that gives a hundred powers, With food that gives a thousand powers.

11

We sought the wisdom of the wise. Sakra, Kine-giver, Thunder-armed! May we with steeds o'ercome in fight.

12

We make thee, Satakratu, find enjoyment in the songs we sing. Like cattle in the pasture lands.

13

For, Satakratu, Thunder-armed, all that we craved, as men are wont, All that we hoped,

have we attained.

14

Those, Son of Strength, are come to thee who cherish wishes in their hearts O Indra, none excelleth thee.

15

So, Hero, guard us with thy care, with thy most liberal providence, Speedy, and terrible to foes.

16

O Satakratu Indra, now rejoice with that carouse of thine Which is most splendid of them all

17

Even, Indra, that carouse which slays the Vrtras best, most widely famed, Best giver of thy power and might.

18

For that which is thy gift we know, true Soma-drinker, Thunder-armed, Mighty One, amid all the folk.

19

For Indra, Lover of Carouse, loud be our songs about the juice: Let poets sing the song of praise.

20

We summon Indra to the draught, in whom all glories rest, in whom The seven communities rejoice.

21

At the Trikadrukas the Gods span sacrifice that stirs the mind: Let our songs aid and prosper it.

22

Let the drops pass within thee as the rivers flow into the sea: O Indra, naught excelleth thee.

23

Thou, wakeful Hero, by thy might hast taken food of Soma juice, Which, Indra, is within thee now.

24

O Indra, Vrtra-slayer, let Soma be ready for thy maw, The drops be ready for thy forms.

25

Now Srutakaksa sings his song that cattle and the steed may come, That Indra's very self may come.

26

Here, Indra, thou art ready by our Soma juices shed for thee, Sakra, at hand that thou mayst give.

27

Even from far away our songs reach thee, O Caster of the Stone: May we come very close to thee.

28

For so thou art the hero's Friend, a Hero, too, art thou, and strong: So may thine heart be won to us.

29

So hath the offering, wealthiest Lord, been paid by all the worshippers: So dwell thou, Indra, even with me.

30

Be not thou like a slothfid [sic] priest, O Lord of spoil and wealth: rejoice In the pressed Soma blent with milk.

31

O Indra, let not ill designs surround us in the sunbeams' light: This may we gain with thee for Friend.

32

With thee to help us, Indra, let us answer all our enemies: For thou art ours and we are thine.

33

Indra, the poets and thy friends, faithful to thee, shall loudly sing Thy praises as they follow thee.

HYMN LXXXII. Indra.

1

SURYA, thou mountest up to meet the Hero famous for his wealth, Who hurls the bolt and works for man

2

Him who with might of both his arms brake nine-and-ninety castles down, Slew Vrtra and smote Ahi dead.

3

This Indra is our gracious Friend. He sends us in a full broad stream Riches in horses, kine, and corn.

4

Whatever, Vrtra-slayer! thou, Surya, hast risen upon to-day, That, Indra, all is in thy power.

5

When, Mighty One, Lord of the brave, thou thinkest thus, I shall not die, That thought of thine is true indeed.

6

Thou, Indra, goest unto all Soma libations shed for thee, Both far away and near at hand.

7

We make this Indra very strong to strike the mighty Vrtra dead: A vigorous Hero shall he be.

8

Indra was made for giving, set, most mighty, o'er the joyous draught. Bright, meet for Soma, famed in song.

9

By song as 'twere, the powerful bolt which none may parry was prepared Lofty, invincible he grew.

10

Indra, Song-lover, lauded, make even in the wilds fair ways for us, Whenever, Maghavan, thou wilt.

11

Thou whose commandment and behest of sovran sway none disregards, Neither audacious man nor God.

12

And both these Goddesses, Earth, Heaven, Lord of the beauteous helm! revere Thy might which no one may resist.

13

Thou in the black cows and the red and in the cows with spotted skin This white milk hast deposited.

14

When in their terror all the Gods shrank from the Dragon's furious might, Fear of the monster fell on them.

15

Then he was my Defender, then, Invincible, whose foe is not, The Vrtra-slayer showed his might.

16

Him your best Vrtra-slayer, him the famous Champion of mankind I urge to great munificence,

17

To come, Much-lauded! Many-named with this same thought that longs for milk, Whene'er

the Soma juice is shed.

18

Much-honoured by libations, may the Vrtra-slayer wake for us: May Sakra listen to our prayers.

19

O Hero, with that aid dost thou delight us, with what succour bring Riches to those who worship thee?

20

With whose libation joys the Strong, the Hero with his team who quells The foe, to drink the Soma juice?

21

Rejoicing in thy spirit bring thousandfold opulence to us: Enrich thy votary with gifts.

22

These juices with their wedded wives flow to enjoyment lovingly: To waters speeds the restless one.

23

Presented strengthening gifts have sent Indra away at sacrifice, With might, onto the cleansing bath.

24

These two who share his feast, Bay Steeds with golden manes, shall bring him to The banquet that is laid for him.

25

For thee, O Lord of Light, are shed these Soma-drops, and grass is strewn Bring Indra to his worshippers.

26

May Indra give thee skill, and lights of heaven, wealth to his votary And priests who praise him: laud ye him.

27

O Satakratu, wondrous strength and all our lauds I bring to thee: Be gracious to thy worshippers.

28

Bring to us all things excellent, O Satakratu, food and strength: For, Indra, thou art kind to us.

29

O Satakratu, bring to us all blessings, all felicity: For, Indra, thou art kind to us.

30

Bearing the Soma juice we call, best Vrtra–slayer, unto thee: For, Indra, thou art kind to us.

31

Come, Lord of rapturous, joys, to our libation with thy Bay Steeds, come To our libation with thy Steeds.

32

Known as best Vrtra–slayer erst, as Indra Satakratu, come With Bay Steeds to the juice we shed.

33

O Vrtra–slayer, thou art he who drinks these drops of Soma: come With Bay Steeds to the juice we shed.

34

May Indra give, to aid us, wealth handy that rules the Skilful Ones: Yea, may the Strong give potent wealth.

HYMN LXXXIII. Maruts.

1

THE Cow, the famous Mother of the wealthy Maruts, pours her milk: Both horses of the cars are yoked,—

2

She in whose bosom all the Gods, and Sun and Moon for men to see, Maintain their everlasting Laws.

3

This all the pious sing to us, and sacred poets evermore: The Maruts to the Soma–draught

4

Here is the Soma ready pressed of this the Maruts drink, of this Self–luminous the Asvins drink.

5

Of this, moreover, purified, set in three places, procreant, Drink Varuna, Mitra, Aryaman.

6

And Indra, like the Herald Priest, desirous of the milky juice, At early morn will quaff thereof.

7

When have the Princes gleamed and shone through waters as through troops of foes'?
When hasten they whose might is pure?

8

What favour do I claim this day of you great Deities, you who are Wondrously splendid in

yourselves?

9

1

call, to drink the Soma, those Maruts who spread all realms of earth And luminous regions of the sky.

10

You, even such, pure in your might, you, O ye Maruts, I invoke From heaven to drink this Soma juice.

11

The Maruts, those who have sustained and propped the heavens and earth apart, I call to drink this Soma juice.

12

That vigorous band of Maruts that abideth in the mountains, I Invoke to drink this Soma juice.

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HYMN LXXXIV. Indra.

1

SONG–LOVER! like a charioteer come songs to thee when Soma flows. O Indra, they have called to thee as mother–kine unto their calves.

2

Bright juices hitherward have sped thee, Indra, Lover of the Song. Drink, Indra, of this flowing sap: in every house 'tis set for thee.

3

Drink Soma to inspirit thee, juice, Indra, which the Falcon brought: For thou art King and Sovran Lord of all the families of men.

4

O Indra, hear Tirasci's call, the call of him who serveth thee. Satisfy him with wealth of kine and valiant offspring: Great art thou.

5

For he, O Indra, hath produced for thee the newest gladdening song, A hymn that springs from careful thought, ancient, and full of sacred truth.

6

That Indra will we laud whom songs and hymns of praise have magnified. Striving to win, we celebrate his many deeds of hero might.

7

Come now and let us glorify pure Indra with pure Sama hymns. Let the pure milky draught delight him strengthened by pure songs of praise.

8

O Indra, come thou pure to us, with pure assistance, pure thyself. Pure, send thou riches down to us, and, meet for Soma, pure, be glad.

9

O Indra, pure, vouchsafe us wealth, and, pure, enrich the worshipper. Pure, thou dost strike the Vrtras dead, and strivest, pure, to win the spoil.

HYMN LXXXV. Indra.

1

FOR him the Mornings made their courses longer, and Nights with pleasant voices spake to Indra. For him the Floods stood still, the Seven Mothers, Streams easy for the heroes to

pass over.

2

The Darter penetrated, though in trouble, thrice–seven close–pressed ridges of the mountains. Neither might God nor mortal man accomplish what the Strong Hero wrought in full–grown vigour.

3

The mightiest force is Indra's bolt of iron when firmly grasped in both the arms of Indra. His head and mouth have powers that pass all others, and all his people hasten near to listen.

4

1

count thee as the Holiest of the Holy, the caster–down of what hath ne'er been shaken. I count thee as the Banner of the heroes, I count thee as the Chief of all men living.

5

What time, O Indra, in thine arms thou tookest thy wildly rushing bolt to Slay the Dragon, The mountains roared, the cattle loudly bellowed, the Brahmans with their hymns drew nigh to Indra.

6

Let us praise him who made these worlds and creatures, all things that after him sprang into being. May we win Mitra with our songs, and Indra, and. wait upon our Lord with adoration.

7

Flying in terror from the snort of Vrtra, all Deities who were thy friends forsook thee. So, Indra, be thy friendship with the Maruts: in all these battles thou shalt be the victor.

8

Thrice–sixty Maruts, waxing strong, were with thee, like piles of beaming light, worthy of worship. We come to thee: grant us a happy portion. Let us adore thy might with this oblation.

9

A sharpened weapon is the host of Maruts. Who, Indra, dares withstand thy bolt of thunder? Weaponless are the Asuras, the godless: scatter them with thy wheel, Impetuous Hero.

10

To him the Strong and Mighty, most auspicious, send up the beauteous hymn for sake of cattle. Lay oa [sic] his body many songs for Indra invoked with song, for will not he regard them?

11

To him, the Mighty, who accepts laudation, send forth thy thought as by a boat o'er rivers, Stir with thy hymn the body of the Famous and Dearest One, for will not he regard it?

12

Serve him with gifts of thine which Indra welcomes: praise with fair praise, invite him with thine homage. Draw near, O singer, and refrain from outcry. Make thy voice heard, for will not he regard it?

13

The Black Drop sank in Amsumati's bosom, advancing with ten thousand round about it. Indra with might longed for it as it panted: the hero-hearted laid aside his weapons.

14

1

saw the Drop in the far distance moving, on the slope bank of Amsumati's river, Like a black cloud that sank into the water. Heroes, I send you forth. Go, fight in battle.

15

And then the Drop in Amsumati's bosom, splendid with light, assumed its proper body; And Indra, with Brhaspati to aid him, conquered the godless tribes that came against him.

16

Then, at thy birth, thou wast the foeman, Indra, of those the seven who ne'er had met a rival. The hidden Pair, the Heaven and Earth, thou foundest, and to the mighty worlds thou gavest pleasure.

17

So, Thunder-armed! thou with thy bolt of thunder didst boldly smite that power which none might equal; With weapons broughtest low the might of Susna, and, Indra, foundest by thy strength the cattle.

18

Then wast thou, Chieftain of all living mortals, the very mighty slayer of the Vrtras. Then didst thou set the obstructed rivers flowing, and win the floods that were enthralled by Dasas.

19

Most wise is he, rejoicing in libations, splendid as day, resistless in his anger. He only doth great deeds, the only Hero, sole Vrtra-slayer he, with none beside him.

20

Indra is Vrtra's slayer, man's sustainer: he must be called; with fair praise let us call him. Maghavan is our Helper, our Protector, giver of spoil and wealth to make us famous.

21

This Indra, Vrtra-slayer, this Rbhuksan, even at his birth, was meet for invocation. Doer of many deeds for man's advantage, like Soma quaffed, for friends we must invoke him.

HYMN LXXXVI. Indra.

1

O INDRA, Lord of Light, what joys thou broughtest from the Asuras, Prosper therewith, O Maghavan, him who lauds that deed, and those whose grass is trimmed for thee.

2

The unwasting share of steeds and kine which, Indra, thou hast fast secured, Grant to the worshipper who presses Soma and gives guerdon, not unto the churl.

3

The riteless, godless man who sleeps, O Indra, his unbroken steep,— May he by following his own devices die. Hide from him wealth that nourishes.

4

Whether, O Sakra, thou be far, or, Vrtra—slayer, near at hand, Thence by heaven—reaching songs he who hath pressed the juice invites thee with thy long—maned Steeds.

5

Whether thou art in heaven's bright sphere, or in the basin of the sea; Whether, chief Vrtra—slayer, in some place on earth, or in the firmament, approach.

6

Thou Soma—drinker, Lord of Strength, beside our flowing Soma juice Delight us with thy bounty rich in pleasantness, O Indra, with abundant wealth.

7

O Indra, turn us not away: be the companion of our feast. For thou art our protection, yea, thou art our kin: O Indra, turn us not away.

8

Sit down with us, O Indra, sit beside the juice to drink the meath. Show forth great favour to the Singer, Maghavan; Indra, with us, beside the juice.

9

O Caster of the Stone, nor Gods nor mortals have attained to thee. Thou in thy might surpasses all that hath been made: the Gods have not attained to thee.

10

Of one accord they made and formed for kingship Indra, the Hero who in all encounters overcometh, Most eminent for power, destroyer in the conflict, fierce and exceeding strong, stalwart and full of vigour.

11

Bards joined in song to Indra so that he might drink the Soma juice, The Lord of Light, that he whose laws stand fast might aid with power and with the help he gives.

12

The holy sages form a ring, looking and singing to the Ram. Inciters, full of vigour, not to be deceived, are with the chanters, nigh to bear.

13

Loudly I call that Indra, Maghavan the Mighty, who evermore possesses power, ever resistless. Holy, most liberal, may he lead us on to riches, and, Thunder-armed, make all our pathways pleasant for us.

14

Thou knowest well, O Sakra, thou Most Potent, with thy strength, Indra, to destroy these castles. Before thee, Thunder-armed! all beings tremble: the heavens and earth before thee shake with terror,

15

May thy truth, Indra, Wondrous Hero be my guard: bear me o'er much woe, Thunderer! as over floods. When, Indra, wilt thou honour us with opulence, all-nourishing and much-to-be. desired, O King?

HYMN LXXXVII. Indra.

1

To Indra sing a Sama hymn, a lofty song to Lofty Sage, To him who guards the Law, inspired, and fain for praise.

2

Thou, Indra, art the Conqueror: thou gavest splendour to the Sun. Maker of all things, thou art Mighty and All-God.

3

Radiant with light thou wentest to the sky, the luminous realm of heaven. ne [sic] Deities, Indra strove to win thee for their Friend.

4

Come unto us, O Indra, dear, still conquering, unconcealable, Vast as a mountain spread on all sides, Lord of Heaven.

5

O truthful Soma-drinker, thou art mightier than both the worlds. Thou strengthenest him who pours libation, Lord of Heaven.

6

For thou art he, O Indra, who stormeth all castles of the foe, Slayer of Dasyus, man's Supporter, Lord of Heaven.

7

Now have we, Indra, Friend of Song, sent our great wishes forth to thee, Coming like floods that follow floods.

8

As rivers swell the ocean, so, Hero, our prayers increase thy might, Though of thyself, O Thunderer, waxing day by day.

9

With holy song mey [sic] bind to the broad wide–yoked car the Bay Steeds of the rapid God, Bearers of Indra, yoked by word.

10

O Indra, bring great strength to us, bring valour, Satakratu, thou most active, bring A hero conquering in war.

11

For, gracious Satakratu, thou hast ever been a Mother and a Sire to us, So now for bliss we pray to thee.

12

To thee, Strong, Much–invoked, who showest forth thy strength, O Satakratu, do I speak: So grant thou us heroic strength.

HYMN LXXXVIII. Indra.

1

O THUNDERER, zealous worshippers gave thee drink this time yesterday. So, Indra, listen here to those who bring the laud: come near unto our dwelling place.

2

Lord of Bay Steeds, fair–helmed, rejoice thee: this we crave. Here the disposers wait on thee. Thy loftiest glories claim our lauds beside the juice, O Indra, Lover of the Song.

3

Turning, as 'twere, to meet the Sun, enjoy from Indra all good things. When he who will be born is born with power we look to treasures as our heritage.

4

Praise him who sends us wealth, whose bounties injure none: good are the gifts which Indra. grants. He is not worth with one who satisfies his wish: he turns his mind to giving boons.

5

Thou in thy battles, Indra, art subduer of all hostile bands. Father art thou, all–conquering, cancelling the curse, thou victor of the vanquisher.

6

The Earth and Heaven clung close to thy victorious might as to their calf two mother–cows. When thou attackest Vrtra all the hostile bands shrink and faint, Indra, at thy wrath.

7

Bring to your aid the Eternal One, who shoots and none may shoot at him, Inciter, swift, victorious, best of Charioteers. Tugrya's unvanquished Strengtheners;

8

Arranger of things unarranged, e'en Satakratu, source of might, Indra, the Friend of all, for succour we invoke, Guardian of treasure, sending wealth.

HYMN LXXXIX Indra. Vak.

1

I MOVE before thee here present in person, and all the Deities follow behind me. When, Indra, thou securest me my portion, with me thou shalt perform heroic actions.

2

The food of meath in foremost place I give thee, thy Soma shall be pressed, thy share appointed. Thou on my right shalt be my friend and comrade: then shall we two smite dead full many a foeman.

3

Striving for strength bring forth a laud to Indra, a truthful hymn if he in truth existeth. One and another say, There is no Indra. Who hath beheld him? Whom then shall we honour?

4

Here am I, look upon me here, O singer. All that existeth

1

surpass in greatness. The Holy Law's commandments make me mighty. Rending with strength I rend the worlds asunder.

5

When the Law's lovers mounted and approached me as

1

sate lone upon the dear sky's summit. Then spake my spirit to the heart within me, My friends have cried unto me with their children.

6

All these thy deeds must be declared at Soma-feasts, wrought, Indra, Bounteous Lord, for him who sheds the juice, When thou didst open wealth heaped up by many, brought from far away to Sarablia, the Rsi's kin.

7

Now run ye forth your several ways: he is not here who kept you back. For hath not Indra sunk his bolt deep down in Vrtra's vital part?

8

On-rushing with the speed of thought within the iron fort he pressed: The Falcon went to heaven and brought the Soma to the Thunderer.

9

Deep in the ocean lies the bolt with waters compassed round about, And in continuous

onward flow the floods their tribute bring to it.

10

When, uttering words which no one comprehended, Vak, Queen of Gods, the Gladdener, was seated, The heaven's four regions drew forth drink and vigour: now whither hath her noblest portion vanished?

11

The Deities generated Vak the Goddess, and animals of every figure speak her. May she, the Gladdener, yielding food and vigour, the Milch-cow Vak, approach us meetly lauded.

12

Step forth with wider stride, my comrade Visnu; make room, Dyaus, for the leaping of the lightning. Let us slay Vrtra, let us free the rivers let them flow loosed at the command of Indra.

HYMN XC. Various.

1

YEA, specially that mortal man hath toiled for service of the Gods, Who quickly hath brought near Mitra and Varuna. to share his sacrificial gifts.

2

Supreme in sovran power, far-sighted, Chiefs and Kings, most swift to hear from far away, Both, wondrously, set them in motion as with arms, in company with Surya's beams.

3

The rapid messenger who runs before you, Mitra-Varuna, with iron head, swift to the draught,

4

He whom no man may question, none may summon back, who stands not still for colloquy,- From hostile clash with him keep ye us safe this day: keep us in safety with your arms.

5

To Aryaman and Mitra sing a reverent song, O pious one, A pleasant hymn that shall protect to Varuna: sing forth a laud unto the Kings.

6

The true, Red Treasure they have sent, one only Son born of the Three. They, the Immortal Ones, never deceived, survey the families of mortal men.

7

My songs are lifted up, and acts most splendid are to be performed. Come hither, ye Nasatyas, with accordant mind, to meet and to enjoy my gifts.

8

Lords of great wealth, when we invoke your bounty which no demon checks, Both of you, furthering our eastward-offered praise, come, Chiefs whom Jamadagni lauds!

9

Come, Vayu, drawn by fair hymns, to our sacrifice that reaches heaven. Poured on the middle of the straining cloth, and cooked, this bright drink hath been offered ilice [sic].

10

He comes by straightest paths, as ministering Priest, to taste the sacrificial gifts. Then, Lord of harnessed teams I drink of the twofold draught, bright Soma mingled with the milk.

11

Verily, Surya, thou art great; truly, Aditya, thou art great. As thou art great indeed, thy greatness is admired: yea, verily, thou, God, art great.

12

Yea, Surya, thou art great in fame thou evermore, O God, art great. Thou by thy greatness art the Gods' High Priest, divine, far-spread unconquerable light.

13

She yonder, bending lowly down, clothed in red hues and rich in rays, Is seen, advancing as it were with various tints, amid the ten surrounding arms.

14

Past and gone are three mortal generations: the fourth and last into the Sun hath entered. He mid the worlds his lofty place hath taken. Into green plants is gone the Purifying.

15

The Rudras' Mother, Daughter of the Vasus, centre of nectar, the Adityas' Sister- To folk who understand will

1

proclaim it-injure not Aditi, the Cow, the sinless.

16

Weak-minded men have as a cow adopted me who came hither from the Gods, a Goddess, Who, skilled in eloquence, her voice uplifteth, who standeth near at hand with all devotions.

HYMN XCI. Agni.

1

LORD of the house, Sage, ever young, high power of life, O Agni, God, Thou givest to thy worshipper.

2

So with our song that prays and serves, attentive, Lord of spreading light, Agni, bring

hitherward the Gods.

3

For, Ever–Youthful One, with thee, best Furtherer, as our ally, We overcome, to win the spoil.

4

As Aurva Bhrgu used, as Apnavana used, I call the pure Agni who clothes him with the sea.

5

1

call the Sage who sounds like wind, the Might that like Parjanya roars, Agni who clothes him with the sea.

6

As Savitar's productive Power, as him who sends down bliss, I call Agni who clothes him with the sea.

7

Hither, for powerful worship, I call Agni, him Who prospers you, Most frequent at our solemn rites

8

That through this famed One's power, he may stand by us even as Tvastar comes Unto the forms that must he shaped.

9

This Agni is the Lord supreme above all glories mid the Gods: May he come nigh to us with strength.

10

Here praise ye him the most renowned of all the ministering Priests, Agni, the Chief at sacrifice;

11

Piercing, with purifying flame, enkindled in our homes, most high, Swiftest to hear from far away.

12

Sage, laud the Mighty One who wins the spoil of victory like a steed, And, Mitra like, unites the folk.

13

Still turning to their aim in thee, the oblation–bearer's sister hymns Have come to thee before the wind.

14

The waters find their place in him, for whom the threefold sacred grass is spread unbound, unlimited.

15

The station of the Bounteous God hath, through his aid which none impair, A pleasant aspect like the Sun.

16

Blazing with splendour, Agni, God, through pious gifts of sacred oil, Bring thou the Gods and worship them.

17

The Gods as mothers brought thee forth, the Immortal Sage, O Angiras, The bearer of our gifts to heaven.

18

Wise Agni, Gods established thee, the Seer, noblest messenger, As bearer of our sacred gifts.

19

No cow have I to call mine own, no axe at hand wherewith to work, Yet what is here I bring to thee.

20

O Agni, whatsoever be the fuel that we lay for thee, Be pleased therewith, Most Youthful God

21

That which the white-ant eats away, that over which the emmet [sic] crawls- May all of this be oil to thee.

22

When he enkindles Agni, man should with his heart attend the song: I with the priests have kindled him.

HYMN XCII. Agni

1

THAT noblest Furtherer hath appeared, to whom men bring their holy works. Our songs of praise have risen aloft to Agni who was born to give the Arya strength.

2

Agni of Divodasa turned, as 'twere in majesty, to the Gods. Onward he sped along the mother earth, and took his station in the height of heaven.

3

Him before whom the people shrink when he performs his glorious deeds, Him who wins

thousands at the worship of the Gods, himself, that Agni, serve with son s.

4

The mortal man whom thou wouldst lead to opulence, O Vasu, he who brings thee gifts. He, Agni, wins himself a hero singing lauds, yea, one who feeds a thousand men.

5

He with the steed wins spoil even in the fenced fort, and gains imperishable fame. In thee, O Lord of wealth, continually we lay all precious offerings to the Gods.

6

To him who dealeth out all wealth, who is the cheerful Priest of men, To him, like the first vessels filled with savoury juice, to Agni go the songs of praise.

7

Votaries, richly-gifted, deck him with their songs, even as the steed who draws the car. On both, Strong Lord of men! on child and grandson pour the bounties which our nobles give.

8

Sing forth to him, the Holy, most munificent, sublime with his refulgent glow, To Agni, ye Upastutas.

9

Worshipped with gifts, enkindled, splendid, Maghavan shall win himself heroic fame. And will not his most newly shown benevolence come to us with abundant strength?

10

Priest, presser of the juice! praise now the dearest Guest of all our friends, Agni, the driver of the cars.

11

Who, finder-out of treasures open and concealed, bringeth them hither, Holy One; Whose waves, as in a cataract, are hard to pass, when he, through song, would win him strength.

12

Let not the noble Guest, Agni, be wroth with us: by many a man his praise is sung, Good Herald, skilled in sacrifice.

13

O Vasu, Agni, let not them be harmed who come in any way with lauds to thee. Even the lowly, skilled in rites, with offered gifts, seeketh thee for the envoy's task.

14

Friend of the Maruts, Agni, come with Rudras to the Soma-draught, To Sobhar's fair song of praise, and be thou joyful in the light. VALAKHILYA APPENDIX: (Book VIII. Hymns 49–

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M. Müller.)

HYMN I. Indra.

1

TO you will I sing Indra's praise who gives good gifts as well we know; The praise of Maghavan who, rich in treasure, aids his singers with wealth thousandfold.

2

As with a hundred hosts, he rushes boldly on, and for the offerer slays his foes. As from a mountain flow the water-brooks, thus flow his gifts who feedeth many a one.

3

The drops effused, the gladdening draughts, O Indra, Lover of the Son As waters seek the lake where they are wont to rest, fill thee, for bounty, Thunderer.

4

The matchless draught that strengthens and gives eloquence, the sweetest of the meath drink thou, That in thy joy thou maysi [sic] scatter thy gifts o'er us, plenteously, even as the dust.

5

Come quickly to our laud, urged on by Soma-pressers like a horse- Laud, Godlike Indra, which milch-kine make sweet for thee: with Kanva's sons are gifts for thee.

6

With homage have we sought thee as a Hero, strong, preeminent, with unfailing wealth. O Thunderer, as a plenteous spring pours forth its stream, so, Indra, flow our songs to thee.

7

If now thou art at sacrifice, or if thou art upon the earth, Come thence, high-thoughted! to our sacrifice with the Swift, come, Mighty with the Mighty Ones.

8

The active, fleet-foot, tawny Coursers that are thine are swift to victory, like the Wind, Wherewith thou goest round to visit Manus' seed, wherewith all heaven is visible.

9

Indra, from thee so great we crave prosperity in wealth of kine, As, Maghavan, thou favouredst Medhyatithi, and, in the fight, Nipatithi.

10

As, Maghavan, to Kanva, Trasadasyu, and to Paktha and Dasavraja; As, Indra, to Gosarya and Rjisvan, thou vouchsafedst wealth in kine and gold.

HYMN II. Indra.

1

SAKRA I praise, to win his aid, far-famed, exceeding bountiful, Who gives, as 'twere in thousands, precious wealth to him who sheds the juice and worships him.

2

Arrows with hundred points, unconquerable, are this Indra's mighty arms in war. He streams on liberal worshippers like a hill with springs, when juices poured have gladdened him.

3

What time the flowing Soma–drops have gladdened with their taste the Friend, Like water, gracious Lord! were my libations made, like milch–kine to the worshipper.

4

To him the peerless, who is calling you to give you aid, forth flow the drops of pleasant meath. The Soma–drops which call on thee, O gracious Lord, have brought thee to our hymn of praise.

5

He rushes hurrying like a steed to Soma that adorns our rite, Which hymns make sweet to thee, lover of pleasant food. The call to Paura thou dost love.

6

Praise the strong, grasping Hero, winner of the spoil, ruling supreme over mighty wealth. Like a full spring, O Thunderer, from thy store hast thou poured on the worshipper evermore.

7

Now whether thou be far away, or in the heavens, or on the earth, O Indra, mighty–thoughted, harnessing thy Bays, come Lofty with the Lofty Ones.

8

The Bays who draw thy chariot, Steeds who injure none, surpass the wind's impetuous strength– With whom thou silences the enemy of man, with whom; thou goest round the sky.

9

O gracious Hero, may we learn anew to know thee as thou art: As in decisive fight thou helpest Etasa, or Vasa 'gainst Dasavraja,

10

As, Maghavan, to Kanva at the sacred feast, to Dirghanitha thine home–friend, As to Gosarya thou, Stone–darter, gavest wealth, give me a gold–bright stall of kine.

HYMN III. Indra.

1

As with Manu Samvarani, Indra, thou drankest Soma juice, And, Maghavan, with Nipatithi, Medbyatithi, with Pustigu and Srustigu,–

2

The son of Prsadvana was Praskaniva's host, who lay decrepit and forlorn. Aided by thee

the Rsi Dasyave–vrka strove to obtain thousands of kine.

3

Call hither with thy newest song Indra who lacks not hymns of praise, Him who observes and knows, inspirer of the sage, him who seems eager to enjoy.

4

He unto whom they sang the seven–headed hymn, three–parted, in the loftiest place, He sent his thunder down on all these living things, and so displayed heroic might.

5

We invoke that Indra who bestoweth precious things on us. Now do we know his newest favour; may we gain a stable that is full of kine.

6

He whom thou aidest, gracious Lord, to give again, obtains great wealth to nourish him. We with our Soma ready, Lover of the Song! call, Indra Maghavan, on thee.

7

Ne'er art thou fruitless, Indra ne'er dost thou desert the worshipper But now, O Maghavan, thy bounty as a God is poured forth ever more and more.

8

He who hath. overtaken Krvi with his might, and silenced Susna with deathbolts,– When he supported yonder heaven and spread it out, then first the son of earth was born.

9

Good Lord of wealth is he to whom all Aryas, Dasas here belong. Directly unto thee, the pious Rusama Paviru, is that wealth brought nigh.

10

In zealous haste the singers have sung forth a song distilling oil and rich in sweets. Riches have spread among us and heroic strength, with us are flowing Soma–drops.

HYMN IV. Indra.

1

As, Sakra, thou with Manu called Vivasvan drankest Soma juice, As, Indra, thou didst love the hymn by Trita's side, so dost thou joy with Ayu now.

2

As thou with Matarisvan, Medhya, Prsadhra, hast cheered thee Indra, with pressed juice, Drunk Soma with Rjunas, Syumarasmi, by Dasonya's Dasasipra's side.

3

'Tis he who made the lauds his own and boldly drank the Soma juice, He to whom Visnu came striding his three wide steps, as Mitra's statutes ordered it.

4

In whose laud thou didst joy, Indra, at the great deed, O Satakratu, Mighty One! Seeking renown we call thee as the milkers call the cow who yields abundant milk.

5

He is our Sire who gives to us, Great, Mighty, ruling as he wills. Unsought, may he the Strong, Rich, Lord of ample wealth, give us of horses and of kine.

6

He to whom thou, Good Lord, givest that he may give increases wealth that nourishes. Eager for wealth we call on Indra, Lord of wealth, on Satakratu with our lauds.

7

Never art thou neglectful: thou guardest both races with thy care. The call on Indra, fourth Aditya! is thine own. Amrta is stablished in the heavens.

8

The offerer whom thou, Indra, Lover of the Song, liberal Maghavan, favourest,— As at the call of Kanva so, O gracious Lord, hear, thou our songs and eulogy.

9

Sung is the song of ancient time: to Indra have ye said the prayer. They have sung many a Brhati of sacrifice, poured forth the worshipper's many thoughts.

10

Indra hath tossed together mighty stores of wealth, and both the worlds, yea, and the Sun. Pure, brightly—shining, mingled with the milk, the draughts of Soma have made Indra glad.

HYMN V. Indra.

1

As highest of the Maghavans, preeminent among the Bulls, Best breaker—down of forts, kine—winner, Lord of wealth, we seek thee, Indra Maghavan.

2

Thou who subduedst Ayu, Kutsa, Atithigva, waxing daily in thy might, As such, rousing thy power, we invoke thee now, thee Satakratu, Lord of Bays.

3

The pressing—stones shall pour for us the essence of the meath of all, Drops that have been pressed out afar among the folk, and those that have been pressed near us.

4

Repel all enmities and keep them far away: let all win treasure for their own. Even among Sistas are the stalks that make thee glad, where thou with Soma satest thee.

5

Come, Indra, very near to us with aids of firmly—based resolve; Come, most auspicious,

with thy most auspicious help, good Kinsman, with good kinsmen, come!

6

Bless thou with progeny the chief of men, the lord of heroes, victor in the fray. Aid with thy powers the men who sing thee lauds and keep their spirits ever pure and bright.

7

May we be such in battle as are surest to obtain thy grace: With holy offerings and invocations of the Gods, we mean, that we may win the spoil.

8

Thine, Lord of Bays, am I. Prayer longeth for the spoil. Still with thy help I seek the fight. So, at the raiders' head, I, craving steeds and kine, unite myself with thee alone.

HYMN VI. Indra.

1

INDRA, the poets with. their hymns extol this hero might of thine: They strengthened, loud in song, thy power that droppeth oil. With hymns the Pauras came to thee.

2

Through piety they came to Indra for his aid, they whose libations give thee joy. As thou with, Krsa and Samvarta hast rejoiced, so, Indra, be thou glad with us.

3

Agreeing in your spirit, all ye Deities, come nigh to us. Vasus and Rudras shall come near to give us aid, and Maruts listen to our call.

4

May Pusan, Visnu, and Sarasvati befriend, and the Seven Streams, this call of mine: May Waters, Wind, the Mountains, and the Forest-Lord, and Earth give ear unto my cry.

5

Indra, with thine own bounteous gift, most liberal of the Mighty Ones, Be our boon benefactor, Vrtra-slayer, be our feast-companion for our weal.

6

Leader of heroes, Lord of battle, lead thou us to combat, thou Most Sapient One. High fame is theirs who win by invocations, feasts and entertainment of the Gods.

7

Our hopes rest on the Faithful One: in Indra is the people's life. O Maghavan, come nigh that thou mayst give us aid: make plenteous food stream forth for us.

8

Thee would we worship, Indra, with our songs of praise: O Satakratu, be thou ours. Pour down upon Praskanva bounty vast and firm, exuberant, that shall never fail.

HYMN VII. Praskanva's Gift.

1

GREAT, verily, is Indra's might. I have beheld, and hither comes Thy bounty,
Dasyave–vrka!

2

A hundred oxen white of hue are shining like the stars in heaven, So tall, they seem to prop
the sky.

3

Bamboos a hundred, a hundred dogs, a hundred skins of beasts well–tanned, A hundred
tufts of Balbaja, four hundred red–hued mares are mine.

4

Blest by the Gods, Kinvayanas! be ye who spread through life on life: Like horses have ye
stridden forth.

5

Then men extolled the team of seven not yet full–grown, its fame is great. The dark mares
rushed along the paths, so that no eye could follow them.

HYMN VIII Praskanva's Go.

1

THY bounty, Dasyave–vrka, exhaustless hath displayed itself: Its fulness is as broad as
heaven.

2

Ten thousand Dasyave–vrka, the son of Putakrata, hath From his own wealth bestowed on
me.

3

A hundred asses hath he given, a hundred head of fleecy sheep, A hundred slaves, and
wreaths besides.

4

There also was a mare led forth, picked out for Putakrata's sake, Not of the horses of the
herd.

5

Observant Agni hath appeared, oblation–bearer with his car. Agni with his resplendent
flame hath shone on high as shines the Sun, hath shone like Surya in the heavens.

HYMN IX. Asvins.

1

ENDOWED, O Gods, with your primeval wisdom, come quickly with your chariot, O ye

Holy. Come with your mighty powers, O ye Nasatyas; come hither, drink ye this the third libation.

2

The truthful Deities, the Three-and-Thirty, saw you approach before the Ever-Truthful. Accepting this our worship and libation, O Asvins bright with fire, drink ye the Soma.

3

Asvins, that work of yours deserves our wonder,—the Bull of heaven and earth and air's mid region; Yea, and your thousand promises in battle, —to all of these come near and drink beside us.

4

Here is your portion laid for you, ye Holy: come to these songs of ours, O ye Nasatyas. Drink among us the Soma full of sweetness, and with your powers assist the man who worships.

HYMN X. Visvedevas.

1

HE whom the priests in sundry ways arranging the sacrifice, of one accord, bring hither, Who was appointed as a learned Brahman, —what is the sacrificer's knowledge of him?

2

Kindled in many a spot, still One is Agni; Silrya is One though high o'er all he shineth. Illumining this All, still One is usas. That which is One hath into All developed.

3

The chariot bright and radiant, treasure-laden, three-wheeled, with easy seat, and lightly rolling, Which She of Wondrous Wealth was born to harness,—this car of yours I call. Drink what remaineth.

HYMN XI. Indra-Varuna.

1

IN offerings poured to you, O Indra-Varuna, these shares of yours stream forth to glorify your state. Ye haste to the libations at each sacrifice when ye assist the worshipper who sheds the juice.

2

The waters and the plants, O Indra-Varuna, had efficacious vigour, and attained to might: Ye who have gone beyond the path of middle air,—no godless man is worthy to be called your foe.

3

True is your Krsa's word, Indra and Varuna: The seven holy voices pour a wave of meath. For their sake, Lords of splendour! aid the pious man who, unbewildered, keeps you ever in his thoughts.

4

Dropping oil, sweet with Soma, pouring forth their stream, are the Seven Sisters in the seat of sacrifice. These, dropping oil, are yours, O Indra–Varuna: with these enrich with gifts and help the worshipper.

5

To our great happiness have we ascribed to these Two Bright Ones truthfulness, great strength, and majesty. O Lords of splendour, aid us through the Three–times–Seven, as we pour holy oil, O Indra–Varuna.

6

What ye in time of old Indra and Varuna, gave Rsis revelation, thought, and power of song, And places which the wise made, weaving sacrifice,—these through my spirit's fervid glow have I beheld.,

7

O Indra–Varuna, grant to the worshippers cheerfulness void of pride, and wealth to nourish them. Vouchsafe us food, prosperity, and progeny, and lengthen out our days that we may see long life.

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