



English translation of Holy Vedas – Sama Veda : Book 2

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Credits

English translation of
Holy Vedas – Sama Veda : Book 2

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Part 02 Book 01

CHAPTER I

Om. Glory to the Samaveda! to Lord Ganesa glory! Om.

I Soma Pavamana

1

Sing forth to Indu, O ye men, to him who now is purified, Fain to pay worship to the Gods! 2,
Together with thy pleasant juice the Atharvans have commingled. milk. Divine, God-loving,
for the God.

3

Bring health to cattle with thy flow, health to the people, health, to steeds, Health, O thou
King, to growing plants!

II Soma Pavamana

1

Bright are these Somas blent with milk, with light that flashes brilliantly, And form that
shouteth all around.

2

Roused by his drivers and sent forth, the strong Steed hath come: nigh for spoil, As warriors
when they stand arrayed.

3

Specially, Soma, Sage, by day, coming together for our weal, Like Surya, flow for us to see!

III Soma Pavamana

1

The streams of Pavamana, thine, Sage, mighty one, have poured them forth, Like coursers
eager for renown.

2

They have been poured upon the Reece towards the meath-distilling vat: The holy songs
have rung aloud.

3

Like milch-kine coming home, the drops of Soma juice have reached the lake, Have
reached the shrine of sacrifice

IV Agni

1

Come, Agni, praised with song to feast and sacrificial offerings: sit As Hotar on the holy grass!

2

So, Angiras, we make thee strong with fuel and with holy oil.Blaze high, thou youngest of the Gods!

3

For us thou winnest, Agni, God, heroic strength exceeding great, Far–spreading and of high renown.

V Mitra Varuna

1

Varuna, Mitra, sapient pair, pour fatness on our pastures, pour Meath on the regions of the air!2, Gladdened by homage, ruling far, ye reign by majesty of might,Pure in your ways, for evermore.

3

Lauded by Jamadagni's song, sit in the shrine of sacrifice:Drink Soma, ye who strengthen Law!

VI 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.

VII Indra Agni

1

Indra and Agni, moved by songs, come to the juice, the precious dew:Drink ye thereof, impelled by prayer!

2

Indra and Agni, with the man who lauds comes visible sacrifice:So drink ye both this flowing juice!

3

With force of sacrifice I seek Indra, Agni who love the wise:With Soma let them sate them here!

VIII Soma Pavamana

1

High is thy juice's birth: though set in heaven, on earth it hath obtained Dread sheltering power and great renown.

2

Finder of room and freedom, flow for Indra whom we must adore,For Varuna and the Marut host!

3

Striving to win, with him we gain all riches from the enemy,Yea, all the glories of mankind,

IX Soma Pavamana

1

Cleansing thee, Soma, in thy stream, thou flowest in watery robe.Giver of wealth, thou sittest in the place of Law, O God, a fountain made of gold.

2

He, milking for dear meath the heavenly udder, hath sat in the ancient gathering-place.Washed by the men, far-sighted, strong, thou streamest to the honourable reservoir.

X Soma Pavamana

1

Run onward to the reservoir and seat thee: cleansed by the men speed forward to the battle.Making thee glossy like an able courser, forth to the sacred grass with reins they lead thee.

2

Indu, the well-armed God is flowing onward, he who averts the curse and guards the homesteads.Father, begetter of the Gods, most skilful, the buttress of the heavens and earth's supporter.

XI Indra

1

Like kine un milked we call aloud, hero, to thee, and sing thy praise,Looker on heavenly light, Lord of this moving world, Lord, Indra! of what moveth not.

2

None other like to thee, of earth or of the heavens, hath been or ever will be born.Desiring

horses, Indra Maghavan! and kine, as men of might we call on thee.

XII Indra

1

With what help will he come to us, wonderful, everwaxing friend? With what most mighty company?

2

What genuine and most liberal draught will spirit thee with juice to burst Open e'en strongly-guarded wealth?

3

Do thou who art protector of us thy friends who praise thee With hundred aids approach us!

XIII 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 takes delight in precious juice.

2

Celestial, bounteous giver, girt about with might, rich, mountain-like, in pleasant things,—Him swift we seek for foodful booty rich in kine, brought hundredfold and thousandfold.

XIV 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, fair of cheek, in rapture of the juice, the firm resistless slayers hinder not: Giver of glorious wealth to him who sings his praise, honouring him who toils and pours.

XV Soma Pavamana

1

In sweetest and most gladdening stream flow pure, O Soma, on thy way, Pressed out for Indra, for his drink!

2

Fiend-queller, friend of all men, he hath reached his shrine, his dwelling-place. Within the iron-hammered vat.

3

Be thou best Vritra-slaver, best granter of room, most liberal: Promote our wealthy princes'

gifts!

XVI Soma Pavamana

1

For Indra flow, thou Soma, on, as most inspiring drink, most rich in sweets, Great, most Celestial, gladdening drink!

2

Thou of whom having drunk the Steer acts like a steer: having drunk this that finds the light, He, excellently wise, hath come anear to food and booty, even as Etasa.

XVII Indra

1

To Indra, to the mighty let these golden-coloured juices go, Drops born as Law prescribes, that find the light of heaven!

2

This juice that gathers spoil flows, pressed, for Indra, for his maintenance. Soma bethinks him of the conqueror, as he knows.

3

Yea, Indra in the joys of this obtains the grasp that gathers spoil, And, winning waters, wields the mighty thunderbolt.

XVIII Soma Pavamana.

1

For first possession of your juice, for the exhilarating drink, Drive ye away the dog, my friends, drive ye the long-tongued dog away!

2

He who with purifying stream, effused, comes flowing hitherward, Indu, is like an able steed.

3

With prayer all-reaching let the men tend unassailable Soma: be—The stones prepared for sacrifice!

XIX Soma Pavamana

1

Graciously-minded he is flowing on his way to win dear names o'er which the youthful one grows great. The mighty and far-seeing one hath mounted now the mighty Surya's car which moves to every side.

2

The speaker, unassailable master of this prayer, the tongue of sacrifice, pours forth the

pleasant meath.As son be sets the name of mother and of sire in the far distance, in the third bright realm of heaven.

3

Sending forth flashes he hath bellowed to the jars, led by the men into the golden reservoir.The milkers of the sacrifice have sung to him: Lord of three heights, thou shinest brightly o'er the Dawns.

XX Agni

1

Sing to your Agni with each song, at every sacrifice for strength!Come, let us praise the wise and everlasting God, even as a well-beloved friend:

2

The Son of Strength; for is be not our gracious Lord? Let us serve him who bears our gifts!In battles may he be our help and strengthener, yea, be the saviour of our lives!

XXI Agni

1

O Agni, come; far other songs of praise will I sing forth to thee.Wax mighty with these Soma drops!

2

Where'er thy mind applies itself, vigour preeminent hast thou:There wilt thou gain a dwelling-place.

3

Not for a moment only lasts thy bounty, Lord of many men:Our service therefore shalt thou gain.

XXII Indra

1

We call on thee, O matchless one. We, seeking help, possessing nothing firm ourselves.Call on thee, wondrous, thunder-armed:

2

On thee for aid in sacrifice, This youth of ours, the bold, the terrible, bath gone forth.We therefore, we thy friends, Indra, have chosen thee, spoil winner, as our succourer.

XXIII Indra

1

So, Indra, friend of song, do we draw near to thee with longing; we have streamed to thee Coming like floods that follow floods.

2

As rivers swell the ocean, so, hero, our prayers increase thy might, Though of thyself, O Thunderer, waxing day by day.

3

With holy song they bind to the broad wide-yoked car the bay steeds of the quickening God, Bearers of Indra, yoked by word.

CHAPTER II

I Indra

I. 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 wealth: The mighty bring it us knee-deep!

II Indra

1

Sing ye a song, to make him glad, to Indra, Lord of tawny steeds, The Soma-drinker, O my friends!

2

To him, the bounteous, say the laud, and let us glorify, as men May do, the giver of true gifts!

3

O Indra, Lord of boundless might, for us thou seekest spoil and kine, Thou seekest gold for us, good Lord!

III Indra

1

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

2

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

3

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

unweariedly

IV Indra

1

For Indra, lover of carouse, loud be our songs about the juice:Let poets sing the song of praise

2

We summon Indra to the draught, in whom all glories rest, in whom The seven communities rejoice.

3

At the Trikadrakas the Gods span sacrifice that stirs the mind:Let our songs aid and prosper it!

V Indra

1

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

2

Strong-rayed! adored with earnest hymns! this juice is shed for thy delight:Thou art invoked, Akhandala!

3

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

VI Indra

1

Indra, as one with 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 wouldst give thy gifts, neither the Gods nor mortal men Restrain thee like a fearful bull.

VII Indra

1

Hero, the Soma being shed, I pour the juice for thee to drink:Sate thee and finish thy

carouse!

2

Let not the fools, or those who mock, beguile thee when they seek thine aid: Love not the enemy of prayer!

3

Here let them cheer thee well supplied with milk to great munificence: Drink as the wild bull drinks the lake!

VIII Indra

I. 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 streams.

3

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

IX Indra

1

So, Lord of affluent gifts, this juice hath been expressed for thee with strength: Drink of it, thou who lovest song!

2

Incline thy body to the juice which suits thy godlike nature well: Thee, Soma-lover! let it cheer!

3

O Indra, let it enter both thy flanks, enter thy head with prayer, With bounty, hero! both thine arms!

X Indra

1

O Come ye hither, sit ye down; to Indra sing ye forth your song, Companions, bringing hymns of praise,

2

Laud Indra, richest of the rich, who ruleth over noblest wealth, Beside the flowing Soma juice!

3

May he stand near us in our need with all abundance, for our wealth:With strength may he come nigh to us!

XI Indra

1

In every need, in every fray we call, as friends to succour us,Indra, the mightiest of all.

2

I call him, mighty to resist, the hero of our ancient home,Thee whom my sire invoked of old.

3

If he will hear us, let him come with succour of a thousand kinds,With strength and riches, to our call!

XI Indra

1

When Somas flow thou makest pure, Indra, thy mind that merits laud,For gain of strength that ever grows: 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 waterfloods.

3

Him I invoke, to win the spoil, even mighty Indra for the fray.Be thou most near to us for bliss, a friend to aid!

XIII Agni

1

With this mine homage I invoke Agni for you, the Son of Strength.Dear, wisest envoy, skilled in noble sacrifice, immortal, messenger of all.

2

His two red horses, all-supporting, let him yoke: let him, well-worshipped, urge them fast!Then hath the sacrifice good prayers and happy end, the heavenly gift of wealth to men.

XIV Dawn

1

Advancing, sending forth her rays, the daughter of the Sky is seen.The mighty one lays bare the darkness with her eye, the friendly Lady makes the light.

2

The Sun ascending, the refulgent star, pours down his beams. together with the Dawn.O Dawn, at thine arising, and, the Sun's, may we attain the share allotted us!

XV Asvins

1

These morning sacrifices call you, Asvins, at the break of day. For help have I invoked you rich in power and might: for, house by house, ye visit all.

2

Ye, heroes, have bestowed wonderful nourishment: send it to him whose songs are sweet. One-minded, both of you, drive your car down to us: drink ye the savoury Soma juice!

XVI Soma Pavamana.

1

After his ancient splendour, they, the bold, have drawn the bright milk from The Sage who wins a thousand spoils.

2

In aspect he is like the Sun: he runneth forward to the lakes: Seven currents flowing to the sky.

3

He, while they purify him, stands high over all things that exist Soma, a God as Surya is.

XVII Soma Pavamana

1

By generation long ago this God, engendered for the Gods, Flows tawny to the straining cloth.

2

According to primeval plan this poet hath been strengthened by, The sage as God for all the Gods.

3

Shedding the ancient fluid thou art poured into the cleansing sieve: Roaring, thou hast produced the Gods.

XVIII Soma Pavamana

1

Bring near us those who stand aloof: strike fear into our enemy: O Pavamana, find us wealth!

2

To him the active, nobly born.

3

Sing ye your songs to him, O men!

XIX Soma Pavamana

1

The Somas skilled in song, the waves have led the water forward, like Buffaloes speeding to the woods.

2

With stream of sacrifice the brown bright drops have flowed with strength in store Of kine into the wooden vats.

3

To Indra, Vayu. Varuna to Vishnu and the Maruts let The Soma juices flow expressed.

XX Soma Pavamana

1

O Soma, for the feast of Gods, river-like he hath swelled with surge, Sweet with the liquor of the stalk, as one who wakes, into the vat that drops with meath.

2

Like a dear son how must be decked, the bright and shining one hath clad him in his robe. Men skilful at their work drive him forth, like a car, into the rivers from their hands.

XXI Soma Pavamana

1

The rapture-shedding Somas have flowed forth in our assembly, pressed. To glorify our liberal lords.

2

Now like a swan he maketh all the company sing each his hymn He like steed is bathed in milk.

3

And Trita's maidens onward urge the tawny-coloured with the stones, Indu for Indra, for his drink.

XXII Soma Pavamana.

1

Herewith flow on, thou friend of Gods! Singing, thou runnest round the sieve on every side. The streams of meath have been effused.

2

Lovely, gold-coloured, on he flows.

3

For him who presses, of the juice.

-- Part 02 Book 01 --

Part 02 Book 02

CHAPTER I

I Soma Pavamana

1

Soma, as leader of the song, flow onward with thy wondrous aid. For holy lore of every sort!

2

Do thou as leader of the song, stirring the waters of the sea, Flow onward, known to all mankind! O Soma, O thou Sage, these worlds stand ready to enhance thy might: The milch-kine run for thy behoof.

II Soma Pavamana

1

Indu, flow on, a mighty juice; glorify us among the folk: Drive all our enemies away!

2

And in thy friendship, Indu, most sublime and glorious, may we Subdue all those who war with us!

3

Those awful weapons which thou hast, sharpened at point to strike men down—Guard us therewith from every foe!

III Soma Pavamana

1

O Soma, thou art strong and bright, potent, O God, with potent sway,

2

Steer—strong thy might is like a steer's, steer—strong the wood, steer—strong the juice: A steer indeed, O Steer, art thou.

3

Thou, Indu, as a vigorous horse, hast neighed together steeds and kine: Unbar for us the doors to wealth!

IV Soma Pavamana

1

For thou art strong by splendour: we, O Pavamana call on thee, The brilliant looker on the light.

2

When thou art sprinkled with the streams, thou reachest, purified by men, Thy dwelling in the wooden vat.

3

Do thou, rejoicing, nobly-armed! pour upon us heroic strength. O Indu, come thou hitherward!

V Soma Pavamana

1

We seek to win thy friendly love, even Pavamana's flowing o'er The limit of the cleansing sieve.

2

With those same waves which in their stream o'erflow the purifying sieve, Soma, be gracious unto us!

3

O Soma, being purified, bring us from all sides—for thou canst—Riches and food with hero sons!

VI Agni

1

Agni we choose as envoy, skilled performer of this holy rite, Hotar, possessor of all wealth.

2

With constant calls they invoke Agni, Agni, Lord of the house, Oblation-bearer, much-beloved

3

Bring the Gods hither, Agni, born for him who trims the Sacred grass: Thou art our Hotar, meet for praise!

VII Mitra Varuna

1

Mitra and Varuna we call to drink the draught of Soma juice, Those born endowed with holy strength.

2

Those who by Law uphold the Law, Lords of the shining light of Law, Mitra I call, and Varuna.

3

Let Varuna be our chief defence, let Mitra guard us with all aids, Both make us rich exceedingly!

VIII Indra

1

Indra the singers with high praise, Indra reciters with their lauds, Indra the choirs have glorified.

2

Indra is close to his two bays, with chariot ready at his word, Indra the golden, thunder-armed.

3

Help us in battles Indra, in battles where thousand spoils are gained, With awful aids, O awful one!

4

Indra raised up the son aloft in heaven, that he may see afar: He burst the mountain for the kine.

IX Indra-Agni

1

To Indra and to Agni we bring reverence high and holy hymn, And, craving help, soft words with prayer.

2

For all these holy singers thus implore these twain to succour them, And priests that they may win them strength.

3

Eager to laud you, we with songs invoke you, bearing sacred food, Fain for success in sacrifice.

X Soma Pavamana

1

Flow onward, mighty with thy stream, inspiring the Marut's Lord, Winning all riches with thy power!

2

I send thee forth to battle from the press, O Pavamana, strong, Sustainer, looker on the light!

3

Acknowledged by this song of mine, flow, tawnycoloured, with thy stream: Incite to battle thine ally!

XI Soma Pavamana

1

A Red Bull bellowing to the kine, thou goest, causing the heavens and earth to roar and thunder. A shout is heard like Indra's in the battle: thou flowest on, sending this voice before thee.

2

Swelling with milk, abounding in sweet juices, urging the meathrich plant thou goest onward. Making loud clamour, Soma Pavamana, thou flowest when thou art effused for Indra.

3

So flow thou on inspiring, for rapture, turning the weapon of the water's holder! Flow to us wearing thy resplendent colour, effused and eager for the kine. O Soma!

XII Indra

1

That we may win us wealth and power we poets verily, call on thee: In war men call on thee, Indra, the hero's Lord, in the steed's race—course call on thee

2

As such, O wonderful, whose hand holds thunder, praised as mighty, Caster of the Stone! Pour on us boldly, Indra, kine and chariot—steeds, ever to be the conqueror's strength!

XIII Indra

1

To you will I sing Indra's praise who gives good gifts, as we I 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.

XIV Indra

1

O Thunderer, zealous worshippers gave thee drink this time yesterday: So, Indra, listen here to him who offers lauds: come near unto our dwelling—place!

2

Lord of bay steeds, fair—helmed, rejoice thee: thee we seek. Here the disposers wait on thee. Thy glories, meet for praise! are highest by the juice, O Indra, lover of the song.

XV Soma Pavamana

1

Flow onward with that juice of thine most excellent, that brings delight, Slaying the wicked,
dear to Gods!

2

Killing the foeman and his hate, and daily winning spoil and strength, Gainer art thou of
steeds and kine.

3

Red-hued, be blended with the milk that seems to yield its lovely breast, Falcon-like resting
in thine home!

XVI Soma Pavamana

1

As Pashan, Fortune, Bhaga, comes this Soma while they make him pure. He, Lord of all the
multitude, hath looked upon the earth and heaven.

2

The dear cows sang in joyful mood together to the gladdening drink. The drops as they are
purified, the Soma juices, make the paths.

3

O Pavamana, bring the juice, the mightiest, worthy to be famed, Which the Five Tribes have
over them, whereby we may win opulence!

XVII Soma Pavamana

1

Far-seeing Soma flows, the Steer, the Lord of hymns, the furtherer of days, of mornings,
and of heaven. Breath of the rivers, he hath roared into the jars, and with the help of sages
entered Indra's heart.

2

On, with the sages, flows the poet on his way, and guided by the men, hath streamed into
the vats. He, showing Trita's name, hath caused the meath to flow, increasing Vayu's
strength to make him Indra's friend.

3

He, being purified, hath made the mornings shine, and it is he who gave the rivers room to
flow. Making the three-times seven pour out the milky stream, Soma, the cheerer, yields
whate'er the heart finds sweet.

XVIII Indra

1

For so thou art the brave man's friend; a hero, too, art thou, and strong: So may thy heart be
won us!

2

So hath the offering. wealthiest Lord, been paid by all the worshippers. So dwell thou, Indra, even with us!

3

Be not thou like a slothful priest, O Lord of spoil and strength: rejoice In the pressed Soma blent with milk!

XIX Indra

1

All sacred songs have magnified Indra expansive as the sea. Best of all warriors borne on cars, the Lord of heroes, Lord of strength.

2

Lord of might, Indra, may we ne'er, strong in thy friendship, be afraid! We glorify with praises thee, the never conquered conqueror.

3

The gifts of Indra from of old, his saving succours never fail, When to his worshippers he gives the boon of booty rich in kine.

CHAPTER II

I Soma Pavamana

1

These rapid Soma-drops have been poured through the purifying sieve. To bring us all felicities.

2

Dispelling manifold mishap, giving the courser's progeny, Yea, and the warrior steed's, success.

3

Bringing prosperity to kine, they pour perpetual strengthening food On us for noble eulogy.

II Soma Pavamana.

1

King Pavamana is implored with holy songs, on man's behalf, To travel through, the realm of air.

2

Pressed for the banquet of the Gods, O Soma, bring us might, and speed, Like beauty for a brilliant show!

3

Bring us, O Indu, hundredfold increase of kine, and noble steeds. The gift of fortune for our help!

III Soma Pavamana

1

With sacrifice we seek to thee fair cherisher of manly might In mansions of the lofty heavens.

2

Drink gladdening, crusher of the bold, praiseworthy, with most mighty sway, Destroyer of a hundred forts.

3

Hence riches came to thee, the King, O sapient one: the strong-winged bird, Unwearied, brought thee from the sky.

4

And now, sent forth, he hath attained to mighty power and majesty, Active and ready to assist.

5

That each may see the light, the bird brought us the guard of Law, the friend Of all, the speeder through the air.

IV Soma Pavamana

1

For food, flow onward with thy stream, cleansed and made bright by sapient men: Indu, with sheen approach the milk!

2

While thou art cleansed, song-lover. bring comfort and vigour to the folk, Poured, tawny one! on milk and curds!

3

Purified for feast of Gods, go thou to Indra's resting-place, Resplendent, furthered by the strong!

V Agni.

1

By Agni Agni is inflamed, Lord of the house, wise, young, who bears Our gifts: the ladle is his mouth.

2

God, Agni, be his sure defence who, lord of sacrificial gifts. Worshippeth thee the

messenger.

3

Be gracious, brilliant God! to him who, rich in sacred gifts,would fain Call Agni to the feast of Gods!

VI Mitra Varuna

1

Mitra of holy strength I call, and foe–destroying Varuna,Who perfect prayer with offered oil.

2

By Law, O Mitra, Varuna, Law–strengtheners who cleave to Law,Have ye obtained your lofty power.

3

The Sages, Mitra, Varuna, of wide dominion, mighty ones,Bestow on us effectual strength.

VII Maruts

1

So mayst thou verily be seen coming with fearless Indra: both Of equal splendour, bringing bliss!

2

Thereafter they, as is their wont, resumed the state of new–born babes,Taking their sacrificial name.

3

Thou, Indra, with the rapid Gods who shatter even what is firm,Even in the cave didst find the cows.

VIII Indra–Agni

1

I call the twain whose deed wrought here hath all been famed in ancient time:Indra and Agni harm us not!

2

The strong, the scatterers of the foe, Indra and Agni we invoke:May they be kind to one like me:

3

Ye slay our Arya foes, O Lords of heroes, slay our Dasa foes:Ye drive all enemies away.

IX Soma Pavamana.

1

The living drops of Soma juice pour, as they flow the gladdening drink, Intelligent drops above the station of the sea, exhilarating, dropping meath.

2

May Pavamana, King and God, speed with his wave over the sea the lofty rite! Do thou by Mitra's and by Varuna's decree flow furthering the lofty rite:

3

Far-seeing, lovely, guided by the men, the God whose habitation is the sea!

X Soma Pavamana

1

Three are the voices that the car-steed utters: he speaks the lore of prayer, the thought of Order. To the cows' master come the cows inquiring: the hymns with eager longing come to Soma.

2

To Soma come the cows, the milch-kine longing, to Soma sages with their hymns inquiring. Soma, effused, is purified and lauded: our hymns and Trishtup songs unite in Soma.

3

Thus, Soma, as we pour thee into vessels, while thou art purified, flow for our welfare! Pass into Indra. with great joy and rapture: make the voice swell, and generate abundance!

XI Indra

1

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

2

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!

XII Indra

1

We compass thee like water, we whose grass is trimmed and Soma pressed. Here where the filter pours its stream, thy worshippers round thee, O Vritra-slayer, sit.

2

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

3

O valiant hero, boldly win thousandfold spoil with Kanva's sons! O active Maghavan, with eager prayer we crave the yellowhued with store of kine.

XIII Indra

1

With Plenty for his true ally the active man will gain the spoil. Your Indra, much-invoked, I bend with song, as bends a wright his wheel of solid wood.

2

They who bestow great riches love not paltry praise: wealth comes not to the niggard churl. Light is the task to give, O Maghavan, to one like me on the decisive day.

XIV Soma Pavamana

1

Three several words are uttered: kine are lowing cows. who give the milk: The tawny-hued goes bellowing on.

2

The young and sacred mothers of the holy rite have uttered praise, Embellishing the Child of Heaven.

3

From every side, O Soma, for our profit, pour thou forth four seas. Filled full of riches thousandfold!

XV Soma Pavamana

1

The Somas, very rich in sweets, for which the sieve is destined [sic], flow Effused, the source of Indra's joy: may you strong juices reach the Gods!

2

Indu flows on for Indra's sake, - thus have the deities declared. The Lord of Speech exerts himself, controller of all power and might.

3

Inciter of the voice of song, with thousand streams the ocean flows. Even Soma, Lord of opulence, the friend of Indra, day by day.

XVI Soma Pavamana

1

SPREAD is thy cleansing filter, Brahmanaspati: as prince thou enterest its limbs from every side. The raw; whose mass bath not been heated. gains not this: they only which are dressed, which bear, attain to it.

2

High in the seat of heaven is placed the scorcher's sieve: its threads are standing separate, glittering with light. The swift ones favour him who purifieth this: with brilliancy they mount up to the height of heaven.

3

The foremost spotted Steer bath made the Mornings shine: he bellows, fain for war, among created things. By his high wisdom have the mighty Sages wrought: the Fathers who behold mankind laid down the germ.

XVII Agni

1

Sing forth to him, the holy, most munificent, sublime with his refulgent glow, To Agni, ye Upastutas

2

Worshipped with gifts, enkindled, splendid, Maghavan shall win himself heroic fame: And will not his more plentiful benevolence come to us with abundant strength?

XVIII Indra

1

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.

2

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

3

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

XIX Indra

1

O Indra, hear Tirschi's call, the call of him who serveth thee. Satisfy him with wealth of kine and valient offspring! Great art thou.

2

For he, O Indra, hath produced for thee the newest gladdening song, A hymn that springs from careful drop thought, ancient and full of sacred truth.

3

That Indra will we laud whom songs and hymns of praise have magnified. Striving to win, we celebrate his many deeds of hero might.

Part 02 Book 03

CHAPTER I

I Soma Pavamana

1

Fleet as swift steeds thy cows celestial have been poured, O Pavamana, with the milk into the vat. Sages who make thee bright, O friend whom Rishis love, have shed continuous streams from out the realm of air.

2

The beams of Pavamana, sent from earth and heaven his ensigns who is ever steadfast, travel round. When on the sieve the golden-hued is cleansed he rests within the jars as one who seats him in his place.

3

O thou who seest all things, sovran as thou art and passing strong, thy rays encompass every form. Pervading with thy natural powers thou flowest on, and as the whole world's Lord, O Soma, thou art King.

II Soma Pavamana

1

From heaven hath Pavamana, made, as 'twere, the marvellous thunder, and The lofty light of all mankind.

2

The gladdening and auspicious juice of thee, O Pavamana, King! Flows o'er the woollen straining-cloth.

3

Thy juice, O Pavamana, sends its rays abroad fixe [sic] splendid skill, Like lustre, all heaven's light, to see.

III Soma Pavamana

1

Impetuous, bright, have they come forth, unwearied in their speed, like bulls, Driving the black skin far away.

2

May we attain the bridge of bliss, leaving the bridge of woe behind: The riteless Dasa may we quell!

3

The mighty Pavamana's roar is heard as 'twere the rush of rain The lightning-Rashes move

in heaven.

4

Indu, pour out abundant food with store of cattle and of gold,Of heroes, Soma! and of steeds!

5

Flow onward, dear to all mankind fi [sic] full the mighty heaven and earth,As Dawn, as Surya with his beams

6

On every side, O Soma, flow round us with thy protecting stream,As Rasa flows around the world!

IV Soma Pavamana

1

Flow on, O thou of lofty thought, flow swift in thy beloved form,Saying, I go where dwell the Gods.

2

Preparing what is unprepared, and bringing store of food to man,Make thou the rain descend from heaven

3

Even here is he who, swift of course, hath with the river's wave Rowed down.From heaven upon the straining cloth.

4

With might. producing glare, the juice enters the purifying sieve,Far-seeing, sending forth its light.

5

Inviting him from far away, and even from near at hand, the juice For Indra is poured forth as meath.

6

In union they have sung the hymn: with stones they urge the golden-hued,Indu for Indra, for his drink.

V Soma Pavamana

1

The glittering maids send Sdra forth, the glorious sisters, closeallied,Send Indu forth, their mighty Lord.

2

Pervade, O Pavamana, all our treasures with repeated light,Pressed out, O God thyself, for

Gods!

3

Pour on us, Pavamana! rain, as service and fair praise for Gods: Pour forth unceasingly for food!

VI Agni

1

The watchful guardian of the people hath been born, Agni, the very strong, for fresh prosperity. With oil upon his face. with high heaven–touching flame, he shineth splendidly, pure, for the Bharatas.

2

O Agni, the Angirases discovered thee what time thou layest hidden, fleeing back from wood to wood. Thou by attrition art produced as conquering might, and men, O Angiras, call thee the Son of Strength.

3

The men enkindle Agni in his threefold seat, ensign of sacrifice, the earliest household–priest. With Indra and the Gods together on the grass let the wise priest sit to complete the sacrifice!

VII Mitra–Varuna

1

This Soma hath been pressed for you, Low–strengtheners, Mitra, Varuna! List, list ye here to this may call!

2

Both Kings who never injure aught have come to their sublimest home, The thousand–pillared, firmly based.

3

Worshipped with fat libation. Lords of gifts, Adityas, sovran Kings, They wait on him whose life is true.

VIII Indra

1

Armed with the bones of dead Dadhyach, Indra with unresisted. might The nine–and–ninety Vritras slew.

2

He, searching for the horse's head that in the mountains lay concealed, Found it in Saryandvdn lake.

3

Then straight they recognized the mystic name of the creative Steer. There in the mansion of the Moon.

IX Indra Agni

I. As rain from out the cloud, for you, Indra and Agni, from my thought This noblest praise hath been produced.

2

Indra and Agni, listen to the singer's call: accept his songs. Fulfil, ye mighty Lords, his prayers!

3

Give us not up to indigence, ye heroes, Indra, Agni, nor To Slander and reproach of men!

X Soma Pavamana

1

Gold-Hued! as one who giveth strength flow on for Gods to drink, a draught For Vayu and the Marut host!

2

The Steer shines brightly with the Gods, dear Sage in his appointed home. Even Pavamana unbeguiled.

3

O Pavamana, sent by prayer, roaring about thy dwelling-place, Ascend to Vayu as Law bids!

XI Soma Pavamana

1

O Soma, Indu, every day thy friendship hath been my delight. Many fiends follow me; help me, thou tawny-hued: pass on beyond these barriers!

2

Close to thy bosom am I. Soma, day and night draining the milk, O golden hued. Surya himself refulgent with his glow have we, as birds, o'ertaken in his course.

XII Soma Pavamana

1

Active, while being purified, he hath assailed all enemies: They deck the Sage with holy hymns.

2

The Red hath mounted to his shrine; strong Indra hath approached the juice: In his firm

dwelling let him rest!

3

O Indu, Soma, send us now great opulence from every side: Pour on us treasures thousandfold!

XIII Indra

1

Drink Soma, Indra Lord of bays! and let it cheer thee: the stone, like a well-guided courser, Directed by the presser's arms bath pressed it.

2

So let the draught of joy, thy dear companion, by which, O Lord of bays, thou slayest Vritras, Delight thee, Indra, Lord of princely treasures!

3

Mark closely, Maghavan, the word I utter, this eulogy recited by Vasishtha: Accept the prayers I offer at thy banquet!

XIV Indra

1

Heroes of one accord brought forth and formed for kingship Indra who wins the victory in all encounters, For power, in firmness, in the field, the great destroyer, fierce and exceeding strong, stalwart and full of vigour.

2

The holy sages form a ring, to view and sing unto the Ram. Inciters, very brilliant, from all deceit, are with your chariters [sic] nigh to hear.

3

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.

XV Indra

1

He who as sovran Lord of men moves with his chariots unrestrained, The Vritra-slayer, conqueror of all fighting hosts, preeminents, is praised in song.

2

Honour that Indra, Puruhanman! for his aid, him in whose hand of old the fair Sustaining bolt of thunder, mighty like the God, like Surya, was deposited!

XVI Soma Pavamana

1

The Sage of heaven whose heart is wise, when laid between both hands, with roars, Gives us delightful powers of life.

2

He, the bright son, when born, illumed his parents who had sprung to life, Great Son, great strengtheners of Law.

3

On, onward to a glorious home, free from all guile and dear to men, Flow with enjoyment to our praise!

XVII Soma Pavamana

1

For, verily, Pavamana, thou, divine! endued with brightest splendour, calling all Creatures to immortality.

4

With whom Dadhyach Navagva opened fastened doors, by whom the sages gained their wish, By whom they won the fame of lovely Amrita in the felicity of Gods.

XVIII Soma Pavamana

1

Soma, while filtered, with his wave flows through the long wool of the sheep, Roaring, while purified, before the voice of song.

2

With prayers they cleanse the mighty steed, sporting in wood, above the fleece: Our hymns, intoned, have praised him of the triple height.

3

He hath been hastened to the jars, bountiful, like an eager horse, And, lifting up his voice, while filtered, glided on.

XIX Soma Pavamana

1

Father of holy hymns, Soma flows onward, the father of the earth, father of heaven. Father of Agni, Surya's generator, the father who begat Indra and Vishnu.

2

Brahman of Gods, the leader of the poets, Rishi of sages, chief of savage creatures, Falcon amid the vultures, axe of forests, over the cleansing sieve goes Soma singing.

3

He, Soma Pavamana, like a river, hath stirred the wave of voice, our songs and praises

Beholding these inferior powers, the hero, well knowing, takes his stand among the cattle.

XX Agni

I. Hither, for powerful kinship, I call Agni, him who prospers you, Most frequent at our solemn rites.

2

That through this famed one's power he may stand by us, even as Tvashtar comes Unto the forms that must be shaped.

3

This Agni is the Lord supreme above all glories' mid the Gods: May he come nigh to us with strength.

XXI Indra

1

This poured libation, Indra drink, immortal, gladdening, excellent! Streams of the bright have flowed to thee here at the seat of holy Law.

2

When, Indra, thou dost guide thy bays, there is no better charioteer: None hath surpassed thee in thy might, none with good steeds o'ertaken thee.

3

Sing glory now to Indra, say to him your solemn eulogies! The drops poured forth have made him glad: pay reverence to his noblest might!

XII Indra

1

Indra, be pleased: drive forward, hero, striker of thy bays! Fair, like a sage, delighting in the meath, drink of the juice for rapturous joy.

2

O Indra, fill thy belly anew with meath that seems to flow from heaven. The sweet-voiced raptures of this juice have come, as 'twere to heaven. to thee.

3

Indra, victorious, Mitra-like, smote, like a Yati, Vritra dead. As Bhrigu quelled his foes, he cleft Vala in Soma's rapturous joy.

CHAPTER II

I Soma Pavamana

1

Winner of gold and gear and cattle flow thou on, set as impregner, Indu! 'mid the worlds of life! Rich in brave men art thou, Soma, who winnest all: these holy singers wait upon thee with song.

2

O Soma, thou beholdest men from every side: O Pavamana, Steer, thou wanderest through these. Pour out upon us wealth in treasure and in gold: may we have strength to live among the things that be!

3

Thou passest to these worlds as sovran Lord thereof, O Indu, harnessing thy tawny well-winged mares. May they pour forth for thee milk and oil rich in sweets: O Soma, let the folk abide in thy decree!

II Soma Pavamana

1

The streams of Pavamana, thine, finder of all I have been effused, Even as Surya's rays of light.

2

Making the light that shines from heaven thou flowest on to every form, Soma, thou swellest like a sea.

3

Shown forth thou sendest out thy voice, O Pavamana, with a roar. Like Surya, God, as Law commands.

III Soma Pavamana

1

Hitherward have the Somas streamed, the drops while they are purified: When blent, in waters they are raised.

2

The milk hath run to meet them like floods rushing down a precipice: They come to Indra, being cleansed.

3

O Soma Pavamana, thou flowest as Indra's gladdener: The men have seized and lead thee forth.

4

Thou, Indu, when, expressed by stones, thou runnest to the filter, art Ready for Indra's high decree.

5

Victorious, to be hailed with joy, O Soma, flow delighting men,As the supporter of mankind!

6

Flow on, best Vritra–slayer; flow meet to be hailed with joyful lauds,pure, purifying,
wonderful

7

Pure, purifying, is he called, Soma effused and full of sweets,Slayer of sinners, dear to
Gods.

IV Soma Pavamana

1

The Sage hath robed him in the sheep's wool for the banquet of the Gods,Subduing all our
enemies.

2

For he, as Pavamana, sends thousandfold riches in the shape Of cattle to the worshippers.

3

Thou graspest all things with thy mind, and purifiest thee with thoughts:As such, O Soma,
find us fame!

4

Pour on us lofty glory, send sure riches to our liberal lords:Bring food to those who sing thy
praise!

5

As thou art cleansed, O wondrous steed, O Soma, thou hast entered, like A pious king, into
the songs,

6

He, Soma, like a courser in the floods invincible, made bright With hands, is resting in the
press.

7

Disporting, like a liberal chief, thou goest. Soma to the sieve,Lending the laud heroic
strength.

V Soma Pavamana

1

Pour on us with thy juice all kinds of corn, each sort of nourishment!And, Soma, all felicities!

2

As thine, O Indu, is the praise, and thine what springeth from, the juice,Seat thee on the
dear sacred grass!

3

And, finding for us steeds and kine, O Soma, with thy juice flow on Through days that fly most rapidly!

4

As one who conquers, ne'er subdued, attacks and slays the enemy, Thus, vanquisher of thousands! flow!

VI Soma Pavamana

1

Thou, Indu, with thy streams that drop sweet juices, which were poured for help, Hast settled in the cleansing sieve.

2

So flow thou onward through the fleece, for Indra flow to be his drink, Seating thee in the shrine of Law!

3

As giving room and freedom, as most sweet, pour butter forth and milk, O Soma, for the Angirasas!

VII Agni

1

Thy glories are, like lightnings from the rainy cloud, visible, Agni, like the comings of the Dawns, When, loosed to wander over plants and forest trees, thou crampest by thyself thy food into thy mouth.

2

When, sped and urged by wind, thou spreadest thee abroad, soon piercing through thy food according to thy will, The hosts, who ne'er decayest, eager to consume, like men on chariots, Agni! strive on every side.

3

Agni, the Hotar–priest who fills the assembly full, waker of wisdom, chief controller of the thought–Thee, yea, none other than thyself, doth man elect priest of the holy offering, great and small, alike.

VIII Mitra–Varuna

1

Even far and wide, O Varuna and Mitra, doth your help extend: May I obtain your kind good–will!

2

True Gods, may we completely gain food and a dwelling place from you: Ye Mitras, may we be your own!

3

Guard us, ye Mitras, with your guards, save us, ye skilled to save: may we Subdue the Dasyus by ourselves!

IX Indra

I. Arising in thy might, thy jaws thou shookest Indra, having drunk The Soma which the press had shed.

2

Indra, both world gave place to thee as thou wast fighting, when thou wast The slayer of the Dasyu hosts.

3

From Indra, have I measured out a song eight-footed with nine parts, Delicate, strengthening the Law.

X Indra-Agni

1

Indra and Agni, these our songs of praise have sounded forth to you: Ye who bring blessings! drink the juice

2

Come, Indra, Agni, with those teams, desired of many, which ye have, O heroes, for the worshipper

3

With those to his libation poured, ye heroes, Indra, Agni, come: Come ye to drink the Soma-juice!

XI Soma Pavamana

1

Soma, flow on exceeding bright with loud roar to the reservoirs, Resting in wooden vats thy home!

2

Let water winning Somas flow to Indra, Vayu, Varuna, To Vishnu and Marut host!

3

Soma, bestowing food upon our progeny, from every side Pour on us riches thousandfold.

XII Soma Pavamana

1

Pressed out by pressers Soma goes over the fleecy backs of sheep, Goes even as with a mare in tawny-coloured stream, goes in a sweetly-sounding stream.

2

Down to the water Soma, rich in kine, bath flowed with cows, with cows that have been milked. They have approached the mixing-vessels as a sea: the cheerer streams for the carouse.

XIII Soma Pavamana

1

O Purifying Soma, bring to us the wondrous treasure, meet. For lauds, that is in earth and heaven!

2

Cleansing the lives of men, thou, Steer, bellowing on the sacred grass, Gold-hued, hast settled in thy home.

3

For ye twain, Indra, Soma, are Lords of heaven's light, Lords of the kine: Prosper, as mighty ones, our prayers

XIV Indra

1

By men hath Indra been advanced, the Vritra-slayer, to joy and strength. Him only we invoke for help in battles whether great or small be he our aid in deeds or might!

2

For, hero, thou art like a host, art giver of abundant spoil. Strengthening e'en the feeble, thou aidest the sacrificer, thou givest great wealth to him who pours.

3

When war and battles are on foot, booty is offered to the bold. Yoke thou thy wildly-rushing bays! Whom wilt thou slay, and whom enrich? Do thou, O Indra, make us rich!

XV Indra

I. The juice of Soma thus diffused, sweet to the taste, the bright cows drink, Who travelling in splendour close to mighty Indra's side rejoice, good in their own supremacy.

2

Craving his touch the dappled kine mingle the Soma with their milk. The milch-kine dear to Indra send forth his death dealing thunder-bolt, good in their own supremacy.

3

With veneration, passing wise, they honour his victorious might. They follow close his many laws to win them due preeminence, good in their own supremacy.

XVI Soma Pavamana

1

Strong, mountain-born, the stalk hath been pressed in the streams for rapturous joy. Hawk-like he settles in his home.

2

Fair is the juice beloved of Gods, washed in the waters, pressed by men: The milch kine sweeten it with milk

3

Then, like a steed, have they adorned the inciter for eternal life, The meath's juice at the festival.

XVII Soma Pavamana

1

Make high and splendid glory shine hitherward, Lord of food, God, on the friend of Gods
Unclose the cask of middle air

2

Roll onward from the press, O mighty one, effused, as kings, supporter of the tribes
Pour on us rain from heaven, send us the water's flow, urging our thoughts to win the spoil!

XVIII Soma Pavamana

1

Breath of the mighty Dames, the Child, speeding the plan of sacrifice, Surpasses all things
that are dear, yea, from of old.

2

The place that is concealed hath gained a share of Trita's pressing-stones, By the seven
laws of sacrifice, even that dear place.

3

He hath sent forth unto the heights the three, in stream, as Trita's wealth: He who is passing
wise measures his pathways out.

XIX Soma Pavamana

1

Flow to the filter with thy stream, effused, to win us spoil and wealth, Soma exceeding rich in
meath for Indra, Vishnu, and the Gods

2

The hymns that know not guile, caress thee, golden-coloured, in the sieve. As mothers,
Pavamana, lick the new-born calf, as Law commands.

3

Lord of great sway, thou liftest thee above the heavens, above the earth. Thou, of

Pavamana, hast assumed thy coat of mail with majesty.

XX Soma Pavamana

1

Strong Indu, bathed in milk, flows on for Indra, Soma exciting strength, for his carousal. He quells malignity and slays the demons, King of the homestead, he who gives us comfort.

2

Then in a stream he flows, milked out with press–stones, mingled with sweetness, through the fleecy filter—Indu rejoicing in the love of Indra, the God who gladdens for the God's enjoyment.

3

He flows, as he is cleansed, to sacred duties, a God bedewing Gods with his own juices. Indu hath, clothed in powers that suit the season, on the raised fleece engaged the ten swift fingers.

XXI Agni

1

O Agni, God, we kindle thee, refulgent, wasting not away, That this more glorious fuel may send forth for thee its shine to heaven. Bring food to those who sing thy praise!

2

To thee the splendid, Lord of light! bright! wondrous! prince of men! is brought. Oblation with the holy verse, O Agni, bearer of our gifts! Bring food to those who sing thy praise!

3

Thou heatest both the ladles in thy mouth, O brilliant prince of men! So fill us also in our hymns abundantly, thou Lord of Strength. Bring food to those who sing thy praise!

XXII Indra

1

Sing ye a psalm to Indra; sing a great song to the lofty Sage, To him who maketh prayer, inspired, who loveth laud.

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. The Gods, O Indra, strove to win thy friendly love.

XXIII Indra

1

This Soma hath been pressed for thee, O Indra, bold one, mightiest, come! May Indra vigour fill thee full, as Surya fills mid-air with rays

2

Slayer of Vritra, mount thy car! The bay steeds have been yoked by prayer. May, with its voice, the pressing-stone draw thine attention hitherward!

3

His pair of tawny coursers bring Indra, resistless in his might. Hither to Rishis' songs of praise and sacrifice performed by men.

-- Part 02 Book 03 --

Part 02 Book 04

CHAPTER I

I Soma Pavamana

1

Light of the sacrifice, he pours delicious meath most wealthy, father and begetter of the Gods.He, gladdening, best of cheerers, juice that Indra loves, enriches with mysterious treasure earth and heaven.

2

The Lord of heaven, the vigorous and far-seeing one, flows shouting to the beaker with his thousand streams.Coloured like gold he rests in seats where Mitra dwells, the Steer made beautiful by rivers and by sheep.

3

As Pavamana thou flowest before the streams: thou goest on, before the hymn, before the kine.Thou sharest mighty booty in the van of war Soma, well-armed, thou art pressed out by men who press.

II Soma Pavamana

1

Through our desire of heroes, kine, and horses, vigorous Somadrops,Brilliant and swift, have been effused.

2

They, beautified by holy men and purified in both the hands,Are flowing through the fleecy cloth.

3

These Soma juices shall pour forth all treasures for the worshipper,From heaven and earth and firmament.

III Soma Pavamana

1

Flow, Soma, Indu, dear to Gods, swift through the purifying sieve,And enter Indra in thy strength

2

As mighty food speed hitherward, Indu, as a most splendid steer:Sit in thy place as one with power

3

The well-loved meath was made to flow, the stream of the creative juice:The Sage drew

waters to himself.

4

The mighty waters, yea, the floods accompany thee mighty one, When thou wilt clothe thee with the milk.

5

The lake is brightened in the floods. Soma, our friend, heaven's prop and stay, Falls on the purifying cloth.

6

The tawny Bull hath bellowed. Fair as mighty Mitra to behold He gleams and flashes with the Sun.

7

Songs, Indra, active in their might, are beautified for thee, wherewith Thou deckest thee for rapturous joy.

8

To thee who givest ample room we pray, to win the wild delight, That Thou mayst have exalted praise,

9

Winner of kine Indu, art thou, winner of heroes, steeds, and spoil: Primeval soul of sacrifice.

10

Pour on us, Indu! Indra—strength with a full stream of sweetness, like Parianya, sender of the rain!

IV Soma Pavamana

1

O Soma Pavamana, be victorious, win us high renown; And make us better than we are!

2

Win thou the light, win heavenly light, and, Soma, all felicities; And make us better than we are!

3

Win skilful strength and mental power! O Soma, drive away our foes; And make us better than we are!

4

Ye purifiers, purify Soma for Indra, for his drink; Make thou us better than we are!

5

Give us our portion in the Sun through thine own mental power and aids; And make us better than we are!

6

Through thine own mental power and aids long may we look upon the Sun:Make thou us better than we are!

7

Well–weaponed Soma, pour to us a stream of riches doubly great;And make us better than we are!

8

As one victorious unsubdued in battle, pour forth wealth to us:And make us better than we are!

9

With offerings, Pavamana! men have strengthened thee as Law commands:Make thou us better than we are!

10

O Indu, bring us wealth in steeds brilliant and quickening all life;And make us better than we are!

V Soma Pavamana

1

Swift runs this giver of delight, even the stream of flowing juice:Swift runs this giver of delight.

2

The Morning knows all precious things, the Goddess knows her grace to man:Swift runs this giver of delight.

3

We have accepted thousands from Dhvasra's and Purusbanti's hands:Swift runs this giver of delight.

4

From whom we have accepted thus thousands and three–times ten besides:Swift runs this giver of delight.

VI Soma Pavamana

1

Forth with his stream who gladdens best these Soma juices have been poured,Lauded with songs for mighty strength.

2

Thou flowest to enjoy the milk, and bringest valour, being, cleansed:Winning the spoil flow hitherward

3

And, hymned by Jamadagni, let all nourishment that kine supply, And general praises, flow to us!

VII Agni

1

For Jatavedas, worthy of our praise, will we frame with our mind this eulogy as 'twere a car. For good, in his assembly, is this care of ours. Let us not, in thy friendship, Agni, suffer harm!

2

We will bring fuel and prepare our sacred gifts, reminding thee at each successive holy time. Fulfil our thoughts that we may lengthen out our lives Let us not, in thy friendship, Agni, suffer harm!

3

May we have power to kindle thee! Fulfil our prayers in thee the Gods eat the presented sacrifice. Bring hither the Adityas, for we long for them! Let us not, in thy friendship, Agni, suffer harm!

VIII Mitra, Varuna, Aryaman

1

Soon as the Sun hath risen I sing to you, to Mitra, Varuna, And Aryaman who slays the foe.

2

With wealth of gold may this my song bring unmolested might; may this, Sages! obtain the sacrifice!

3

May we be thine, God Varuna, and with our princes, Mitra, thine: May we gain food and heavenly light!

IX Indra

1

Drive all our enemies away, smite down the foes who press around, And bring the wealth for which we long:

2

Of which the world shall know forthwith as given by thee abundantly: Bring us the wealth for which we long:

3

O Indra, that which is concealed in strong firm place precipito [sic] us: Bring us the wealth for which we long!

X Indra–Agni

1

Yea, ye are priests of sacrifice, winners in war and holy works Indra and Agni, mark this well!

2

Bountiful, riders on the car, slayers of Vritra 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!

XI Soma Pavamana

1

For Indra girt by Maruts, flow, thou Indu, very rich in meath,To seat thee in the place of song!

2

Sage: who know the lore of speech deck thee, the strong sustainer, well:Men make thee bright and beautiful.

3

Let Mitra, Varuna, Aryaman drink Pavamana's juice, yea, thine.Sage! let the Maruts drink thereof.

XII Soma Pavamana

1

Deft–handed! thou when purified liftest thy voice amid the sea.Thou, Pavamana makest riches flow to us, yellow, abundant, much–desired.

2

Made pure, as Pavamana, in the sheep's long wool, the Steer bath bellowed in the vat.Thou flowest, Soma Pavamana! balmed with 'milk unto the meeting–place of Gods.

XIII Soma Pavamana

1

Him here, the offspring of the sea, the ten swift fingers beautify:With the Adityas is he seen.

2

With Indra and with Vayu he, effused, flows onward with the beams Of Surya to the cleansing sieve.

3

Flow rich in sweets and lovely for our Bhaga, Vayu, Pushan, fair For Mitra and for Varuna!

XIV Indra

1

With Indra splendid feasts be ours, rich in all strengthening things, wherewith, Wealthy in food, we may rejoice!

2

Like thee, thyself, for singers yoked, thou movest, as it were besought, Bold one, the axle of the car,

3

That, Satakratu, thou, to serve and please thy praisers, as it were, Stirrest the axle with thy strength.

XV Indra

1

As a good cow to him who milks, we call the doer of good deeds, To our assistance day by day.

2

Come thou to our libations, drink of Soma, Soma-drinker! yea, The rich one's rapture giveth kine.

3

So may we be acquainted with thine innermost benevolence: Neglect us not; come hitherward!

XVI Indra

1

As, like the Morning, thou has filled, O Indra, both the earth and heaven, So as the mighty one, great King of all the mighty race of men, the Goddess mother brought thee forth, the blessed mother gave thee life.

2

Thou bearest in thine hand a lance like a long hook, great counsellor. As with his foremost foot a goat, draw down the branch O Maghavan. The Goddess mother brought thee forth, the blessed mother gave thee life.

3

Relax that mortal's stubborn strength whose heart is bent on wickedness. Trample him down beneath thy feet who watches for and aims at us. The Goddess mother brought thee forth, the blessed mother gave thee life.

XVII Soma Pavamana

1

Soma, the dweller on the hills, effused, hath flowed into the sieve. All-bounteous art thou in carouse.

2

Thou art a holy bard, a Sage; the meath offspring of thy sap: All bounteous art thou in carouse.

3

All-deities of one accord have come that they may drink of thee: All-bounteous art thou in carouse.

XVIII Soma Pavamana

1

Effused is he who brings good things, who brings us store of wealth, and sweet refreshing food, Soma who brings us quiet homes:

2

He whom our Indra and the Marut host shall drink, Bhaga shall drink with Aryaman, By whom we bring to us Mitra and Varuna, and Indra for our great defence.

XIX Soma Pavamana

1

Friends, hymn your Lord who makes him pure for rapturous carouse: let them Sweeten him, as a child, with lauds and sacred gifts

2

Like as a calf with mother cows, so Indu is urged forth and sent, Glorified by our hymns; the god-delighting juice.

3

Effectual help to power is he. he is a banquet for the troop, He who hath been effused, more rich in meath, for Gods.

XX Soma Pavamana

1

For us the Soma juices flow, the drops best furtherers of weal, Effused as friends, without a spot, benevolent, finders of the light.

2

These Soma juices, skilled in song, purified, blent with milk and curd, Hastening on and firmly set in oil resemble beautiful suns.

3

Effused by means of pressing— stones, upon the oxhide visible, They, treasure-finders,

have announced food unto us from every side.

XXI Soma Pavamana

1

Pour forth this wealth with this purification: flow onward to the yellow lake, O Indu! Here, too, the bright one, wind-swift, full of wisdom, shall give a son to him who cometh quickly.

2

Flow on for us with this purification to the famed ford of thee whose due is glory! May the foe-queller shake us down, for triumph, like a tree's ripe fruit, sixty thousand treasures!

3

Eagerly do we pray for those two exploits, at the blue lake and Prisana, wrought in battle. He sent our enemies to sleep and slew them, and turned away the foolish and unfriendly.

XXII Agni

1

O Agni, be our nearest friend, yea, our protector and our kind deliverer!

2

As gracious Agni, famed for treasures, come, and, most resplendent, give us store of wealth!

3

To thee then, O most bright, O radiant God, we come with prayer for happiness for our friends.

XXIII Indra

1

May we, with Indra and the Gods to aid us, bring these existing worlds to full completion!

2

Our sacrifice, our bodies, and our offspring, let Indra with the Adityas-form and finish!

3

With the Adityas, with the band of Maruts, let Indra send us medicines to heal us!

XXIV Indra

1

Sing to your Indra, mightiest Vritra-slayer, sing to the Sage the song that he accepteth!

CHAPTER II

I Soma Pavamana

1

The God declares the deities' generations, like Usana, proclaiming lofty wisdom. With brilliant kin far-ruling, sanctifying, the wild boar, singing with his foot, advances.

2

The swans, the Vrishagnas from anear us, restless, have brought their clamour to our dwelling--Friends come to Pavamana, meet for praises--and sound in concert their resistless music.

3

He takes the swiftness of the great Far strider: cows low as, 'twere to him who sports at pleasure. He with the sharpened horns brings forth abundance: the silvery shines by night, by day the golden.

4

Like cars that thunder on their way, like coursers eager for renown, Have Soma drops flowed forth for wealth.

5

Forth have they rushed from holding hands, like chariots that are urged to speed, Like joyful songs of singing-men.

6

The Somas deck themselves with milk as kings are graced with eulogies, And, with seven priests, the sacrifice.

7

Pressed for the gladdening draught the drops flow forth abundantly with song, Flow with the stream of savoury juice.

8

Winning Vivasvan's glory and speeding the light of Dawn, the suns, Pass through the openings of the cloth.

9

The singing-men of ancient time open the doors of sacred songs--The men who bring the mighty One.

10

In close society have come the priests, the sevenfold brotherhood, Filling the station of the One.

11

He makes us kin with Gods, he joins the Sun, for seeing, with mine eye; I milk the Sage's offspring forth.

12

The Sun beholdeth with his eye the heaven's dear quarter which the priests Have set within the sacred cell.

II Soma Pavamana

1

Forth on their way the glorious drops have flowed for maintenance of Law, Knowing what suits this worshipper.

2

Down in the mighty waters sinks the stream of Meath, most excellent, Oblation best of all in worth.

3

About the holy place the Steer, true, guileless, noblest, hath sent forth, Continuous voices in the wood.

4

When the Sage, purging manly deeds and lofty wisdom flows, around,

5

When purified, he sits enthroned as King over the warring clans. What time the sages speed him on.

6

Most dear, gold-coloured, in the fleece he sinks, and settles in the wood: The singer is besieged with song.

7

He goes to Indra, Vayu, and the Asvins with the rapturous joy, To whomsoever his power delights.

8

The waves of pleasant Soma flow to Bhaga, Mitra, Varuna, Well knowing, through his mighty powers.

9

Gain for us, O ye Heaven and Earth, riches of Meath to win us strength: Gain for us treasures and renown.

10

We choose to-day that chariot-steed of thine, the strong, that brings us bliss, The guardian, the desire of all;

11

The excellent, the gladdener, the Sage with heart that understands. The guardian, the desire of all;

12

Who for ourselves, O thou most wise, is wealth and fair intelligence, The guardian, the desire of all.

III Agni

1

Agni Vaisvanara, born in course of Order, the messenger of earth, the head of heaven, The Sage, the Sovran, guest of men, our vessel fit for their mouth, the Gods have generated.

2

To thee, immortal! when to life thou springest all the Gods sing for joy as to their infant. They by thy mental powers were made immortal, Vaisvdnara when thou shonest from thy parents.

3

Him have they praised, mid-point of sacrifices, great cistern of libations, seat of riches. Vaisvanara, conveyer of oblations, ensign of worship, have the Gods engendered.

IV Mitra–Varuna

1

Sing forth unto your Varuna and Mitra with a song inspired: They, mighty Lords, are lofty law.

2

Full springs of fatness, sovran Kings, Mitra and Varuna, the twain, Gods glorified among the Gods,

3

So help ye us to riches, great celestial and terrestrial wealth! Vast is your sway among the Gods.

V Indra

1

O Indra marvellously bright, come, these libations long for thee, Thus by five fingers purified!

2

Urged by the holy singer, sped by song, come nigh, O Indra, to The sacrificing suppliant's prayers!

3

Approach, O Indra, basting thee, Lord of bay horses, to our prayers: In our libation take delight!

VI Indra–Agni

1

Glorify him who compasses all forests with his glowing Dame, And leaves them blackened by his tongue.

2

He who gains Indra's grace by fire enkindled, finds as easy way Over the floods to splendid wealth.

3

Give us, ye twain, swift steeds to bring Indra and Agni, and bestow Abundant food with wealth on us.

VII Soma Pavamana.

1

Indu hath started forth for Indra's settled place, and slights not, as a friend, the promise of his friend. Soma comes onward like a youth with youthful maids, and gains the beaker by a course of hundred paths.

2

Your hymns of pleasant sound, praiseworthy, fond of lauds, have come into the hall enclosed for sacrifice. Singers have hymned the golden-coloured as he sports, and milchkin have come near to meet him with their milk,

3

O Soma, Indu, while they cleanse thee, with thy wave pour orb us plentiful accumulated food, Which, ceaseless, thrice a day shall yield us hero power enriched. with store of nourishment, and strength, and meath.

VIII Indra.

1

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

2

The powerful conqueror, invincible in war, him at whose birth the mighty ones, The kine who spread afar, sent their loud voices out, heavens, earths sent their loud voices out.

IX Soma Vaisvanara

1

Sit down, O friends, and sing aloud to him who purifies himself: Deck him for glory, like a child, with holy rites

2

Loose him who bringeth household wealth, even as a calf with. mother kine, Him who bath double strength, strong, god-delighting juice!

3

Purify him who gives us power, most blissful one, that he may be A banquet for the troop,
Mitra, and Varuna!

X Soma Pavamana

1

The Strong hath flowed forth in a thousand streams, flowed through the filter and the
sheep's long wool.

2

With ceaseless genial flow the Strong hath run, purified by the waters, blent with milk.

3

Pressed out with stones, directed by the men, go forth, O Soma, into Indra's throat!

XI Soma Pavamana

1

The Soma juices which have been expressed afar or near at hand, Or there on
Saryanavan's bank,

2

Those pressed among Arjikas, pressed among the active, in, men's homes, Or pressed
among the Fivefold Tribes--

3

May these celestial drops, expressed, pour forth upon us, as they flow, Rain from the
heavens and hero strength!

XII Agni

1

May Vatsa draw thy mind away even from thy loftiest dwelling--place! Agni, I yearn for thee
with song.

2

Thou art alike in many a place: through all the regions thou art Lord. In fray and fight we call
on thee.

3

When we are seeking spoil we call Agni to help us in the strife, Giver of wondrous gifts in
war.

XIII Indra

1, O Indra, bring great strength to us, bring valour, satakratu, thou most active, bring A hero
conquering in war!

2

For, gracious Satakratu, thou hast ever been a mother and a sire to us, So now for bliss we pray to thee.

3

To thee, strong! much–invoked! who showest forth thy strength, made very mighty! do I speak: So grant thou us heroic power!

XIV Indra

1

Stone–Darting Indra, wonderous God, what wealth thou hast not given me here, That bounty, treasure–finder! bring, filling full both thy hands, to us!

2

Bring what thou deemest worth the wish, O Indra that which is in heaven! So may we know thee as thou art a giver boundless in thy gifts!

3

Thy lofty spirit famed in all the regions as appeasable,--With this thou rendest even things firm, Stone–darter! so to win thee strength.

-- Part 02 Book 04 --

Part 02 Book 05

CHAPTER I

I Soma Pavamana

1

The Maruts with their troop adorn and brighten, even at his birth, the Sage, the lovely infant. By songs a poet, and a Sage by wisdom, Soma goes singing through the cleansing filter.

2

Light-winner, Rishi-minded, Rishi-maker, hymned in a thousand hymns, leader of sages, Eager to gain his third form, mighty, Soma is, like Viraj, resplendent as a singer.

3

Hawk seated in the press, bird wide-extended, the banner seeking kine and wielding weapons, Uniting with the sea, the wave of waters, the mighty tells his fourth form and declares it.

II Soma Pavamana

1

Obeying Indra's dear desire these Soma juices have flowed forth Increasing his heroic might.

2

Laid in the press and flowing pure to Vayu and the Asvins, may These give us great heroic strength.

3

Soma, as thou art purified, incite to bounty Indra's heart, To seat him in the shrine of Gods!

4

The ten swift fingers deck thee forth seven ministers impel thee on, The sages have rejoiced in thee.

5

When through the filter thou art poured we clothe thee with a robe of milk, To be a rapturous feast for Gods.

6

When purified within the jars, Soma bright-red and golden-hued, Hath veiled him in a milky dress.

7

Flow onward to our wealthy lords. Drive all our enemies away: O Indu, pass into thy friend!

8

May we obtain thee, Indra's drink, who viewest men and findest light, Gain thee and progeny and food!

9

Send down the rain from heaven and make splendour upon the earth! Give us, O Soma, victory in war!

III Soma Pavamana

1

Poured through the fleece in thousand streams purified Soma floweth to, Indra's and Vayu's meeting-place.

2

Sing forth, ye men who long for help, to Pavamana, to the Sage, Effused to entertain the Gods!

3

The Soma drops with thousand powers are purified to win us strength, Hymned to become the feast of Gods.

4

Yea, as thou flowest bring great store of food that we may win us strength: Indu, bring splendid manly might

5

Like coursers by their drivers urged, they were poured forth, to win us strength, Swift through the woollen straining-cloth.

6

May they in flowing give us wealth in thousands, and heroic power, — These godlike Soma drops effused!

7

The roaring Soma drops flow on, like milch-kine lowing to, their calves: They have run forth from both the hands.

8

Beloved by Indra, bringing joy, roaring as thou art purified, Drive all our enemies away.

9

As Pavamanas, driving off the godless, looking on the light, Sit in the place of sacrifice.

IV Soma Pavamana

1

The Soma drops, exceeding rich in sweets, to Indra have been poured, Shed with the

stream of sacrifice.

2

Sages have called to Indra, like cows, milch-kine, lowing to their calves, Called him to drink the Soma juice.

3

In the stream's wave wise Soma dwells, distilling rapture, in his seat, Resting upon a wild cow's hide.

4

Far-sighted Soma, Sage and bard, is worshipped in the central point, Of heaven, the straining-cloth of wool.

5

In close embracement Indu holds Soma when poured within the: jars. And on the purifying sieve.

6

Indu sends forth a voice on high, up in the region of the sea. Stirring the cask that drops with meath.

7

The tree whose praises never fail dwells in the stream of holy milk, Urged onward by its human friend.

8

O Pavamana bring us wealth bright with a thousand splendours; yea, O Indu, give us ready help!

9

Sage, poet, poured with all his stream, Soma is driven, far away, To the dear places of the sky.

V Soma Pavamana

1

Loud as a river's roaring wave thy powers have lifted up themselves: Urge on thine arrow's sharpened point!

2

At thine effusion upward rise three voices fresh and strong, when thou. Flowest upon the fleecy ridge.

3

On to the fleece they urge with stones the dear, the goldencoloured one, Even Pavamana dropping meath.

4

Flow with thy current to the sieve, O Sage, best giver of delight, To seat these in the shrine of song!

5

Best giver of delight, flow on anointed with the milk for balm, And enter into Indra's throat!

VI Soma Pavamana

1

Flow onward, Indu, with this food for him who in thy wild delights, Battered the nine—and—ninety down.

2

Smote swiftly forts, and Sambara, then Yadu and that Turvasa, For pious Divodasa's sake!

3

Finder of horses, pour on us horses and wealth in kine and gold, And Indu, food in boundless store!

VII Soma Pavamana

1

Chasing our foemen, driving off the godless, Soma floweth on, Going to Indra's settled place.

2

O Pavamana, hither bring great riches, and destroy our foes: O Indu, grant heroic fame!

3

A hundred obstacles have ne'er checked thee when rain to give thy boons, When, being cleansed, thou combatest.

VIII Soma Pavamana

1

Flow onward with that stream wherewith thou gavest splendour to the sun, Speeding the waters kind to man!

2

He, Pavamana, high o'er man, yoked the Sun's courser Etasa, To travel through the realm of air.

3

Yea, those bay steeds he harnessed to the chariot that the Sun might come: Indu, he said, is Indra's self.

IX Agni

1

Associate with fires, make your God Agni envoy at sacrifice, best skilled in worship, Established firm among mankind, the holy flame–crowned and fed with oil, the purifier!

2

Like a steed neighing eager for the pasture, when he hath stepped forth from the great enclosure: Then the wind following blows upon his splendour, and, straight, the path is black which thou hast travelled.

3

From thee, a bull but newly born, O Agni, the kindled everlasting flames rise upward. Aloft to heaven as ruddy smoke thou mountest: Agni, thou speedest to the Gods as envoy.

X Indra

1

We make this Indra very strong to strike the mighty Vritra dead: A vigorous hero shall he be.

2

This Indra, made for giving gifts, is stablished, mightiest, in strength, Bright, meet for Soma, famed in song.

3

By song, as 'twere' the powerful bolt which none may parry, was prepared: Strong and invincible he grew.

XI Soma Pavamana

I. Adhvaryu, to the filter lead the Soma–juice expressed with stones: Make thou it pure for Indra's drink!

2

These Gods and all the Marut host, Indu! enjoy this juice of thine, This Pavamana's flowing meath.

3

Pour out for Indra, Thunder–armed, the milk of heaven, the Soma's juice, Most excellent, most rich in sweets!

XII Soma Pavamana

1

On flows the potent juice, sustainer of the heavens, the strength of Gods, whom men must hail with shouts of joy, Thou, gold–hued, started like a courser by brave men, art lightly showing forth thy splendour in the streams.

2

He takes his weapons, like a hero, in his hands, fain to win light, car-borne, in forays for the kine.Indu, while stimulating Indra's might, is urged forward and balmed by sages skilful in their task.

3

Soma, as thou art purified with flowing wave, exhibiting thy strength enter thou Indra's throat.Make both worlds stream for us, as lightning doth the clouds: mete out exhaustless powers for us through this our prayer!

XIII Indra

1

Though, Indra, thou art called by men eastward and westward, north and south,Thou chiefly art with Anava and Turvasa, brave champion! urged by men to come.

2

Or, Indra, when with Ruma, Rusama, Syavaka, and Kripa thou rejoicest thee,Still do the Kanvas, bringing prayer, with hymns of praise O Indra, draw thee hither: come!

XIV 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 to Soma juice!

2

For him, strong, independent ruler, Heaven and Earth have fashioned forth with power and might.Thou seatest thee as first among thy peers in place, for thy soul longs for Soma juice.

XV Soma Pavamana

1

God, working with mankind flow on; to Indra go thy gladdening juice:To Vayu mount as Law commands!

2

O Soma Pavamana, thou pourest out wealth that may be famed:O Indu, pass into the lake!

3

Soma, thou flowest chasing foes, finder of wisdom and delight:Drive thou the godless folk afar!

XVI Soma Pavamana

1

Stream on us riches that are craved by hundreds, best at winning spoil,Riches, O Indu, thousandfold, most splendid, that surpass the light!

2

May we, O Vasu, be most near to this thy bounty, food, and wealth! Desired by many men,
and in thy favour, O resistless one!

3

Effused, this Indu hath flowed on, distilling rapture, to the fleece. He streams erect to
sacrifice, as 'twere with splendour, seeking kine.

XVII Soma Pavamana

1

Flow onward, Soma, as a mighty sea, as Father of the Gods, to every form!

2

Flow on, O Soma, radiant for the Gods, blissful to heaven and earth and living things!

3

Thou art, bright juice, sustainer of the sky: flow, mighty, in accordance with true law!

XVIII Agni

I. I laud your most beloved guest, like a dear friend, O Agni, him! Who, like a chariot, wins us
wealth.

2

Whom as a Sage who merits praise 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!

XIX Indra

1

Come unto us, O Indra, dear, still conquering, unconcealable Wide as a mountain spread
on all sides, Lord of heaven.

2

O truthful Soma-drinker, thou art mightier than both the worlds. Thou strengthenest him
who pours libation, Lord of heaven.

3

For thou art he, O Indra, who upholdeth all our fortresses, The Dasyu's slayer, man's
sustainer, Lord of heaven.

XX Indra

1

Render of forts, the young, the wise, of strength unmeasured, was he born, Sustainer of each sacred rite, Indra, the Thunderer, much extolled,

2

Thou wielder of the stone, didst burst the cave of Vala rich in kine. The Gods came pressing to thy side, and free from terror aided thee.

3

They glorified with hymns of praise Indra who reigneth by his might, Whose bounteous gifts in thousands come, yea, even more abundantly.

CHAPTER II

I Soma Pavamana

1

Guard of all being, generating creatures, loud roared the sea as highest law commanded. Strong in the filter, on the fleecy summit, pressed from the stone, Soma hath waxen mighty.

2

Make Vayu glad, for furtherance and bounty: cheer Varuna and Mitra, as they cleanse thee! Gladden the Gods, gladden the host of Maruts: make Heaven and Earth rejoice, O God, O Soma!

3

Soma, the mighty, when, the water's offspring, he chose the Gods, performed that great achievement. He, Pavamana, granted strength to Indra: he, Indu, generated strength in Surya.

II Soma Pavamana

1

Here present this immortal God flies, like a bird upon her wings, To settle in the vats of wood.

2

Praised by the sacred bards, this God dives into waters, and bestows Rich gifts upon the worshipper.

3

He. like a warrior going forth with heroes, as he flows along. Is fain to win all precious boons.

4

This God as he is flowing on speeds like a car and gives his aid: He lets his voice be heard of all.

5

This God, while flowing, is adorned, gold-coloured, for the spoil, by men Devout and skilled in holy songs.

6

This God, made ready with the hymn runs swiftly through the winding ways, Inviolable as he flows.

7

A way he rushes with his stream, across the regions, into heaven, And roars as he is flowing on.

8

While flowing, meet for sacrifice, he hath gone up to heaven, across The regions, never overthrown.

9

By generation long ago, this God, engendered for the Gods, Flows tawny to the straining-cloth.

10

This Lord of many holy laws, even at his birth engendering strength, Effused, flows onward in a stream.

III Soma Pavamana

1

Through the fine fingers, with the song, this hero comes with rapid cars, Going to Indra's settled place.

2

In holy thought he ponders much for the great service of the Gods, Where the immortals have their seat.

3

Men beautify him in the vats, him worthy to be beautified, Him who brings forth abundant food.

4

He is deposited and led along the consecrated path When zealous men are urging him,

5

He moves, a vigorous steed, adorned with beauteous rays of shining gold, He who is Sovran of the streams.

6

He brandishes his horns on high, and whets them, bull who leads the herd, Doing with might heroic deeds.

7

He, over places rough to pass bringing rich treasures, closely pressed.Descends into the reservoirs.

8

Him, even him the golden-hued, well armed, best giver of delight,Ten fingers urge to run his course.

IV Soma Pavamana

1

This Bull, this chariot robes him in the sheep's long wool as he proceeds.To war that wins a thousand spoils.

2

The dames of Trita with the stones urge forth this goldencoloured one,Indu to Indra for his drink.

3

He like a falcon settles down amid the families of men,Like lover speeding to his love.

4

This young exhilarating juice looks downward from its place in heaven,This Soma drop that pierced the sieve.

5

Pressed for the draught, this tawny juice flows forth intelligent, calling out,Unto the well-beloved place.

6

Him, here, the gold-decked skilful ten cleanse carefully, who make him bright.And beauteous for the gladdening draught.

V Soma Pavamana

1

Urged by the men, this vigorous steed, Lord of the mind omniscient,Flies to the long wool of the sheep.

2

Within the filter hath he flowed, this Soma for the Gods effused.Entering all their essences.

3

He shines in beauty there, this God, immortal, in his dwellingplace,Foe-slayer, dearest to the Gods.

4

Directed by the sisters ten, bellowing on his way this Steer Runs onward to the wooden

vats.

5

This Pavamana, gladdening drink within the purifying sieve, Gave splendour to the Sun in heaven.

6

Unconquerable Lord of speech, dwelling beside Viavasvan, he Mounts up together with the Sun.

VI Soma Pavamana

1

This Sage, exalted by our lands, flows to the purifying sieve, Scattering foes as he is cleansed.

2

Giver of strength, winner of light, for Indra and for Vayu he Is poured upon the filtering-cloth.

3

The men conduct him, Soma, Steer, omniscient the head of heaven. Effused into the vats of wood.

4

Longing for kine, longing for gold hath Indu Pavamana roared, Still conqueror, never overcome.

5

To Indra in the firmament this mighty tawny Steer hath flowed This Indu, being purified.

6

This Soma being purified flows mighty and invincible, Slayer of sinners, dear to Gods.

VII Soma Pavamana

1

This Soma, strong effused for draught, flows to the purifying sieve, Slaying the fiends, loving the Gods.

2

Far sighted, tawny-coloured, he flows to the sieve intelligent, Bellowing to his place of rest.

3

This vigorous Pavamana runs forth to the luminous realm of heaven, Fiend-slayer, through the sheep's long wool.

4

This Pavamana, up above on Trita's ridge, hath made the Sun, Together with the Sisters, shine.

5

Effused, this Soma, Steer, who slays Vritra, room-giver, unbeguiled, Hath gone as 'twere to win the spoil.

6

Urged by the sage upon his way, this God speeds forward to the: vats, Indu to Indra, giving boons.

VIII Soma Pavamana

1

The man who reads the essence stored by saints, the Pavamana hymns, Tastes food completely purified, made sweet by Matarisvan's touch.

2

Whoever reads the essence stored by saints, the Pavamana hymns, For him Sarasvat! pours forth water and butter, milk and meath.

3

Yea, for the Pavamanas flow richly, drop fatness, bring us weal,—Amrit deposited among the Brahmans, essence stored by saints.

4

So may the Pavamana hymns bestow on us this world and that, And gratify our hearts' desires'—the Goddesses combined with Gods!

5

The purifying flood wherewith Gods ever purify themselves,—With that, in thousand currents, may the Pavamanas make us clean!

6

The Pavamana hymns bring weal: by these man goes to Paradise, And, eating pure and holy food, attains to immortality.

IX Agni

1

We with great reverence have approached the Youngest, who hath shone forth well kindled in his dwelling, Wondrously bright between wide earth and heaven, well worshipped, looking forth in all directions.

2

Through his great might o'ercoming all misfortunes, praised in the house is Agni Jatavedas. May he preserve us from disgrace and trouble, both us who laud him and our

wealthy princes!

3

O Agni, thou art Varuna and Mitra: Vasishthas! with their holy hymns exalt thee. With thee be most abundant gain of treasure! Do ye preserve us evermore with blessing!

X Indra

1

Indra, great in his power and might, and like Parjanya rich in rain. Hath been increased by Vatsa's lauds.

2

Since Kanvas have with lauds made him completer of the sacrifice, Words are their own appropriate arms.

3

When priests who magnify the Son of holy law present their gifts, Sages with Order's hymn of praise.

XI Soma Pavamana

1

Of gold-hued Pavamana, great destroyer, radiant streams have flowed, Swift streams of him whose gleams are swift.

2

Best rider of the chariot, praised with fairest praise 'mid beauteous ones, Gold gleaming with the Marut host,

3

Penetrate, Pavamana, best at winning booty, with thy rays, Giving the Singer hero strength!

XII Soma Pavamana

1

Hence sprinkle forth the juice effused, Soma, the best of sacred gifts, Who, friend of man, hath run among the water-streams He hath pressed Soma out with stones.

2

Now, being purified, flow hither through the fleece, invincible and more odorous! We joy in thee in waters when thou art effused, blending thee still with juice and milk.

3

Pressed out for all to see, delighting Gods, Indu, far-seeing one, is mental power.

XIII Soma Pavamana

1

Even as a King hath Soma, red and tawny Bull, been pressed the wondrous one hath bellowed to the kine. While purified thou passest through the filtering fleece to seat thee hawk-like in the place that drops with oil.

2

Parjanya is the sire of the leaf-bearing Bull: on mountains, in earth's centre hath he made his home. The waters have flowed forth, the Sisters, to the kine: he meets the pressing-stones at the beloved rite.

3

To glory goest thou, a Sage with ordering skill, like a groomed steed thou rushest forward to the prize. Be gracious to us, Soma, driving off distress! Thou goest, clothed in butter, to a robe of state.

XIV Indra

1

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.

2

Praise him who sends us wealth, prompt with his liberal boons Good are the gifts that Indra gives. He is not wroth with one who satisfies his wish: he instigates, his mind to give.

XV Indra

1

Indra, give us security from that whereof we are afraid Help us, O Maghavan, let thy favour aid us thus drive away foes and enemies!

2

For thou, O liberal Lord of ample bounty, art the ruler of our house and home. So, Indra Maghavan, thou lover of the song, we with pressed Soma call on thee.

XVI Soma Pavamana

1

Thou, Soma, hast a running stream, sweet-toned most strong at sacrifice: Flow bounteously bestowing wealth

2

Thou most delightful, when effused, running, the best of gladders, art Indu, still conquering, ne'er subdued.

3

Do thou, poured forth by pressing-stones, flow hither uttering a roar, And bring us brightly-glorious strength!

XVII Soma Pavamana

1

In might, O Indu, with thy streams flow for the banquet of the Gods: Rich in meath, Soma, in our beaker take thy seat!

2

Thy drops that swim in water have exalted Indra to delight The Gods have drunk thee up for immortality.

3

Stream opulence to us, ye drops of Soma, pressed and purified Pouring down rain from heaven in floods, and finding light!

XVIII Soma Pavamana

1

Him with the fleece they purify, brown, golden-hued beloved of all, Who with exhilarating juice goes forth to all the deities

2

Whom, bright with native splendour, crushed between the pressing-stones, a friend. Whom Indra dearly loves, the waves and ten companions dip and bathe

3

For Vritra-slaying Indra, thou, Soma, art poured that he may drink, And for the guerdon-giving man, the hero sitting in his seat.

XIX Soma Pavamana

1

Flow onward Soma, flow for mighty strength, as a strong courser, bathed, to win the prize.

2

The pressers clarify this juice of thine, the Soma for delight and lofty fame.

3

They deck the gold-hued infant, newly-born, even Soma, Indu, in the sieve, for Gods.

XX Soma Pavamana

1

The Gods have come to Indu well-descended, beautified with milk, The active crusher of the foe.

2

Even as mother cows their calf, so let our praise-songs strengthen him, Yea, him who winneth Indra's heart!

3

Soma, pour blessings on our kine, pour forth the food that streams with milk: Increase the sea, praiseworthy one!

XXI Indra

1

Hitherward! they who light the flame and straightway trim the sacred grass, Whose friend is Indra ever young.

2

Large is their fuel, much their laud, wide is their splinter from the stake, Whose friend is Indra ever young.

3

Unquelled in fight the hero leads his army with the warrior chiefs, Whose friend is Indra ever young.

XXII Indra

1

He who alone bestoweth wealth on mortal man who offereth gifts, Is Indra only, potent Lord whom none resist.

2

Whoever with the Soma pressed draws thee away from many men, — Verily Indra gains thereby tremendous power.

3

When will he trample, like a weed, the man who hath no gift for him? When, verily, will Indra hear our songs of praise?

XXIII Indra

1

The singers hymn thee, they who chant the psalm of praise are lauding thee. The Brahmans have exalted thee, O Satakratu, like a pole. 2, When thou wast climbing ridge from ridge, he looked upon the toilsome task: Indra takes notice of that wish, and the Ram hastens with his troop.

3

Harness thy pair of strong bay steeds, long-maned, whose bodies fill the girths. And, Indra, Soma drinker, come to listen to our songs Of praise!

Part 02 Book 06

CHAPTER I

I Agni

1

Agni, well kindled bring the Gods for him who offers holy gifts; And worship them, pure
Hotar–priest!

2

O Sage, Tanunapat, present our sacrifice to Gods to–day, Sweet to the taste, that they may
help!

3

Dear Narasansa, sweet of tongue, presenter of oblations, I Invoke to this our sacrifice.

4

Agni, on thy most easy car, entreated, hither bring the Gods! Manus–appointed Priest art
thou.

II Adityas

1

So when the Sun hath risen to–day may sinless Mitra, Aryaman, Bhaga, and Savitar send
us forth!

2

May this our home be guarded well: forward, ye bounteous, on the way, Who bear us safely
o'er distress!

3

Yea, Aditi, and those great Kings whose statute is inviolate, Are sovrans of a vast domain.

III Indra

1

Let Soma juices make thee glad! 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 Somas pressed, Somas unpressed are also thine: Thou art the Sovran
of the folk.

IV Soma Pavamana

1

True object of our hymns, Sage, watchful Soma hath settled in the press as they refine him. Him the Adhvaryus, paired and eager, follow, leaders of sacrifice and skilful-handed.

2

He, purified and bringing gifts to Surya, hath filled full heaven and earth, and hath disclosed them. He by whose dear help heroes gain their wishes will yield the precious meed as to a victor.

3

He, being cleansed, the strengthener and increaser, bountiful Soma helped us his lustre, Wherein our sires of old who knew the footsteps found light and sought the kine within the mountain.

V 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, the swift one, 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.

VI Indra

1

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

2

The Bhrigus are like suns, like Kanvas, and have gained each thing whereon their thought was bent. The living men of Priyamedha's race have sung exalting Indra with their lauds.

VII Soma Pavamana

1

Run forth to battle conquering the Vritras! thou Speedest to quell the foe like one exacting debts.

2

Thou Pavamana, didst beget the Sun with might, and rain in the supporting sky, Hasting to us with plenty vivified with milk.

3

For, Soma, we rejoice ourselves in thee effused for great supremacy in fight; Thou,

Pavamana, enterest into mighty deeds.

VIII Soma Pavamana

1

Flow forth, O Soma, flow thou onward, sweet to Indra's, Mitra's, Pushan's, Bhaga's taste!

2

So flow thou on as bright celestial juice, flow to the vast immortal dwelling–place!

3

Let Indra drink, O Soma, of thy juice for wisdom, and all deities for strength!

IX Soma Pavamana

1

Even as the beams of Surya, urging men to speed, they issue forth together, gladdening as they flow, These swift outpourings in long course of holy rites: no form save only Indra shows itself so pure.

2

The thought is deeply fixed, the savoury juice is shed; the tongue with joyous sound is stirring in the mouth: And Pavamana, like the shout of those who press, the drop, rich in sweet juice, is flowing through the fleece.

3

The bull is bellowing; the cows are coming nigh: the Goddesses approach the God's own resting–place. Onward hath Soma pressed through the sheep's fair bright fleece, and hath, as 'twere, endued a garment newly washed.

X Agni

1

From the two fire–sticks have the men engendered, with thought, urged by the hand, the glorious Agni, Far–seen, with pointed flame, Lord of the Homestead.

2

The Vasus set that Agni in the dwelling, fair to behold, for help, from every quarter: Who, in the house for ever, must be honoured.

3

Shine thou before us, Agni, well–enkindled, with flame, most youthful God, that never fadeth! To thee come goods and treasures all together.

XI Surya

1

This spotted Bull hath come and sat before the mother in the east, Advancing to his father

heaven.

2

As expiration from his breath, his radiance penetrates within The Bull shines out through all the sky.

3

Song is bestowed upon the Bird: it reigns supreme through thirty realms. Throughout the days at break of morn.

CHAPTER II

I Agni

1

Chant we a hymn to Agni while we go to sacrifice, to him Who hears us even from afar!

2

Who from of old, in carnage, when the folk were gathered, hath preserved. His household for the worshipper.

3

May that most blissful Agni guard our wealth and all our family. And keep us safe from pain and grief

4

Yea, let men say, Agni is born, even he who slayeth Vritra, he, Who winneth wealth in every fight!

II Agni

1

Harness, O Agni, O thou God, thy steeds which are most excellent! The fleet ones bring the rapidly.

2

Come hither, bring the Gods to us to taste the sacrificial feast, To drink the draught of Soma juice!

3

O Agni of the Bharatas, flame splendid with unfading might Shine forth and gleam, eternal one!

III Soma Pavamana

1

Let him, as mortal, crave this speech for him who presses of the juice! As Bhrigu's sons chased Makha, so drive ye the niggard hound away.

2

The kinsman hath endued his robe even as a son is clasped in arms. He went, as lover to a dame, to take his station suitor-like.

3

That hero who produces strength, he who hath propped both worlds apart, Gold-hued, hath wrapped him in the sieve to settle, priest-like, in his place.

IV Indra

1

Still, Indra, from all ancient time rivalless ever and companionless art thou: Thou seekest friendship but in war.

2

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.

V Indra

1

A thousand and a hundred steeds are harnessed to thy golden car: Yoked by devotion, Indra, let the long-maned bays bring thee to drink the Soma juice!

2

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!

3

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.

VI Soma Pavamana

1

Press ye and pour him, like a steed, laud-worthy, speeding through the region and the flood, Who swims in water, dwells in wood

2

The Steer with thousand streams who poureth out the rain, dear to the race of deities; Who, born in Law, hath waxen mighty by the Law, King, God, and lofty ordinance.

VII Agni

1

Served with oblation, kindled, bright, through love of song, may Agni, bent On riches, smite the Vritras dead

2

His father's father, shining in his mother's ever-lasting side, Set on the seat of sacrifice!

3

O active Jatavedas, bring devotion that wins progeny, Agni, that it may shine to heaven!

VIII Soma Pavamana

1

Made pure by this man's urgent zeal and impulse, the God hath with his juice the Gods pervaded. Pressed, singing, to the sieve he goes, as passes the Hotar to enclosures holding cattle.

2

Robed in fair raiment meet to wear in combat, a mighty Sage pronouncing invocations, Roll onward to the press-boards as they cleanse thee, far-seeing at the feast of Gods and watchful!

3

Dear, he is brightened on the fleecy summit, a prince among us, nobler than the noble. Roar out as thou art purified, run forward! Do ye preserve us evermore with blessings!

IX Indra

1

Come now and let us glorify pure Indra with pure Sama hymn! Let milk-blent juice delight him made stronger with pure, pure songs of praise!

2

O Indra, come thou pure to us, with pure assistance pure thyself! Pure, send thou riches down to us, and, meet for Soma! pure, rejoice!

3

O Indra, pure, vouchsafe us wealth, and, pure enrich the worshipper! Pure, thou dost strike the Vritras dead, and strivest pure, to win the spoil.

X Agni

1

Eager for wealth we meditate Agni's effectual laud to-day, Laud of the God who touches heaven.

2

May Agni who is Hotar-priest among mankind accept our songs, And worship the celestial folk!

3

Thou, Agni, art spread widely forth, Priest dear and excellent through thee Men make the

sacrifice complete.

XI Soma Pavamana

1

To him, praiseworthy, sacred tones have sounded, Steer of the triple height, the life–bestower. Dwelling in wood, like Varuna, a river, lavishing treasure, he distributes blessings.

2

Great conqueror, warrior girt, Lord of all heroes, flow on thy way as he who winneth riches: With sharpened arms, with swift bow, never vanquished in battle, vanquishing in fight the foemen!

3

Giving security, Lord of wide dominion, send us both heaven and earth with all their fulness! Striving to win the Dawns, the light, the waters, and cattle, call to us abundant booty!

XII Indra

1

O Indra, thou art far–renowned, impetuous Lord of power and might. Alone, the never–conquered guardian of mankind, thou smitest down resistless foes.

2

As such we seek thee now, O Asura, the most wise, craving thy bounty as our share Thy sheltering defence is like an ample cloak. So may thy favours reach to us.

XIII Agni

1

Thee have we chosen, skilfullest in sacrifice, immortal, Priest, among the Gods, Best finisher of this holy rite:

2

The Waters' Child, the blessed brightly–shining one, Agni whose, light is excellent. May he by sacrifice win us in heaven the grace of Mitra, Varuna, and the Floods!

XIV Agni

1

Lord of all food is he, the man whom thou protectest in the fight, Agni, and urgent to the fray.

2

Him, whosoever he may be, no one may vanquish, mighty one! Nay, very glorious wealth is his.

3

May he who dwells with all mankind conquer in fight with steeds of war, With sages may he win the spoil.

XV Soma Pavamana

1

Ten sisters, pouring out the rain together, the sage's quickly moving thoughts, adorn him. Hither hath run the gold-hued Child of Surya, and reached the vat like a fleet vigorous courser.

2

Even as a youngling shouting with his mothers, the bounteous Steer hath flowed along with waters. As youth to damsel, so with milk he hastens on to the settled meeting-place, the beaker.

3

Yea, swollen is the udder of the milch-cow; thither in streams. comes very sapient Indu. The kine make ready, as with new-washed treasures, the head and chief with milk within the vessels.

XVI 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: cast us not down before the foe! With manifold assistance guard and succour us, and stablish us in thy good-will!

XVII Soma Pavamana

1

The three-times seven milch-kine in the loftiest heaven have for this Soma poured the genuine milky draught. Four other beauteous creatures hath he made for his adornment when he waxed in strength through holy rites.

2

Enjoying lovely Amrit by his wisdom he divided, each apart from other, earth and heaven. He gladly wrapped himself in the most lucid floods, when through their glory they-found the God's resting-place.

3

May those his brilliant rays be ever free from death, inviolate for both classes of created things--Rays wherewith powers of men and Gods are purified! Yea, even for this have sages welcomed him as King.

XVIII Soma Pavamana

1

Lauded with song, to feast him, flow to Vayu, flow purified to Varuna and Mitra! Flow to the song inspiring car-borne hero, to mighty Indra, him who wields the thunder!

2

Pour on us garments that shall clothe us meetly, send, purified, milch-kine, abundant yielders! God Soma, send us chariot-drawing horses that they may bring us treasures bright and golden!

3

Send to us in a stream celestial riches, send us when thou art cleansed, what earth containeth, So that thereby we may acquire possessions and Rishihood in Jamadagni's manner!

XIX Indra

1

When thou, unequalled Maghavan, wast born to smite the Vritras dead, Thou spreadest out the spacious earth and didst support and prop the heavens.

2

Then was the sacrifice produced for thee, the laud, and song of joy. In might thou art above this All, all that now is and yet shall be.

3

Raw kine thou filledst with ripe milk. Thou madest Surya rise to heaven. Heat him as milk is heated with pure Soma [sic] hymns, great joy to him who loves the song!

XX Indra

1

Rejoice: thy glory hath been quaffed, Lord of bay steeds! as 'twere the bowl's enlivening mead. Thine, Steer, is Indu, Steer, the Strong, best winner of a thousand spoils.

2

Let our strong drink, most excellent, exhilarating, come to thee, Victorious, Indra! bringing gain, immortal conquering in fight!

3

Thou, hero, winner of the spoil, urgest to speed the car of man. Burn, like a vessel with the flame, the riteless Dasyu, conqueror!

CHAPTER III

I Soma Pavamana

1

Pour down the rain upon us, pour a wave of waters from the sky. And plenteous store of wholesome food!

2

Flow onward with that stream of thine, whereby the cows have come to us. The kine of strangers to our home.

3

Dearest to Gods in sacred rites, pour on us fatness with thy stream, Pour down on us a flood of rain!

4

To give us vigour, with thy stream run through the fleecy straining-cloth! For verily the Gods will hear.

5

Onward hath Pavamana flowed and beaten off the Rakshasas. Flashing out splendour as of old.

II Indra

1

Bring forth oblations to the God who knoweth all, who fain would drink. The wanderer, lagging not behind the hero, coming nigh with, speed!

2

With Somas go ye nigh to him chief drinker of the Soma's juice: With beakers to the impetuous God, to Indra with the flowing, drops!

3

What time with Somas, with the drops effused, ye come before the God, Full wise, he knows the hope of each, and, bold one strikes this. foe and that.

4

To him, Adhvaryu! yea, to him give offerings of the juice expressed! Will he not keep us safely from the spiteful curse of each, presumptuous high-born foe?

III Soma Pavamana

1

Sing ye a song to Soma brown of hue, of independent might, The Red, who reaches up to heaven!

2

Purify Soma when effused with stones which hands move rapidly, And pour the sweet milk in the meath.

3

With humble homage draw ye nigh; blend the libation with the curds: To Indra offer Indu up

4

Soma, foe-queller, strong and swift, doing the will of Gods, pour forth, Prosperity upon our kine

5

Heart-knower, Sovran of the heart, thou art effused, O Soma, That, Indra may drink thee and rejoice.

6

O Soma Pavamana, give us riches and heroic strength, Indu, with Indra. our ally!

IV Indra

I. Surya, thou mountest up to meet the hero famous for his wealth, Who hurls the bolt and works for men;

2

Him who with might of both his arms broke nine-and-ninety castles down, Slew Vritra and smote Ahi dead.

3

This Indra is our gracious friend. He sends, like a full-streaming cow, Riches in horses, kine, and corn.

V Surya

1

May the bright God drink glorious Soma-mingled meath, giving the sacrifices lord unbroken life He who, wind-urged, in person guards our offspring well, nourishes them with food and shines o'er many a land.

2

Radiant, as high Truth, cherished, best at winning strength, Truth based upon the statute that supports the heavens, He rose, a light that kills Vritras and enemies, best slayer of the Dasyus, Asuras, and foes.

3

This light, the best of lights, supreme, all conquering, winner of riches, is exalted with high laud. All-lighting, radiant, mighty as the Sun to see, he spreadeth wide unshaken victory and strength.

VI Indra

1

O Indra, give us wisdom as a sire gives wisdom to his sons, Guide us, O much-invoked, in

this our way: may we still live and look upon the light!

2

Grant that no mighty foes, unknown, malevolent unhallowed, tread us to the ground! With thine assistance, hero, may we pass through all the waters that are rushing down!

VII Indra

1

Protect us, Indra, each to-day, each to morrow, and each following day! Through all the days shalt thou, Lord of the brave, preserve our singers both by day and night!

2

A crushing warrior, passing rich, is Maghavan, endowed with all heroic strength. Thine arms, O Satakratu, are exceeding strong, those arms, which grasp the thunderbolt.

VIII Sarasvan

1

We call upon Sarasvan as unmarried men who long for wives, As bounteous men who yearn for sons.

IX Sarasvati

1

Yea, she most dear amid dear streams—seven—sistered, loved with foundest love. Sarasvati, hath earned our praise.

X Svitar. Brahmapaspati. Agni

1

May we attain that excellent glory of Savitar the God: So may he stimulate our prayers!

2

O Brahmanaspati, make thou Kakshivan Ausija a loud Chanter of flowing Soma juice!

3

Agni, thou pourest life: send down upon us food and vigorous strength; Drive thou misfortune far away!

XI Mitra—Varuva

1

So help ye us to riches, great celestial and terrestrial wealth Vast is your sway among the Gods!

2

Carefully tending Law with law they have attained their vigorous might: Both Gods, devoid of

guile, wax strong.

3

With rainy skies and streaming floods, Lords of the food that falls in dew, A lofty seat have they attained.

XII Indra

I. They who stand round him as he moves harness the bright, the ruddy steed: The lights shining in the sky.

2

On both sides to the car they yoke the two bay coursers dear to him, Brown, bold, who bear the hero on.

3

Thou, making light where no light was, and form, O men where form was not, Wast born together with the Dawns.

XIII Soma Pavamana

1

For thee this Soma is effused. O Indra: drink of this juice; for thee the stream is flowing—Soma, which thou thyself hast made and chosen, even Indu for thy special drink to cheer thee!

2

Like a capacious car hath it been harnessed, the mighty, to acquire abundant treasures. Then in the sacrifice they shouted lauding all triumphs won by Nahus in the battle.

3

Flow onward like the potent band of Maruts, like that celestial host which none revileth! Quickly be gracious unto us like waters, like sacrifice victorious, thousand-fashioned!

XIV Agni

1

O Agni, thou hast been ordained Hotar of every sacrifice, By Gods, among the race of men. So with sweet-sounding tongues for us sacrifice nobly in this rite: Bring thou the Gods and worship them

3

For, as disposer, Agni, God, most wise in sacrifices, thou Knowest straightway the roads and paths.

XV Agni

1

Immortal, Hotar–priest, and God, with wondrous power he leads the way,Urging the congregations on.

2

Strong, he is set on deeds of strength. He is led forth in holy rites,Sage who completes the sacrifice.

3

Excellent, he was made by thought. The germ of beings have gained.Yea, and the Sire of active power.

XVI Agni

1

Pour on the juice the heated milk which hasteneth to heaven and. earth;Bestow the liquid on the Bull!

2

These know their own abiding–place: like calves beside the mother cows,They come together with their kin.

3

Devouring in their greedy jaws, they make sustaining food irb [sic] heaven,For Indra, Agni, homage, light.

XVII Indra

1

In all the worlds That was the best and highest whence sprang the mighty one, of splendid valour,As soon as he is born he smites his foemen, he in whom all who lend him aid are joyful foe

2

Grown mighty in his strength, of ample vigour, he as a strikes fear into the Dasa,Eager to win the breathing and the breathless. All sang thy praise at banquet and oblation.

3

All concentrate on thee their mental vigour, what time these, once or twice, are thine assistants.Blend what is sweeter than the sweet with sweetness: win quickly with our meath that meath in battle.

XVIII Indra

1

At the Trikadrakas the great and strong enjoyed the barley–brew. With Vishnu did he drink the pressed–out Soma juice, even as he would.That hath so heightened him the great, the wide, to do his mighty work. So may the God attend the God, true Indu Indra who is true!

2

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

3

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

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Part 02 Book 07

CHAPTER I

I Indra

1

Praise, even as he is known, with song Indra the guardian of the kine, The Son of Truth,
Lord of the brave,

2

Hither have his bay steeds been sent, red steeds are on the sacred grass Where we in
concert sing our songs.

3

For Indra, thunder-armed, the kine have yielded mingled milk and meath, What time he
found them in the vault.

II Indra

1

Draw near unto our Indra who must be invoked in every fight! Come, thou most mighty
Vritra-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.

III Soma Pavamana

I. They have drained forth from out the great depth of the sky the old divine primeval milk
that claims the laud: They lifted up their voice to Indra at his birth.

2

Then, beautifully radiant, certain heavenly ones proclaimed their kinship with him as they
looked thereon: Savitar opens, as it were, the fold of heaven.

3

And now that thou, O Pavamana, art above this earth and heaven and all existence in thy
might, Thou shinest like a bull supreme among the herd.

IV Agni

1

O Agni, graciously announce this our good fortune to the Gods, And this our newest hymn of
praise!

2

Thou dealest gifts, resplendent one! nigh, as with wave of Sindhu, thou Swift streamest to the worshipper.

3

Give us a share of wealth most high, a share of wealth most near to us, A share of wealth that is between.

V Indra

1

I from my Father have obtained deep knowledge of eternal Law; I was born like unto the Sun.

2

After the ancient manner I, like Kanva, beautify my songs, And Indra's self gains power thereby.

3

Whatever rishis have not praised thee, Indra, or have praised thee, wax Mighty indeed when praised by me!

VI Agni

1

Agni, produced by strength, do thou with all thy fires accept our prayer: With those that are with Gods, with those that are with men exalt our songs!

2

Forth come to us with all his fires that Agni, whose the mighty are, Come, fully girt about with wealth for us and for our kith and kin!

3

Do thou, O Agni, with thy fires strengthen our prayer and sacrifices: Incite them to bestow their wealth to aid our service of the Gods!

VII Soma Pavamana

1

Some, the men of old whose grass was trimmed addressed the hymn to thee for mighty strength and for renown: So, hero, urge us onward to heroic power'

2

All round about hast thou with glory pierced for us as 'twere a never-failing well for men to drink, Borne on thy way as 'twere in fragments from both arms.

3

Thou didst produce him, deathless one! for mortal man, for maintenance of Law and lovely

Amrita:Thou evermore hast moved making wealth flow to us.

VIII Indra

1

Pour out the drops for Indra; let him drink the meath of Soma Juice!He through his majesty sends forth his bounteous gifts.

2

I spake to the bay coursers' Lord, to him who grants the boon. of wealth:Now hear the son of Asva as he praises thee?

3

Never was any hero born before thee mightier than thou:None certainly like thee in riches and in praise.

IX Indra

1

Thou wishest for thy kine a bull, lord of thy cows whom none may kill,For those who long for his approach, for those who turn away from him.

X Agni

1

The God who giveth wealth accept the full libation poured to him!Pour ye it out, then fill the vessel full again, for so the God regardeth you!

2

The Gods made him the Hotar–priest of sacrifice, oblation bearer, passing wise.Agni gives wealth and valour to the worshipper, to man who offers up his gifts.

XI Agni

1

He hath appeared, best prosperer, in whom men lay their holy acts:So may our songs of praise come nigh to Agni who was born to give the Arya strength.

2

Him before whom the people shrink when he performs his glorious deeds,Him who wins thousands at the sacrifice, himself, that Agni, reverence with songs!

3

Agni of Divoddsa, God, comes forth like Indra in his might.Rapidly hath he moved along his mother earth; he stands in high heaven's dwelling–place.

XII Agni

1

Agni, thou pourest life: send down upon us food and vigorous strength: Drive thou
misfortune far away!

2

Agni is Pavamana, Sage, Chief Priest of all the fivefold tribes; To him whose wealth is great
we pray.

3

Skilled in thy task, O Agni, pour splendour with hero strength on us, Granting me wealth
that nourishes!

XIII Agni

1

O Agni, holy and divine with splendour and thy pleasant tongue. Bring thou the Gods and
worship them!

2

We pray thee bathed in butter, O bright-rayed! who lookest on the sun, Bring the Gods
hither to the feast!

3

Sage, we have kindled thee, the bright, the feaster on oblation, thee, O Agni, great in
sacrifice!

XIV Agni

I. Adorable in all our prayers, favour us, Agni, with thine aid. What time the psalm is chanted
forth!

2

Bring to us ever-conquering wealth, wealth, Agni, worthy of our choice, Invincible in all our
prayers!

3

Grant us, O Agni, through thy grace wealth to support us evermore, Thy favour so that we
may live!

XV Agni

1

Let songs of ours speed Agni forth like a fleet courser in the race, And we will win each prize
through him

2

Agni! the host whereby we gain kine for ourselves with help from thee, – That send us for the
gain of wealth!

3

O Agni, bring us wealth secure, vast wealth in horses and in kine: Oil thou the socket, turn the wheel!

4

O Agni, thou hast made the Sun, the eternal star, to mount the sky, Giving the boon of light to men.

5

Thou, Agni, art the people's light, best, dearest, seated in thy shrine Watch for the singer, give him life!

XVI Agni

1

Agni is head and height of heaven, the master of the earth is he: He quickeneth the waters' seed.

2

Yea, Agni, thou as Lord of light rulest o'er choicest gifts may I, Thy singer, find defence in thee

3

Upward, O Agni, rise thy flames, pure and resplendent, blazing high, Thy lustres, fair effulgences.

CHAPTER II

I Agni

1

Who, Agni, is thy kin, of men? who honours thee with sacrifice? On whom dependent? who art thou?

2

The kinsman, Agni! of mankind, their well-behaved friend art thou, A friend whom friends may supplicate.

3

Bring Mitra, Varuna, bring the Gods hither to. our great sacrifice: Bring them, O Agni, to thine home

II Agni

1

Meet to be worshipped and implored, showing in beauty through the gloom, Agni, the strong, is kindled well.

2

Strong Agni is enkindled well, even as the horse that brings the Gods:Men with oblations pray to him.

3

We will enkindle thee, the strong, we, hero! who axe strong ourselves,

III Agni

1

Thy mighty flames, O Agni, when thou art enkindled, rise on high,Thy bright flames, thou refulgent one

2

Beloved! let my ladies full of sacred oil come nigh to thee.Agni, accept our offerings!

3

I pray to Agni--may he hear!--the Hotar with sweet tones, the Priest,Wondrously splendid, rich in light,

V Agni

1

O King, the potent and terrific envoy, kindled for strength, is manifest in beauty.He shines, observant, with his lofty splendour; chasing black night he comes with white-rayed morning.

2

Having o'ercome the glimmering Black with beauty, and bringing forth the Dame, the great Sire's daughter,Holding aloft the radiant lights of Surya, as messenger of heaven he shines with treasures.

3

Attendant on the blessed Dame the blessed hath come: the lover followeth his sister.Agni, far-spreading with conspicuous lustre, hath covered night with whitely-shining garments.

VI Agni

1

What is the praise wherewith, O God, Angiras, Agni, Son of Strength,We, after thine own wish and thought,

2

May serve thee, O thou Child of Power, and with what sacrifice's plan?What reverent word shall I speak here?

VII Agni

1

Agni, come hither with thy fires; we choose thee as our Hotar; let The proffered ladle filled with offerings balm thee, best of priests, to sit on sacred grass!

2

For unto thee, O Angiras, O Son of Strength, move ladles in the sacrifice. We pray to Agni, Child of Force, whose locks drop oil, foremost in sacrificial rites.

VIII Agni

1

Let our songs come anear to him beauteous and bright with piercing flame, Our sacrifices with our homage unto him much-lauded, very rich, for help:

2

To Agni Jatavedas, to the Son of Strength, that he may give us precious gifts,

3

Immortal, from of old Priest among mortal men, whose tones are sweetest in the house!

X Agni

1

Invincible is Agni, he who goes before the tribes of men, A chariot swift and ever new.

2

By bringing offerings unto him the mortal worshipper obtains A home from him whose light is pure.

3

Inviolable power of Gods, subduing all his enemies, Agni is mightiest in fame.

XI Agni

1

May Agni, worshipped, bring us bliss: may the gift, blessed one! and sacrifice bring bliss, Yea, may our eulogies bring bliss

2

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 for thy victory let us win!

XII Agni

1

O Agni thou who art the Lord of wealth in kine, thou Son of Strength, Bestow on us, O Jatavedas, high renown

2

He, Agni, kindled, good and wise, must be entreated with a song; Shine, thou of many forms, shine thou with wealth on us

3

And, Agni, shining of thyself by night and when the morning breaks, Burn, thou whose teeth are sharp, against the Rakshasas

XIII Agni

1

Exerting all our strength with thoughts of power we glorify in speech, Agni, your dear familiar friend, the darling guest of every house:

2

Whom, served with sacrificial oil, like Mitra, men presenting gifts, Glorify with their songs of praise

3

Much-lauded Jatavedas, him who sends oblations up to heaven, Prepared in service of the Gods.

XIV Agni

1

Agni, inflamed with fuel, in my song I sing, pure bright, and steadfast set in front at sacrifice. Wise Jatavedas we implore with prayers for grace, the Sage, the Hotar-priest, bounteous, and void of guile.

2

Men, Agni, in each age, have made thee, deathless one, their envoy, offering-bearer, guard adorable. With reverence Gods and mortals have established thee as everwatchful and almighty household Lord.

3

Though, Agni ordering the works and ways of both, as envoy of the Gods traversest both the realms. When we lay claim to thy regard and gracious care, be thou to us a thrice-protecting friendly guard?

XV Agni

1

Still turning to their aim in thee the sacrificer's sister hymns Have come to thee before the wind.

2

Even the waters find their place in him whose three fold sacred grass is spread unbound, unlimited.

3

The station of the bounteous God, by his unconquerable aid, Hath a fair aspect like the Sun.

CHAPTER III

I Indra

1

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

2

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

II Indra–Agni

1

Indra and Agni! singers skilled in melody, with lauds, hymn you: I choose you both to bring me food.

2

Indra and Agni! ye shook down, together, with one mighty deed, The ninety forts which Dasas held.

3

To Indra and to Agni prayers go forward from the holy task, Along the path of sacred Law.

4

Indra and Agni, powers are yours, yours are oblations and abodes: Good is your zealous energy.

III Indra

1

Indra, with all thy saving helps assist us, Lord of power and might! For after thee we follow even as glorious bliss, thee, hero, finder-out of wealth!

2

Increaser of our steeds and multiplying kine, a golden well, O God, art thou, For no one may impair the gift laid up in thee. Bring me whatever thing I ask!

IV Indra

1

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!

2

Thou as thy gift bestowest many hundred herds, yea, many thou–sands dost thou give. With singers' hymns have we brought the fortrender [sic] near, singing to Indra for his grace.

V Agni

1

To him who dealeth out all wealth, the sweet–toned Hotar–priest of men, To him, like the first vessels filled with savoury juice, to Agni let the lauds go forth!

2

Votaries, bounteous givers, deck him with their songs, even as the steed who draws the car. To both, strong Lord of men! to kith and kin convey the bounties of our wealthy lords!

VI Varuna

1

Hear this my call, O Varuna, and show thy gracious love today: Desiring help I long for thee!

VII Indra

1

O Hero, with what aid dost thou delight us, with what succour bring, Riches to those who worship thee?

VIII Indra

1

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

2

With might hath Indra spread out heaven and earth, with power hath Indra lighten up the Sun. In Indra are all creatures closely held; in him meet the distilling Soma–drops.

IX Visvakarman

1

Bring, Visvakarman strengthened by oblation, thyself, thy body–'tis thine own–for worship Let other men around us live in folly here let us have', a rich and liberal patron!

X Soma Pavamana

1

With this his golden splendour purifying him, he with his own allies subdues all enemies. as Sura with his own allies. Cleansing himself with stream of juice he shines forth yellow–hued and red, when with his praisers he encompasses all forms, with praisers having seven mouths.

2

He moves intelligent directed to the east. The every beauteous car rivals the beams of light, the beautiful celestial car. Hymns, lauding manly valour, came inciting Indra to success, that ye may be unconquered, both thy bolt and thou, both be unconquered in the war.

3

That treasure of the Panis thou discoveredst. Thou with the Mothers deckest thee in thine abode, with, songs of worship in thine home. As 'twere from far away is heard the psalm where hymns resound in joy. He, with the triple Dames red-hued, hath won life-power, he, gleaming, hath won vital strength.

XI Pusan

1

Yea, cause our hymn to gain for us cattle and steeds and store of wealth, That it may help us manfully!

XII Maruts

1

Heroes of real strength, ye mark either the sweat of him who toils, Or his desire who supplicates.

XIII Visvedevas

1

The Sons of immortality shall listen to our songs of praise, And be exceeding kind to us.

XIV Heaven and Earth

1

To both of you, O Heaven and Earth, we bring our lofty song of praise, Pure pair! to glorify you both.

2

Ye sanctify each other's form by your own proper strength ye rule: Further the sacrifice evermore!

3

Promoting and fulfilling, ye, mighty ones, perfect Mitra's law: Ye sit around our sacrifice.

XV Indra

1

This is thine own. Thou drawest near, as turns a pigeon to his mate: Thou carest, too, for this our prayer.

2

O hero, Lord of bounties, praised in hymns, may glorious fame and might Be his who sings the laud to thee

3

Lord of a Hundred Powers, rise up to be our succour in this fight: In other fights let us agree

XVI Oblations

1

Ye cows, protect the fount: the two mighty ones bless the sacrifice. The handles twain are wrought of gold.

2

The pressing–stones are set at work: the meath is poured into the tank At the out–shedding of the fount.

3

With reverence they drain the fount that circles with its wheel above. Exhaustless, with the mouth below.

XVII Indra

1

Let us not tire or be afraid with thee, the mighty, for our friend! May we see Turvasa and Yadu! thy great deed, O hero, must be glorified.

2

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, haste, and drink!

XVIII Indra

1

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.

2

He, when a thousand Rishis have enhanced his might, hath like an ocean spread himself. His majesty is praised as true at solemn rites, his power where holy singers rule.

XIX Indra

1

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.

2

In zealous haste the singers have sung forth a song distilling fatness, rich in sweets. Riches have spread among us and heroic strength, with us are flowing Soma–drops.

XX Soma Pavamana

1

Flow to us, Indu, very strong, effused, with wealth of kine and steeds, And do thou lay above the milk thy radiant hue

2

Lord of the tawny, Indu, thou who art the Gods' most special food, As friend to friend, for splendour be thou good to men!

3

Drive utterly, far away from us each godless, each voracious; foe; O Indu, overcome and drive the false afar!

XXI Soma Pavamana.

1

They balm him, balm him over, balm him thoroughly, caress. the mighty strength and balm it with the meath. They seize the flying Steer at the stream's breathing place cleansing with gold they grasp the animal herein.

2

Sing forth to Pavamana skilled in holy song! the juice is flowing onward like a mighty stream. He glideth like a serpent from his ancient skin, and like a playful horse the tawny Steer hath run.

3

Dweller in floods, King, foremost, he displays his might, set among living things as measure of days. Distilling oil he flows, fair, billowy, golden–hued, borne on car of light, sharing on home with wealth.

Part 02 Book 08

CHAPTER I

I Agni

1

With all thy fires, O Agni, find pleasure in this our sacrifice, And this our speech, O son of Strength!

2

Whate'er, in this perpetual course, we sacrifice to God and God, That gift is offered but in thee.

3

May he be our beloved King and excellent sweet-toned Hotar may We with bright fires be dear to him

II Indra

1

For you from every side we call Indra away from other men Ours, and none others, may he be!

2

Unclose, our manly hero! thou for ever bounteous, yonder cloud For us, thou irresistible

3

As the strong bull leads on the herds, he stirs the people with his might, The ruler irresistible.

III Agni

1

Wonderful, with thy saving help, send us thy bounties, gracious Lord! Thou art the charioteer, Agni, of earthly wealth: find rest and safety for our seed!

2

Prosper our kith and kin with thy protecting powers inviolate, never negligent! Keep far from us, O Agni, all celestial wrath. and wickedness of godless men!

IV Vishnu

1

What, Vishnu, is the name that thou proclaimest when thou declaredst, I am Sipivishta? Hide not this form from us, nor keep it secret, since thou didst wear another shape in battle.

2

This offering to-day, O Sipivishta, I, skilled in rules, extol, to thee the noble. Yea, I, the poor and weak, praise thee, the mighty, who dwellest in the realm beyond this region.

3

O Vishnu, unto thee my lips cry Vashat! Let this mine offering, Sipivishta, please thee! May these my songs of eulogy exalt thee! Do ye preserve us evermore with blessings!

V Vayu, Indra and Vayu

I. Vayu, the bright is offered thee, best of the meath, at morning rites. Come thou to drink the Soma juice, God, longed for on thy team-drawn car!

2

O Vayu, thou and Indra are meet drinkers of these Soma draughts, For unto you the drops proceed like waters gathering to the vale.

3

Vayu and Indra, mighty twain, borne on one chariot, Lords of strength, Come to our succour with your steeds, that ye may drink the Soma juice!

VI Soma Pavamana

1

Then thou, made beautiful by night, enterest into mighty deeds, When prayers impel the golden-hued to hasten from Vivasvan's place.

2

We cleanse this gladdening drink of his, the juice which Indra chiefly drinks, That which kine took into their mouths, of old, and princes take it now.

3

Thy with the ancient psalm have sung to him as he is purified, And sacred songs which bear the Dames of Gods have supplicated him.

VI Agni

1

With homage will I reverence thee, Agni, like a long-tailed steed, Imperial Lord of holy rites.

2

May the far-striding Son of Strength, our friend who brings felicity, Who pours his gifts like rain, be ours

3

From near and far away do thou, the everlasting, evermore Protect us from the sinful man!

VIII Indra

1

Thou in thy battles, Indra, art subduer of all hostile bands. Father art thou, all-conquering, cancelling the curse, thou victor of the vanquisher!

2

The earth and heaven cling close to thy victorious might, as sire and mother to their child. When thou attackest Vritra, all the hostile bands shrink and faint, Indra, at thy wrath.

IX Indra

1

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

2

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

3

Showing the hidden, he drove forth the cows for the Angirasas, And Vala he cast headlong down.

X Indra

1

Thou speedest down to succour us this-ever-conquering God of yours, Him who is drawn to all our songs; 2, The warrior whom none may wound, the Soma-drinker ne'er o'erthrown, The chieftain of resistless might.

3

O Indra, send us riches, thou omniscient, worthy of our hymns: Help us in the decisive fray!

XI Indra

1

That lofty power and might of thine, thy strength and thine intelligence, And thy surpassing thunderbolt, the wish makes keen.

2

O Indra, heaven and earth augment thy manly force and thy renown: The waters and the mountains stir and urge thee on:

3

Vishnu in the lofty ruling power, Varuna, Mitra sing thy praise: In thee the Maruts' company have great delight.

XII Agni

1

O Agni, God, the people sing reverent praise to thee for strength:With terrors trouble thou the foe

2

Wilt thou not, Agni, lend us aid to win the cattle, win the wealth?Maker of room, make room for us

3

In the great fight cast us not off, Agni, as one who bears a load:Snatch up the wealth and win it all!

XIII Indra

1

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

2

Even fiercely–moving Vritra's head he served with his thunderbolt,His mighty hundred–knotted bolt.

3

That might of his shone brightly forth when Indra brought together, like A skin, the worlds of heaven and earth.

XIV Indra

1

Kind–thoughted is the noble, gladdening, friendly one.

2

Approach, O beauteous hero, this auspicious pair that draws the car!These two are coming near to us.

3

Bend lowly down, as 'twere, your beads: he stands amid the water–flood,Pointing with his ten horns the way.

CHAPTER II

I Indra

1

Pressers, blend Soma juice for him, each draught most excellent, for him The brave, the hero, for his joy!

2

The two strong bay steeds, voked by prayer, hither shall bring to us our friend, Indra,
song-lover, through our songs.

3

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

II Indra

1

Let the drops pass within thee as the rivers flow into the sea O Indra, naught excelleth thee.

2

'Thou' wakeful hero, by thy might hast taken food of Soma juice, Which, Indra, is within thee
now.

3

O Indra, Vritra-slayer, let Soma be ready for thy maw, The drops be ready for thy forms!

III Agni

1

Help, thou who knowest lauds, this work, a lovely hymn in Rudra's praise, Adorable in every
house

2

May this our God, great, limitless, smoke-bannered, excellently bright, Urge us to holy
thought and wealth

3

Like soma rich lord of men, may he, Agni, the banner of the Gods, Refulgent, hear us
through our lauds!

IV Indra

1

Sing this, beside the flowing juice, to him, your hero, much invoked, To please him as a
mighty Bull!

2

He, excellent, withholdeth not his bounteous gift of wealth in kine. When lie bath listened to
our songs.

3

May he with might uncloset for us the cow's stall, whosesoe'er it be, To which the
Dasyu-slayer goes!

V Vishnu

1

Through all this world strode Vishnu: thrice his foot he planted, and the whole Was gathered in his footstep's dust.

2

Vishnu, the guardian, he whom none deceiveth, made three steps, thenceforth Establishing his high decrees.

3

Look ye on Vishnu's works whereby the friend of Indra, close allied, Hath let his holy ways be seen

4

The princes evermore behold that loftiest place of Vishnu, like An eye extended through the heavens.

5

This, Vishnu's station most sublime, the sages, ever-vigilant, Lovers of holy song, light up.

6

May the Gods help and favour us out of the place whence Vishnu strode Over the back and ridge of earth.

VI Indra

1

Let none, no, not thy worshippers, delay thee far away from us! Even from far away come thou unto our feast, or listen it already here!

2

For here, like rites on honey, those who pray to thee sit by the juice that they have poured. Wealth-craving singers have on Indra set their hope, as men set foot upon a car.

VII Indra

1

Sung is the song of ancient time: to Indra have ye said the prayer. They have sung many a Brihati of sacrifice, poured forth the worshipper's many thoughts.

2

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.

VIII Soma Pavamana

1

For Vritra–slaying Indra, thou, Soma, art poured that he may drink, And for the
guerdon–giving man, the hero sitting in his seat.

2

Friends, may the princes, ye and we, obtain this most resplendent one, Gain him who hath
the smell of strength, win him whose home is very strength!

3

Him with the fleece they purify, brown, golden–hued, beloved of all. Who with exhilarating
juice flows forth to all the deities.

IX Indra

1

Indra whose wealth is in thyself, what mortal will attack this man? The strong will win the
spoil on the decisive day through faith in thee, O Maghavan!

2

In battles with the foe urge on our mighty ones who give the treasures dear to thee And
may we with our princes, Lord of tawny steeds! pass through all peril, led by thee!

X Indra

1

Come, priest, and of the savoury juice pour forth a yet more gladdening draught! So is the
hero praised who ever prospers us.

3

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

3

We, seeking glory, have invoked this God of yours, the Lord of wealth, Who must be
magnified by constant sacrifice.

XI Agni

1

Sing praise to him, the Lord of light. The Gods have made the God to be their
messenger, To bear oblation to the 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!

XII Soma Pavamana

1

Expressed by stones, O Soma, and urged through the long wool of the sheep, Thou, entering the press-boards, even as men a fort, goldhued, hast settled in the vats.

2

He beautifies himself through the sheep's long fine wool, the bounteous, like the racing steed, Even Soma Pavamana who shall be the joy of sages and of holy bards.

XIII Indra

1

Here, verily, yesterday we let the Thunder-wielder drink his fill. Bring him the juice poured forth in sacrifice to-day! Now range you by the glorious one!

2

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!

XIV Indra-Agni

1

Indra and Agni, in your deeds of might ye deck heaven's lucid realms: Famed is that hero strength of yours.

2

To Indra and to Agni prayers go forward from the holy task. Along the path of sacred Law.

3

Indra and Agni, powers are yours, yours are oblations and abodes: Good is your zealous energy.

XV Indra

1

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

2

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

3

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

XVI Soma Pavamana

1

The Pavamanas have been poured, the brilliant drops of Soma juice, For holy lore of every kind.

2

From heaven, from out the firmament hath PavamAna been effused Upon the back and ridge of earth.

3

The Pavamanas have been shed, the beautified swift Somadrops, Driving all enemies afar.

XVII Indra–Agni

I. Indra and Agni I invoke, joint–victors, bounteous, unsubdued, Foe–slayers, best to win the spoil.

2

Indra and Agni, singers skilled in melody hymn you bringing lauds: I choose you both to bring me food.

3

Together, with one mighty deed, Indra and Agni, ye shook down. The ninety forts which Dasas held.

XVIII Agni

1

O Child of Strength, to thee whose look is lovely, with oblations we, O Agni, have poured forth our songs.

2

To thee for shelter are we come, as to the shade from fervent heat, Agni, who glitterest like gold

3

Mighty as one who slays with shafts, or like a bull with sharpened horn, Agni, thou brakest down the forts.

XIX Agni

1

To give eternal glow, we pray Vaisvanara the holy one, Lord of the light of sacrifice.

2

Who, furthering the light of Law, hath spread himself to meet this work: He sends the seasons, mighty one.

3

Love of what is and what shall be, Agni, in his beloved forms, Shines forth alone as sovran Lord.

CHAPTER III

I Agni

1

Wise Agni, in the ancient way, making his body beautiful, Hath been exalted by the sage.

2

I invoke the Child of Strength, Agni whose glow is bright and pure, In this well-ordered sacrifice.

3

So, Agni, rich in many friends, with fiery splendour seat thyself. With Gods upon our sacred grass!

II Soma Pavamana

1

O thou with stones for arms, thy powers, rending the fiends, have raised themselves: Drive off the foes who compass us

2

Hence conquering with might when car meets car, and when the prize is staked, With fearless heart will I sing praise.

3

None, evil-minded, may assail this Pavamana's holy laws Crush him who fain would fight with thee!

4

For Indra to the streams they urge the tawny rapture-dropping steed, Indu, the bringer of delight.

III Indra

1

Come hither, Indra, with bay steeds, joyous, with tails like peacocks' plumes! Let no men check thy course as fowlers stay the bird: pass o'er them as o'er desert lands!

2

Vritra's devourer, he who burst the cloud, brake forts, and drave the floods, Indra, who mounts his chariot at his bay steeds' cry, shatters e'en things that stand most firm.

3

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

IV Indra

1

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!

2

May the drops gladden thee, Lord Indra, and obtain bounty for him who pours the juice! Soma, shed in the press, thou stolest and didst drink, and hence hast won surpassing might.

V Indra

I. Thou as a God. O mightiest, verily blassest mortal man. O Maghavan, there is no comforter but thou: Indra, I speak my words to thee.

2

Let not thy bounteous gifts, let not thy saving help all fail us good Lord, at any time! And measure out to us, thou lover of man-kind, all riches hitherward from men

VI Dawn

I. This Lady, excellent and kind, after her sister shining forth, Daughter of Heaven, hath shown herself.

2

Red, like a mare, and beautiful, holy, the mother of the kine, The Dawn became the Asvins' friend.

3

Yea, and thou art the Asvins', friend the mother of the cows art thou: O Dawn, thou rules over wealth

VII Asvins

1

Now Morning with her earliest light shines forth, dear daughter of the Sky: High, Asvins, I extol your praise

2

Children of Ocean, mighty ones, discoverers of riches, Gods, Finders of treasure through our prayer!

3

Your lofty coursers hasten over the everlasting realm, when your car flies with winged steeds.

VIII Dawn

1

O Dawn who hast a store of wealth, bring unto us that splendid gift Wherewith we may support children and children's sons

2

Thou radiant Lady of sweet strains, with wealth of horses and of kine Shine thou on us this day, O Dawn, auspiciously

3

O Dawn who hast a store of wealth, yoke red steeds to thy car to-day. Then bring us all delight and all felicities

IX Asvins

1

O Asvins, wonderful in act, do ye unanimous direct Your chariot to our home wealthy in kine and gold!

2

Hither may they who wake at dawn bring, to drink Soma, both the Gods, Health-givers, wonder-workers, borne on paths of gold!

3

Ye who brought down the hymn from heaven, a light that giveth light to men, Do ye, O Asvins, bring strength hither unto us!

X Agni

1

I think of Agni who is kind, whom, as their home, the milch-kine seek; Whom fleet-foot coursers seek as home, and strong enduring, steeds as home. Bring food to those who sing thy praise!

2

For Agni, God of all mankind, gives the strong courser to the man. Agni gives ready gear for wealth, he gives the best when he is pleased. Bring food to those who sing thy praise!

3

The Agni who is praised as kind, to whom the milch-kine come. in herds, To whom the racers, swift of foot, to whom our wellborn princes come. Bring food to those who sing thy praise!

XI Dawn

1

O heavenly Dawn, awaken us to ample opulence today, Even as thou didst waken us with Satyasravas, Vayya's, Son, high-born! delightful with thy steeds!

2

Daughter of heaven, thou dawnedst of Sunitha, Suchadratha's son; So dawn thou on one mightier still, on Satyasravas, Vayya's son, high-born! delightful with thy steeds!

3

So bringing treasure, shine to-day on us, thou daughter, of the Sky, As on one mightier thou hast dawned, on Satyasravas, Vayya's son, high-born! delightful with thy steeds!

XII Asvins

1

To meet your treasure-bringing car, the car that is most dear to us, Asvins the Rishi is prepared, your worshipper with, songs of praise. Lovers of sweetness, hear my call

2

Pass, Asvins, over all away. May I obtain you for myself, Wonderful, with your golden paths, most gracious, bringers of the flood! Lovers of sweetness, hear my call!

3

Come to us, O ye Asvins twain, bringing your precious treasures, come Ye Rudras, on your paths of gold, rejoicing, with your store of wealth! Lovers of sweetness, hear my call!

XIII Agni

1

Agni is wakened by the people's fuel to meet the Dawn who cometh like a milch-cow. Like young trees shooting up on high their branches, his flames mounting to the vault of heaven.

2

For the Gods' worship hath the priest been wakened: kind Agni hath arisen erect at morning. Kindled, his radiant might is made apparent, and the great God hath been set free from darkness.

3

When he hath roused the line of his attendants, with the bright milk bright Agni is anointed. Then is prepared the effectual oblation, which spread in front, with tongues, erect, he drinketh,

XIV Dawn

1

This light is come, amid all lights the fairest: born is the brilliant, far-extending

brightness. Night, sent away for Savitar's uprising, hath yielded up a birthplace for the morning.

2

The fair, the bright is come with her white offspring to her the Dark one hath resigned her dwelling. Akin, immortal, following each other, changing their colours both the heavens move onward.

3

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

XV Asvins

1

Agni, the bright face of the Dawns, is shining: the singers' pious voices have ascended. Borne on your chariot, Asvins, turn you hither, and come unto our brimming warm libation!

2

Most frequent guests, they scorn not what is ready: even now the lauded Asvins are beside us. With promptest aid they come at morn and evening, the worshipper's most healthful guards from trouble.

3

Yea, come at milking-time, at early morning, at noon of day, and when the Sun is setting, By day, at night, with most auspicious favour! Not only now the draught hath drawn the Asvins.

XVI Dawn

1

These Dawns have raised their banner: in the eastern half of middle air they spread abroad their shining light. Like heroes who prepare their weapons for the fray, the cows are coming on, the mothers, red of hue.

2

Rapidly have the ruddy beams of light shot up: the red cows have they harnessed, easy to be yoked. The Dawns have made their pathways as in former times: redhued, they have attained refulgent brilliancy.

3

They sing their song like women active in their tasks, along their common path hither from far away, Bringing refreshment to the liberal devotee, yea, all things to the worshipper who pours the juice.

XVII Asvins

1

Agni is wakened: Surya riseth from the earth. Bright Dawn hath opened out the mighty twain with light. The Asvins have equipped their chariot for the course. God Savitar hath roused the world in sundry ways.

2

When, O ye Asvins, ye equip your mighty car, with fatness and with honey balm, ye twain, our power! To our devotion give victorious strength in war: may we win riches in the heroes' strife for spoil!

3

Nigh to us come the Asvins' lauded three wheeled car, the car laden with meath and drawn by fleet-foot steeds, Three-seated, opulent, bestowing all delight: may it bring weal to us, to cattle and to men!

XVIII Soma Pavamana

1

Thy streams that never fail or waste flow forth like showers of rain from heaven, To bring a thousand stores of wealth.

2

He, flows beholding on his way all well-beloved sacred lore, Green-tinted, brandishing his arms.

3

He, when the people deck him like a docile king of elephants, Sits as a falcon in the wood.

4

So bring thou hitherward to us, Indu, while thou art purified. All treasures both of heaven and earth!

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CHAPTER I

I Soma Pavamana

1

Forward have flowed the streams of power, of this the mighty one effused,
Of him who waits upon the Gods.

2

The singers praise him with their song, and learned priests adorn the steed
Born as the light that merits laud.

3

These things thou winnest quickly, while men cleanse thee, Soma, nobly rich!

II Indra

1

This Brahman, comer at the due time, named Indra, is renowned and praised.

2

To thee alone, O Lord of Strength, go, as it were, all songs of praise.

3

Like streams of water on their way, let bounties, Indra, flow from thee!

III Indra

1

Even as a car to give us aid, we draw thee nigh to favour us,
Strong in thy deeds, quelling attack, Indra, Lord, mightiest! of the brave.

2

Great in thou power and wisdom, strong, with thought that comprehendeth all!
Wide hast thou spread in majesty.

3

Thou very mighty one, whose hands by virtue of thy greatness wield
The golden bolt that beaks its way!

IV Agni

1

He who hath lighted up the joyous castle, wise courser like the steed of cloudy
heaven, Bright like the Sun with hundredfold existence

2

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

3

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

V Agni

1

Agni, with hymns may we now accomplish that which thou lovest, Strength, like a horse auspicious, with service!

2

For, Agni, thou art now the promoter of strength auspicious, Lofty sacrifice, power effective.

3

Through these our praises, come thou to meet us, bright as the sunlight, Agni, kindly with all thy faces!

VI Agni

1

Immortal Jatavedas, thou bright-hued refulgent gift of Dawn. Agni, this day to him who pays oblations bring the Gods who waken with the morn!

2

For thou art offering-bearer, well-loved messenger, and charioteer of holy rites. Accordant with the Asvins and with Dawn grant us heroic strength and lofty fame!

VII Indra

1

The old hath waked the young Moon from his slumber who runs his circling course with many round him Behold the God's high wisdom in its greatness: he who died yesterday to-day is living.

2

Strong is the red Bird in his strength, great hero, who from of old bath had no nest to dwell in. That which he knows is truth and never idle: he wins and gives the wealth desired of many.

3

Through these Thunderer gained strong manly vigour, through whom he waxed in strength to slaughter Vritra; These who through might of actual operation sprang forth as Gods in course of Law and Order.

VIII Maruts

1

Here is the Soma ready pressed: of this the Maruts, yea, of this Self-luminous, the Asvins, drink.

2

Of this, moreover, purified, set in three places, procreant, Drink Varuna, Mitra, Aryaman.

3

Yea, Indra, like the Hotar-priest, will in the early morning drink, At pleasure, of the milky juice:

IX Surya

1

Verily, Surya, thou art great; truly, Aditya, thou art great. O most admired for greatness of thy majesty, God, by thy greatness thou art great.

2

Yea, Surya, thou art great in fame: thou evermore, O God, art great. Thou by thy greatness art the Gods' High-Priest, divine, farspread unconquerable light.

X Indra

1

Come, Lord of rapturous joys, to our libations with thy bay steeds, come With bay steeds to our flowing juice!

2

Known as best Vritra-slayer erst, as Indra Satakratu, come With bay steeds to our flowing juice!

3

For, Vritra-slayer, thou art he who drinks these drops of Soma come With bay steeds to our flowing juice!

XI Indra

1

Bring to the wise, the great, who waxeth mighty your offerings and make ready your devotion. Go forth to many tribes as man's controller!

2

For Indra the sublime, the far-pervading, have singers generated prayer and praises; The sages never violate his statutes.

3

The choirs have established Indra King for ever for victory him, whose anger is resistless: And for the bays' Lord strengthened those he loveth.

XII Indra

1

If I, O Indra, were the lord of riches ample as thine own, I would support the singer, God who scatterest wealth! and, not abandon him to woe.

2

Each day would I enrich the man who sang my praise, in whatsoever place he were. No kinship is there better, Maghavan, than thine: a father even, is no more.

XIII Indra

1

Here thou the call of the juice-drinking press-stone: mark thou the sage's hymn who sings and lauds thee! Take to thine inmost self these adorations!

2

I know and ne'er forget the hymns and praises of thee, the conqueror, of thy power immortal. Thy name I ever utter, self-reefulgent!

3

Among mankind many are thy libations, and many a time the pious sage invokes thee. O Maghavan, be not long distant from us!

XIV Indra

1

Sing strength to Indra that shall set his chariot in the foremost place! Giver of room in closest fight, slayer of foes in shock of war, be thou our great encourager! Let the weak bowstrings break upon the bows of our weak ones!

2

Thou didst destroy the Dragon: thou sentest the rivers down to Earth. Foeless, O Indra, wast thou born. Thou tendest well each choicest thing. Therefore we draw us close to thee. Let the weak bowstrings break upon the bows of our weak enemies! Destroyed be all malignities [sic] and all our enemy's designs!

3

Thy bolt thou castest at the foe, O Indra, who would smite us dead: thy liberal bounty gives us wealth. Let the weak bowstrings break upon the bows of our weak enemies!

XV Indra

1

Rich be the praiser of one rich and liberal, Lord of days! like thee:High rank be his who lauds the juice!

2

His wealth who hath no store of kine hath ne'er found out recited laud,Nor song of praises that is sung.

3

Give us not, Indra, as a prey unto the scornful or the proud:Help, mighty one, with power and might!

XVI 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

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

3

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

XVII Soma Pavamana

1

For Indra flow most rich in sweets, O Soma, bringing him delight!

2

Bright, meditating sacred song, these juices have sent Vayu forth.

3

They were sent forth to feast the Gods, like chariots speeding in the race.

XVIII Agni

1

Agni I deem our Hotar priest, munificent wealth–giver, Son of Strength, who knoweth all that is even as the Sage who knoweth all.Lord of fair rites, a God with form erected turning to the Gods, he when the flame hath sprung forth from the holy oil, the offered fatness, longs for it as it grows bright.

2

We, sacrificing, call on the best worshipper thee eldest of Angirasas, singer! with hymns, thee, brilliant one! with singers' hymn;Thee, wandering round, as 'twere the sky, thee who

art Hotar—priest of men, whom, Bull with hair of flame, the people must observe, tile people that he speed them on.

3

He with his blazing Power refulgent far and wide, he verily it is who conquers demon foes, conquers the demons like an axe:At whose close touch things solid partg [sic] and what is stable yields he keeps his ground and flinches not,like trees. Subduing all from the skilled archer flinches not.

CHAPTER II

I Agni

1

O Agni, strength and fame are thine: thy fires blaze forth on high, O thou refulgent God!Sage, passing bright, thou givest to the worshipper with power, the wealth that merits laud.

2

With brilliant purifying sheen, with perfect sheen thou liftest up thyself in light.Thou, visiting both thy mothers, aidest them as son; thou joinest close the earth and heaven.

3

O Jatavedas, Son of Strength, rejoice thyself, gracious, in our fair hymns and songs!In thee have they heaped viands various, many formed; wealth born, of wondrous help are they.

4

Agni, spread forth, as ruler, over living things: give wealth, to us, immortal God!Thou shinest out from beauty fair to look upon: thou ledest us to beauteous Power.

5

I laud the Sage, who orders sacrifice, who hath great riches under his control.Thou givest blest award of good, and plenteous food, thou givest wealth that wins success.

6

The men have set before them, for his favour, Agni, strong, visible to all, the holy.Thee, Lord divine, with ears to hear, most famous, mens' generations magnify with praise—songs.

II Agni

1

Agni, he conquers by thine aid that brings him store of valiant sons and does great deeds,Whose bond of friendship is thy choice.

2

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.

III Agni

1

Him, duly coming, as their germ have plants received: this Agni have maternal Waters brought to life. So, in like manner, do the forest trees and plants bear him within them and produce him evermore.

IV Agni

1

Agni grows bright for Indra: he shines far resplendent in the sky: He sends forth offspring like a queen.

V Agni

1

The sacred hymns love him who wakes and watches: to him who watches the holy verses. This Soma saith to him Who wake my dwelling in thy friendship.

VI Agni

1

Agni is watchful, and the Richas love him: Agni is watchful, Sama hymns approach him. Agni is watchful, to him saith this Soma, I rest and have my dwelling in thy friendship.

VII Gods

1

Praise to the friends who sit in front! to those seated together, praise I use the hundred-footed speech speech.

2

I use the hundred-footed speech, I sing what hath a thousand paths, Gayatra, Trishtup, Jagat hymn.

3

Gayatra, Trishtup, Jagat hymn, the forms united and complete, Have the Gods made familiar friends.

VIII Agni

1

Agni, is light, light is Agni, Indra is light, light is Indra Surya is light, light is Surya.

2

O Agni, turn again with strength, turn thou again with food and life: Save us again from grief and woe!

3

O Agni, turn again with wealth sprinkle thou us from every side. With thine own all-supporting stream!

IX Indra

1

If I, O Indra, were like thee, the single ruler over wealth. My worshipper should be rich in kine.

2

I should be fain, O Lord of power, to strengthen and enrich the sage, Where I the ford of herds of kine.

3

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

X The Waters

1

Yea, Waters, ye bring health and bliss: so help ye us to energy. That we may look on great delight!

2

Give us a portion of the dew, the most auspicious that ye have, Like mothers in their longing love!

3

For you we gladly go to him to whose abode ye speed us on, And, Waters, give us procreant strength!

XI Vata

1

May Vata breathe his balm on us, healthful, delightful to our heart: May he prolong our days of life!

2

Thou art our father, Vata, yea, thou art our brother and our friend: So give us strength that we may live!

3

The store of Amrit that laid away yonder, O Vata, in thine home—Give us strength that we may live!

XII Agni

1

The fleet steed wearing divers forms, the eagle bearing his golden raiment to his birthplace, Clothed in due season with the light of Surya, red, hath begot the sacrifice in person.

2

Multiform seed he laid in waters, lustre which gathered on the earth and there developed. In the mid-air establishing his greatness, he cries aloud, seed of the vigorous courser.

3

He hath, enduing thousand robes that suit him, as sacrifice upheld the light of Surya, Giver of ample gifts in hundreds, thousands, supporter of the heavens, earth's Lord and ruler.

XIII Vena

1

They gaze on thee with longing in their spirit, as on a strong-winged bird that mounteth sky-ward; On thee with wings of gold, Varuna's envoy, the Bird that hasteneth to the home of Yama.

2

Erect, to heaven hath the Gandharva mounted, pointing at us his many-coloured weapons: Clad in sweet raiment beautiful to look on, for he, as light, produceth forms that please us..

3

When as a spark he cometh near the ocean, looking with vulture's eye as Law commandeth, His lustre, joying in its own bright splendour, maketh dear glories in the loftiest region.

CHAPTER III

I Indra

1

Swift, rapidly striking, like a bull who sharpens his horns, terrific, stirring up the people. With eyes that close not, bellowing, sole hero, Indra subdued at once a hundred armies.

2

With him loud-roaring, ever watchful victor, bold, hard to overthrow, rouser of battle, Indra. the strong, whose hand bears arrows, conquer, ye heroes, now, now vanquish in the combat!

3

He rules with those who carry shafts and quivers, Indra who with his band brings hosts together, Foe-conquering strong of arm the Soma-drinker, with mighty bow, shooting with well-laid arrows.

II Brihaspati. Indra

1

Brihaspati, fly with thy chariot hither, slayer of demons, driving off our foemen! Be thou protector of our cars, destroyer, victor in battle, breaker-up of armies! 2, Conspicuous. by thy strength, firm, foremost fighter, mighty and fierce, victorious, all-subduing, The Son of Conquest, passing men and heroes, kinewinner, mount thy conquering car, O Indra!

3

Cleaver of stalls, kine-winner, armed with thunder, who quells an army and with might destroys it--Follow him, brothers! quit yourselves like heroes, and like this Indra show your zeal and courage!

III Indra. Brihaspati

1

Piercing with conquering strength the cow-stalls, Indra, pitiless hero with unbounded anger, Victor in fight, unshaken and resistless--may he protect our armies in our battles!

2

Indra guide these! Brihaspati, and Soma, the guerdon and the sacrifice precede them; And let the banded Maruts march in forefront of heavenly hosts that conquer and demolish!

3

Ours be the potent host of mighty Indra, King Varuna the Maruts, and Adityas! Uplifted is the shout of Gods who conquer, highminded Gods who cause the worlds to tremble.

IV Indra. Maruts

1

Bristle thou up, O Maghavan, our weapons: excite the spirits, of my warring heroes! Urge on the strong steed's might, O Vyitra-slayer, and let the din of conquering cars go upward

2

May Indra aid us when our flags are gathered: victorious be their arrows of our army! May our brave men of war prevail in battle. Ye Gods, protect us in the shout of onset!

3

That army of the foemen, O ye Maruts, which, striving in its. mighty strength, approaches, Hide ye and bury it in pathless darkness that not a man of them may know the other!

V Agha

1

Bewildering the senses of our foemen, seize thou their bodies, and depart, O Agha! Attack them, set their hearts on fare with sorrows; so let our foes abide in utter darkness!

2

Advance, O heroes, win the day, May Indra be your sure defence! Mighty and awful be your arms, that none may wound or injure you!

3

Loosed from the bowstring fly away, thou arrows sharpened by our prayer! Go to the foemen, strike them home, and let not one be left alive!

VI Indra and others

1

Let ravens and strong-pinioned birds pursue them: yea, let that army be the food of vultures! Indra, let none escape, no sin-remover: behind them all let following birds be gathered!

2

This host of foemen Maghavan! that cometh on in warlike show--Meet it, O Vritra-slayer, thou, Indra, and Agni, with your flames!

3

There where the flights of arrows fall like boys whose locks are yet unshorn. Even there may Brahmanaspati, may Aditi protect us well, protect us well through all our days!

VII Indra

1

Drive Rakshasas and foes away, break thou in pieces Vritra's jaws: O Vritra-slaying Indra, quell the foeman's wrath who threatens us!

2

O Indra, beat our foes away, humble the men who challenge us: Send down to nether darkness him who seeks to do us injury!

3

Strong, ever-youthful are the arms of Indra, fair unassailable, never to be vanquished: These first let him employ when need hath come on us, wherewith the Asuras' great might was overthrown.

VIII Soma, Varuna

1

Thy vital parts I cover with thine armour: with immortality King Soma clothe thee! Varuna give thee what is more than ample, and in thy victory may Gods be joyful!

2

Blind, O my foemen, shall ye be, even as headless serpents are May Indra slay each best of you when Agni's flame hath struck you down!

3

Whoso would kill us, whether he be a stranger foe or one of us, May all the Gods discomfit him! My nearest, closest mail is prayer, my closest armour and defence.

IX Indra. All-Gods

1

Like a dread wild beast roaming on the mountain thou hast approached us from the farthest distance. Whetting thy bolt and thy sharp blade, O Indra, crush thou the foe and scatter those who hate us!

2

Gods, may our ears hear that which is auspicious, may our eyes see that which is good, ye holy! Extolling you with still strong limbs and bodies, may we attain the age by Gods appointed!

3

Illustrious far and wide, may Indra bless us, may Pushan bless us, master of all riches! May Tarkshya with uninjured fellows bless us! Brihaspati bestow on us his favour! Brihaspati bestow on us his favour!

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