

HYMN I. Agni.

1 I Laud Agni, the chosen Priest, God, minister of sacrifice,
The hotar, lavishest of wealth.
2 Worthy is Agni to be praised by living as by ancient seers.
He shall bring hitherward the Gods.
3 Through Agni man obtaineth wealth, yea, plenty waxing day by day,
Most rich in heroes, glorious.
4 Agni, the perfect sacrifice which thou encompassest about
Verily goeth to the Gods.
5 May Agni, sapient-minded Priest, truthful, most gloriously great,
The God, come hither with the Gods.
6 Whatever blessing, Agni, thou wilt grant unto thy worshipper,
That, Aṅgiras, is indeed thy truth.
7 To thee, dispeller of the night, O Agni, day by day with prayer
Bringing thee reverence, we come
8 Ruler of sacrifices, guard of Law eternal, radiant One,
Increasing in thine own abode.
9 Be to us easy of approach, even as a father to his son:
Agni, be with us for our weal.

HYMN II. Vāyu.

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

HYMN III. Aśvins

1 YE Aśvins, rich in treasure, Lords of splendour, having nimble hands,
Accept the sacrificial food.
2 Ye Aśvins, rich in wondrous deeds, ye heroes worthy of our praise,
Accept our songs with mighty thought.
3 Nāsatyas, wonder-workers, yours are these libations with clipt grass:
Come ye whose paths are red with flame.
4 O Indra marvellously bright, come, these libations long for thee,
Thus by fine fingers purified.
5 Urged by the holy singer, sped by song, come, Indra, to the prayers,
Of the libation-pouring priest.
6 Approach, O Indra, hastening thee, Lord of Bay Horses, to the prayers.
In our libation take delight.
7 Ye Viśvedevas, who protect, reward, and cherish men, approach
Your worshipper's drink-offering.
8 Ye Viśvedevas, swift at work, come hither quickly to the draught,

As milch-kine hasten to their stalls.

9 The Viśvedevas, changing shape like serpents, fearless, void of guile,
Bearers, accept the sacred draught

10 Wealthy in spoil, enriched with hymns, may bright Sarasvatī desire,
With eager love, our sacrifice.

11 Inciter of all pleasant songs, inspirer of all gracious thought,
Sarasvatī accept our rite

12 Sarasvatī, the mighty flood,—she with her light illuminates,
She brightens every pious thought.

HYMN IV. Indra

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

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

3 So may we be acquainted with thine innermost benevolence:
Neglect us not, come hitherward.

4 Go to the wise unconquered One, ask thou of Indra, skilled in song,
Him who is better than thy friends.

5 Whether the men who mock us say, Depart unto another place,
Ye who serve Indra and none else;

6 Or whether, God of wondrous deeds, all our true people call us blest,
Still may we dwell in Indra's care.

7 Unto the swift One bring the swift, man-cheering, grace of sacrifice,
That to the Friend gives wings and joy.

8 Thou, Śatakratu, drankest this and wast the Vṛtras' slayer; thou
Helpest the warrior in the fray.

9 We strengthen, Śatakratu, thee, yea, thee the powerful in fight,
That, Indra, we may win us wealth.

10 To him the mighty stream of wealth, prompt friend of him who pours the juice,
Yea, to this Indra sing your song.

HYMN V. Indra.

1 O COME ye hither, sit ye down: to Indra sing ye forth, your song,
companions, bringing hymns of praise.

2 To him the richest of the rich, the Lord of treasures excellent,
Indra, with Soma juice outpoured.

3 May he stand by us in our need and in abundance for our wealth:
May he come nigh us with his strength.

4 Whose pair of tawny horses yoked in battles foemen challenge not:
To him, to Indra sing your song.

5 Nigh to the Soma-drinker come, for his enjoyment, these pure drops,
The Somas mingled with the curd.

6 Thou, grown at once to perfect strength, wast born to drink the Soma juice,
Strong Indra, for preëminence.

7 O Indra, lover of the song, may these quick Somas enter thee:
May they bring bliss to thee the Sage.

8 Our chants of praise have strengthened thee, O Śatakratu, and our lauds
So strengthen thee the songs we sing.

9 Indra, whose succour never fails, accept these viands thousandfold,
Wherein all manly powers abide.

10 O Indra, thou who lovest song, let no man hurt our bodies, keep
Slaughter far from us, for thou canst.

HYMN VI. Indra.

1 They who stand round him as he moves harness the bright, the ruddy Steed
The lights are shining in the sky.

2 On both sides to the car they yoke the two bay coursers dear to him,
Bold, tawny, bearers of the Chief.

3 Thou, making light where no light was, and form, O men: where form was not,

Wast born together with the Dawns.

4 Thereafter they, as is their wont, threw off the state of babes unborn,

Assuming sacrificial names.

5 Thou, Indra, with the Tempest-Gods, the breakers down of what is firm,

Foundest the kine even in the cave.

6 Worshipping even as they list, singers laud him who findeth wealth,

The far-renowned, the mighty One.

7 Mayest thou verily be seen coming by fearless Indra's side:

Both joyous, equal in your sheen.

8 With Indra's well beloved hosts, the blameless, hastening to heaven,

The sacrificer cries aloud.

9 Come from this place, O Wanderer, or downward from the light of heaven:

Our songs of praise all yearn for this.

10 Indra we seek to give us help, from here, from heaven above the earth,

Or from the spacious firmament.

HYMN VII. Indra.

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

2 Indra hath ever close to him his two bay steeds and word-yoked car,

Indra the golden, thunder-armed.

3 Indra hath raised the Sun on high in heaven, that he may see afar:

He burst the mountain for the kine.

4 Help us, O Indra, in the frays, yea, frays, where thousand spoils are gained,
With awful aids, O awful One.

5 In mighty battle we invoke Indra, Indra in lesser fight,

The Friend who bends his bolt at fiends.

6 Unclose, our manly Hero, thou for ever bounteous, yonder cloud,

For us, thou irresistible.

7 Still higher, at each strain of mine, thunder-armed Indra's praises rise:

I find no laud worthy of him.

8 Even as the bull drives on the herds, he drives the people with his might,

The Ruler irresistible:

9 Indra who rules with single sway men, riches, and the fivefold race

Of those who dwell upon the earth.

10 For your sake from each side we call Indra away from other men:

Ours, and none others', may he be.

HYMN VIII. Indra.

1 INDRA, bring wealth that gives delight, the victor's ever-conquering wealth,
Most excellent, to be our aid;

2 By means of which we may repel our foes in battle hand to hand,
By thee assisted with the car.

3 Aided by thee, the thunder-armed, Indra, may we lift up the bolt,
And conquer all our foes in fight.

4 With thee, O India, for ally with missile-darting heroes, may
We conquer our embattled foes.

5 Mighty is Indra, yea supreme; greatness be his, the Thunderer:
Wide as the heaven extends his power

6 Which aideth those to win them sons, who come as heroes to the fight,
Or singers loving holy thoughts.

7 His belly, drinking deepest draughts of Soma, like an ocean swells,
Like wide streams from the cope of heaven.

8 So also is his excellence, great, vigorous, rich in cattle, like
A ripe branch to the worshipper.

9 For verily thy mighty powers, Indra, are saving helps at once
Unto a worshipper like me.

10 So are his lovely gifts; let lauds and praises be to Indra sung,
That he may drink the Soma juice.

HYMN IX. Indra.

1 COME, Indra, and delight thee with the juice at all the Soma feasts,
Protector, mighty in thy strength.

2 To Indra pour ye forth the juice, the active gladdening juice to him
The gladdening, omnific God.

3 O Lord of all men, fair of cheek, rejoice thee in the gladdening lauds,
Present at these drink-offerings.

4 Songs have outpoured themselves to thee, Indra, the strong, the guardian Lord,
And raised themselves unsatisfied.

5 Send to us bounty manifold, O Indra, worthy of our wish,
For power supreme is only thine.

6 O Indra, stimulate thereto us emulously fain for wealth,
And glorious, O most splendid One.

7 Give, Indra, wide and lofty fame, wealthy in cattle and in strength,
Lasting our life-time, failing not.

8 Grant us high fame, O Indra, grant riches bestowing thousands, those
Fair fruits of earth borne home in wains.

9 Praising with songs the praise-worthy who cometh to our aid, we call
Indra, the Treasure-Lord of wealth.

10 To lofty Indra, dweller by each libation, the pious man
Sings forth aloud a strengthening hymn.

HYMN X. Indra.

1 THE chanters hymn thee, they who say the word of praise magnify thee.
The priests have raised thee up on high, O Śatakratu, like a pole.

2 As up he clomb from ridge to ridge and looked upon the toilsome task,
Indra observes this wish of his, and the Rain hastens with his troop.

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

4 Come hither, answer thou the song, sing in approval, cry aloud.
Good Indra, make our prayer succeed, and prosper this our sacrifice.

5 To Indra must a laud be said, to strengthen him who freely gives,
That Śakra may take pleasure in our friendship and drink-offerings.

6 Him, him we seek for friendship, him for riches and heroic might.
For Indra, he is Śakra, he shall aid us while he gives us wealth.

7 Easy to turn and drive away, Indra, is spoil bestowed by thee.
Unclose the stable of the kine, and give us wealth O Thunder-armed

8 The heaven and earth contain thee not, together, in thy wrathful mood.
Win us the waters of the sky, and send us kine abundantly.

9 Hear, thou whose ear is quick, my call; take to thee readily my songs
O Indra, let this laud of mine come nearer even than thy friend.

10 We know thee mightiest of all, in battles hearer of our cry.
Of thee most mighty we invoke the aid that giveth thousandfold.

11 O Indra, Son of Kuśika, drink our libation with delight.

Prolong our life anew, and cause the seer to win a thousand gifts.

12 Lover of song, may these our songs on every side encompass thee:
Strengthening thee of lengthened life, may they be dear delights to thee.

HYMN XI. Indra.

1 ALL sacred songs have magnified Indra expansive as the sea,
The best of warriors borne on cars, the Lord, the very Lord of strength.

2 Strong in thy friendship, Indra, Lord of power and might, we have no fear.
We glorify with praises thee, the never-conquered conqueror.

3 The gifts of Indra from of old, his saving succours, never fail,
When to the praise-singers he gives the boon of substance rich in kine.

4 Crusher of forts, the young, the wise, of strength unmeasured, was he born
Sustainer of each sacred rite, Indra, the Thunderer, much-extolled.

5 Lord of the thunder, thou didst burst the cave of Vala rich in cows.
The Gods came pressing to thy side, and free from terror aided thee,

6 I, Hero, through thy bounties am come to the flood addressing thee.
Song-lover, here the singers stand and testify to thee thereof.

7 The wily Śuṣṇa, Indra! thou o'erthrewest with thy wondrous powers.

The wise beheld this deed of thine: now go beyond their eulogies.
8 Our songs of praise have glorified Indra who ruleth by his might,
Whose precious gifts in thousands come, yea, even more abundantly.

HYMN XII. Agni.

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

HYMN XIII. Agni

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

HYMN XIV. Viśvedevas.

- 1 To drink the Soma, Agni, come, to our service and our songs.
With all these Gods; and worship them.
- 2 The Kaṇvas have invoked thee; they, O Singer, sing thee songs of praise

Agni, come hither with the Gods;

3 Indra, Vāyu, Bṛhaspati, Mitra, Agni, Pūṣan, Bhaga,
Ādityas, and the Marut host.

4 For you these juices are poured forth that gladden and exhilarate,
The meath-drops resting in the cup.

5 The sons of Kanva fain for help adore thee, having strewn the grass,
With offerings and all things prepared.

6 Let the swift steeds who carry thee, thought-yoked and dropping holy oil,
Bring the Gods to the Soma draught.

7 Adored, the strengtheners of Law, unite them, Agni, with their Dames:
Make them drink meath, O bright of tongue.

8 Let them, O Agni, who deserve worship and praise drink with thy tongue
The meath in solemn sacrifice.

9 Away, from the Sun's realm of light, the wise invoking Priest shall bring
All Gods awaking with the dawn.

10 With all the Gods, with Indra, with Vāyu, and Mitra's splendours, drink,
Agni, the pleasant Soma juice.

11 Ordained by Manu as our Priest, thou sittest, Agni, at each rite:
Hallow thou this our sacrifice.

12 Harness the Red Mares to thy car, the Bays, O God, the flaming ones:
With those bring hitherward the Gods.

HYMN XV. Ṛtu.

1 O INDRA drink the Soma juice with Ṛtu; let the cheering drops
Sink deep within, which settle there.

2 Drink from the Purifier's cup, Maruts, with Ṛtu; sanctify
The rite, for ye give precious gifts.

3 O Neṣṭar, with thy Dame accept our sacrifice; with Ṛtu drink,
For thou art he who giveth wealth.

4 Bring the Gods, Agni; in the three appointed places set them down:
Surround them, and with Ṛtu drink.

5 Drink Soma after the Ṛtus, from the Brāhmaṇa's bounty: undissolved,
O Indra, is thy friendship's bond.

6 Mitra, Varuṇa, ye whose ways are firm—a Power that none deceives—,
With Ṛtu ye have reached the rite.

7 The Soma-pressers, fain for wealth, praise the Wealth-giver in the rite,
In sacrifices praise the God.

8 May the Wealth-giver grant to us riches that shall be far renowned.
These things we gain, among the Gods.

9 He with the Ṛtu fain would drink, Wealth-giver, from the Neṣṭar's bowl.
Haste, give your offering, and depart.

10 As we this fourth time, Wealth-giver, honour thee with the Ṛtus, be
A Giver bountiful to us.

11 Drink ye the meath, O Aśvins bright with flames, whose acts are pure, who with
Ṛtus accept the sacrifice.

12 With Ṛtu, through the house-fire, thou, kind Giver, guidest sacrifice:
Worship the Gods for the pious man.

HYMN XVI. Indra.

1 LET thy Bay Steeds bring thee, the Strong, hither to drink the Soma draught—
Those, Indra, who are bright as suns.

2 Here are the grains bedewed with oil: hither let the Bay Coursers bring
Indra upon his easiest car.

3 Indra at early morn we call, Indra in course of sacrifice,
Indra to drink the Soma juice.

4 Come hither, with thy long-maned Steeds, O Indra, to he draught we pour
We call thee when the juice is shed.

5 Come thou to this our song of praise, to the libation poured for thee
Drink of it like a stag athirst.

6 Here are the drops of Soma juice expressed on sacred grass: thereof
Drink, Indra, to increase thy might.

7 Welcome to thee be this our hymn, reaching thy heart, most excellent:

Then drink the Soma juice expressed.

8 To every draught of pressed-out juice Indra, the Vṛtra-slayer, comes,

To drink the Soma for delight.

9 Fulfil, O Śatakratu, all our wish with horses and with kine:

With holy thoughts we sing thy praise.

HYMN XVII. Indra-Varuṇa

1 I CRAVE help from the Imperial Lords, from Indra-Varuṇa; may they Both favour one of us like me.

2 Guardians of men, ye ever come with ready succour at the call Of every singer such as I.

3 Sate you, according to your wish, O Indra-Varuṇa, with wealth: Fain would we have you nearest us.

4 May we be sharers of the powers, sharers of the benevolence Of you who give strength bounteously.

5 Indra and Varuṇa, among givers of thousands, meet for praise, Are Powers who merit highest laud.

6 Through their protection may we gain great store of wealth, and heap it up Enough and still to spare, be ours.

7 O Indra-Varuna, on you for wealth in many a form I call: Still keep ye us victorious.

8 O Indra-Varuna, through our songs that seek to win you to ourselves, Give us at once your sheltering help.

9 O Indra-Varuna, to you may fair praise which I offer come, Joint eulogy which ye dignify.

HYMN XVIII. Brahmaṇaspati.

1 O BRAHMĀNASPATI, make him who presses Soma glorious, Even Kakṣīvān Auśija.

2 The rich, the healer of disease, who giveth wealth, increaseth store, The prompt,—may he be with us still.

3 Let not the foeman's curse, let not a mortal's onslaught fall on us Preserve us, Brahmaṇaspati.

4 Ne'er is the mortal hero harmed whom Indra, Brahmaṇaspati, And Soma graciously inspire.

5 Do, thou, O Brahmaṇaspati, and Indra, Soma, Dakṣinā, Preserve that mortal from distress.

6 To the Assembly's wondrous Lord, to Indra's lovely Friend who gives Wisdom, have I drawn near in prayer.

7 He without whom no sacrifice, e'en of the wise man, prospers; he Stirs up the series of thoughts.

8 He makes the oblation prosper, he promotes the course of sacrifice: Our voice of praise goes to the Gods.

9 I have seen Narāśaṁsa, him most resolute, most widely famed, As 'twere the Household Priest of heaven.

HYMN XIX. Agni, Maruts.

1 To this fair sacrifice to drink the milky draught thou art invoked:

O Agni, with the Maruts come.

2 No mortal man, no God exceeds thy mental power, O Mighty one:

O Agni, with the Maruts come:

3 All Gods devoid of guile, who know the mighty region of mid-air:

O Agni, with those Maruts come.

4 The terrible, who sing their song, not to be overcome by might:

O Agni, with those Maruts come.

5 Brilliant, and awful in their form, mighty, devourers of their foes:

O Agni, with those Maruts come.

6 Who sit as Deities in heaven, above the sky-vault's luminous sphere:

O Agni, with those Maruts come.

7 Who scatter clouds about the sky, away over the billowy sea:
O Agni, with those Maruts come.
8 Who with their bright beams spread them forth over the ocean in their might
O Agni, with those Maruts come.
9 For thee, to be thine early draught, I pour the Soma-mingled meath:
O Agni, with the Maruts come.

HYMN XX. Ṛbhus.

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

HYMN XXI. Indra-Agni.

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

HYMN XXII. Aśvins and Others

1 WAKEN the Aśvin Pair who yoke their car at early morn: may they
Approach to drink this Soma juice.
2 We call the Aśvins Twain, the Gods borne in a noble car, the best
Of charioteers, who reach the heavens.
3 Dropping with honey is your whip, Aśvins, and full of pleasantness
Sprinkle therewith the sacrifice.
4 As ye go thither in your car, not far, O Aśvins, is the home
Of him who offers Soma juice.
5 For my protection I invoke the golden-handed Savitar.
He knoweth, as a God, the place.
6 That he may send us succour, praise the Waters' Offspring Savitar:
Fain are we for his holy ways.
7 We call on him, distributer of wondrous bounty and of wealth,
On Savitar who looks on men.
8 Come hither, friends, and seat yourselves Savitar, to be praised by us,
Giving good gifts, is beautiful.
9 O Agni, hither bring to us the willing Spouses of the Gods,
And Tvaṣṭar, to the Soma draught.
10 Most youthful Agni, hither bring their Spouses, Hotrā, Bhāratī,
Varūtrī, Dhiṣanā, for aid.

11 Spouses of Heroes, Goddesses, with whole wings may they come to us
With great protection and with aid.

12 Indrāṇī, Varuṇāṇī, and Agnāyī hither I invite,
For weal, to drink the Soma juice.

13 May Heaven and Earth, the Mighty Pair, bedew for us our sacrifice,
And feed us full with nourishments.

14 Their water rich with fatness, there in the Gandharva's steadfast place,
The singers taste through sacred songs.

15 Thornless be thou, O Earth, spread wide before us for a dwelling-place:
Vouchsafe us shelter broad and sure.

16 The Gods be gracious unto us even from the place whence Viṣṇu strode
Through the seven regions of the earth!

17 Through all this world strode Viṣṇu; thrice his foot he planted, and the whole
Was gathered in his footprint's dust.

18 Viṣṇu, the Guardian, he whom none deceiveth, made three steps; thenceforth
Establishing his high decrees.

19 Look ye on Viṣṇu's works, whereby the Friend of Indra, close-allied,
Hath let his holy ways be seen.

20 The princes evermore behold that loftiest place where Viṣṇu is,
Laid as it were an eye in heaven.

21 This, Viṣṇu's station most sublime, the singers, ever vigilant,
Lovers of holy song, light up.

HYMN XXIII. Vāyu and Others.

1 STRONG are the Somas; come thou nigh; these juices have been mixt with milk:
Drink, Vāyu, the presented draughts.

2 Both Deities who touch the heaven, Indra and Vāyu we invoke
To drink of this our Soma juice.

3 The singers' for their aid, invoke Indra and Vāyu, swift as mind,
The thousand-eyed, the Lords of thought.

4 Mitra and Varuṇa, renowned as Gods of consecrated might,
We call to drink the Soma juice.

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

6 Let Varuṇa be our chief defence, let Mitra guard us with all aids
Both make us rich exceedingly.

7 Indra, by Maruts girt, we call to drink the Soma juice: may he
Sate him in union with his troop.

8 Gods, Marut hosts whom Indra leads, distributers of Pūṣan's gifts,
Hearken ye all unto my cry.

9 With conquering Indra for ally, strike Vṛtra down, ye bounteous Gods
Let not the wicked master us.

10 We call the Universal Gods, and Maruts to the Soma draught,
For passing strong are Prśni's Sons.

11 Fierce comes the Maruts' thundering voice, like that of conquerors, when ye go
Forward to victory, O Men.

12 Born of the laughing lightning, may the Maruts guard us everywhere
May they be gracious unto Us.

13 Like some lost animal, drive to us, bright Pūṣan, him who bears up heaven,
Resting on many-coloured grass.

14 Pūṣan the Bright has found the King, concealed and hidden in a cave,
Who rests on grass of many hues.

15 And may he, duly bring to me the six bound closely, through these drops,
As one who ploughs with steers brings corn.

16 Along their paths the Mothers go, Sisters of priestly ministrants,
Mingling their sweetness with the milk.

17 May Waters gathered near the Sun, and those wherewith the Sun is joined,
Speed forth this sacrifice of ours.

18 I call the Waters, Goddesses, wherein our cattle quench their thirst;
Oblations to the Streams be given.

19 Amrit is in the Waters in the Waters there is healing balm

Be swift, ye Gods, to give them praise.

20 Within the Waters—Soma thus hath told me—dwell all balms that heal,
And Agni, he who blesseth all. The Waters hold all medicines.

21 O Waters, teem with medicine to keep my body safe from harm,
So that I long may see the Sun.

22 Whatever sin is found in me, whatever evil I have wrought.

If I have lied or falsely sworn, Waters, remove it far from me.

23 The Waters I this day have sought, and to their moisture have we come:

O Agni, rich in milk, come thou, and with thy splendour cover me.

24 Fill me with splendour, Agni; give offspring and length of days; the Gods
Shall know me even as I am, and Indra with the R̄sis, know.

HYMN XXIV. Varuṇa and Others.

1 WHO now is he, what God among Immortals, of whose auspicious name we may bethink us?
Who shall to mighty Aditi restore us, that I may see my Father and my Mother?

2 Agni the God the first among the Immortals,—of his auspicious name let us bethink us.

He shall to mighty Aditi restore us, that I may see my Father and my Mother.

3 To thee, O Savitar, the Lord of precious things, who helpest us

Continually, for our share we come—

4 Wealth, highly lauded ere reproach hath fallen on it, which is laid,

Free from all hatred, in thy hands

5 Through thy protection may we come to even the height of affluence

Which Bhaga hath dealt out to us.

6 Ne'er have those birds that fly through air attained to thy high dominion or thy might or spirit;
Nor these the waters that flow on for ever, nor hills, abaters of the wind's wild fury.

7 Varuṇa, King, of hallowed might, sustaineth erect the Tree's stem in the baseless region.

Its rays, whose root is high above, stream downward. Deep may they sink within us, and be hidden.

8 King Varuṇa hath made a spacious pathway, a pathway for the Sun wherein to travel.

Where no way was he made him set his footstep, and warned afar whate'er afflicts the spirit.

9 A hundred balms are thine, O King, a thousand; deep and wide-reaching also be thy favours.

Far from us, far away drive thou Destruction. Put from us e'en the sin we have committed.

10 Whither by day depart the constellations that shine at night, set high in heaven above us?

Varuṇa's holy laws remain unweakened, and through the night the Moon moves on in splendor

11 I ask this of thee with my prayer adoring; thy worshipper craves this with his oblation.

Varuṇa, stay thou here and be not angry; steal not our life from us, O thou Wide-Ruler.

12 Nightly and daily this one thing they tell me, this too the thought of mine own heart repeateth.

May he to whom prayed fettered Śunahṣepa, may he the Sovran Varuṇa release us.

13 Bound to three pillars captured Śunahṣepa thus to the Āditya made his supplication.

Him may the Sovran Varuṇa deliver, wise, ne'er deceived, loosen the bonds that bind him.

14 With bending down, oblations, sacrifices, O Varuṇa, we deprecate thine anger:

Wise Asura, thou King of wide dominion, loosen the bonds of sins by us committed.

15 Loosen the bonds, O Varuṇa, that hold me, loosen the bonds above, between, and under.

So in thy holy law may we made sinless belong to Aditi, O thou Āditya.

HYMN XXV. Varuṇa.

1 WHATEVER law of thine, O God, O Varuṇa, as we are men,
Day after day we violate.

2 give us not as a prey to death, to be destroyed by thee in wrath,
To thy fierce anger when displeased.

3 To gain thy mercy, Varuṇa, with hymns we bind thy heart, as binds
The charioteer his tethered horse.

4 They flee from me dispirited, bent only on obtaining wealth,
As to their nests the birds of air.

5 When shall we bring, to be appeased, the Hero, Lord of warrior might,
Him, the far-seeing Varuṇa?

6 This, this with joy they both accept in common: never do they fail
The ever-faithful worshipper.

7 He knows the path of birds that fly through heaven, and, Sovran of the sea,
He knows the ships that are thereon.

8 True to his holy law, he knows the twelve moons with their progeny:
He knows the moon of later birth.

9 He knows the pathway of the wind, the spreading, high, and mighty wind:

He knows the Gods who dwell above.

10 Varuṇa, true to holy law, sits down among his people; he,

Most wise, sits there to govern all.

11 From thence perceiving he beholds all wondrous things, both what hath been,
And what hereafter will be done.

12 May that Āditya, very wise, make fair paths for us all our days:

May he prolong our lives for us.

13 Varuṇa, wearing golden mail, hath clad him in a shining robe.

His spies are seated found about.

14 The God whom enemies threaten not, nor those who tyrannize o'er men,

Nor those whose minds are bent on wrong.

15 He who gives glory to mankind, not glory that is incomplete,

To our own bodies giving it.

16 Yearning for the wide-seeing One, my thoughts move onward unto him,
As kine unto their pastures move.

17 Once more together let us speak, because my meath is brought: priest-like
Thou eatest what is dear to thee.

18 Now saw I him whom all may see, I saw his car above the earth:

He hath accepted these my songs.

19 Varuṇa, hear this call of mine: be gracious unto us this day

Longing for help I cried to thee.

20 Thou, O wise God, art Lord of all, thou art the King of earth and heaven

Hear, as thou goest on thy way.

21 Release us from the upper bond, untie the bond between, and loose

The bonds below, that I may live.

HYMN XXVI. Agni.

1 O WORTHY of oblation, Lord of prospering powers, assume thy robes,
And offer this our sacrifice.

2 Sit ever to be chosen, as our Priest, most youthful, through our hymns,
O Agni, through our heavenly word.

3 For here a Father for his son, Kinsman for kinsman worshippeth,
And Friend, choice-worthy, for his friend.

4 Here let the foe-destroyers sit, Varuṇa, Mitra, Aryaman,
Like men, upon our sacred grass.

5 O ancient Herald, be thou glad in this our rite and fellowship:
Hearken thou well to these our songs.

6 Whate'er in this perpetual course we sacrifice to God and God,
That gift is offered up in thee

7 May he be our dear household Lord, Priest, pleasant and, choice-worthy may
We, with bright fires, be dear to him.

8 The Gods, adored with brilliant fires, have granted precious wealth to us
So, with bright fires, we pray to thee.

9 And, O Immortal One, so may the eulogies of mortal men
Belong to us and thee alike.

10 With all thy fires, O Agni, find pleasure in this our sacrifice,
And this our speech, O Son of Strength.

HYMN XXVII. Agni.

1 WITH worship will I glorify thee, Agni, like a long-tailed steed,
Imperial Lord of sacred rites.

2 May the far-striding Son of Strength, bringer of great felicity,
Who pours his gifts like rain, be ours.

3 Lord of all life, from near; from far, do thou, O Agni evermore
Protect us from the sinful man.

4 O Agni, graciously announce this our oblation to the Gods,
And this our newest song of praise.

5 Give us a share of strength most high, a share of strength that is below,
A share of strength that is between.

6 Thou dealest gifts, resplendent One; nigh, as with waves of Sindhu, thou

Swift streamest to the worshipper.

7 That man is lord of endless strength whom thou protectest in the fight,

Agni, or urgest to the fray.

8 Him, whosoever he may be, no man may vanquish, mighty One:

Nay, very glorious power is his.

9 May he who dwells with all mankind bear us with war-steeds through the fight,

And with the singers win the spoil.

10 Help, thou who knowest lauds, this work, this eulogy to Rudra, him

Adorable in every house.

11 May this our God, great, limitless, smoke-bannered excellently bright,

Urge us to strength and holy thought.

12 Like some rich Lord of men may he, Agni the banner of the Gods,

Refulgent, hear us through our lauds.

13 Glory to Gods, the mighty and the lesser glory to Gods the younger and the elder!

Let us, if we have power, pay the God worship: no better prayer than this, ye Gods, acknowledge.

HYMN XXVIII. Indra, Etc.

1 THERE where the broad-based stone raised on high to press the juices out,

O Indra, drink with eager thirst the droppings which the mortar sheds.

2 Where, like broad hips, to hold the juice the platters of the press are laid,

O Indra, drink with eager thirst the droppings which the mortar sheds.

3 There where the woman marks and leans the pestle's constant rise and fall,

O Indra, drink with eager thirst the droppings which the mortar sheds.

4 Where, as with reins to guide a horse, they bind the churning-staff with cords,

O Indra, drink with eager thirst the droppings which the mortar sheds.

5 If of a truth in every house, O Mortar thou art set for work,

Here give thou forth thy clearest sound, loud as the drum of conquerors.

6 O Sovran of the Forest, as the wind blows soft in front of thee,

Mortar, for Indra press thou forth the Soma juice that he may drink.

7 Best strength-givers, ye stretch wide jaws, O Sacrificial Implements,

Like two bay horses champing herbs.

8 Ye Sovrans of the Forest, both swift, with swift pressers press to-day

Sweet Soma juice for Indra's drink.

9 Take up in beakers what remains: the Soma on the filter pour,

and on the ox-hide set the dregs.

HYMN XXIX. Indra.

1 O SOMA DRINKER, ever true, utterly hopeless though we be,

Do thou, O Indra, give us hope of beauteous horses and of kine,

In thousands, O most wealthy One.

2 O Lord of Strength, whose jaws are strong, great deeds are thine, the powerful:

Do thou, O Indra, give us hope of beauteous horses and of kine,

In thousands, O most wealthy One.

3 Lull thou asleep, to wake no more, the pair who on each other look

Do thou, O Indra, give us hope of beauteous horses and of kine,

In thousands, O most wealthy One.

4 Hero, let hostile spirits sleep, and every gentler genius wake:

Do thou, O Indra, give us hope of beauteous horses and of kine,

In thousands, O most wealthy One.

5 Destroy this ass, O Indra, who in tones discordant brays to thee:

Do thou, O Indra, give us hope of beauteous horses and of kine,

In thousands, O most wealthy One.

6 Far distant on the forest fall the tempest in a circling course!

Do thou, O Indra, give us hope of beauteous horses and of kine,

In thousands, O most wealthy One.

7 Slay each reviler, and destroy him who in secret injures us:

Do thou, O Indra, give us hope of beauteous horses and of kine

In thousands, O most wealthy One.

HYMN XXX. Indra.

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

HYMN XXXI. Agni.

1 Thou, Agni, wast the earliest Aṅgiras, a Seer; thou wast, a God thyself, the Gods' auspicious Friend.
After thy holy ordinance the Maruts, sage, active through wisdom, with their glittering spears, were born.
2 O Agni, thou, the best and earliest Aṅgiras, fulfillest as a Sage the holy law of Gods.
Sprung from two mothers, wise, through all existence spread, resting in many a place for sake of living man.
3 To Mātariśvan first thou, Agni, wast disclosed, and to Vivasvān through thy noble inward power.
Heaven and Earth, Vasu! shook at the choosing of the Priest: the burthen thou didst bear, didst worship mighty Gods.
4 Agni thou madest heaven to thunder for mankind; thou, yet more pious, for pious Purūravas.
When thou art rapidly freed from thy parents, first eastward they bear thee round, and, after, to the west.
5 Thou, Agni, art a Bull who makes our store increase, to be invoked by him who lifts the ladle up.
Well knowing the oblation with the hallowing word, uniting all who live, thou lightenest first our folk
6 Agni, thou savest in the synod when pursued e'en him, farseeing One! who walks in evil ways.
Thou, when the heroes fight for spoil which men rush, round, slayest in war the many by the hands of few.
7 For glory, Agni, day by day, thou liftest up the mortal man to highest immortality,
Even thou who yearning for both races givest them great bliss, and to the prince grantest abundant food.
8 O Agni, highly lauded, make our singer famous that he may win us store of riches:

May we improve the rite with new performance. O Earth and Heaven, with all the Gods, protect us.
9 O blameless Agni lying in thy Parents' lap, a God among the Gods, be watchful for our good.
Former of bodies, be the singer's Providence: all good things hast thou sown for him, auspicious One!
10 Agni, thou art our Providence, our Father thou: we are thy brethren and thou art our spring of life.
In thee, rich in good heroes, guard of high decrees, meet hundred, thousand treasures, O infallible!
11 Thee, Agni, have the Gods made the first living One for living man, Lord of the house of Nahuṣa.
Ilā they made the teacher of the sons of men, what time a Son was born to the father of my race.
12 Worthy to be revered, O Agni, God, preserve our wealthy patrons with thy succours, and ourselves.
Guard of our seed art thou, aiding our cows to bear, incessantly protecting in thy holy way.
13 Agni, thou art a guard close to the pious man; kindled art thou, four-eyed! for him who is unarmed.
With fond heart thou acceptest e'en the poor man's prayer, when he hath brought his gift to gain security.
14 Thou, Agni gainest for the loudly-praising priest the highest wealth, the object of a man's desire.
Thou art called Father, caring even for the weak, and wisest, to the simple one thou teachest lore.
15 Agni, the man who giveth guerdon to the priests, like well-sewn armour thou guardest on every side.
He who with grateful food shows kindness in his house, an offerer to the living, is the type of heaven.
16 Pardon, we pray, this sin of ours, O Agni,—the path which we have trodden, widely straying,
Dear Friend and Father, caring for the pious, who speedest nigh and who inspirlest mortals.
17 As erst to Manus, to Yayāti, Aṅgiras, so Aṅgiras! pure Agni! come thou to our hall.
Bring hither the celestial host and seat them here upon the sacred grass, and offer what they love.
18 By this our prayer be thou, O Agni, strengthened, prayer made by us after our power and knowledge.
Lead thou us, therefore, to increasing riches; endow us with thy strength-bestowing favour.

HYMN XXXII. Indra.

1 I WILL declare the manly deeds of Indra, the first that he achieved, the Thunder-wielder.
He slew the Dragon, then disclosed the waters, and cleft the channels of the mountain torrents.
2 He slew the Dragon lying on the mountain: his heavenly bolt of thunder Tvaṣṭar fashioned.
Like lowing kine in rapid flow descending the waters glided downward to the ocean.
3 Impetuous as a bull, he chose the Soma and in three sacred beakers drank the juices.
Maghavan grasped the thunder for his weapon, and smote to death this firstborn of the dragons.
4 When, Indra, thou hadst slain the dragon's firstborn, and overcome the charms of the enchanters,
Then, giving life to Sun and Dawn and Heaven, thou foundest not one foe to stand against thee.
5 Indra with his own great and deadly thunder smote into pieces Vṛtra, worst of Vṛtras.
As trunks of trees, what time the axe hath felled them, low on the earth so lies the prostrate Dragon.
6 He, like a mad weak warrior, challenged Indra, the great impetuous many-slaying Hero.
He, brooking not the clashing of the weapons, crushed—Indra's foe—the shattered forts in falling.
7 Footless and handless still he challenged Indra, who smote him with his bolt between the shoulders.
Emasculate yet claiming manly vigour, thus Vṛtra lay with scattered limbs dissevered.
8 There as he lies like a bank-bursting river, the waters taking courage flow above him.
The Dragon lies beneath the feet of torrents which Vṛtra with his greatness had encompassed.
9 Then humbled was the strength of Vṛtra's mother: Indra hath cast his deadly bolt against her.
The mother was above, the son was under and like a cow beside her calf lay Danu.
10 Rolled in the midst of never-ceasing currents flowing without a rest for ever onward.
The waters bear off Vṛtra's nameless body: the foe of Indra sank to during darkness.
11 Guarded by Ahi stood the thralls of Dāsas, the waters stayed like kine held by the robber.
But he, when he had smitten Vṛtra, opened the cave wherein the floods had been imprisoned.
12 A horse's tail wast thou when he, O Indra, smote on thy bolt; thou, God without a second,
Thou hast won back the kine, hast won the Soma; thou hast let loose to flow the Seven Rivers.
13 Nothing availed him lightning, nothing thunder, hailstorm or mist which had spread around him:
When Indra and the Dragon strove in battle, Maghavan gained the victory for ever.
14 Whom sawest thou to avenge the Dragon, Indra, that fear possessed thy heart when thou hadst slain him;
That, like a hawk affrighted through the regions, thou crossedst nine-and-ninety flowing rivers?
15 Indra is King of all that moves and moves not, of creatures tame and horned, the Thunder-wielder.
Over all living men he rules as Sovran, containing all as spokes within the felly.

HYMN XXXIII. Indra.

1 Come, fain for booty let us seek to Indra: yet more shall he increase his care that guides us.
Will not the Indestructible endow us with perfect knowledge of this wealth, of cattle?
2 I fly to him invisible Wealth-giver as flies the falcon to his cherished eyrie,
With fairest hymns of praise adoring Indra, whom those who laud him must invoke in battle.
3 Mid all his host, he bindeth on the quiver: he driveth cattle from what foe he pleaseth:
Gathering up great store of riches, Indra. be thou no trafficker with us, most mighty.

4 Thou slewest with thy bolt the wealthy Dasyu, alone, yet going with thy helpers, Indra!
Far from the floor of heaven in all directions, the ancient riteless ones fled to destruction.
5 Fighting with pious worshippers, the riteless turned and fled, Indra! with averted faces.
When thou, fierce Lord of the Bay Steeds, the Stayer, blewest from earth and heaven and sky the godless.
6 They met in fight the army of the blameless: then the Navagvas put forth all their power.
They, like emasculates with men contending, fled, conscious, by steep paths from Indra, scattered.
7 Whether they weep or laugh, thou hast o'erthrown them, O Indra, on the sky's extremest limit.
The Dasyu thou hast burned from heaven, and welcomed the prayer of him who pours the juice and lauds thee.
8 Adorned with their array of gold and jewels, they o'er the earth a covering veil extended.
Although they hastened, they o'ercame not Indra: their spies he compassed with the Sun of morning.
9 As thou enjoyest heaven and earth, O Indra, on every side surrounded with thy greatness,
So thou with priests hast blown away the Dasyu, and those who worship not with those who worship.
10 They who pervaded earth's extremest limit subdued not with their charms the Wealth-bestower:
Indra, the Bull, made his ally the thunder, and with its light milked cows from out the darkness.
11 The waters flowed according to their nature; he raid the navigable streams waxed mighty.
Then Indra, with his spirit concentrated, smote him for ever with his strongest weapon.
12 Indra broke through Ilíbiá's strong castles, and Śuṣṇa with his horn he cut to pieces:
Thou, Maghavan, for all his might and swiftness, slewest thy fighting foeman with thy thunder
13 Fierce on his enemies fell Indra's weapon: with his sharp bull he rent their forts in pieces.
He with his thunderbolt dealt blows on Vṛtra; and conquered, executing all his purpose.
14 Indra, thou helpest Kutsa whom thou lovedst, and guardedst brave Daśadyu when he battled,
The dust of trampling horses rose to heaven, and Śvitrā's son stood up again for conquest.
15 Śvitrā's mild steer, O Maghavan thou helpest in combat for the land, mid Tugra's houses.
Long stood they there before the task was ended: thou wast the master of the foemen's treasure.

HYMN XXXIV. Aśvins.

1 Ye who observe this day be with us even thrice: far-stretching is your bounty, Aśvins and your course.
To you, as to a cloak in winter, we cleave close: you are to be drawn nigh unto us by the wise.
2 Three are the fellies in your honey-bearing car, that travels after Soma's loved one, as all know.
Three are the pillars set upon it for support: thrice journey ye by night, O Aśvins, thrice by day.
3 Thrice in the self-same day, ye Gods who banish want, sprinkle ye thrice to-day our sacrifice with meath;
And thrice vouchsafe us store of food with plenteous strength, at evening, O ye Aśvins, and at break of day.
4 Thrice come ye to our home, thrice to the righteous folk, thrice triply aid the man who well deserves your help.
Thrice, O ye Aśvins, bring us what shall make us glad; thrice send us store of food as nevermore to fail.
5 Thrice, O ye Aśvins, bring to us abundant wealth: thrice in the Gods' assembly, thrice assist our thoughts.
Thrice, grant ye us prosperity, thrice grant us fame; for the Sun's daughter hath mounted your three-wheeled car.
6 Thrice, Aśvins, grant to us the heavenly medicines, thrice those of earth and thrice those that the waters hold,
Favour and health and strength bestow upon my son; triple protection, Lords of Splendour, grant to him.
7 Thrice are ye to be worshipped day by day by us: thrice, O ye Aśvins, ye travel around the earth.
Car-borne from far away, O ye Nāsatyas, come, like vital air to bodies, come ye to the three.
8 Thrice, O ye Aśvins, with the Seven Mother Streams; three are the jars, the triple offering is prepared.
Three are the worlds, and moving on above the sky ye guard the firm-set vault of heaven through days and nights.
9 Where are the three wheels of your triple chariot, where are the three seats thereto firmly fastened?
When will ye yoke the mighty ass that draws it, to bring you to our sacrifice. Nāsatyas?
10 Nāsatyas, come: the sacred gift is offered up; drink the sweet juice with lips that know the sweetness well.
Savitar sends, before the dawn of day, your car, fraught with oil, various-coloured, to our sacrifice.
11 Come, O Nāsatyas, with the thrice-eleven Gods; come, O ye Aśvins, to the drinking of the meath.
Make long our days of life, and wipe out all our sins: ward off our enemies; be with us evermore.
12 Borne in your triple car, O Aśvins, bring us present prosperity with noble offspring.
I cry to you who hear me for protection be ye our helpers where men win the booty.

HYMN XXXV. Savitar.

1 AGNI I first invoke for our prosperity; I call on Mitra, Varuṇa, to aid us here.
I call on Night who gives rest to all moving life; I call on Savitar the God to lend us help.
2 Throughout the dusky firmament advancing, laying to rest the immortal and the mortal,
Borne in his golden chariot he cometh, Savitar, God who looks on every creature.
3 The God moves by the upward path, the downward; with two bright Bays, adorable, he journeys.
Savitar comes, the God from the far distance, and chases from us all distress and sorrow.
4 His chariot decked with pearl, of various colours, lofty, with golden pole, the God hath mounted,
The many-rayed One, Savitar the holy, bound, bearing power and might, for darksome regions.
5 Drawing the gold-yoked car his Bays, white-footed, have manifested light to all the peoples.

Held in the lap of Savitar, divine One, all men, all beings have their place for ever.

6 Three heavens there are; two Savitar's, adjacent: in Yama's world is one, the home of heroes,
As on a lynch-pin, firm, rest things immortal: he who hath known it let him here declare it.

7 He, strong of wing, hath lightened up the regions, deep-quivering Asura, the gentle Leader.

Where now is Sūrya, where is one to tell us to what celestial sphere his ray hath wandered?

8 The earth's eight points his brightness hath illumined, three desert regions and the Seven Rivers.

God Savitar the gold-eyed hath come hither, giving choice treasures unto him who worships.

9 The golden-handed Savitar, far-seeing, goes on his way between the earth and heaven,

Drives away sickness, bids the Sun approach us, and spreads the bright sky through the darksome region.

10 May he, gold-handed Asura, kind Leader, come hither to us with his help and favour.

Driving off Rākṣasas and Yātudhānas, the God is present, praised in hymns at evening.

11 O Savitar, thine ancient dustless pathways are well established in the air's mid-region:

O God, come by those paths so fair to travel, preserve thou us from harm this day, and bless us.

HYMN XXXVI. Agni.

1 WITH words sent forth in holy hymns, Agni we supplicate, the Lord

Of many families who duly serve the Gods, yea, him whom others also praise.

2 Men have won Agni, him who makes their strength abound: we, with oblations, worship thee.

Our gracious-minded Helper in our deeds of might, be thou, O Excellent, this day.

3 Thee for our messenger we choose, thee, the Omniscient, for our Priest.

The flames of thee the mighty are spread wide around: thy splendour reaches to the sky.

4 The Gods enkindle thee their ancient messenger,—Varuṇa, Mitra, Aryaman.

That mortal man, O Agni, gains through thee all wealth, who hath poured offerings unto thee.

5 Thou, Agni, art a cheering Priest, Lord of the House, men's messenger:

All constant high decrees established by the Gods, gathered together, meet in thee.

6 In thee, the auspicious One, O Agni, youthfullest, each sacred gift is offered up:

This day, and after, gracious, worship thou our Gods, that we may have heroic sons.

7 To him in his own splendour bright draw near in worship the devout.

Men kindle Agni with their sacrificial gifts, victorious o'er the enemies.

8 Vṛtra they smote and slew, and made the earth and heaven and firmament a wide abode.

The glorious Bull, invoked, hath stood at Kaṇva's side: loud neighed the Steed in frays for kine.

9 Seat thee, for thou art mighty; shine, best entertainer of the Gods.

Worthy of sacred food, praised Agni! loose the smoke, ruddy and beautiful to see.

10 Bearer of offerings, whom, best sacrificing Priest, the Gods for Manu's sake ordained;

Whom Kaṇva, whom Medhyātithi made the source of wealth, and Vṛṣan and Upastuta.

11 Him, Agni, whom Medhyātithi, whom Kaṇva kindled for his rite,

Him these our songs of praise, him, Agni, we extol: his powers shine out preeminent.

12 Make our wealth perfect thou, O Agni, Lord divine: for thou hast kinship with the Gods.

Thou rulest as a King o'er widely-famous strength: be good to us, for thou art great.

13 Stand up erect to lend us aid, stand up like Savitar the God:

Erect as strength-bestower we call aloud, with unguents and with priests, on thee.

14 Erect, preserve us from sore trouble; with thy flame burn thou each ravening demon dead.

Raise thou us up that we may walk and live: so thou shalt find our worship mid the Gods.

15 Preserve us, Agni, from the fiend, preserve us from malicious wrong.

Save us from him who fain would injure us or slay, Most Youthful, thou with lofty light.

16 Smite down as with a club, thou who hast fire for teeth, smite thou the wicked, right and left.

Let not the man who plots against us in the night, nor any foe prevail o'er us.

17 Agni hath given heroic might to Kaṇva, and felicity:

Agni hath helped our friends, hath helped Medhyātithi, hath helped Upastuta to win.

18 We call on Ugradeva, Yadu, Turvaśa, by means of Agni, from afar;

Agni, bring Navavāstva and Br̥hadratha, Turvīti, to subdue the foe.

19 Manu hath stablished thee a light, Agni, for all the race of men:

Sprung from the Law, oil-fed, for Kaṇva hast thou blazed, thou whom the people reverence.

20 The flames of Agni full of splendour and of might are fearful, not to be approached.

Consume for ever all demons and sorcerers, consume thou each devouring fiend.

HYMN XXXVII. Maruts.

1 SING forth, O Kaṇvas, to your band of Maruts unassailable,

Sporting, resplendent on their car

2 They who, self-luminous, were born together, with the spotted deer,

Spears, swords, and glittering ornaments.

3 One hears, as though 'twere close at hand, the cracking of the whips they hold
They gather glory on their way.

4 Now sing ye forth the God-given hymn to your exultant Marut host,
The fiercely-vigorous, the strong.

5 Praise ye the Bull among the cows; for 'tis the Maruts' sportive band:
It strengthened as it drank the rain.

6 Who is your mightiest, Heroes, when, O shakers of the earth and heaven,
Ye shake them like a garment's hem?

7 At your approach man holds him down before the fury of your wrath:
The rugged-jointed mountain yields.

8 They at whose racings forth the earth, like an age-weakened lord of men,
Trembles in terror on their ways.

9 Strong is their birth: vigour have they to issue from their Mother; strength,
Yea, even twice enough, is theirs.

10 And these, the Sons, the Singers, in their racings have enlarged the bounds,
So that the kine must walk knee-deep.

11 Before them, on the ways they go, they drop this offspring of the cloud,
Long, broad, and inexhaustible.

12 O Maruts, as your strength is great, so have ye cast men down on earth,
So have ye made the mountains fall.

13 The while the Maruts pass along, they talk together on the way:
Doth any hear them as they speak?

14 Come quick with swift steeds, for ye have worshippers among Kaṇva's sons
May you rejoice among them well.

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

HYMN XXXVIII. Maruts.

1 WHAT now? When will ye take us by both hands, as a dear sire his son,
Gods, for whom sacred grass is clipped?

2 Now whither? To what goal of yours go ye in heaven, and not on earth?
Where do your cows disport themselves?

3 Where are your newest favours shown? Where, Maruts, your prosperity?
Where all your high felicities?

4 If, O ye Maruts, ye the Sons whom Pr̄ṣni bore, were mortal, and
Immortal he who sings your praise.

5 Then never were your praiser loathed like a wild beast in pasture-land,
Nor should he go on Yama's path.

6 Let not destructive plague on plague hard to be conquered, strike its down:
Let each, with drought, depart from us.

7 Truly, they the fierce and mighty Sons of Rudra send their windless
Rain e'en on the desert places.

8 Like a cow the lightning lows and follows, motherlike, her youngling,
When their rain-flood hath been loosened.

9 When they inundate the earth they spread forth darkness e'en in day time,
With the water-laden rain-cloud.

10 O Maruts, at your voice's sound this earthly habitation shakes,
And each man reels who dwells therein.

11 O Maruts, with your strong-hoofed steeds, unhindered in their courses, haste
Along the bright embanked streams.

12 Firm be the fellies of your wheels, steady your horses and your cars,
And may your reins be fashioned well.

13 Invite thou hither with this song, for praise, Agni the Lord of Prayer,
Him who is fair as Mitra is.

14 Form in thy mouth the hymn of praise expand thee like, a rainy cloud
Sing forth the measured eulogy.

15 Sing glory to the Marut host, praiseworthy, tuneful, vigorous:
Here let the Strong Ones dwell with us.

HYMN XXXIX Maruts.

1 WHEN thus, like flame, from far away, Maruts, ye cast your measure forth,

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

HYMN XL. Brahmanaspati

1 O BRAHMANASPATI, stand up: God-serving men we pray to thee.
May they who give good gifts, the Maruts, come to us. Indra, most swift, be thou with them.
2 O Son of Strength, each mortal calls to thee for aid when spoil of battle waits for him.
O Maruts, may this man who loves you well obtain wealth of good steeds and hero might.
3 May Brahmanaspati draw nigh, may Sūnṛtā the Goddess come,
And Gods bring to this rite which gives the five-fold gift the Hero, lover of mankind.
4 He who bestows a noble guerdon on the priest wins fame that never shall decay.
For him we offer sacred hero-giving food, peerless and conquering easily.
5 Now Brahmanaspati speaks forth aloud the solemn hymn of praise,
Wherein Indra and Varuṇa, Mitra, Aryaman, the Gods, have made their dwelling place.
6 May we in holy synods, Gods! recite that hymn, peerless, that brings felicity.
If you, O Heroes, graciously accept this word, may it obtain all bliss from you.
7 Who shall approach the pious? who the man whose sacred grass is trimmed?
The offerer with his folk advances more and more: he fills his house with precious things.
8 He amplifies his lordly might, with kings he slays: e'en mid alarms he dwells secure
In great or lesser fight none checks him, none subdues,—the wielder of the thunderbolt.

HYMN XLI. Varuṇa, Mitra, Aryaman.

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

HYMN XLII. Pūṣan.

1 SHORTEN our ways, O Pūṣan, move aside obstruction in the path:

Go close before us, cloud-born God.

2 Drive, Pūṣan, from our road the wolf, the wicked inauspicious wolf,
Who lies in wait to injure us.

3 Who lurks about the path we take, the robber with a guileful heart:
Far from the road chase him away.

4 Tread with thy foot and trample out the firebrand of the wicked one,
The double-tongued, whoe'er he be.

5 Wise Pūṣan, Wonder-Worker, we claim of thee now the aid wherewith
Thou furtheredst our sires of old.

6 So, Lord of all prosperity, best wielder of the golden sword,
Make riches easy to be won.

7 Past all pursuers lead us, make pleasant our path and fair to tread:
O Pūṣan, find thou power for this.

8 Lead us to meadows rich in grass: send on our way no early heat:
O Pūṣan, find thou power for this.

9 Be gracious to us, fill us full, give, feed us, and invigorate:
O Pūṣan, find thou power for this.

10 No blame have we for Pūṣan; him we magnify with songs of praise:
We seek the Mighty One for wealth.

HYMN XLIII. Rudra.

1 WHAT shall we sing to Rudra, strong, most bounteous, excellently wise,
That shall be dearest to his heart?

2 That Aditi may grant the grace of Rudra to our folk, our kine,
Our cattle and our progeny;

3 That Mitra and that Varuṇa, that Rudra may remember us,
Yea, all the Gods with one accord.

4 To Rudra Lord of sacrifice, of hymns and balmy medicines,
We pray for joy and health and strength.

5 He shines in splendour like the Sun, resplendent as bright gold is he,
The good, the best among the Gods.

6 May he grant health into our steeds, wellbeing to our rams and ewes,
To men, to women, and to kine.

7 O Soma, set thou upon us the glory of a hundred men,
The great renown of mighty chiefs.

8 Let not malignities, nor those who trouble Soma, hinder us.
Indu, give us a share of strength.

9 Soma! head, central point, love these; Soma! know these as serving thee,
Children of thee Immortal, at the highest place of holy law.

HYMN XLIV. Agni.

1 IMMORTAL Jātavedas, thou many-hued fulgent gift of Dawn,
Agni, this day to him who pays oblations bring the Gods who waken with the morn.

2 For thou art offering-bearer and loved messenger, the charioteer of sacrifice:
Accordant with the Aśvins and with Dawn grant us heroic strength and lofty fame.

3 As messenger we choose to-day Agni the good whom many love,
Smoke-bannered spreader of the light, at break of day glory of sacrificial rites.

4 Him noblest and most youthful, richly worshipped guest, dear to the men who offer gifts,
Him, Agni Jātavedas, I beseech at dawn that he may bring the Gods to us.

5 Thee, Agni, will I glorify, deathless nourisher of the world,
Immortal, offering-bearer, meet for sacred food, preserver, best at sacrifice.

6 Tell good things to thy praiser, O most youthful God, as richly worshipped, honey-tongued,
And, granting to Praskaṇva lengthened days of life, show honour to the Heavenly Host.

7 For the men, Agni, kindle thee as all possessor and as Priest;
So Agni, much-invoked, bring hither with all speed the Gods, the excellently wise,

8 At dawn of day, at night, Uṣas and Savitar, the Aśvins, Bhaga, Agni's self:
Skilled in fair rites, with Soma poured, the Kaṇvas light thee, the oblation-wafting God.

9 For, Agni, Lord of sacrifice and messenger of men art thou:
Bring thou the Gods who wake at dawn who see the light, this day to drink the Soma juice.

10 Thou shonest forth, O Agni, after former dawns, all visible, O rich in light.

Thou art our help in battle-strife, the Friend of man, the great high priest in sacrifice.

11 Like Manu, we will stablish thee, Agni, performer of the rite,
Invoker, ministering Priest, exceeding wise, the swift immortal messenger.
12 When as the Gods' High Priest, by many loved, thou dost their mission as their nearest Friend,
Then, like the far-resounding billows of the flood, thy flames, O Agni, roar aloud.
13 Hear, Agni, who hast ears to hear, with all thy train of escort Gods;
Let Mitra, Aryaman, seeking betimes our rite, seat them upon the sacred grass.
14 Let those who strengthen Law, who bountifully give, the life-tongued Maruts, hear our praise.
May Law-supporting Varuṇa with the Aśvins twain and Uṣas, drink the Soma juice.

HYMN XLV. Agni.

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

HYMN XLVI. Aśvins.

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

With aids which none may interrupt.

HYMN XLVII. Aśvins.

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

HYMN XLVIII. Dawn.

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

HYMN XLIX. Dawn.

1 E'EN from above the sky's bright realm come, Uṣas, by auspicious ways:

Let red steeds bear thee to the house of him who pours the Soma, juice.
2 The chariot which thou mountest, fair of shape, O Uṣas light to move,—
Therewith, O Daughter of the Sky, aid men of noble fame today.
3 Bright Uṣas, when thy times return, all quadrupeds and bipeds stir,
And round about flock winged birds from all the boundaries of heaven.
4 Thou dawning with thy beams of light illumest all the radiant realm.
Thee, as thou art, the Kāṇvas, fain for wealth, have called with sacred songs.

HYMN L. Sūrya.

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

HYMN LI. Indra.

1 MAKE glad with songs that Ram whom many men invoke, worthy of songs of praise, Indra, the sea of wealth;
Whose gracious deeds for men spread like the heavens abroad: sing praise to him the Sage, most liberal for our good.
2 As aids the skilful Rbhus yearned to Indra strong to save, who fills mid-air, encompassed round with might,
Rushing in rapture; and o'er Śatakratu came the gladdening shout that urged him on to victory.
3 Thou hast disclosed the kine's stall for the Aṅgirases, and made a way for Atri by a hundred doors.
On Vimada thou hast bestowed both food and wealth, making thy bolt dance in the sacrificer's fight.
4 Thou hast unclosed the prisons of the waters; thou hast in the mountain seized the treasure rich in gifts.
When thou hadst slain with might the dragon Vṛtra, thou, Indra, didst raise the Sun in heaven for all to see.
5 With wondrous might thou blewest enchanter fiends away, with powers celestial those who called on thee in jest.
Thou, hero-hearted, hast broken down Pipru's forts, and helped Rjīśvan when the Dasyus were struck dead.
6 Thou savedst Kutsa when Śuṣṇa was smitten down; to Atithigva gavest Śambara for a prey.
E'en mighty Arbuda thou troddest under foot: thou from of old wast born to strike the Dasyus dead.
7 All power and might is closely gathered up in thee; thy bounteous spirit joys in drinking Soma juice.
Known is the thunderbolt that lies within thine arms: rend off therewith all manly prowess of our foe.
8 Discern thou well Āryas and Dasyus; punishing the lawless give them up to him whose grass is strewn.
Be thou the sacrificer's strong encourager all these thy deeds are my delight at festivals.
9 Indra gives up the lawless to the pious man, destroying by the Strong Ones those who have no strength.
Vamra when glorified destroyed the gathered piles of the still waxing great one who would reach the heaven.
10 The might which Uśanā hath formed for thee with might rends in its greatness and with strength both worlds apart.
O Hero-souled, the steeds of Vāta, yoked by thought, have carried thee to fame while thou art filled with power.
11 When Indra hath rejoiced with Kāvya Uśanā, he mounts his steeds who swerve wider and wider yet.
The Strong hath loosed his bolt with the swift rush of rain, and he hath rent in pieces Śuṣṇa's firm-built forts.
12 Thou mountest on thy car amid strong Soma draughts: Śāryāta brought thee those in which thou hast delight.
Indra, when thou art pleased with men whose Soma flows thou risest to unchallenged glory in the sky.

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

14 The good man's refuge in his need is Indra, firm as a doorpost, praised among the Pajras.

Indra alone is Lord of wealth, the Giver, lover of riches, chariots, kine, and horses.

15 To him the Mighty One, the self-resplendent, verily strong and great, this praise is uttered.

May we and all the heroes, with the princes, be, in this fray, O Indra, in thy keeping.

HYMN LII. Indra.

1 I GLORIFY that Ram who finds the light of heaven, whose hundred nobly-natured ones go forth with him.

With hymns may I turn hither Indra to mine aid,—the Car which like a strong steed hasteth to the call.

2 Like as a mountain on firm basis, unremoved, he, thousandfold protector, waxed in mighty strength,

When Indra, joying in the draughts of Soma juice, forced the clouds, slaying Vṛtra stayer of their flow.

3 For he stays e'en the stayers, spread o'er laden cloud, rooted in light, strengthened in rapture by the wise.

Indra with thought, with skilled activity, I call, most liberal giver, for he sates him with the juice.

4 Whom those that flow in heaven on sacred grass, his own assistants, nobly-natured, fill full like the sea,—

Beside that Indra when he smote down Vṛtra stood his helpers, straight in form, mighty, invincible.

5 To him, as in wild joy he fought with him who stayed the rain, his helpers sped like swift streams down a slope,

When Indra, thunder-armed, made bold by Soma draughts, as Tṛta cleaveth Vala's fences, cleft him through.

6 Splendour encompassed thee, forth shone thy warrior might: the rain-obstructor lay in mid-air's lowest deep,

What time, O Indra, thou didst cast thy thunder down upon the jaws of Vṛtra hard to be restrained.

7 The hymns which magnify thee, Indra, reach to thee even as water-brooks flow down and fill the lake.

Tvaṣṭar gave yet more force to thine appropriate strength, and forged thy thunderbolt of overpowering might.

8 When, Indra, thou whose power is linked with thy Bay Steeds hadst smitten Vṛtra, causing floods to flow for man,

Thou heldst in thine arms the metal thunderbolt, and settest in the heaven the Sun for all to see.

9 In fear they raised the lofty self-resplendent hymn, praise giving and effectual, leading up to heaven,

When Indra's helpers fighting for the good of men, the Maruts, faithful to mankind, joyed in the light.

10 Then Heaven himself, the mighty, at that Dragon's roar reeled back in terror when, Indra, thy thunderbolt

In the wild joy of Soma had struck off with might the head of Vṛtra, tyrant of the earth and heaven.

11 O Indra, were this earth extended forth tenfold, and men who dwell therein multiplied day by day,

Still here thy conquering might, Maghavan, would be famed: it hath waxed vast as heaven in majesty and power.

12 Thou, bold of heart, in thine own native might, for help, upon the limit of this mid-air and of heaven,

Hast made the earth to be the pattern of thy strength: embracing flood and light thou reachest to the sky.

13 Thou art the counterpart of earth, the Master of lofty heaven with all its mighty Heroes:

Thou hast filled all the region with thy greatness: yea, of a truth there is none other like thee.

14 Whose amplitude the heaven and earth have not attained, whose bounds the waters of mid-air have never reached,—

Not, when in joy he fights the stayer of the rain: thou, and none else, hast made all things in order due.

15 The Maruts sang thy praise in this encounter, and in thee all the Deities delighted,

What time thou, Indra, with thy spiky weapon, thy deadly bolt, smotest the face of Vṛtra.

HYMN LIII. Indra.

1 WE will present fair praise unto the Mighty One, our hymns to Indra in Vivasvān's dwelling-place;

For he hath ne'er found wealth in those who seem to sleep: those who give wealth to men accept no paltry praise.

2 Giver of horses, Indra, giver, thou, of kine, giver of barley, thou art Lord and guard of wealth:

Man's helper from of old, not disappointing hope, Friend of our friends, to thee as such we sing this praise.

3 Indra, most splendid, powerful, rich in mighty deeds, this treasure spread around is known to be thine own.

Gather therefrom, O Conqueror, and bring to us: fail not the hope of him who loves and sings to thee.

4 Well pleased with these bright flames and with these Soma drops, take thou away our poverty with seeds and kine.

With Indra scattering the Dasyu through these drops, freed from their hate may we obtain abundant food.

5 Let us obtain, O Indra, plenteous wealth and food, with strength exceeding glorious, shining to the sky:

May we obtain the Goddess Providence, the strength of heroes, special source of cattle, rich in steeds.

6 These our libations strength-inspiring, Soma draughts, gladdened thee in the fight with Vṛtra, Hero Lord,

What time thou slewest for the singer with trimmed grass ten thousand Vṛtras, thou resistless in thy might.

7 Thou goest on from fight to fight intrepidly, destroying castle after castle here with strength.

Thou, Indra, with thy friend who makes the foe bow down, slewest from far away the guileful Namuci.

8 Thou hast struck down in death Karañja, Parṇaya, in Atithigva's very glorious going forth.

Unyielding, when Rjiśvan compassed them with siege, thou hast destroyed the hundred forts of Vaṅgrida.

9 With all-outstripping chariot-wheel, O Indra, thou far-famed, hast overthrown the twice ten Kings of men,

With sixty thousand nine-and-ninety followers, who came in arms to fight with friendless Suśravas.

10 Thou hast protected Suśravas with succour, and Tūrvayāna with thine aid, O Indra.

Thou madest Kutsa, Atithigva, Āyu, subject unto this King, the young, the mighty.

11 May we protected by the Gods hereafter remain thy very prosperous friends, O Indra.

Thee we extol, enjoying through thy favour life long and joyful and with store of heroes.

HYMN LIV. Indra.

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

HYMN LV. Indra.

1 THOUGH e'en this heaven's wide space and earth have spread them out, nor heaven nor earth may be in greatness Indra's match.
Awful and very mighty, causing woe to men, he whets his thunderbolt for sharpness, as a bull.
2 Like as the watery ocean, so doth he receive the rivers spread on all sides in their ample width.
He bears him like a bull to drink of Soma juice, and will, as Warrior from of old, be praised for might.
3 Thou swayest, Indra, all kinds of great manly power, so as to bend, as't were, even that famed mountain down.
Foremost among the Gods is he through hero might, set in the van, the Strong One, for each arduous deed.
4 He only in the wood is praised by worshippers, when he shows forth to men his own fair Indra-power.
A friendly Bull is he, a Bull to be desired when Maghavan auspiciously sends forth his voice.
5 Yet verily the Warrior in his vigorous strength stirreth up with his might great battles for mankind;
And men have faith in Indra, the resplendent One, what time he hurleth down his bolt, his dart of death.
6 Though, fain for glory, and with strength increased on earth, he with great might destroys the dwellings made with art,
He makes the lights of heaven shine forth secure, he bids, exceeding wise, the floods flow for his worshipper.
7 Drinker of Soma, let thy heart incline to give; bring thy Bays hitherward, O thou who hearest praise.
Those charioteers of thine, best skilled to draw the rein, the rapid sunbeams, Indra, lead thee not astray.
8 Thou bearest in both hands treasure that never fails; the famed One in his body holds unvanquished might.
O Indra, in thy members many powers abide, like wells surrounded by the ministering priests.

HYMN LVI. Indra.

1 FOR this man's full libations held in ladles, he hath roused him, eager, as a horse to meet the mare.
He stays his golden car, yoked with Bay Horses, swift, and drinks the Soma juice which strengthens for great deeds.
2 To him the guidance-following songs of praise flow full, as those who seek gain go in company to the flood.
To him the Lord of power, the holy synod's might, as to a hill, with speed, ascend the loving ones.
3 Victorious, great is he; in manly battle shines, unstained with dust, his might, as shines a mountain peak;
Wherewith the iron one, fierce e'en against the strong, in rapture, fettered wily Śuṣṇa fast in bonds.
4 When Strength the Goddess, made more strong for help by thee, waits upon Indra as the Sun attends the Dawn,
Then, he who with his might unflinchingly kills the gloom stirs up the dust aloft, with joy and triumphing.
5 When thou with might, upon the framework of the heaven, didst fix, across, air's region firmly, unremoved,
In the light-winning war, Indra, in rapturous joy, thou smotest Vṛtra dead and broughtest floods of rain.
6 Thou with thy might didst grasp, the holder-up of heaven, thou who art mighty also in the seats of earth.
Thou, gladdened by the juice, hast set the waters free, and broken Vṛtra's stony fences through and through.

HYMN LVII. Indra.

1 To him most liberal, lofty Lord of lofty wealth, verily powerful and strong, I bring my hymn,—
Whose checkless bounty, as of waters down a slope, is spread abroad for all that live, to give them strength.
2 Now all this world, for worship, shall come after thee—the offerer's libations like floods to the depth,
When the well-loved one seems to rest upon the hill, the thunderbolt of Indra, shatterer wrought of gold.
3 To him the terrible, most meet for lofty praise, like bright Dawn, now bring gifts with reverence in this rite,
Whose being, for renown, yea, Indra-power and light, have been created, like bay steeds, to move with speed.
4 Thine, Indra, praised by many, excellently rich! are we who trusting in thy help draw near to thee.
Lover of praise, none else but thou receives our laud: as earth loves all her creatures, love thou this our hymn.
5 Great is thy power, O Indra, we are thine. Fulfil, O Maghavan, the wish of this thy worshipper.
After thee lofty heaven hath measured out its strength: to thee and to thy power this earth hath bowed itself.
6 Thou, who hast thunder for thy weapon, with thy bolt hast shattered into pieces this broad massive cloud.
Thou hast sent down the obstructed floods that they may flow: thou hast, thine own for ever, all victorious might.

HYMN LVIII. Agni.

1 NE'ER waxeth faint the Immortal, Son of Strength, since he, the Herald, hath become Vivasvān's messenger.
On paths most excellent he measured out mid-air: he with oblation calls to service of the Gods.
2 Never decaying, seizing his appropriate food, rapidly, eagerly through the dry wood he spreads.
His back, as he is sprinkled, glistens like a horse: loud hath he roared and shouted like the heights of heaven?
3 Set high in place o'er all that Vasus, Rudras do, immortal, Lord of riches, seated as High Priest;
Hastening like a car to men, to those who live, the God without delay gives boons to be desired.
4 Urged by the wind be spreads through dry wood as he lists, armed with his tongues for sickles, with a mighty roar.
Black is thy path, Agni, changeless, with glittering waves! when like a bull thou rushest eager to the trees.
5 With teeth of flame, wind-driven, through the wood he speeds, triumphant like a bull among the herd of cows,
With bright strength roaming to the everlasting air: things fixed, things moving quake before him as he flies.
6 The Bhṛgus established thee among mankind for men, like as a treasure, beauteous, easy to invoke;
Thee, Agni, as a herald and choice-worthy guest, as an auspicious Friend to the Celestial Race.
7 Agni, the seven tongues' deftest Sacrificer, him whom the priests elect at solemn worship,
The Herald, messenger of all the Vasus, I serve with dainty food, I ask for riches.
8 Grant, Son of Strength, thou rich in friends, a refuge without a flaw this day to us thy praisers.
O Agni, Son of Strength, with forts of iron preserve thou from distress the man who lauds thee.
9 Be thou a refuge, Bright One, to the singer, a shelter, Bounteous Lord, to those who worship.
Preserve the singer from distress, O Agni. May he, enriched with prayer, come soon and early.

HYMN LIX. Agni.

1 THE other fires are, verily, thy branches; the Immortals all rejoice in thee, O Agni.
Centre art thou, Vaiśvānara, of the people, sustaining men like a deep-founded pillar.
2 The forehead of the sky, earth's centre, Agni became the messenger of earth and heaven.
Vaiśvānara, the Deities produced thee, a God, to be a light unto the Ārya.
3 As in the Sun firm rays are set for ever, treasures are in Vaiśvānara, in Agni.
Of all the riches in the hills, the waters, the herbs, among mankind, thou art the Sovran.
4 As the great World-halves, so are their Son's praises; skilled, as a man, to act, is he the Herald.
Vaiśvānara, celestial, truly mighty, most manly One, hath many a youthful consort.
5 Even the lofty heaven, O Jātavedas Vaiśvānara, hath not attained thy greatness.
Thou art the King of lands where men are settled, thou hast brought comfort to the Gods in battle.
6 Now will I tell the greatness of the Hero whom Pūru's sons follow as Vṛtra's slayer:
Agni Vaiśvānara struck down the Dasyu, cleave Śambara through and shattered down his fences.
7 Vaiśvānara, dwelling by his might with all men, far-shining, holy mid the Bharadvājas,
Is lauded, excellent, with hundred praises by Purūṇītha, son of Śatavani.

HYMN LX. Agni.

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

HYMN LXI. Indra.

1 EVEN to him, swift, strong and high. exalted, I bring my song of praise as dainty viands,
My thought to him resistless, praise-deserving, prayers offered most especially to Indra.
2 Praise, like oblation, I present, and utter aloud my song, my fair hymn to the Victor.
For Indra, who is Lord of old, the singers have decked their lauds with heart and mind and spirit.
3 To him then with my lips mine adoration, winning heaven's light, most excellent, I offer,
To magnify with songs of invocation and with fair hymns the Lord, most bounteous Giver.
4 Even for him I frame a laud, as fashions the wright a chariot for the man who needs it,—
Praises to him who gladly hears our praises, a hymn well-formed, all-moving, to wise Indra.
5 So with my tongue I deck, to please that Indra, my hymn, as 'twere a horse, through love of glory,
To reverence the Hero, bounteous Giver, famed far and wide, destroyer of the castles.
6 Even for him hath Tvaṣṭar forged the thunder, most deftly wrought, celestial, for the battle,
Wherewith he reached the vital parts of Vṛtra, striking-the vast, the mighty with the striker.
7 As soon as, at libations of his mother, great Viṣṇu had drunk up the draught, he plundered.
The dainty cates, the cooked mess; but One stronger transfixes the wild boar, shooting through the mountain.
8 To him, to Indra, when he slew the Dragon, the Dames, too, Consorts of the Gods, wove praises.
The mighty heaven and earth hath he encompassed: thy greatness heaven and earth, combined, exceed not.
9 Yea, of a truth, his magnitude surpasseth the magnitude of earth, mid-air, and heaven.
Indra, approved by all men, self-resplendent, waxed in his home, loud-voiced and strong for battle.
10 Through his own strength Indra with bolt of thunder cut piece-meal Vṛtra, drier up of waters.
He let the floods go free, like cows imprisoned, for glory, with a heart inclined to bounty.
11 The rivers played, through his impetuous splendour, since with his bolt he compassed them on all sides.
Using his might and favouring him who worshipped, he made a ford, victorious, for Turvīti.
12 Vast, with thine ample power, with eager movement, against this Vṛtra cast thy bolt of thunder.
Rend thou his joints, as of an ox, dissevered, with bolt oblique, that floods of rain may follow.
13 Sing with new lauds his exploits wrought aforetime, the deeds of him, yea, him who moveth swiftly,
When, hurling forth his weapons in the battle, he with impetuous wrath lays low the foemen.
14 When he, yea, he, comes forth the firm. Set mountains and the whole heaven and earth, tremble for terror.
May Nodhas, ever praising the protection of that dear Friend, gain quickly strength heroic.
15 Now unto him of these things hath been given what he who rules alone o'er much, electeth.
Indra hath helped Etaśa, Soma-presser, contending in the race of steeds with Sūrya.
16 Thus to thee, Indra, yoker of Bay Coursers, the Gotamas have brought their prayers to please thee.
Bestow upon them thought, decked with all beauty. May he, enriched with prayer, come soon and early.

HYMN LXII. Indra.

1. LIKE Aṅgiras a gladdening laud we ponder to him who loveth song, exceeding mighty.
Let us sing glory to the far-famed Hero who must be praised with fair hymns by the singer.
2 Unto the great bring ye great adoration, a chant with praise to him exceeding mighty,
Through whom our sires, Aṅgirases, singing praises and knowing well the places, found the cattle.
3 When Indra and the Aṅgirases desired it, Saramā found provision for her offspring.
Bṛhaspati cleft the mountain, found the cattle: the heroes shouted with the kine in triumph.
4 Mid shout, loud shout, and roar, with the Navagvas, seven singers, hast thou, heavenly, rent the mountain;
Thou hast, with speeders, with Daśagvas, Indra, Śakra, with thunder rent obstructive Vala.
5 Praised by Aṅgirases, thou, foe-destroyer, hast, with the Dawn, Sun, rays, dispelled the darkness.
Thou Indra, hast spread out the earth's high ridges, and firmly fixed the region under heaven.
6 This is the deed most worthy of all honour, the fairest marvel of the Wonder-Worker,
That, nigh where heaven bends down, he made four rivers flow full with waves that carry down sweet water.
7 Unwearied, won with lauding hymns, he parted of old the ancient Pair, united ever.
In highest sky like Bhaga, he the doer of marvels set both Dames and earth and heaven.
8 Still born afresh, young Dames, each in her manner, unlike in hue, the Pair in alternation
Round heaven and earth from ancient time have travelled, Night with her dark limbs, Dawn with limbs of splendour.
9 Rich in good actions, skilled in operation, the Son with might maintains his perfect friendship.
Thou in the raw cows, black of hue or ruddy, storest the ripe milk glossy white in colour.
10 Their paths, of old connected, rest uninjured; they with great might preserve the immortal statutes.
For many thousand holy works the Sisters wait on the haughty Lord like wives and matrons.
11 Thoughts ancient, seeking wealth, with adoration, with newest lauds have sped to thee, O Mighty.
As yearning wives cleave to their yearning husband, so cleave our hymns to thee, O Lord most potent.
12 Strong God, the riches which thy hands have holden from days of old have perished not nor wasted.
Splendid art thou, O Indra, wise, unbending: strengthen us with might, O Lord of Power.
13 O mighty Indra, Gotama's son Nodhas hath fashioned this new prayer to thee Eternal,

Sure leader, yoker of the Tawny Coursers. May he, enriched with prayer, come soon and early.

HYMN LXIII. Indra.

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

HYMN LXIV. Maruts.

1. BRING for the manly host, wise and majestic, O Nodhas, for the Maruts bring thou a pure gift.
I deck my songs as one deft-handed, wise in mind prepares the water that hath power in solemn rites.
2 They spring to birth, the lofty Ones, the Bulls of Heaven, divine, the youths of Rudra, free from spot and stain;
The purifiers, shining brightly even as suns, awful of form like giants, scattering rain-drops down.
3 Young Rudras, demon-slayers, never growing old, they have waxed, even as mountains, irresistible.
They make all beings tremble with their mighty strength, even the very strongest, both of earth and heaven.
4 With glittering ornaments they deck them forth for show; for beauty on their breasts they bind their chains of gold.
The lances on their shoulders pound to pieces; they were born together, of themselves, the Men of Heaven.
5 Loud roarers, giving strength, devourers of the foe, they make the winds, they make the lightnings with their powers.
The restless shakers drain the udders of the sky, and ever wandering round fill the earth full with milk.
6 The bounteous Maruts with the fatness dropping milk fill full the waters which avail in solemn rites.
They lead, as 'twere, the Strong Horse forth, that it may rain: they milk the thundering, the never-failing spring.
7 Mighty, with wondrous power and marvellously bright, selfstrong like mountains, ye glide swiftly on your way.
Like the wild elephants ye eat the forests up when ye assume your strength among the bright red flames.
8 Exceeding wise they roar like lions mightily, they, all-possessing, are beauteous as antelopes;
Stirring the darkness with lances and spotted deer, combined as priests, with serpents' fury through their might.
9 Heroes who march in companies, befriending man, with serpents' ire through strength, ye greet the earth and heaven.
Upon the seats, O Maruts, of your chariots, upon the cars stands lightning visible as light.
10 Lords of all riches, dwelling in the home of wealth, endowed with mighty vigour, singers loud of voice,
Heroes, of powers infinite, armed with strong men's rings, the archers, they have laid the arrow on their arms.
11 They who with golden fellies make the rain increase drive forward the big clouds like wanderers on the way.
Self-moving, brisk, unwearied, they o'erthrow the firm; the Maruts with bright lances make all things to reel.
12 The progeny of Rudra we invoke with prayer, the brisk, the bright, the worshipful, the active Ones
To the strong band of Maruts cleave for happiness, the chasers of the sky, impetuous, vigorous.
13 Maruts, the man whom ye have guarded with your help, he verily in strength surpasseth all mankind.
Spoil with his steeds he gaineth, treasure with his men; he winneth honourable strength and prospereth.
14 O Maruts, to the worshippers give glorious strength invincible in battle, brilliant, bringing wealth,
Praiseworthy, known to all men. May we foster well, during a hundred winters, son and progeny.
15 Will ye then, O ye Maruts, grant us riches, durable, rich in men, defying onslaught.
A hundred, thousandfold, ever increasing? May he, enriched with prayer, come soon and early.

HYMN LXV. Agni.

1. ONE-MINDED, wise, they tracked thee like a thief lurking in dark cave with a stolen cow:
Thee claiming worship, bearing it to Gods: there nigh to thee sate all the Holy Ones.
2 The Gods approached the ways of holy Law; there was a gathering vast as heaven itself.
The waters feed with praise the growing Babe, born nobly in the womb, the seat of Law.

3 Like grateful food, like some wide dwelling place, like a fruit-bearing hill, a wholesome stream.

Like a steed urged to run in swift career, rushing like Sindhu, who may check his course?

4 Kin as a brother to his sister floods, he eats the woods as a King eats the rich.

When through the forest, urged by wind, he spreads, verily Agni shears the hair of earth.

5 Like a swan sitting in the floods he pants wisest in mind mid men he wakes at morn.

A Sage like Soma, sprung from Law, he grew like some young creature, mighty, shining far.

HYMN LXVI. Agni.

1. LIKE the Sun's glance, like wealth of varied sort, like breath which is the life, like one's own son,

Like a swift bird, a cow who yields her milk, pure and resplendent to the wood he speeds.

2 He offers safety like a pleasant home, like ripened corn, the Conqueror of men.

Like a Seer lauding, famed among the folk; like a steed friendly he vouchsafes us power.

3 With flame insatiate, like eternal might; caring for each one like a dame at home;

Bright when he shines forth, whitish mid the folk, like a car, gold-decked, thundering to the fight.

4 He strikes with terror like a dart shot forth, e'en like an archer's arrow tipped with flame;

Master of present and of future life, the maidens' lover and the matrons' Lord.

5 To him lead all your ways: may we attain the kindled God as cows their home at eve.

He drives the flames below as floods their swell: the rays rise up to the fair place of heaven.

HYMN LXVII. Agni.

1. VICTORIOUS in the wood, Friend among men, ever he claims obedience as a King.

Gracious like peace, blessing like mental power, Priest was he, offering-bearer, full of thought.

2 He, bearing in his hand all manly might, crouched in the cavern, struck the Gods with fear.

Men filled with understanding find him there, when they have sting prayers formed within their heart.

3 He, like the Unborn, holds the broad earth up; and with effective utterance fixed the sky.

O Agni, guard the spots which cattle love: thou, life of all, hast gone from lair to lair.

4 Whoso hath known him dwelling in his lair, and hath approached the stream of holy Law,—

They who release him, paying sacred rites,—truly to such doth he announce great wealth.

5 He who grows mightily in herbs, within each fruitful mother and each babe she bears,

Wise, life of all men, in the waters' home,—for him have sages built as 'twere a seat.

HYMN LXVIII. Agni.

1. COMMINGLING, restless, he ascends the sky, unveiling nights and all that stands or moves,

As he the sole God is preeminent in greatness among all these other Gods.

2 All men are joyful in thy power, O God, that living from the dry wood thou art born.

All truly share thy Godhead while they keep, in their accustomed ways, eternal Law.

3 Strong is the thought of Law, the Law's behest; all works have they performed; he quickens all.

Whoso will bring oblation, gifts to thee, to him, bethinking thee, vouchsafe thou wealth.

4 Seated as Priest with Manu's progeny, of all these treasures he alone is Lord.

Men yearn for children to prolong their line, and are not disappointed in their hope.

5 Eagerly they who hear his word fulfil his wish as sons obey their sire's behest.

He, rich in food, unbars his wealth like doors: he, the House-Friend, hath decked heaven's vault with stars.

HYMN LXIX. Agni.

1. BRIGHT, splendid, like Dawn's lover, he hath filled the two joined worlds as with the light of heaven.

When born, with might thou hast encompassed them: Father of Gods, and yet their Son wast thou.

2 Agni, the Sage, the humble, who discerns like the cow's udder, the sweet taste of food,

Like a bliss-giver to be drawn to men, sits gracious in the middle of the house.

3 Born in the dwelling like a lovely son, pleased, like a strong steed, he bears on the folk.

What time the men and I, with heroes, call, may Agni then gain all through Godlike power.

4 None breaks these holy laws of thine when thou hast granted audience to these chieftains here.

This is thy boast, thou smotest with thy peers, and joined with heroes dravest off disgrace.

5 Like the Dawn's lover, spreading light, well-known as hued like morn, may he remember me.

They, bearing of themselves, unbar the doors: they all ascend to the fair place of heaven.

HYMN LXX. Agni.

1. MAY we, the pious, win much food by prayer, may Agni with fair light pervade each act,—
He the observer of the heavenly laws of Gods, and of the race of mortal man.

2 He who is germ of waters, germ of woods, germ of all things that move not and that move,—
To him even in the rock and in the house: Immortal One, he cares for all mankind.

3 Agni is Lord of riches for the man who serves him readily with sacred songs.

Protect these beings thou with careful thought, knowing the races both of Gods and men.

4 Whom many dawns and nights, unlike, make strong, whom, born in Law, all things that move and stand,—

He hath been won, Herald who sits in light, making effectual all our holy works.

5 Thou settest value on our cows and woods: all shall bring tribute to us to the light.

Men have served thee in many and sundry spots, parting, as 'twere, an aged father's wealth.

6 Like a brave archer, like one skilled and bold, a fierce avenger, so he shines in fight.

HYMN LXXI. Agni.

1. LOVING the loving One, as wives their husband, the sisters of one home have urged him forward,
Bright-coloured, even, as the cows love morning, dark, breaking forth to view, and redly beaming.

2 Our sires with lauds burst e'en the firm-set fortress, yea, the Aṅgirases, with roar, the mountain.

They made for us a way to reach high heaven, they found us day, light, day's sign, beams of morning.

3 They stablished order, made his service fruitful; then parting them among the longing faithful,

Not thirsting after aught, they come, most active, while with sweet food the race of Gods they strengthen.

4 Since Mātariśvan, far-diffused, hath stirred him, and he in every house grown bright and noble,

He, Bhṛgu-like I hath gone as his companion, as on commission to a greater Sovran.

5 When man poured juice to Heaven, the mighty Father, he knew and freed himself from close embracement.

The archer boldly shot at him his arrow, and the God threw his splendour on his Daughter.

6 Whoso, hath flames for thee within his dwelling, or brings the worship which thou lovest daily,

Do thou of double might increase his substance: may he whom thou incitest meet with riches.

7 All sacrificial viands wait on Agni as the Seven mighty Rivers seek the ocean.

Not by our brethren was our food discovered: find with the Gods care for us, thou who knowest.

8 When light hath filled the Lord of men for increase, straight from the heaven descends the limpid moisture.

Agni hath brought to light and filled with spirit the youthful host blameless and well providing.

9 He who like thought goes swiftly on his journey, the Sun, alone is ever Lord of riches.

The Kings with fair hands, Varuṇa and Mitra, protect the precious nectar in our cattle.

10 O Agni, break not our ancestral friendship, Sage as thou art, endowed with deepest knowledge.

Old age, like gathering cloud, impairs the body: before that evil be come nigh protect me.

HYMN LXXII. Agni.

1. THOUGH holding many gifts for men, he humbleth the higher powers of each wise ordainer.

Agni is now the treasure-lord of treasures, for ever granting all immortal bounties.

2 The Gods infallible all searching found not him, the dear Babe who still is round about us.

Worn weary, following his track, devoted, they reached the lovely highest home of Agni.

3 Because with holy oil the pure Ones, Agni, served thee the very pure three autumn seasons,

Therefore they won them holy names for worship, and nobly born they dignified their bodies.

4 Making them known to spacious earth and heaven, the holy Ones revealed the powers of Rudra.

The mortal band, discerning in the distance, found Agni standing in the loftiest station.

5 Nigh they approached, one-minded, with their spouses, kneeling to him adorable paid worship.

Friend finding in his own friend's eye protection, they made their own the bodies which they chastened.

6 Soon as the holy beings had discovered the thrice-seven mystic things contained within thee,

With these, one-minded, they preserve the Amṛta: guard thou the life of all their plants and cattle.

7 Thou, Agni, knower of men's works, hast sent us good food in constant course for our subsistence:

Thou deeply skilled in paths of Gods becamest an envoy never wearied, offering-bearer.

8 Knowing the Law, the seven strong floods from heaven, full of good thought, discerned the doors of riches.

Saramā found the cattle's firm-built prison whereby the race of man is still supported.

9 They who approached all noble operations making a path that leads to life immortal,

To be the Bird's support, the spacious mother, Aditi, and her great Sons stood in power.

10 When Gods immortal made both eyes of heaven, they gave to him the gift of beauteous glory.

Now they flow forth like rivers set in motion: they knew the Red Steeds coming down, O Agni.

HYMN LXXIII. Agni.

1. HE who gives food, like patrimonial riches and guides aright like some wise man's instruction,

Loved like a guest who lies in pleasant lodging,—may he, as Priest, prosper his servant's dwelling.

2 He who like Savitar the God, true-minded protecteth with his power. all acts of vigour,

Truthful, like splendour, glorified by many, like breath joy-giving,—all must strive to win him.

3 He who on earth dwells like a king surrounded by faithful friends, like a God all-sustaining,

Like heroes who preside, who sit in safety: like as a blameless dame dear to her husband.

4 Thee, such, in settlements secure, O Agni, our men serve ever kindled in each dwelling.

On him have they laid splendour in abundance: dear to all men, bearer be he of riches.
5 May thy rich worshippers win food, O Agni, and princes gain long life who bring oblation.
May we get booty from our foe in battle, presenting to the Gods their share for glory.
6 The cows of holy law, sent us by Heaven, have swelled with laden udders, loudly lowing;
Soliciting his favour, from a distance the rivers to the rock have flowed together.
7 Agni, with thee, soliciting thy favour, the holy Ones have gained glory in heaven.
They made the Night and Dawn of different colours, and set the black and purple hues together.
8 May we and those who worship be the mortals whom thou, O Agni, leadest on to riches.
Thou hast filled earth and heaven and air's mid-region, and followest the whole world like a shadow.
9 Aided by thee, O Agni, may we conquer steeds with steeds, men with men, heroes with heroes,
Lords of the wealth transmitted by our fathers: and may our princes live a hundred winters.
10 May these our hymns of praise, Agni, Ordainer, be pleasant to thee in thy heart and spirit.
May we have power to hold thy steeds of riches, laying on thee the God-sent gift of glory.

HYMN LXXIV. Agni.

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

HYMN LXXV. Agni.

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

HYMN LXXVI. Agni.

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

HYMN LXXVII. Agni.

1. How shall we pay oblation unto Agni? What hymn, Godloved, is said to him resplendent?
Who, deathless, true to Law, mid men a herald, bringeth the Gods as best of sacrificers?

2 Bring him with reverence hither, most propitious in sacrifices, true to Law, the herald;
For Agni, when he seeks the Gods for mortals, knows them full well and worships them in spirit.
3 For he is mental power, a man, and perfect; he is the bringer, friend-like, of the wondrous.
The pious Āryan tribes at sacrifices address them first to him who doeth marvels.
4 May Agni, foe-destroyer, manliest Hero, accept with love our hymns and our devotion.
So may the liberal lords whose strength is strongest, urged by their riches, stir our thoughts with vigour.
5 Thus Agni Jātavedas, true to Order, hath by the priestly Gotamas been lauded.
May he augment in them splendour and vigour: observant, as he lists, he gathers increase.

HYMN LXXVIII. Agni.

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

HYMN LXXIX. Agni.

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

HYMN LXXX. Indra.

1. THUS in the Soma, in wild joy the Brahman hath exalted thee:
Thou, mightiest thunder-armed, hast driven by force the Dragon from the earth, lauding thine own imperial sway.
2 The mighty flowing Soma-draught, brought by the Hawk, hath gladdened thee,
That in thy strength, O Thunderer, thou hast struck down Vṛtra from the floods, lauding thine own imperial sway.
3 Go forward, meet the foe, be bold; thy bolt of thunder is not checked.
Manliness, Indra, is thy might: stay Vṛtra, make the waters thine, lauding thine own imperial sway.
4 Thou smotest Vṛtra from the earth, smotest him, Indra, from the sky.
Let these life-fostering waters flow attended by the Marut host, lauding thine own imperial sway.
5 The wrathful Indra with his bolt of thunder rushing on the foe,
Smote fierce on trembling Vṛtra's back, and loosed the waters free to run, lauding his own imperial sway.
6 With hundred-jointed thunderbolt Indra hath struck him on the back,
And, while rejoicing in the juice, seeketh prosperity for friends, lauding his own imperial sway.
7 Indra, unconquered might is thine, Thunderer, Caster of the Stone;

For thou with thy surpassing power smotest to death the guileful beast, lauding thine own imperial sway.
8 Far over ninety spacious floods thy thunderbolts were cast abroad:
Great, Indra, is thy hero might, and strength is seated in thine arms, lauding thine own imperial sway.
9 Laud him a thousand all at once, shout twenty forth the hymn of praise.
Hundreds have sung aloud to him, to Indra hath the prayer been raised, lauding his own imperial sway.
10 Indra hath smitten down the power of Vṛtra,—might with stronger might.
This was his manly exploit, he slew Vṛtra and let loose the floods, lauding his own imperial sway.
11 Yea, even this great Pair of Worlds trembled in terror at thy wrath,
When, Indra, Thunderer, Marut-girt, thou slewest Vṛtra in thy strength, lauding thine own imperial sway.
12 But Vṛtra scared not Indra with his shaking or his thunder roar.
On him that iron thunderbolt fell fiercely with its thousand points, lauding his own imperial sway.
13 When with the thunder thou didst make thy dart and Vṛtra meet in war,
Thy might, O Indra, fain to slay the Dragon, was set firm in heaven, lauding thine own imperial sway.
14 When at thy shout, O Thunder-armed, each thing both fixed and moving shook,
E'en Tvaṣṭar trembled at thy wrath and quaked with fear because of thee, lauding thine own imperial sway.
15 There is not, in our knowledge, one who passeth Indra in his strength:
In him the Deities have stored manliness, insight, power and might, lauding his own imperial sway.
16 Still as of old, whatever rite Atharvan, Manus sire of all,
Dadhyach performed, their prayer and praise united in that Indra meet, lauding his own imperial sway.

HYMN LXXXI. Indra.

1. THE men have lifted Indra up, the Vṛtra slayer, to joy and strength:
Him, verily, we invocate in battles whether great or small: be he our aid in deeds of might.
2 Thou, Hero, art a warrior, thou art giver of abundant spoil.
Strengthening e'en the feeble, thou aidest the sacrificer, thou givest the offerer ample wealth.
3 When war and battles are on foot, booty is laid before the bold.
Yoke thou thy wildly-rushing Bays. Whom wilt thou slay and whom enrich? Do thou, O Indra, make us rich.
4 Mighty through wisdom, as he lists, terrible, he hath waxed in strength.
Lord of Bay Steeds, strong-jawed, sublime, he in joined hands for glory's sake hath grasped his iron thunderbolt.
5 He filled the earthly atmosphere and pressed against the lights in heaven.
None like thee ever hath been born, none, Indra, will be born like thee. Thou hast waxed mighty over all.
6 May he who to the offerer gives the foeman's man-sustaining food,
May Indra lend his aid to us. Deal forth—abundant is thy wealth—that in thy bounty I may share.
7 He, righteous-hearted, at each time of rapture gives us herds of kine.
Gather in both thy hands for us treasures of many hundred sorts. Sharpen thou us, and bring us wealth.
8 Refresh thee, Hero, with the juice outpoured for bounty and for strength.
We know thee Lord of ample store, to thee have sent our hearts' desires: be therefore our Protector thou.
9 These people, Indra, keep for thee all that is worthy of thy choice.
Discover thou, as Lord, the wealth of men who offer up no gifts: bring thou to us this wealth of theirs.

HYMN LXXXII. Indra.

1. GRACIOUSLY listen to our songs, Maghavan, be not negligent.
As thou hast made us full of joy and lettest us solicit thee, now, Indra, yoke thy two Bay Steeds.
2 Well have they eaten and rejoiced; the friends have risen and passed away.
The sages luminous in themselves have. praised thee with their latest hymn. Now, Indra, yoke thy two Bay Steeds.
3 Maghavan, we will reverence thee who art so fair to look upon.
Thus praised, according to our wish come now with richly laden car. Now, Indra, yoke thy two Bay Steeds.
4 He will in very truth ascend the powerful car that finds the kine,
Who thinks upon the well-filled bowl, the Tawny Coursers' harnesser. Now, Indra, yoke thy two Bay Steeds.
5 Let, Lord of Hundred Powers, thy Steeds be harnessed on the right and left.
Therewith in rapture of the juice, draw near to thy beloved Spouse. Now, Indra, yoke thy two Bay Steeds.
6 With holy prayer I yoke thy long-maned pair of Bays: come hitherward; thou holdest them in both thy hands.
The stirring draughts of juice outpoured have made thee glad: thou, Thunderer, hast rejoiced with Pūṣan and thy Spouse.

HYMN LXXXIII. Indra.

1. INDRA, the mortal man well guarded by thine aid goes foremost in the wealth of horses and of kine.
With amplest wealth thou fillest him, as round about the waters clearly seen afar fill Sindhu full.
2 The heavenly Waters come not nigh the priestly bowl: they but look down and see how far mid-air is spread:
The Deities conduct the pious man to them: like suitors they delight in him who loveth prayer.
3 Praiseworthy blessing hast thou laid upon the pair who with uplifted ladle serve thee, man and wife.

Unchecked he dwells and prospers in thy law: thy power brings blessing to the sacrificer pouring gifts.

4 First the Aṅgirases won themselves vital power, whose fires were kindled through good deeds and sacrifice.

The men together found the Paṇi's hoarded wealth, the cattle, and the wealth in horses and in kine.

5 Atharvan first by sacrifices laid the paths then, guardian of the Law, sprang up the loving Sun.

Uśanā Kāvya straightway hither drove the kine. Let us with offerings honour Yama's deathless birth.

6 When sacred grass is trimmed to aid the auspicious work, or the hymn makes its voice of praise sound to the sky.

Where the stone rings as 'twere a singer skilled in laud,—Indra in truth delights when these come near to him.

HYMN LXXXIV. Indra.

1. The Soma hath been pressed for thee, O Indra; mightiest, bold One, come.

May Indra-vigour fill thee full, as the Sun fills mid-air with rays.

2 His pair of Tawny Courisers bring Indra of unresisted might

Hither to Rṣis' songs of praise and sacrifice performed by men.

3 Slayer of Vṛtra, mount thy car; thy Bay Steeds have been yoked by prayer.

May, with its voice, the pressing-stone draw thine attention hitherward.

4 This poured libation, Indra, drink, immortal, gladdening, excellent.

Streams of the bright have flowed to thee here at the seat of holy Law.

5 Sing glory now to Indra, say to him your solemn eulogies.

The drops poured forth have made him glad: pay reverence to his might supreme.

6 When, Indra, thou dost yoke thy Steeds, there is no better charioteer:

None hath surpassed thee in thy might, none with good steeds o'er taken thee.

7 He who alone bestoweth on mortal man who offereth gifts,

The ruler of resistless power, is Indra, sure.

8 When will he trample, like a weed, the man who hath no gift for him?

When, verily, will Indra hear our songs of praise?

9 He who with Soma juice prepared amid the many honours thee,—

Verily Indra gains thereby tremendous might.

10 The juice of Soma thus diffused, sweet to the taste, the bright cows drink,

Who for the sake of splendour close to mighty Indra's side rejoice, good in their own supremacy.

11 Craving his touch the dappled kine mingle the Soma with their milk.

The milch-kine dear to Indra send forth his death-dealing thunderbolt, good in their own supremacy.

12 With veneration, passing wise, honouring his victorious might,

They follow close his many laws to win them due preeminence, good in their

own supremacy.

13 With bones of Dadhyach for his arms, Indra, resistless in attack,

Struck nine-and-ninety Vṛtras dead.

14 He, searching for the horse's head, removed among the mountains, found

At Śaryaṇavān what he sought.

15 Then verily they recognized the essential form of Tvaṣṭar's Bull,

Here in the mansion of the Moon.

16 Who yokes to-day unto the pole of Order the strong and passionate steers of checkless spirit,

With shaft-armed mouths, heart-piercing, health-bestowing?

Long shall he live who richly pays their service.

17 Who fleeth forth? who suffereth? who feareth? Who knoweth Indra present, Indra near us?

Who sendeth benediction on his offspring, his household, wealth and person, and the People?

18 Who with poured oil and offering honours Agni, with ladle worships at appointed seasons?

To whom to the Gods bring oblation quickly? What offerer, God-favoured, knows him thoroughly?

19 Thou as a God, O Mightiest, verily blessest mortal man.

O Maghavan, there is no comforter but thou: Indra, I speak my words to thee.

20 Let not thy bounteous gifts, let not thy saving help fail us, good Lord, at any time;

And measure out to us, thou lover of mankind, all riches hitherward from men.

HYMN LXXXV. Maruts.

1. THEY who are glancing forth, like women, on their way, doers of mighty deeds, swift racers, Rudra's Sons,

The Maruts have made heaven and earth increase and grow: in sacrifices they delight, the strong and wild.

2 Grown to their perfect strength greatness have they attained; the Rudras have established their abode in heaven.

Singing their song of praise and generating might, they have put glory on, the Sons whom Prṣni bare.

3 When, Children of the Cow, they shine in bright attire, and on their fair limbs lay their golden ornaments,

They drive away each adversary from their path, and, following their traces, fatness floweth down,

4 When, mighty Warriors, ye who glitter with your spears, o'erthrowing with your strength e'en what is ne'er o'erthrown,

When, O ye Maruts, ye the host that send the rain, had harnessed to your cars the thought-fleet spotted deer.

5 When ye have harnessed to your cars the spotted deer, urging the thunderbolt, O Maruts, to the fray,
Forth rush the torrents of the dark red stormy cloud, and moisten, like a skin, the earth with water-floods.
6 Let your swift-gliding coursers bear you hitherward with their fleet pinions. Come ye forward with your arms.
Sit on the grass; a wide seat hath been made for you: delight yourselves, O Maruts, in the pleasant food.
7 Strong in their native strength to greatness have they grown, stepped to the firmament and made their dwelling wide.
When Viṣṇu saved the Soma bringing wild delight, the Maruts sate like birds on their dear holy grass.
8 In sooth like heroes fain for fight they rush about, like combatants fame-seeking have they striven in war.
Before the Maruts every creature is afraid: the men are like to Kings, terrible to behold.
9 When Tvaṣṭar deft of hand had turned the thunderbolt, golden, with thousand edges, fashioned more skilfully,
Indra received it to perform heroic deeds. Vṛtra he slew, and forced the flood of water forth.
10 They with their vigorous strength pushed the well up on high, and clove the cloud in twain though it was passing strong.
The Maruts, bounteous Givers, sending forth their voice, in the wild joy of Soma wrought their glorious deeds.
11 They drove the cloud transverse directed hitherward, and poured the fountain forth for thirsting Gotama.
Shining with varied light they come to him with help: they with their might fulfilled the longing of the sage.
12 The shelters which ye have for him who lauds you, bestow them threefold on the man who offers.
Extend the same boons unto us, ye Maruts. Give us, O Heroes, wealth with noble offspring.

HYMN LXXXVI. Maruts.

1. THE best of guardians hath that man within whose dwelling place ye drink,
O Maruts, giants of the sky.
2 Honoured with sacrifice or with the worship of the sages' hymns,
O Maruts, listen to the call.
3 Yea, the strong man to whom ye have vouchsafed to give a sage, shall move
Into a stable rich in kine.
4 Upon this hero's sacred grass Soma is poured in daily rites:
Praise and delight are sung aloud.
5 Let the strong Maruts hear him, him surpassing all men: strength be his
That reaches even to the Sun.
6 For, through the swift Gods' loving help, in many an autumn, Maruts, we
Have offered up our sacrifice.
7 Fortunate shall that mortal be, O Maruts most adorable,
Whose offerings ye bear away.
8 O Heroes truly strong, ye know the toil of him who sings your praise,
The heart's desire of him who loves.
9 O ye of true strength, make this thing manifest by your greatness: strike
The demon with your thunderbolt.
10 Conceal the horrid darkness, drive far from us each devouring fiend.
Create the light for which we long.

HYMN LXXXVII. Maruts.

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

HYMN LXXXVIII. Maruts.

1. COME hither, Maruts, on your lightning laden cars, sounding with sweet songs, armed with lances, winged with steeds.
Fly unto us with noblest food, like birds, O ye of mighty power.
2 With their red-hued or, haply, tawny coursers which speed their chariots on, they come for glory.
Brilliant like gold is he who holds the thunder. Earth have they smitten with the chariot's felly.
3 For beauty ye have swords upon your bodies. As they stir woods so may they stir our spirits.
For your sake, O ye Maruts very mighty and well-born, have they set the stone, in motion.

4 The days went round you and came back O yearners, back, to this prayer and to this solemn worship.
The Gotamas making their prayer with singing have pushed the well's lid up to drink the water.

5 No hymn way ever known like this aforetime which Gotama sang forth for you, O Maruts,

What time upon your golden wheels he saw you, wild boars rushing about with tusks of iron.

6 To you this freshening draught of Soma rusheth, O Maruts, like the voice of one who prayeth.

It rusheth freely from our hands as these libations wont to flow.

HYMN LXXXIX. Viśvedevas.

1. MAY powers auspicious come to us from every side, never deceived, unhindered, and victorious,
That the Gods ever may be with us for our gain, our guardians day by day unceasing in their care.

2 May the auspicious favour of the Gods be ours, on us descend the bounty of the righteous Gods.

The friendship of the Gods have we devoutly sought: so may the Gods extend our life that we may live.

3 We call them hither with a hymn of olden time, Bhaga, the friendly Dakṣa, Mitra, Aditi,
Aryaman, Varuṇa, Soma, the Aśvins. May Sarasvatī, auspicious, grant felicity.

4 May the Wind waft to us that pleasant medicine, may Earth our Mother give it, and our Father Heaven,
And the joy-giving stones that press the Soma's juice. Aśvins, may ye, for whom our spirits long, hear this.

5 Him we invoke for aid who reigns supreme, the Lord of all that stands or moves, inspirer of the soul,
That Pūṣan may promote the increase of our wealth, our keeper and our guard infallible for our good.

6 Illustrious far and wide, may Indra prosper us: may Pūṣan prosper us, the Master of all wealth.

May Tārkṣya with uninjured fellies prosper us: Brhaspati vouchsafe to us prosperity.

7 The Maruts, Sons of Pr̥ṣni, borne by spotted steeds, moving in glory, oft visiting holy rites,
Sages whose tongue is Agni, brilliant as the Sun,—hither let all the Gods for our protection come.

8 Gods, may we with our ears listen to what is good, and with our eyes see what is good, ye Holy Ones.

With limbs and bodies firm may we extolling you attain the term of life appointed by the Gods.

9 A hundred autumns stand before us, O ye Gods, within whose space ye bring our bodies to decay;

Within whose space our sons become fathers in turn. Break ye not in the midst our course of fleeting life.

10 Aditi is the heaven, Aditi is mid-air, Aditi is the Mother and the Sire and Son.

Aditi is all Gods, Aditi five-classed men, Aditi all that hath been born and shall be born.

HYMN XC. Viśvedevas.

1. MAY Varuṇa with guidance straight, and Mitra lead us, he who knows,
And Aryaman in accord with Gods.

2 For they are dealers forth of wealth, and, not deluded, with their might
Guard evermore the holy laws.

3 Shelter may they vouchsafe to us, Immortal Gods to mortal men,
Chasing our enemies away.

4 May they mark out our paths to bliss, Indra, the Maruts, Pūṣan,
and Bhaga, the Gods to be adored.

5 Yea, Pūṣan, Viṣṇu, ye who run your course, enrich our hymns with kine;
Bless us with all prosperity.

6 The winds waft sweets, the rivers pour sweets for the man who keeps the Law
So may the plants be sweet for us.

7 Sweet be the night and sweet the dawns, sweet the terrestrial atmosphere;
Sweet be our Father Heaven to us.

8 May the tall tree be full of sweets for us, and full of sweets the Sun:
May our milch-kine be sweet for us.

9 Be Mitra gracious unto us, and Varuṇa and Aryaman:
Indra, Br̥haspati be kind, and Viṣṇu of the mighty stride.

HYMN XCI. Soma.

1. Thou, Soma, art preeminent for wisdom; along the straightest path thou art our leader.

Our wise forefathers by thy guidance, Indu, dealt out among the Gods their share of treasure.

2 Thou by thine insight art most wise, O Soma, strong by thine energies and all possessing,
Mighty art thou by all thy powers and greatness, by glories art thou glorious, guide of mortals.

3 Thine are King Varuṇa's eternal statutes, lofty and deep, O Soma, is thy glory.

All-pure art thou like Mitra the beloved, adorable, like Aryaman, O Soma.

4 With all thy glories on the earth, in heaven, on mountains, in the plants, and in the waters,—
With all of these, well-pleased and not in anger, accept, O royal Soma, our oblations.

5 Thou, Soma, art the Lord of heroes, King, yea, Vṛtra-slayer thou:

Thou art auspicious energy.

6 And, Soma, let it be thy wish that we may live and may not die:

Praise-loving Lord of plants art thou.

7 To him who keeps the law, both old and young, thou givest happiness,
And energy that he may live.

8 Guard us, King Soma, on all sides from him who threatens us: never let
The friend of one like thee be harmed.

9 With those delightful aids which thou hast, Soma, for the worshipper,—
Even with those protect thou us.

10 Accepting this our sacrifice and this our praise, O Soma, come,
And be thou nigh to prosper us.

11 Well-skilled in speech we magnify thee, Soma, with our sacred songs:
Come thou to us, most gracious One.

12 Enricher, healer of disease, wealth-finder, prospering our store,
Be, Soma, a good Friend to us.

13 Soma, be happy in our heart, as milch-kine in the grassy meads,
As a young man in his own house.

14 O Soma, God, the mortal man who in thy friendship hath delight,
Him doth the mighty Sage befriend.

15 Save us from slanderous reproach, keep us., O Soma, from distress:
Be unto us a gracious Friend.

16 Soma, wax great. From every side may vigorous powers unite in thee:
Be in the gathering-place of strength.

17 Wax, O most gladdening Soma, great through all thy rays of light, and be
A Friend of most illustrious fame to prosper us.

18 In thee be juicy nutriments united, and powers and mighty foe-subduing vigour,
Waxing to immortality, O Soma: win highest glories for thyself in heaven.

19 Such of thy glories as with poured oblations men honour, may they all invest our worship.
Wealth-giver, furtherer with troops of heroes, sparing the brave, come, Soma, to our houses.

20 To him who worships Soma gives the milch-cow, a fleet steed and a man of active knowledge,
Skilled in home duties, meet for holy synod, for council meet, a glory to his father.

21 Invincible in fight, saver in battles, guard of our camp, winner of light and water,
Born amid hymns, well-housed, exceeding famous, victor, in thee will we rejoice, O Soma.

22 These herbs, these milch-kine, and these running waters, all these, O Soma, thou hast generated.
The spacious firmament hast thou expanded, and with the light thou hast dispelled the darkness.

23 Do thou, God Soma, with thy Godlike spirit, victorious, win for us a share of riches.
Let none prevent thee: thou art Lord of valour. Provide for both sides in the fray for booty.

HYMN XCII. Dawn.

1. THESE Dawns have raised their banner; in the eastern half of the mid-air they spread abroad their shining light.
Like heroes who prepare their weapons for the war, onward they come bright red in hue, the Mother Cows.

2 Readily have the purple beams of light shot up; the Red Cows have they harnessed, easy to be yoked.
The Dawns have brought distinct perception as before: red-hued, they have attained their fulgent brilliancy.

3 They sing their song like women active in their tasks, along their common path hither from far away,
Bringing refreshment to the liberal devotee, yea, all things to the worshipper who pours the juice.

4 She, like a dancer, puts her broidered garments on: as a cow yields her udder so she bares her breast.
Creating light for all the world of life, the Dawn hath laid the darkness open as the cows their stall.

5 We have beheld the brightness of her shining; it spreads and drives away the darksome monster.
Like tints that deck the Post at sacrifices, Heaven's Daughter hath attained her wondrous splendour.

6 We have o'erpast the limit of this darkness; Dawn breaking forth again brings clear perception.
She like a flatterer smiles in light for glory, and fair of face hath wakened to rejoice us.

7 The Gotamas have praised Heaven's radiant Daughter, the leader of the charm of pleasant voices.
Dawn, thou conferrest on us strength with offspring and men, conspicuous with kine and horses.

8 O thou who shinest forth in wondrous glory, urged onward by thy strength, auspicious Lady,
Dawn, may I gain that wealth, renowned and ample, in brave sons, troops of slaves, far-famed for horses.

9 Bending her looks on all the world, the Goddess shines, widely spreading with her bright eye westward.
Waking to motion every living creature, she understands the voice of each adorer.

10 Ancient of days, again again born newly, decking her beauty with the self-same raiment.
The Goddess wastes away the life of mortals, like a skilled hunter cutting birds in pieces.

11 She hath appeared discovering heaven's borders: to the far distance she drives off her Sister.
Diminishing the days of human creatures, the Lady shines with all her lover's splendour.

12 The bright, the blessed One shines forth extending her rays like kine, as a flood rolls his waters.

Never transgressing the divine commandments, she is beheld visible with the sunbeams.

13 O Dawn enriched with ample wealth, bestow on us the wondrous gift

Wherewith we may support children and children's sons.

14 Thou radiant mover of sweet sounds, with wealth of horses and of kine

Shine thou on us this day, O Dawn auspiciously.

15 O Dawn enriched with holy rites, yoke to thy car thy purple steeds,

And then bring thou unto us all felicities.

16 O Aśvins wonderful in act, do ye unanimous direct

Your chariot to our home wealthy in kine and gold.

17 Ye who brought down the hymn from heaven, a light that giveth light to man,

Do ye, O Aśvins, bring strength hither unto us.

18 Hither may they who wake at dawn bring, to drink Soma both the Gods

Health-givers Wonder-Workers, borne on paths of gold.

HYMN XCIII. Agni-Soma.

1 AGNI and Soma, mighty Pair, graciously hearken to my call,

Accept in friendly wise my hymn, and prosper him who offers gifts.

2 The man who honours you to-day, Agni and Soma, with this hymn,

Bestow on him heroic strength, increase of kine, and noble steeds.

3 The man who offers holy oil and burnt oblations unto you,

Agni and Soma, shall enjoy great strength, with offspring, all his life.

4 Agni and Soma, famed is that your prowess wherewith ye stole the kine, his food, from Panī.

Ye caused the brood of Br̥saya to perish; ye found the light, the single light for many.

5 Agni and Soma, joined in operation ye have set up the shining lights in heaven.

From curse and from reproach, Agni and Soma, ye freed the rivers that were bound in fetters.

6 One of you Mātariśvan brought from heaven, the Falcon rent the other from the mountain.

Strengthened by holy prayer Agni and Soma have made us ample room for sacrificing.

7 Taste, Agni, Soma, this prepared oblation; accept it, Mighty Ones, and let it please you.

Vouchsafe us good protection and kind favour: grant to the sacrificer health and riches.

8 Whoso with oil and poured oblation honours, with God-devoted heart, Agni and Soma,—

Protect his sacrifice, preserve him from distress, grant to the sacrificer great felicity.

9 Invoked together, mates in wealth, Agni-Soma, accept our hymns:

Together be among the Gods.

10 Agni and Soma, unto him who worships you with holy oil

Shine forth an ample recompense.

11 Agni and Soma, be ye pleased with these oblations brought to you,

And come, together, nigh to us.

12 Agni and Soma, cherish well our horses, and let our cows be fat who yield oblations.

Grant power to us and to our wealthy patrons, and cause our holy rites to be successful.

HYMN XCIV. Agni

1 FOR Jātavedas worthy of our praise will we frame with our mind this eulogy as 'twere a car.

For good, in his assembly, is this care of ours. Let us not, in thy friendship, Agni, suffer harm.

2 The man for whom thou sacrificest prospereth, dwelleth without a foe, gaineth heroic might.

He waxeth strong, distress never approacheth him. Let us not, in thy friendship, Agni, suffer harm.

3 May we have power to kindle thee. Fulfil our thoughts. In thee the Gods eat the presented offering,

Bring hither the Ādityas, for we long for them. Let us not in thy friendship, Agni, suffer harm.

4 We will bring fuel and prepare burnt offerings, reminding thee at each successive festival.

Fulfil our thought that so we may prolong our lives. Let us not in thy friendship, Agni, suffer harm.

5 His ministers move forth, the guardians of the folk, protecting quadruped and biped with their rays.

Mighty art thou, the wondrous herald of the Dawn. Let us not in thy friendship, Agni, suffer harm.

6 Thou art Presenter and the chief Invoker, thou Director, Purifier, great High Priest by birth.

Knowing all priestly work thou perfectest it, Sage. Let us not in thy friendship, Agni, suffer harm.

7 Lovely of form art thou, alike on every side; though far, thou shinest brightly as if close at hand.

O God, thou seest through even the dark of night. Let us not in thy friendship, Agni, suffer harm.

8 Gods, foremost be his car who pours libations out, and let our hymn prevail o'er evil-hearted men.

Attend to this our speech and make it prosper well. Let us not in thy friendship, Agni, suffer harm.

9 Smite with thy weapons those of evil speech and thought, devouring demons, whether near or far away.

Then to the singer give free way for sacrifice. Let us not in thy friendship, Agni, suffer harm.

10 When to thy chariot thou hadst yoked two red steeds and two ruddy steeds, wind-sped, thy roar was like a bull's.

Thou with smoke-bannered flame attackest forest trees. Let us not in thy friendship, Agni, suffer harm.

11 Then at thy roar the very birds are terrified, when, eating-up the grass, thy sparks fly forth abroad.
Then is it easy for thee and thy car to pass. Let us not in thy friendship, Agni, suffer harm.
12 He hath the Power to soothe Mitra and Varuṇa: wonderful is the Maruts' wrath when they descend.
Be gracious; let their hearts he turned to us again. Let us not in thy friendship, Agni, suffer harm.
13 Thou art a God, thou art the wondrous Friend of Gods, the Vasu of the Vasus, fair in sacrifice.
Under, thine own most wide protection may we dwell. Let us not in thy friendship, Agni, suffer harm.
14 This is thy grace that, kindled in thine own abode, invoked with Soma thou soundest forth most benign,
Thou givest wealth and treasure to the worshipper. Let us not in thy friendship, Agni, suffer harm.
15 To whom thou, Lord of goodly riches, grantest freedom from every sin with perfect wholeness,
Whom with good strength thou quickenest, with children and wealth—may we be they, Eternal Being.
16 Such, Agni, thou who knowest all good fortune, God, lengthen here the days of our existence.
This prayer of ours may Varuṇa grant, and Mitra, and Aditi and Sindhu, Earth and Heaven.

HYMN XCV. Agni

1. To fair goals travel Two unlike in semblance: each in succession nourishes an infant.
One bears a Godlike Babe of golden colour; bright and fair-shining, is he with the other.
2 Tvaṣṭar's ten daughters, vigilant and youthful, produced this Infant borne to sundry quarters.
They bear around him whose long flames are pointed, fulgent among mankind with native splendour.
3. Three several places of his birth they honour, in mid-air, in the heaven, and in the waters.
Governing in the east of earthly regions, the seasons hath he stablished in their order.
4 Who of you knows this secret One? The Infant by his own nature hath brought forth his Mothers.
The germ of many, from the waters' bosom he goes forth, wise and great, of Godlike nature.
5 Visible, fair, he grows in native brightness uplifted in the lap of waving waters.
When he was born both Tvaṣṭar's worlds were frightened: they turn to him and reverence the Lion.
6 The Two auspicious Ones, like women, tend him: like lowing cows they seek him in their manner.
He is the Lord of Might among the mighty; him, on the right, they balm with their oblations.
7 Like Savitar his arms with might he stretches; awful, he strives grasping the world's two borders.
He forces out from all a brilliant vesture, yea, from his Mothers draws he forth new raiment.
8 He makes him a most noble form of splendour, decking him in his home with milk and waters.
The Sage adorns the depths of air with wisdom: this is the meeting where the Gods are worshipped.
9 Wide through the firmament spreads forth triumphant the far-resplendent strength of thee the Mighty.
Kindled by us do thou preserve us, Agni, with all thy self-bright undiminished succours.
10 In dry spots he makes stream, and course, and torrent, and inundates the earth with floods that glisten.
All ancient things within his maw he gathers, and moves among the new fresh-sprouting grasses.
11 Fed with our fuel, purifying Agni, so blaze to us auspiciously for glory.
This prayer of ours may Varuṇa grant, and Mitra, and Aditi and Sindhu, Earth and Heaven.

HYMN XCVI. Agni.

1. HE in the ancient way by strength engendered, lo! straight hath taken to himself all wisdom.
The waters and the bowl have made him friendly. The Gods possessed the wealth bestowing Agni.
2 At Āyu's ancient call he by his wisdom gave all this progeny of men their being,
And, by refulgent light, heaven and the waters. The Gods possessed the wealth bestowing Agni.
3 Praise him, ye Āryan folk, as chief performer of sacrifice adored and ever toiling,
Well-tended, Son of Strength, the Constant Giver. The Gods possessed the wealth bestowing Agni.
4 That Mātariśvan rich in wealth and treasure, light-winner, finds a pathway for his offspring.
Guard of our folk, Father of earth and heaven. The Gods possessed the wealth bestowing Agni.
5 Night and Dawn, changing each the other's colour, meeting together suckle one same Infant:
Golden between the heaven and earth he shineth. The Gods possessed the wealth bestowing Agni.
6 Root of wealth, gathering-place of treasures, banner of sacrifice, who grants the suppliant's wishes:
Preserving him as their own life immortal, the Gods possessed the wealth-bestowing Agni.
7 Now and of old the home of wealth, the mansion of what is born and what was born aforetime,
Guard of what is and what will be hereafter,—the Gods possessed the wealth bestowing Agni.
8 May the Wealth-Giver grant us conquering riches; may the Wealth-Giver grant us wealth with heroes.
May the Wealth-Giver grant us food with offspring, and length of days may the Wealth-Giver send us.
9 Fed with our fuel, purifying Agni, so blaze to us auspiciously for glory.
This prayer of ours may Varuṇa grant, and Mitra, and Aditi and Sindhu, Earth and Heaven.

HYMN XCVII. Agni.

1. CHASING with light our sin away, O Agni, shine thou wealth on us.
May his light chase our sin away.

2 For goodly fields, for pleasant homes, for wealth we sacrifice to thee.

May his light chase our sin away.

3 Best praiser of all these be he; foremost, our chiefs who sacrifice.

May his light chase our sin away.

4 So that thy worshippers and we, thine, Agni, in our sons may live.

May his light chase our sin away.

5 As ever-conquering Agni's beams of splendour go to every side,

May his light chase our sin away.

6 To every side thy face is turned, thou art triumphant everywhere.

May his light chase our sin away.

7 O thou whose face looks every way, bear us past foes as in a ship.

May his light chase our sin away.

8 As in a ship, convey thou us for our advantage o'er the flood.

May his light chase our sin away.

HYMN XCVIII. Agni.

1. STILL in Vaiśvānara's grace may we continue: yea, he is King supreme o'er all things living.

Sprung hence to life upon this All he looketh. Vaiśvānara hath rivalry with Sūrya.

2 Present in heaven, in earth, all-present Agni,—all plants that grow on ground hath he pervaded.

May Agni, may Vaiśvānara with vigour, present, preserve us day and night from foemen.

3 Be this thy truth, Vaiśvānara, to us-ward: let wealth in rich abundance gather round us.

This prayer of ours may Varuṇa grant, and Mitra, and Aditi and Sindhu, Earth and Heaven.

HYMN XCIX. Agni.

1. FOR Jātavedas let us press the Soma: may he consume the wealth of the malignant.

May Agni carry us through all our troubles, through grief as in a boat across the river.

HYMN C. Indra.

1. MAY he who hath his home with strength, the Mighty, the King supreme of earth and spacious heaven, Lord of true power, to he invoked in battles,—may Indra, girt by Maruts, be our succour.

2 Whose way is unattainable like Sūrya's: he in each fight is the strong Vṛtra-slayer,

Mightiest with his Friends in his own courses. May Indra, girt by Maruts, be our succour.

3 Whose paths go forth in their great might resistless, forthmilking, as it were, heaven's genial moisture.

With manly strength triumphant, foe-subduer,—may Indra, girt by Maruts, be our succour.

4 Among Aṅgirases he was the chiefest, a Friend with friends, mighty amid the mighty.

Praiser mid praisers, honoured most of singers. May Indra, girt by Maruts, be our succour.

5 Strong with the Rudras as with his own children, in manly battle conquering his foemen '

With his close comrades doing deeds of glory,—may Indra, girt by Maruts, be our succour.

6 Humbler of pride, exciter of the conflict, the Lord of heroes, God invoked of many,

May he this day gain with our men the sunlight. May Indra, girt by Maruts, be our succour.

7 His help hath made him cheerer in the battle, the folk have made him guardian of their comfort.

Sole Lord is he of every holy service. May Indra, girt by Maruts, be our succour.

8 To him the Hero, on high days of prowess, heroes for help and booty shall betake them.

He hath found light even in the blinding darkness. May Indra, girt by Maruts, be our succour.

9 He with his left hand checketh even the mighty, and with his right hand gathereth up the booty.

Even with the humble he acquireth riches. May Indra, girt by Maruts, be our succour.

10 With hosts on foot and cars he winneth treasures: well is he known this day by all the people.

With manly might he conquereth those who hate him. May Indra, girt by Maruts, be our succour.

11 When in his ways with kinsmen or with strangers he speedeth to the fight, invoked of many,

For gain of waters, and of sons and grandsons, may Indra, girt by Maruts, be our succour.

12 Awful and fierce, fiend-slayer, thunder-wielder, with boundless knowledge, hymned by hundreds, mighty,

In strength like Soma, guard of the Five Peoples, may Indra, girt by Maruts, be our succour.

13 Winning the light, hitherward roars his thunder like the terrific mighty voice of Heaven.

Rich gifts and treasures evermore attend him. May Indra, girt by Maruts, be our succour.

14 Whose home eternal through his strength surrounds him on every side, his laud, the earth and heaven,

May he, delighted with our service, save us. May Indra, girt by Maruts, be our succour.

15 The limit of whose power not Gods by Godhead, nor mortal men have reached, nor yet the Waters.

Both Earth and Heaven in vigour he surpasseth. May Indra, girt by Maruts, be our succour.

16 The red and tawny mare, blaze-marked, high standing, celestial who, to bring Rjṛāśva riches,

Drew at the pole the chariot yoked with stallions, joyous, among the hosts of men was noted.

17 The Vārṣāgiras unto thee, O Indra, the Mighty One, sing forth this laud to please thee,
Rjṛāśva with his fellows, Ambarīṣa, Surādhas, Sahadeva, Bhayamāna.

18 He, much invoked, hath slain Dasyus and Śimyus, after his wont, and laid them low with arrows.
The mighty Thunderer with his fair-complexioned friends won the land, the sunlight, and the waters.

19 May Indra evermore be our protector, and unimperilled may we win the booty.
This prayer of ours may Varuṇa grant, and Mitra, and Aditi and Sindhu, Earth and Heaven.

HYMN CI. Indra.

1. SING, with oblation, praise to him who maketh glad, who with Rjiśvan drove the dusky brood away.
Fain for help, him the strong whose right hand wields the bolt, him girt by Maruts we invoke to be our Friend.

2 Indra, who with triumphant wrath smote Vyāṁsa down, and Śambara, and Pipru the unrighteous one;
Who extirpated Śuṣṇa the insatiate,—him girt by Maruts we invoke to be our Friend.

3 He whose great work of manly might is heaven and earth, and Varuṇa and Sūrya keep his holy law;
Indra, whose law the rivers follow as they flow,—him girt by Maruts we invoke to be our Friend.

4 He who is Lord and Master of the steeds and kine, honoured—the firm and sure—at every holy act;
Stayer even of the strong who pours no offering out,—him girt by Maruts we invoke to be our Friend.

5 He who is Lord of all the world that moves and breathes, who for the Brahman first before all found the Cows;
Indra who cast the Dasyus down beneath his feet,—him girt by Maruts we invoke to be our Friend.

6 Whom cowards must invoke and valiant men of war, invoked by those who conquer and by those who flee;
Indra, to whom all beings turn their constant thought,—him girt by Maruts we invoke to be our Friend.

7 Refulgent in the Rudras' region he proceeds, and with the Rudras through the wide space speeds the Dame.
The hymn of praise extols Indra the far-renowned: him girt by Maruts we invoke to be our Friend.

8 O girt by Maruts, whether thou delight thee in loftiest gathering-place or lowly dwelling,
Come thence unto our rite, true boon-bestower: through love of thee have we prepared oblations.

9 We, fain for thee, strong Indra, have pressed Soma, and, O thou sought with prayer, have made oblations.
Now at this sacrifice, with all thy Maruts, on sacred grass, O team-borne God, rejoice thee.

10 Rejoice thee with thine own Bay Steeds, O Indra, unclose thy jaws and let thy lips be open.
Thou with the fair cheek, let thy Bay Steeds bring thee: gracious to us, he pleased with our oblation.

11 Guards of the camp whose praisers are the Maruts, may we through Indra, get ourselves the booty.
This prayer of ours may Varuṇa grant, and Mitra, and Aditi and Sindhu, Earth and Heaven.

HYMN CII. Indra.

1. To thee the Mighty One I bring this mighty hymn, for thy desire hath been gratified by my laud.
In Indra, yea in him victorious through his strength, the Gods have joyed at feast and when the Soma flowed.

2 The Seven Rivers bear his glory far and wide, and heaven and sky and earth display his comely form.

The Sun and Moon in change alternate run their course, that we, O Indra, may behold and may have faith.

3 Maghavan, grant us that same car to bring us spoil, thy conquering car in which we joy in shock of fight.
Thou, Indra, whom our hearts praise highly in the war, grant shelter, Maghavan, to us who love thee well.

4 Encourage thou our side in every fight: may we, with thee for our ally, conquer the foeman's host.
Indra, bestow on us joy and felicity break down, O Maghavan, the vigour of our foes.

5 For here in divers ways these men invoking thee, holder of treasures, sing hymns to win thine aid.
Ascend the car that thou mayest bring spoil to us, for, Indra, thy fixt winneth the victory.

6 His arms win kine, his power is boundless in each act best, with a hundred helps, waker of battle's din
Is Indra: none may rival him in mighty strength. Hence, eager for the spoil the people call on him.

7 Thy glory, Maghavan, exceeds a hundred yea, more than a hundred, than a thousand mid the folk,
The great bowl hath inspirited thee boundlessly: so mayst thou slay the Vṛtras, breaker-down of forts!

8 Of thy great might there is a three counterpart, the three earths, Lord men and the three realms of light.
Above this whole world, Indra, thou hast waxen great: without a foe art thou, nature, from of old.

9 We invoke thee first among the Deities: thou hast become a mighty Conquer in fight.

May Indra fill with spirit this our singer's heart, and make our car impetuous, foremost in attack.

10 Thou hast prevailed, and hast not kept the booty back, in trifling battles in those of great account.

We make thee keen, the Mighty One, succour us: inspire us, Maghavan, when we defy the foe.

11 May Indra evermore be our Protector, and unimperilled may we win the booty.

This prayer of ours may Varuṇa grant and Mitra, and Aditi and Sindhu, Earth and Heaven.

HYMN CIII. Indra.

1. THAT highest Indra-power of thine is distant: that which is here sages possessed aforetime.

This one is on the earth, in heaven the other, and both unite as flag with flag in battle.

2 He spread the wide earth out and firmly fixed it, smote with his thunderbolt and loosed the waters.

Maghavan with his puissance struck down Ahi, rent Rauhiṇa to death and slaughtered Vyāṁsa.

3 Armed with his bolt and trusting in his prowess he wandered shattering the forts of Dāsas.
Cast thy dart, knowing, Thunderer, at the Dasyu; increase the Ārya's might and glory, Indra.
4 For him who thus hath taught these human races, Maghavan, bearing a fame-worthy title,
Thunderer, drawing nigh to slay the Dasyus, hath given himself the name of Son for glory.
5 See this abundant wealth that he possesses, and put your trust in Indra's hero vigour.
He found the cattle, and he found the horses, he found the plants, the forests and the waters.
6 To him the truly strong, whose deeds are many, to him the strong Bull let us pour the Soma.
The Hero, watching like a thief in ambush, goes parting the possessions of the godless.
7 Well didst thou do that hero deed, O Indra, in waking with thy bolt the slumbering Ahi.
in thee, delighted, Dames divine rejoiced them, the flying Maruts and all Gods were joyful.
8 As thou hast smitten Śuṣṇa, Pipru, Vṛtra and Kuyava, and Śambara's forts, O Indra.
This prayer of ours may Varuṇa grant, and Mitra, and Aditi and Sindhu, Earth and Heaven.

HYMN CIV. Indra.

1. THE altar hath been made for thee to rest on: come like a panting courser and be seated.
Loosen thy flying Steeds, set free thy Horses who bear thee swiftly nigh at eve and morning.
2 These men have come to Indra for assistance: shall he not quickly come upon these pathways?
May the Gods quell the fury of the Dāsa, and may they lead our folk to happy fortune.
3 He who hath only wish as his possession casts on himself, casts foam amid the waters.
Both wives of Kuyava in milk have bathed them: may they be drowned within the depth of Śiphā.
4 This hath his kinship checked who lives beside us: with ancient streams forth speeds and rules the Hero,
Añjasī, Kuliśī, and Virapatnī, delighting him, bear milk upon their waters.
5 Soon as this Dasyu's traces were discovered, as she who knows her home, he sought the dwelling.
Now think thou of us, Maghavan, nor cast us away as doth a profligate his treasure.
6 Indra, as such, give us a share of sunlight, of waters, sinlessness, and reputation.
Do thou no harm to our yet unborn offspring: our trust is in thy mighty Indra-power.
7 Now we, I think, in thee as such have trusted: lead us on, Mighty One, to ample riches.
In no unready house give us, O Indra invoked of many, food and drink when hungry.
8 Slay us not, Indra; do not thou forsake us: steal not away the joys which we delight in.
Rend not our unborn brood, strong Lord of Bounty! our vessels with the life that is within them.
9 Come to us; they have called thee Soma-lover: here is the pressed juice. Drink thereof for rapture.
Widely-capacious, pour it down within thee, and, invocated, hear us like a Father.

HYMN CV. Viśvedevas.

1. WITHIN the waters runs the Moon, he with the beauteous wings in heaven.
Ye lightnings with your golden wheels, men find not your abiding-place. Mark this my woe, ye Earth and Heaven.
2 Surely men crave and gain their wish. Close to her husband clings the wife.
And, in embraces intertwined, both give and take the bliss of love. Mark this my woe, ye Earth and Heaven.
3 O never may that light, ye Gods, fall from its station in the sky.
Ne'er fail us one like Soma sweet, the spring of our felicity. Mark this my woe, ye Earth and Heaven.
4 I ask the last of sacrifice. As envoy he shall tell it forth.
Where is the ancient law divine? Who is its new diffuser now? Mark this my woe, ye Earth and Heaven.
5 Ye Gods who yonder have your home in the three lucid realms of heaven,
What count ye truth and what untruth? Where is mine ancient call on you? Mark this my woe, ye Earth and Heaven.
6 What is your firm support of Law? What Varuṇa's observant eye?
How may we pass the wicked on the path of mighty Aryaman? Mark this my woe, ye Earth and Heaven.
7 I am the man who sang of old full many a laud when Soma flowed.
Yet torturing cares consume me as the wolf assails the thirsty deer. Mark this my woe, ye Earth and Heaven.
8 Like rival wives on every side enclosing ribs oppress me sore.
O Śatakratu, biting cares devour me, singer of thy praise, as rats devour the weaver's threads. Mark this my woe, ye Earth and Heaven.
9 Where those seven rays are shining, thence my home and family extend.
This Trta Āptya knoweth well, and speaketh out for brotherhood. Mark this my woe, ye Earth and Heaven.
10 May those five Bulls which stand on high full in the midst of mighty heaven,
Having together swiftly borne my praises to the Gods, return. Mark this my woe, ye Earth and Heaven.
11 High in the mid ascent of heaven those Birds of beauteous pinion sit.
Back from his path they drive the wolf as he would cross the restless floods. Mark this my woe, ye Earth and Heaven.
12 Firm is this new-wrought hymn of praise, and meet to be told forth, O Gods.
The flowing of the floods is Law, Truth is the Sun's extended light. Mark this my woe, ye Earth and Heaven.
13 Worthy of laud, O Agni, is that kinship which thou hast with Gods.
Here seat thee like a man: most wise, bring thou the Gods for sacrifice. Mark this my woe, ye Earth and Heaven.

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

HYMN CVI. Viśvedevas.

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

HYMN CVII. Viśvedevas.

1. THE sacrifice obtains the Gods' acceptance: be graciously inclined to us, Ādityas.
Hitherward let your favour be directed, and be our best deliverer from trouble.
2 By praise-songs of Aṅgirases exalted, may the Gods come to us with their protection.
May Indra with his powers, Maruts with Maruts, Aditi with Ādityas grant us shelter.
3 This laud of ours may Varuṇa and Indra, Aryaman Agni, Savitar find pleasant.
This prayer of ours may Varuṇa grant, and Mitra, and Aditi and Sindhu, Earth and Heaven.

HYMN CVIII. Indra-Agni.

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

12 If, when the Sun to the mid-heaven hath mounted, ye take delight in food, O Indra-Agni,
Even from thence, ye mighty Lords, come hither, and drink libations of the flowing Soma.
13 Thus having drunk your fill of our libation, win us all kinds of wealth, Indra and Agni.
This prayer of ours may Varuṇa grant, and Mitra, and Aditi and Sindhu, Earth and Heaven.

HYMN CIX. Indra-Agni.

1. LONGING for weal I looked around, in spirit, for kinsmen, Indra-Agni, or for brothers.
No providence but yours alone is with me so have I wrought for you this hymn for succour.
2 For I have heard that ye give wealth more freely than worthless son-in-law or spouse's brother.
So offering to you this draught of Soma, I make you this new hymn, Indra and Agni,
3 Let us not break the cords: with this petition we strive to gain the powers of our forefathers.
For Indra-Agni the strong drops are joyful, for here in the bowl's lap are both the press-stones.
4 For you the bowl divine, Indra and Agni, presses the Soma gladly to delight you.
With hands auspicious and fair arms, ye Aśvins, haste, sprinkle it with sweetness in the waters.
5 You, I have heard, were mightiest, Indra-Agni, when Vṛtra fell and when the spoil was parted.
Sit at this sacrifice, ye ever active, on the strewn grass, and with the juice delight you.
6 Surpassing all men where they shout for battle, ye Twain exceed the earth and heaven in greatness.
Greater are ye than rivers and than mountains, O Indra-Agni, and all things beside them.
7 Bring wealth and give it, ye whose arms wield thunder: Indra and Agni, with your powers protect us.
Now of a truth these be the very sunbeams wherewith our fathers were of old united.
8 Give, ye who shatter forts, whose hands wield thunder: Indra and Agni, save us in our battles.
This prayer of ours may Varuṇa grant, and Mitra, and Aditi and Sindhu, Earth and Heaven.

HYMN CX. Ṛbhus.

1. THE holy work I wrought before is wrought again: my sweetest hymn is sung to celebrate your praise.
Here, O ye Ṛbhus, is this sea for all the Gods: sate you with Soma offered with the hallowing word.
2 When, seeking your enjoyment onward from afar, ye, certain of my kinsmen, wandered on your way,
Sons of Sudhanvan, after your long journeying, ye came unto the home of liberal Savitar.
3 Savitar therefore gave you immortality, because ye came proclaiming him whom naught can hide;
And this the drinking-chalice of the Asura, which till that time was one, ye made to be fourfold.
4 When they had served with zeal at sacrifice as priests, they, mortal as they were, gained immortality.
The Ṛbhus, children of Sudhanvan, bright as suns, were in a year's course made associate with prayers.
5 The Ṛbhus, with a rod measured, as 'twere a field, the single sacrificial chalice. wide of mouth,
Lauded of all who saw, praying for what is best, desiring glorious fame among Immortal Gods.
6 As oil in ladles, we through knowledge will present unto the Heroes of the firmament our hymn,—
The Ṛbhus who came near with this great Father's speed, and rose to heaven's high sphere to eat the strengthening food.
7 Ṛbhu to us is Indra freshest in his might, Ṛbhu with powers and wealth is giver of rich gifts.
Gods, through your favour may we on the happy day quell the attacks of those who pour no offerings forth.
8 Out of a skin, O Ṛbhus, once ye formed a cow, and brought the mother close unto her calf again.
Sons of Sudhanvan, Heroes, with surpassing skill ye made your aged Parents youthful as before.
9 Help us with strength where spoil is won, O Indra: joined with the Ṛbhus give us varied bounty.
This prayer of ours may Varuṇa grant, and Mitra, and Aditi and Sindhu, Earth and Heaven.

HYMN CXI. Ṛbhus.

1. WORKING with skill they wrought the lightly rolling car: they wrought the Bays who bear Indra and bring great gifts.
The Ṛbhus for their Parents made life young again; and fashioned for the calf a mother by its side.
2 For sacrifice make for us active vital power for skill and wisdom food with noble progeny.
Grant to our company this power most excellent, that with a family all-heroic we may dwell.
3 Do ye, O Ṛbhus, make prosperity for us, prosperity for car, ye Heroes, and for steed.
Grant us prosperity victorious evermore,
conquering foes in battle, strangers or akin.
4 Indra, the Ṛbhus' Lord, I invocate for aid, the Ṛbhus, Vājas, Maruts to the Soma draught.
Varuṇa, Mitra, both, yea, and the Aśvins Twain: let them speed us to wealth, wisdom, and victory.
5 May Ṛbhu send prosperity for battle, may Vāja conquering in the fight protect us.
This prayer of ours may Varuṇa grant, and Mitra, and Aditi and Sindhu, Earth and Heaven.

HYMN CXII. Aśvins.

1 To give first thought to them, I worship Heaven and Earth, and Agni, fair bright glow, to hasten their approach.
Come hither unto us, O Aśvins, with those aids wherewith in fight ye speed the war-cry to the spoil.
2 Ample, unfailing, they have mounted as it were an eloquent car that ye may think of us and give.

Come hither unto us, O Aśvins, with those aids wherewith ye help our thoughts to further holy acts.

3 Ye by the might which heavenly nectar giveth you are in supreme dominion Lords of all these folk.

Come hither unto us, O Aśvins, with those aids wherewith ye, Heroes, made the barren cow give milk.

4 The aids wherewith the Wanderer through his offspring's might, or the Two-Mothered Son shows swiftest mid the swift;

Wherewith the sapient one acquired his triple lore,—Come hither unto us, O Aśvins, with those aids.

5 Wherewith ye raised from waters, prisoned and fast bound, Rebha, and Vandana to look upon the light;

Wherewith ye succoured Kaṇva as he strove to win,—Come hither unto us, O Aśvins, with those aids.

6 Wherewith ye rescued Antaka when languishing deep in the pit, and Bhujyu with unfailing help.

And comforted Karkandhu, Vayya, in their woe,—Come hither unto us, O Aśvins, with those aids.

7 Wherewith ye gave Śucanti wealth and happy home, and made the fiery pit friendly for Atri's sake;

Wherewith ye guarded Purukutsa, Prśnigu,—Come hither unto us, O Aśvin; with those aids.

8 Mighty Ones, with what powers ye gave Parāvṛj aid what time ye made the blind and lame to see and walk;

Wherewith ye set at liberty the swallowed quail,—Come hither unto us, O Aśvins, with those aids.

9 Wherewith ye quickened the most sweet exhaustless flood, and comforted Vasiṣṭha, ye who ne'er decay;

And to Śrutarya, Kutsa, Narya gave your help,—Come hither unto us, O Aśvins, with those aids.

10 Wherewith ye helped, in battle of a thousand spoils, Viśpalā seeking booty, powerless to move.

Wherewith ye guarded friendly Vaśa, Aśva's son,—Come hither unto us, O Aśvins, with those aids.

11 Whereby the cloud, ye Bounteous Givers, shed sweet rain for Dīrghaśravas, for the merchant Auśija,

Wherewith ye helped Kakṣīvān, singer of your praise,—Come hither unto us, O Aśvins, with those aids.

12 Wherewith ye made Rasā swell full with water-floods, and urged to victory the car without a horse;

Wherewith Triśoka drove forth his recovered cows,—Come hither unto us, O Aśvins, with those aids.

13 Wherewith ye, compass round the Sun when far away, strengthened Mandhātar in his tasks as lord of lands,

And to sage Bharadvāja gave protecting help,—Come hither unto us, O Aśvins, with those aids.

14 Wherewith, when Śambara was slain, ye guarded well great Atithigva, Divodāsa, Kaśoju,

And Trasadasyu when the forts were shattered down,—Come hither unto us, O Aśvins, with those aids.

15 Wherewith ye honoured the great drinker Vamra, and Upastuta and Kali when he gained his wife,

And lent to Vyāśva and to Pṛthi favouring help,—Come hither unto us, O Aśvins, with those aids.

16 Wherewith, O Heroes, ye vouchsafed deliverance to Śayu, Atri, and to Manu long ago;

Wherewith ye shot your shafts in Syūmaraśmi's cause.—Come hither unto us, O Aśvins, with those aids.

17 Wherewith Paṭharvā, in his majesty of form, shone in his course like to a gathered kindled fire;

Wherewith ye helped Śāryāta in the mighty fray,—Come hither unto us, O Aśvins, with those aids.

18 Wherewith, Aṅgirases! ye triumphed in your heart, and onward went to liberate the flood of milk;

Wherewith ye helped the hero Manu with new strength,—Come hither unto us, O Aśvins, with those aids.

19 Wherewith ye brought a wife for Vimada to wed, wherewith ye freely gave the ruddy cows away;

Wherewith ye brought the host of kind Gods to Sudās—Come hither unto us, O Aśvins, with those aids.

20 Wherewith ye bring great bliss to him who offers gifts, wherewith ye have protected Bhujyu, Adhrigu,

And good and gracious Subharā and Ṛtastup,—Come hither unto us, O Aśvins, with those aids.

21 Wherewith ye served Kṛśānu where the shafts were shot, and helped the young man's horse to swiftness in the race;

Wherewith ye bring delicious honey to the bees,—Come hither unto us, O Aśvins, with those aids.

22 Wherewith ye speed the hero as he fights for kine in hero battle, in the strife for land and sons,

Wherewith ye safely guard his horses and his car,—Come hither unto us, O Aśvins with those aids.

23 Wherewith ye, Lords of Hundred Powers, helped Kutsa, son of Ārjuni, gave Turvīti and Dabhīti strength,

Favoured Dhvasanti and lent Puruṣanti help,—Come hither unto us, O Aśvins, with those aids.

24 Make ye our speech effectual, O ye Aśvins, and this our hymn, ye mighty Wonder-Workers.

In luckless game I call on you for succour: strengthen us also on the field of battle.

25 With, undiminished blessings, O ye Aśvins, for evermore both night and day protect us.

This prayer of ours may Varuṇa grant, and Mitra, and Aditi and Sindhu, Earth and Heaven.

HYMN CXIII. 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 birth-place for the Morning.

2 The Fair, the Bright is come with her white offspring; to her the Dark One hath resigned her dwelling.

Akin, immortal, following each other, changing their colours both the heavens move onward.

3 Common, unending is the Sisters' pathway; taught by the Gods, alternately they travel.

Fair-formed, of different hues and yet one-minded, Night and Dawn clash not, neither do they travel.

4 Bright leader of glad sounds, our eyes behold her; splendid in hue she hath unclosed the portals.

She, stirring up the world, hath shown us riches: Dawn hath awakened every living creature.

5 Rich Dawn, she sets afoot the coiled-up sleeper, one for enjoyment, one for wealth or worship,

Those who saw little for extended vision. All living creatures hath the Dawn awakened.

6 One to high sway, one to exalted glory, one to pursue his gain, and one his labour:

All to regard their different vocations, all moving creatures hath the Dawn awakened.

7 We see her there, the Child of Heaven apparent, the young Maid, flushing in her shining raiment.
Thou sovran Lady of all earthly treasure, flush on us here, auspicious Dawn, this morning.
8 She first of endless morns to come hereafter, follows the path of morns that have departed.
Dawn, at her rising, urges forth the living him who is dead she wakes not from his slumber.
9 As thou, Dawn, hast caused Agni to be kindled, and with the Sun's eye hast revealed creation.
And hast awakened men to offer worship, thou hast performed, for Gods, a noble service.
10 How long a time, and they shall be together,—Dawns that have shone and Dawns to shine hereafter?
She yearns for former Dawns with eager longing, and goes forth gladly shining with the others.
11 Gone are the men who in the days before us looked on the rising of the earlier Morning.
We, we the living, now behold her brightness and they come nigh who shall hereafter see her.
12 Foe-chaser, born of Law, the Law's protectress, joy-giver, waker of all pleasant voices,
Auspicious, bringing food for Gods' enjoyment, shine on us here, most bright, O Dawn, this morning.
13 From days eternal hath Dawn shone, the Goddess, and shows this light to-day, endowed with riches.
So will she shine on days to come immortal she moves on in her own strength, undecaying.
14 In the sky's borders hath she shone in splendour: the Goddess hath thrown off the veil of darkness.
Awakening the world with purple horses, on her well-harnessed chariot Dawn approaches.
15 Bringing all life-sustaining blessings with her, showing herself she sends forth brilliant lustre.
Last of the countless mornings that have vanished, first of bright morns to come hath Dawn arisen.
16 Arise! the breath, the life, again hath reached us: darkness hath passed away and light approacheth.
She for the Sun hath left a path to travel we have arrived where men prolong existence.
17 Singing the praises of resplendent Mornings with his hymn's web the priest, the poet rises.
Shine then to-day, rich Maid, on him who lauds thee, shine down on us the gift of life and offspring.
18 Dawns giving sons all heroes, kine and horses, shining upon the man who brings oblations,—
These let the Soma-presser gain when ending his glad songs louder than the voice of Vāyu.
19 Mother of Gods, Aditi's form of glory, ensign of sacrifice, shine forth exalted.
Rise up, bestowing praise on our devotion all-bounteous, make us chief among the people.
20 Whatever splendid wealth the Dawns bring with them to bless the man who offers praise and worship,
Even that may Mitra, Varuṇa vouchsafe us, and Aditi and Sindhu, Earth and Heaven.

HYMN CXIV. Rudra.

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

HYMN CXV. Sūrya.

1. THE brilliant presence of the Gods hath risen, the eye of Mitra, Varuṇa and Agni.
The soul of all that moveth not or moveth, the Sun hath filled the air and earth and heaven.
2 Like as a young man followeth a maiden, so doth the Sun the Dawn, resplendent Goddess:
Where pious men extend their generations, before the Auspicious One for happy fortune.
3 Auspicious are the Sun's Bay-coloured Horses, bright, changing hues, meet for our shouts of triumph.
Bearing our prayers, the sky's ridge have they mounted, and in a moment speed round earth and heaven.
4 This is the Godhead, this might of Sūrya: he hath withdrawn what spread o'er work unfinished.

When he hath loosed his Horses from their station, straight over all Night spreadeth out her garment.

5 In the sky's lap the Sun this form assumeth that Varuṇa and Mitra may behold it.

His Bay Steeds well maintain his power eternal, at one time bright and darksome at another.

6 This day, O Gods, while Sūrya is ascending, deliver us from trouble and dishonour.

This prayer of ours may Varuṇa grant, and Mitra, and Aditi and Sindhu, Earth and Heaven.

HYMN CXVI. Aśvins.

1. I TRIM like grass my song for the Nāsatyas and send their lauds forth as the wind drives rain-clouds,
Who, in a chariot rapid as an arrow, brought to the youthful Vimada a consort.

2 Borne on by rapid steeds of mighty pinion, or proudly trusting in the Gods' incitements.

That stallion ass of yours won, O Nāsatyas, that thousand in the race, in Yama's contest.

3 Yea, Aśvins, as a dead man leaves his riches, Tugra left Bhujyu in the cloud of waters.

Ye brought him back in animated vessels, traversing air, unwetted by the billows.

4 Bhujyu ye bore with winged things, Nāsatyas, which for three nights, three days full swiftly travelled,
To the sea's farther shore, the strand of ocean, in three cars, hundred-footed, with six horses.

5 Ye wrought that hero exploit in the ocean which giveth no support, or hold or station,

What time ye carried Bhujyu to his dwelling, borne in a ship with hundred oars, O Aśvins.

6 The white horse which of old ye gave Aghāśva, Aśvins, a gift to be his wealth for ever,—

Still to be praised is that your glorious present, still to be famed is the brave horse of Pedu.

7 O Heroes, ye gave wisdom to Kakṣīvān who sprang from Pajra's line, who sang your praises.

Ye poured forth from the hoof of your strong charger a hundred jars of wine as from a strainer.

8 Ye warded off with cold the fire's fierce burning; food very rich in nourishment ye furnished.

Atri, cast downward in the cavern, Aśvins ye brought, with all his people, forth to comfort.

9 Ye lifted up the well, O ye Nāsatyas, and set the base on high to open downward.

Streams flowed for folk of Gotama who thirsted, like rain to bring forth thousandfold abundance.

10 Ye from the old Cyavāna, O Nāsatyas, stripped, as 'twere mail, the skin upon

his body,

Lengthened his life when all had left him helpless, Dasras! and made him lord of youthful maidens.

11 Worthy of praise and worth the winning, Heroes, is that your favouring succour O Nāsatyas,

What time ye, knowing well his case, delivered Vandana from the pit like hidden treasure.

12 That mighty deed of yours, for gain, O Heroes, as thunder heraldeth the rain, I publish,

When, by the horse's head, Atharvan's offspring Dadhyac made known to you the Soma's sweetness.

13 In the great rite the wise dame called, Nāsatyas, you, Lords of many treasures, to assist her.

Ye heard the weakling's wife, as 'twere an order, and gave to her a son Hiranyahasta.

14 Ye from the wolf's jaws, as ye stood together, set free the quail, O Heroes, O Nāsatyas.

Ye, Lords of many treasures, gave the poet his perfect vision as he mourned his trouble.

15 When in the time of night, in Khela's battle, a leg was severed like a wild bird's pinion,

Straight ye gave Viśpalā a leg of iron that she might move what time the conflict opened.

16 His father robbed Rjrāśva of his eyesight who for the she-wolf slew a hundred wethers.

Ye gave him eyes, Nāsatyas, Wonder-Workers, Physicians, that he saw with sight uninjured.

17 The Daughter of the Sun your car ascended, first reaching as it were the goal with coursers.

All Deities within their hearts assented, and ye, Nāsatyas, are close linked with glory.

18 When to his house ye came, to Divodāsa, hasting to Bharadvāja, O ye Aśvins,

The car that came with you brought splendid riches: a porpoise and a bull were yoked together.

19 Ye, bringing wealth with rule, and life with offspring, life rich in noble heroes; O Nāsatyas,

Accordant came with strength to Jahnu's children who offered you thrice every day your portion.

20 Ye bore away at night by easy pathways Jāhuṣa compassed round on every quarter,

And, with your car that cleaves the toe asunder, Nāsatyas never decaying! rent the mountains.

21 One morn ye strengthened Vaśa for the battle, to gather spoils that might be told in thousands.

With Indra joined ye drove away misfortunes, yea foes of Pr̥thuśravas, O ye mighty.

22 From the deep well ye raised on high the water, so that Rcatka's son, Sara, should drink it;

And with your might, to help the weary Śayu, ye made the barren cow yield milk, Nāsatyas.

23 To Viśvaka, Nāsatyas! son of Krṣṇa, the righteous man who sought your aid and praised you,

Ye with your powers restored, like some lost creature, his son Viṣṇāpū for his eyes to look on.

24 Aśvins, ye raised, like Soma in a ladle Rebha, who for ten days and ten nights, fettered.

Had lain in cruel bonds, immersed and wounded, suffering sore affliction, in the waters.

25 I have declared your wondrous deeds, O Aśvins: may this be mine, and many kine and heroes.

May I, enjoying lengthened life, still seeing, enter old age as 'twere the house I live in.

HYMN CXVII. Aśvins.

1. AŚVINS, your ancient priest invites you hither to gladden you with draughts of meath of Soma.

Our gift is on the grass, our song apportioned: with food and strength come hither, O Nāsatyas.
2 That car of yours, swifter than thought, O Aśvins, which drawn by brave steeds cometh to the people,
Whereon ye seek the dwelling of the pious,—come ye thereon to our abode, O Heroes.
3 Ye freed sage Atri, whom the Five Tribes honoured, from the strait pit, ye Heroes with his people,
Baffling the guiles of the malignant Dasyu, repelling them, ye Mighty in succession.
4 Rebha the sage, ye mighty Heroes, Aśvins! whom, like a horse, vile men had sunk in water,—
Him, wounded, with your wondrous power ye rescued: your exploits of old time endure for ever.
5 Ye brought forth Vandana, ye Wonder-Workers, for triumph, like fair gold that hath been buried,
Like one who slumbered in destruction's bosom, or like the Sun when dwelling in the darkness.
6 Kakṣīvān, Pajra's son, must laud that exploit of yours, Nāsatyas, Heroes, ye who wander!
When from the hoof of your strong horse ye showered a hundred jars of honey for the people.
7 To Kṛṣṇa's son, to Viśvaka who praised you, O Heroes, ye restored his son Viṣṇāpū.
To Ghoṣā, living in her father's dwelling, stricken in years, ye gave a husband, Aśvins.
8 Ruṣatī, of the mighty people, Aśvins, ye gave to Śyāva of the line of Kaṇva.
This deed of yours, ye Strong Ones should be published, that ye gave glory to the son of Nrṣad.
9 O Aśvins, wearing many forms at pleasure, on Pedu ye bestowed a fleet-foot courser,
Strong, winner of a thousand spoils, resistless the serpent slayer, glorious, triumphant.
10 These glorious things are yours, ye Bounteous Givers; prayer, praise in both worlds are your habitation.
O Aśvins, when the sons of Pajra call you, send strength with nourishment to him who knoweth.
11 Hymned with the reverence of a son, O Aśvins ye Swift Ones giving booty to the singer,
Glorified by Agastya with devotion, established Viśpalā again, Nāsatyas.
12 Ye Sons of Heaven, ye Mighty, whither went ye, sought ye, for his fair praise the home of Kāvya.
When, like a pitcher full of gold, O Aśvins, on the tenth day ye lifted up the buried?
13 Ye with the aid of your great powers, O Aśvins, restored to youth the ancient man Cyavāna.
The Daughter of the Sun with all her glory, O ye Nāsatyas, chose your car to bear her.
14 Ye, ever-youthful Ones, again remembered Tugra, according to your ancient manner:
With horses brown of hue that flew with swift wings ye brought back Bhujyu from the sea of billows.
15 The son of Tugra had invoked you, Aśvins; borne on he went uninjured through the ocean.
Ye with your chariot swift as thought, well-harnessed, carried him off, O Mighty Ones, to safety.
16 The quail had invocated you, O Aśvins, when from the wolf's devouring jaws ye freed her.
With conquering car ye cleft the mountain's ridges: the offspring of Viśvāc ye killed with poison.
17 He whom for furnishing a hundred wethers to the she-wolf, his wicked father blinded,—
To him, Rjrāśva, gave ye eyes, O Aśvins; light to the blind ye sent for perfect vision.
18 To bring the blind man joy thus cried the she-wolf: O Aśvins, O ye Mighty Ones, O Heroes,
For me Rjrāśva, like a youthful lover, hath. cut piecemeal one and a hundred wethers.
19 Great and weal-giving is your aid, O Aśvins, ye, objects of all thought, made whole the cripple.
Purandhi also for this cause invoked you, and ye, O mighty, came to her with succours.
20 Ye, Wonder-Workers, filled with milk for Śayu the milkless cow, emaciated, barren;
And by your powers the child of Purumitra ye brought to Vimada to be his consort.
21 Ploughing and sowing barley, O ye Aśvins, milking out food for men, ye Wonder-Workers,
Blasting away the Dasyu with your trumpet, ye gave far-spreading light unto the Ārya.
22 Ye brought the horse's head, Aśvins, and gave it unto Dadhyac the offspring of Atharvan.
True, he revealed to you, O Wonder-Workers, sweet Soma, Tvaṣṭar's secret, as your girdle.
23 O Sages, evermore I crave your favour: be gracious unto all my prayers, O Aśvins.
Grant me, Nāsatyas, riches in abundance, wealth famous and accompanied with children.
24 With liberal bounty to the weakling's consorts ye, Heroes, gave a son Hiranyaḥasta;
And Śyāva, cut into three several pieces, ye brought to life again, O bounteous Aśvins.
25 These your heroic exploits, O ye Aśvins, done in the days of old, have men related.
May we, addressing prayer to you, ye Mighty, speak with brave sons about us to the synod.

HYMN CXVIII. Aśvins.

1. FLYING, with falcons, may your chariot, Aśvins, most gracious, bringing friendly help, come hither,—
Your chariot, swifter than the mind of mortal, fleet as the wind, three-seated O ye Mighty.
- 2 Come to us with your chariot triple seated, three-wheeled, of triple form, that rolleth lightly.
Fill full our cows, give mettle to our horses, and make each hero son grow strong, O Aśvins.
- 3 With your well-rolling car, descending swiftly, hear this the press-stone's song, ye Wonder-Workers.
How then have ancient sages said, O Aśvins, that ye most swiftly come to stay affliction?
- 4 O Aśvins, let your falcons bear you hither, yoked to your chariot, swift, with flying pinions,
Which, ever active, like the airy eagles, carry you, O Nāsatyas, to the banquet.
- 5 The youthful Daughter of the Sun, delighting in you, ascended there your chariot, Heroes.

Borne on their swift wings let your beauteous horses, your birds of ruddy hue, convey you near us.
6 Ye raised up Vandana, strong Wonder-Workers! with great might, and with power ye rescued Rebha.
From out the sea ye saved the son of Tugra, and gave his youth again unto Cyavāna.
7 To Atri, cast down to the fire that scorched him, ye gave, O Aśvins, strengthening food and favour.
Accepting his fair praises with approval, ye gave his eyes again to blinded Kaṇva.
8 For ancient Śayu in his sore affliction ye caused his cow to swell with milk, O Aśvins.
The quail from her great misery ye delivered, and a new leg for Viśpalā provided.
9 A white horse, Aśvins, ye bestowed on Pedu, a serpent-slaying steed sent down by Indra,
Loud-neighing, conquering the foe, high-mettled, firm-limbed and vigorous, winning thousand treasures.
10 Such as ye are, O nobly born, O Heroes, we in our trouble call on you for succour.
Accepting these our songs, for our wellbeing come to us on your chariot treasure-laden.
11 Come unto us combined in love, Nāsatyas come with the fresh swift vigour of the falcon.
Bearing oblations I invoke you, Aśvins, at the first break of everlasting morning.

HYMN CXIX. Aśvins.

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

HYMN CXX. Aśvins.

1. AŚVINS, what praise may win your grace? Who may be pleasing to you both?
How shall the ignorant worship you?
2 Here let the ignorant ask the means of you who know—for none beside you knoweth aught—
Not of a spiritless mortal man.
3 Such as ye: are, all-wise, we call you. Ye wise, declare to us this day accepted prayer.
Loving you well your servant lauds you.
4 Simply, ye Mighty Ones, I ask the Gods of that wondrous oblation hallowed by the mystic word.
Save us from what is stronger, fiercer than ourselves.
5 Forth go the hymn that shone in Ghoṣā Bhṛgu's like, the song wherewith the son of Pajra worships you,
Like some wise minister.
6 Hear ye the song of him who hastens speedily. O Aśvins, I am he who sang your praise.
Hither, ye Lords of Splendour, hither turn your eyes.
7 For ye were ever nigh to deal forth ample wealth, to give the wealth that ye had gathered up.
As such, ye Vasus, guard us well, and keep us safely from the wicked wolf.
8 Give us not up to any man who hateth us, nor let our milch-cows stray, whose udders give us food,
Far from our homes without their calves.
9 May they who love you gain you for their Friends. Prepare ye us for opulence with strengthening food,
Prepare us for the food that floweth from our cows
10 I have obtained the horseless car of Aśvins rich in sacrifice,
And I am well content therewith.
11 May it convey me evermore: may the light chariot pass from men
To men unto the Soma draught.
12 It holdeth slumber in contempt. and the rich who enjoyeth not:
Both vanish quickly and are lost.

HYMN CXXI. Indra.

1. WHEN Will men's guardians hastening hear with favour the song of Aṅgiras's pious children?

When to the people of the home he cometh he strideth to the sacrifice, the Holy.

2 He stablished heaven; he poured forth, skilful worker, the wealth of kine, for strength, that nurtures heroes. The Mighty One his self-born host regarded, the horse's mate, the mother of the heifer.

3 Lord of red dawns, he came victorious, daily to the Aṅgirases' former invocation.

His bolt and team hath he prepared, and stablished the heaven for quadrupeds and men two-footed.

4 In joy of this thou didst restore, for worship, the lowing company of hidden cattle.

When the three-pointed one descends with onslaught he opens wide the doors that cause man trouble.

5 Thine is that milk which thy swift-moving Parents brought down, a strengthening genial gift for conquest; When the pure treasure unto thee they offered, the milk shed from the cow who streameth nectar.

6 There is he born. May the Swift give us rapture, and like the Sun shine forth from yonder dawning,

Indu, even us who drank, whose toils are offerings, poured from the spoon, with praise, upon the altar.

7 When the wood-pile, made of good logs, is ready, at the Sun's worship to bind fast the Bullock,

Then when thou shinest forth through days of action for the Car-borne, the Swift, the Cattle-seeker.

8 Eight steeds thou broughtest down from mighty heaven, when fighting for the well that giveth splendour, That men might press with stones the gladdening yellow, strengthened with milk, fermenting, to exalt thee.

9 Thou hurledst forth from heaven the iron missile, brought by the Skilful, from the sling of leather,

When thou, O Much-invoked, assisting Kutsa with endless deadly darts didst compass Śuṣṇa.

10 Bolt-armed, ere darkness overtook the sunlight, thou castest at the veiling cloud thy weapon,

Thou rentest, out of heaven, though firmly knotted, the might of Śuṣṇa that was thrown around him.

11 The mighty Heaven and Earth, those bright expanses that have no wheels, joyed, Indra, at thine exploit.

Vṛtra, the boar who lay amid the waters, to sleep thou sentest with thy mighty thunder.

12 Mount Indra, lover of the men thou guardest, the well-yoked horses of the wind, best bearers.

The bolt which Kāvya Uśanā erst gave thee, strong, gladdening, Vṛtra-slaying, hath he fashioned.

13 The strong Bay Horses of the Sun thou stayedst: this Etaśa drew not the wheel, O Indra.

Casting them forth beyond the ninety rivers thou dravest down into the pit the godless.

14 Indra, preserve thou us from this affliction Thunder-armed, save us from the misery near us.

Vouchsafe us affluence in chariots, founded on horses, for our food and fame and gladness.

15 Never may this thy loving-kindness fail us; mighty in strength, may plenteous food surround us.

Maghavan, make us share the foeman's cattle: may we be thy most liberal feast companions.

HYMN CXXII Viśvedevas.

1. SAY, bringing sacrifice to bounteous Rudra, This juice for drink to you whose wrath is fleeting!

With Dyaus the Asura's Heroes I have lauded the Maruts as with prayer to Earth and Heaven.

2 Strong to exalt the early invocation are Night and Dawn who show with varied aspect.

The Barren clothes her in wide-woven raiment, and fair Morn shines with Sūrya's golden splendour.

3 Cheer us the Roamer round, who strikes at morning, the Wind delight us, pourer forth of waters!

Sharpen our wits, O Parvata and Indra. May all the Gods vouchsafe to us this favour.

4 And Auśija shall call for me that famous Pair who enjoy and drink, who come to brighten.

Set ye the Offspring of the Floods before you; both Mothers of the Living One who beameth.

5 For you shall Auśija call him who thunders, as, to win Arjuna's assent, cried Ghoṣā.

I will invoke, that Pūṣan may be bounteous to you, the rich munificence of Agni.

6 Hear, Mitra-Varuṇa, these mine invocations, hear them from all men in the hall of worship.

Giver of famous gifts, kind hearer, Sindhu who gives fair fields, listen with all his waters!

7 Praised, Mitra, Varuṇa! is your gift, a hundred cows to the Prkṣayāmas and the Pajra.

Presented by car-famous Priyaratha, supplying nourishment, they came directly.

8 Praised is the gift of him the very wealthy: may we enjoy it, men with hero children:

His who hath many gifts to give the Pajras, a chief who makes me rich in cars and horses.

9 The folk, O Mitra-Varuṇa, who hate you, who sinfully hating pour you no libations,

Lay in their hearts, themselves, a wasting sickness, whereas the righteous gaineth all by worship.

10 That man, most puissant, wondrously urged onward, famed among heroes, liberal in giving,

Moveth a warrior, evermore undaunted in all encounters even with the mighty.

11 Come to the man's, the sacrificer's calling: hear, Kings of Immortality, joy-givers!

While ye who speed through clouds decree your bounty largely, for fame, to him the chariot rider.

12 Vigour will we bestow on that adorer whose tenfold draught we come to taste, so spake they.

May all in whom rest splendour and great riches obtain refreshment in these sacrifices.

13 We will rejoice to drink the tenfold present when the twicefive come bearing sacred viands.

What can he do whose steeds and reins are choicest? These, the all-potent, urge brave men to conquest.

14 The sea and all the Deities shall give us him with the golden ear and neck bejewelled.

Dawns, hasting to the praises of the pious, be pleased with us, both offerers and singers.

15 Four youthful sons of Maśarśāra vex me, three, of the king, the conquering Ayavasa.

Now like the Sun, O Varuṇa and Mitra, your car hath shone, long-shaped and reined with splendour.

HYMN CXXIII. Dawn.

1. THE Dakṣinā's broad chariot hath been harnessed: this car the Gods Immortal have ascended.

Fain to bring light to homes of men the noble and active Goddess hath emerged from darkness.

2 She before all the living world hath wakened, the Lofty One who wins and gathers treasure.

Revived and ever young on high she glances. Dawn hath come first unto our morning worship.

3 If, Dawn, thou Goddess nobly born, thou dealest fortune this day to all the race of mortals,

May Savitar the God, Friend of the homestead, declare before the Sun that we are sinless.

4 Showing her wonted form each day that passeth, spreading the light she visiteth each dwelling.

Eager for conquest, with bright sheen she cometh. Her portion is the best of goodly treasures.

5 Sister of Varuṇa, sister of Bhaga, first among all sing forth, O joyous Morning.

Weak be the strength of him who worketh evil: may we subdue him with our car the guerdon.

6 Let our glad hymns and holy thoughts rise upward, for the flames brightly burning have ascended.

The far-refulgent Mornings make apparent the lovely treasures which the darkness covered.

7 The one departeth and the other cometh: unlike in hue day's, halves march on successive.

One hides the gloom of the surrounding Parents. Dawn on her shining chariot is resplendent.

8 The same in form to-day, the same tomorrow, they still keep Varuṇa's eternal statute.

Blameless, in turn they traverse thirty regions, and dart across the spirit in a moment.

9 She who hath knowledge Of the first day's nature is born resplendent white from out the darkness.

The Maiden breaketh not the law of Order, day by day coming to the place appointed.

10 In pride of beauty like a maid thou goest, O Goddess, to the God who longs to win thee,

And smiling youthful, as thou shinest brightly, before him thou discoverest thy bosom.

11 Fair as a bride embellished by her mother thou showest forth thy form that all may see it.

Blessed art thou O Dawn. Shine yet more widely. No other Dawns have reached what thou attainest.

12 Rich in kine, horses, and all goodly treasures, in constant operation with the sunbeams,

The Dawns depart and come again assuming their wonted forms that promise happy fortune.

13 Obedient to the rein of Law Eternal give us each thought that more and more shall bless us.

Shine thou on us to-day, Dawn, swift to listen. With us be riches and with chiefs who worship.

HYMN CXXIV. Dawn.

1. THE Dawn resplendent when the fire is kindled, and the Sun rising, far diffuse their brightness.

Savitar, God, hath sent us forth to labour, each quadruped, each biped, to be active.

2 Not interrupting heavenly ordinances, although she minisheth human generations.

The last of endless morns that have departed, the first of those that come, Dawn brightly shineth.

3 There in the eastern region she, Heaven's Daughter, arrayed in garments all of light, appeareth.

Truly she followeth the path of Order, nor faileth, knowing well, the heavenly quarters.

4 Near is she seen, as 'twere the Bright One's bosom: she sheweth sweet things like a new song-singer.

She cometh like a fly awaking sleepers, of all returning dames most true and constant.

5 There in the east half of the watery region the Mother of the Cows hath shown her ensign.

Wider and wider still she spreadeth onward, and filleth full the laps of both heir Parents.

6 She, verily, exceeding vast to look on debarreth from her light nor kin nor stranger.

Proud of her spotless form she, brightly shining, turneth not from the high nor from the humble.

7 She seeketh men, as she who hath no brother, mounting her car, as 'twere to gather riches.

Dawn, like a loving matron for her husband, smiling and well attired, unmasks her beauty.

8 The Sister quitteth, for the elder Sister, her place, and having looked on her departeth.

She decks her beauty, shining forth with sunbeams, like women trooping to the festal meeting.

9 To all these Sisters who ere now have vanished a later one each day in course succeedeth.

So, like the past, with days of happy fortune, may the new Dawns shine forth on us with riches.

10 Rouse up, O Wealthy One, the liberal givers; let niggard traffickers sleep on unwakened:

Shine richly, Wealthy One, on those who worship, richly, glad.

Dawn while wasting, on the singer.

11 This young Maid from the east hath shone upon us; she harnesseth her team of bright red oxen.

She will beam forth, the light will hasten hither, and Agni will be present in each dwelling.

12 As the birds fly forth from their resting places, so men with store of food rise at thy dawning.

Yea, to the liberal mortal who remaineth at home, O Goddess Dawn, much good thou bringest.

13 Praised through my prayer be ye who should be lauded. Ye have increased our wealth, ye Dawns who love us.

Goddesses, may we win by your good favour wealth to be told by hundreds and by thousands.

HYMN CXXV. Svanaya.

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

HYMN CXXVI. Bhāvayavya.

1. WITH wisdom I present these lively praises of Bhāvya dweller on the bank of Sindhu;
For he, unconquered King, desiring glory, hath furnished me a thousand sacrifices.
2 A hundred necklets from the King, beseeching, a hundred gift-steeds I at once accepted;
Of the lord's cows a thousand, I Kaksīvān. His deathless glory hath he spread to heaven.
3 Horses of dusky colour stood beside me, ten chariots, Svanaya's gift, with mares to draw them.
Kine numbering sixty thousand followed after. Kaksīvān gained them when the days were closing.
4 Forty bay horses of the ten cars' master before a thousand lead the long procession.
Reeling in joy Kaksīvān's sons and Pajra's have grounded the coursers decked with pearly trappings.
5 An earlier gift for you have I accepted eight cows, good milkers, and three harnessed horses,
Pajras, who with your wains with your great kinsman, like troops of subjects, have been fain for glory.
6 [Ille loquitur]. Adhaerens, arcte adhaerens, illa quae mustelae similis se abdidit, multum humorem effundens, dat mihi complexuum centum gaudia.
7. [Ille loquitur]. Prope, prope accede; molliter me tange. Ne putas pilos corporis mei-paucos esse: tota sum villosa sicut Gandharium ovis.

HYMN CXXVII Agni.

1. AGNI I hold as herald, the munificent, the gracious, Son of Strength, who knoweth all that live, as holy Singer, knowing all, Lord of fair rites, a God with form erected turning to the Gods,
He, when the flame hath sprung forth from the holy oil, the offered fatness, longeth for it with his glow.
2 We, sacrificing, call on thee best worshipper, the eldest of Aṅgirases, Singer, with hymns, thee, brilliant One! with singers' hymns;
Thee, wandering round as 't were the sky, who art the invoking Priest of men,
Whom, Bull with hair of flame the people must observe, the people that he speed them on.
3 He with his shining glory blazing far and wide, he verily it is who slayeth demon foes, slayeth the demons like an axe:
At whose close touch things solid shake, and what is stable yields like trees.
Subduing all, he keeps his ground and flinches not, from the skilled archer flinches not.
4 To him, as one who knows, even things solid yield: unrough fire-sticks heated hot he gives his gifts to aid. Men offer Agni gifts for aid.
He deeply piercing many a thing hews it like wood with fervent glow.
Even hard and solid food he crunches with his might, yea, hard and solid food with might.
5 Here near we place the sacrificial food for him who shines forth fairer in the night than in the day, with life then stronger than by day.
His life gives sure and firm defence as that one giveth to a son.
The during fires enjoy things given and things not given, the during fires enjoy as food.
6 He, roaring very loudly like the Maruts' host, in fertile cultivated fields adorable, in desert spots adorable,
Accepts and eats our offered gifts, ensign of sacrifice by desert;
So let all, joying, love his path when he is glad, as men pursue a path for bliss.
7 Even as they who sang forth hymns, addressed to heaven, the Bhṛgus with their prayer and praise invited him, the Bhṛgus rubbing, offering gifts.
For radiant Agni, Lord of all these treasures, is exceeding strong.
May he, the wise, accept the grateful coverings, the wise accept the coverings.
8 Thee we invoke, the Lord of all our settled homes, common to all, the household's guardian, to enjoy, bearer of true hymns, to enjoy.

Thee we invoke, the guest of men, by whose mouth, even as a sire's,

All these Immortals come to gain their food of life, oblations come to Gods as food.

9 Thou, Agni, most victorious with thy conquering strength, most Mighty One, art born for service of the Gods, like wealth for service of the Gods.

Most mighty is thine ecstasy, most splendid is thy mental power.

Therefore men wait upon thee, undecaying One, like vassals, undecaying One.

10 To him the mighty, conquering with victorious strength, to Agni walking with the dawn, who sendeth kine, be sung your laud, to Agni sung;

As he who with oblation comes calls him aloud in every place.

Before the brands of fire he shouteth singerlike, the herald, kindler of the brands.

11 Agni, beheld by us in nearest neighbourhood, accordant with the Gods, bring us, with gracious love, great riches with thy gracious love.

Give us O Mightiest, what is great, to see and to enjoy the earth.

As one of awful power, stir up heroic might for those who praise thee, Bounteous Lord!

HYMN CXXVIII. Agni.

1. By Manu's law was born this Agni, Priest most skilled, born for the holy work of those who yearn therefore, yea, born for his own holy work.

All ear to him who seeks his love and wealth to him who strives for fame,

Priest ne'er deceived, he sits in Ilā's holy place, girt round in Ilā's holy place.

2 We call that perfecter of worship by the path or sacrifice; with reverence rich in offerings, with worship rich in offerings.

Through presentation of our food he grows not old in this his from;

The God whom Mātariśvan brought from far away, for Manu brought from far away.

3 In ordered course forthwith he traverses the earth, swift-swallowing, bellowing Steer, bearing the genial seed, bearing the seed and bellowing.

Observant with a hundred eyes the God is conqueror in the wood:

Agni, who hath his seat in broad plains here below, and in the high lands far away.

4 That Agni, wise High-Priest, in every house takes thought for sacrifice and holy service, yea, takes thought, with mental power, for sacrifice.

Disposer, he with mental power shows all things unto him who strives;

Whence he was born a guest enriched with holy oil, born as Ordainer and as Priest.

5 When through his power and in his strong prevailing flames the Maruts' gladdening boons mingle with Agni's roar, boons gladdening for the active One,

Then he accelerates the gift, and by the greatness of his wealth,

Shall rescue us from overwhelming misery, from curse and overwhelming woe.

6 Vast, universal, good he was made messenger; the speeder with his right hand hath not loosed his hold, through love of fame not loosed his hold.

He bears oblations to the Gods for whosoever supplicates.

Agni bestows a blessing on each pious man, and opens wide the doors for him.

7 That Agni hath been set most kind in camp of men, in sacrifice like a Lord victorious, like a dear Lord in sacred rites.

His are the oblations of mankind when offered up at Ilā's place.

He shall preserve us from Varuṇa's chastisement, yea, from the great God's chastisement.

8 Agni the Priest they supplicate to grant them wealth: him, dear, most thoughtful, have they made their messenger, him, offering-bearer have they made,

Beloved of all, who knoweth all, the Priest, the Holy one, the Sage—

Him, Friend, for help, the Gods when they are fain for wealth, him, Friend, with hymns, when fain for wealth.

HYMN CXXIX Indra.

1. THE car which Indra, thou, for service of the Gods though it be far away, O swift One, bringest near, which, Blameless One, thou bringest near,

Place swiftly nigh us for our help: be it thy will that it be strong.

Blameless and active, hear this speech of orderers, this speech of us like orderers.

2 Hear, Indra, thou whom men in every fight must call to show thy strength, for cry of battle with the men, with men of war for victory.

He who with heroes wins the light, who with the singers gains the prize,

Him the rich seek to gain even as a swift strong steed, even as a courser fleet and strong.

3 Thou, Mighty, pourest forth the hide that holds the rain, thou keepest far away, Hero, the wicked man, thou shuttest out the wicked man.

Indra, to thee I sing, to Dyaus, to Rudra glorious in himself,

To Mitra, Varuṇa I sing a far-famed hymn to the kind God a far-famed hymn.

4 We wish our Indra here that he may further you, the Friend, beloved of all, the very strong ally, in wars the very strong ally

In all encounters strengthen thou our prayer to be a help to us.

No enemy—whom thou smitest down—subdueth thee, no enemy, whom thou smitest down.

5 Bow down the overweening pride of every foe with succour like to kindling-wood in fiercest flame, with mighty succour, Mighty One.

Guide us, thou Hero, as of old, so art thou counted blameless still.

Thou drivest, as a Priest, all sins of man away, as Priest, in person, seeking us.

6 This may I utter to the present Soma-drop, which, meet to be invoked, with power, awakes the prayer, awakes the demon-slaying prayer.

May he himself with darts of death drive far from us the scorner's hate.

Far let him flee away who speaketh wickedness and vanish like a mote of dust.

7 By thoughtful invocation this may we obtain, obtain great wealth, O Wealthy One, with Hero sons, wealth that is sweet with hero sons.

Him who is wroth we pacify with sacred food and eulogies,

Indra the Holy with our calls inspired and true, the Holy One with calls inspired.

8 On, for your good and ours, come Indra with the aid of his own lordliness to drive the wicked hence, to rend the evil-hearted ones!

The weapon which devouring fiends cast at us shall destroy themselves.

Struck down, it shall not reach the mark; hurled forth, the fire-brand shall not strike.

9 With riches in abundance, Indra, come to us, come by an unobstructed path, come by a path from demons free.

Be with us when we stray afar, be with us when our home is nigh.

Protect us with thy help both near and far away: protect us ever with thy help.

10 Thou art our own, O Indra, with victorious wealth: let might accompany thee, the Strong, to give us aid, like Mitra, to give mighty aid.

O strongest saviour, helper thou, Immortal! of each warrior's car.

Hurt thou another and not us, O Thunder-armed, one who would hurt, O Thunder-armed!

11 Save us from injury, thou who art well extolled: ever the warder-off art thou of wicked ones, even as a God, of wicked ones; Thou slayer of the evil fiend, saviour of singer such as I.

Good Lord, the Father made thee slayer of the fiends, made thee, good Lord, to slay the fiends.

HYMN CXXX. Indra.

1. Come to us, Indra, from afar, conducting us even as a lord of heroes to the gatherings, home, like a King, his heroes' lord.

We come with gifts of pleasant food, with juice poured forth, invoking thee,

As sons invite a sire, that thou mayst get thee strength thee, bounteousest, to get thee strength.

2 O Indra, drink the Soma juice pressed out with stones. poured from the reservoir, as an ox drinks the spring, a very thirsty bull the spring.

For the sweet draught that gladdens thee, for mightiest freshening of thy strength.

Let thy Bay Horses bring thee hither as the Sun, as every day they bring the Sun.

3 He found the treasure brought from heaven that lay concealed, close-hidden, like the nestling of a bird, in rock, enclosed in never-ending rock.

Best Āngiras, bolt-armed, he strove to win, as 'twere, the stall of kine;

So Indra hath disclosed the food concealed, disclosed the doors, the food that lay concealed.

4 Grasping his thunderbolt with both hands, Indra made its edge most keen, for hurling, like a carving-knife for Ahi's slaughter made it keen.

Endued with majesty and strength, O Indra, and with lordly might,

Thou crashest down the trees, as when a craftsman fells, crashest them down as with an axe.

5 Thou, Indra, without effort hast let loose the floods to run their free course down,

like chariots, to the sea, like chariots showing forth their strength.

They, reaching hence away, have joined their strength for one eternal end,

Even as the cows who poured forth every thing for man, Yea, poured forth all things for mankind.

6 Eager for riches, men have formed for thee this song, like as a skilful craftsman fashioneth a car, so have they wrought thee to their bliss;

Adorning thee, O Singer, like a generous steed for deeds of might,

Yea, like a steed to show his strength and win the prize, that he may bear each prize away.

7 For Pūru thou hast shattered, Indra ninety forts, for Divodāsa thy boon servant with thy bolt, O Dancer, for thy worshipper.

For Atithigva he, the Strong, brought Śambara. from the mountain down,

Distributing the mighty treasures with his strength, parting all treasures with his strength.

8 Indra in battles help his Āryan worshipper, he who hath hundred helps at hand in every fray, in frays that win the light of heaven.

Plaguing the lawless he gave up to Manu's seed the dusky skin;

Blazing, 'twere, he burns each covetous man away, he burns, the tyrannous away.

9 Waxed strong in might at dawn he tore the Sun's wheel off. Bright red, he steals away their speech, the Lord of Power, their

speech he steals away from them,

As thou with eager speed, O Sage, hast come from far away to help,

As winning for thine own all happiness of men, winning all happiness each day.

10 Praised with our new hymns, O vigorous in deed, save us with strengthening help, thou Shatterer of the Forts!

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

HYMN CXXXI. Indra.

1. To Indra Dyas the Asura hath bowed him down, to Indra mighty Earth with wide-extending tracts, to win the light, with wide-spread tracts.

All Gods of one accord have set Indra in front preeminent.

For Indra all libations must be set apart, all man's libations set apart.

2 In all libations men with hero spirit urge the Universal One, each seeking several light, each fain to win the light apart.

Thee, furthering like a ship, will we set to the chariot-pole of strength,

As men who win with sacrifices Indra's thought, men who win Indra with their lauds.

3 Couples desirous of thine aid are storming thee, pouring their presents forth to win a stall of kine, pouring gifts, Indra, seeking thee.

When two men seeking spoil or heaven thou bringest face to face in war,

Thou shwest, Indra, then the bolt thy constant friend, the Bull that ever waits on thee.

4 This thine heroic power men of old time have known, wherewith thou breakest down, Indra, autumnal forts, breakest them down with conquering might.

Thou hast chastised, O Indra, Lord of Strength, the man who worships not,

And made thine own this great earth and these water-floods; with joyous heart these water-floods.

5 And they have bruited far this hero-might when thou, O Strong One, in thy joy helpest thy suppliants, who sought to win thee for their Friend.

Their battle-cry thou madest sound victorious in the shocks of war.

One stream after another have they gained from thee, eager for glory have they gained.

6. Also this morn may he be well inclined to us, mark at our call our offerings and our song of praise, our call that we may win the light.

As thou, O Indra Thunder-armed, wilt, as the Strong One, slay the foe,

Listen thou to the prayer of me a later sage, hear thou a later sage's prayer.

7 O Indra, waxen strong and well-inclined to us, thou very mighty, slay the man that is our foe, slay the man, Hero! with thy bolt.

Slay thou the man who injures us: hear thou, as readiest, to hear.

Far be malignity, like mischief on the march, afar be all malignity.

HYMN CXXXII. Indra.

1. HELPED, Indra Maghavan, by thee in war of old, may we subdue in fight the men who strive with us, conquer the men who war with us.

This day that now is close at hand bless him who pours the Soma juice.

In this our sacrifice may we divide the spoil, showing our strength, the spoil of war.

2 In war which wins the light, at the free-giver's call, at due oblation of the early-rising one, oblation of the active one,

Indra slew, even as we know—whom each bowed head must reverence.

May all thy bounteous gifts be gathered up for us, yea, the good gifts of thee the Good.

3 This food glows for thee as of old at sacrifice, wherein they made thee chooser of the place, for thou choosest the place of sacrifice.

Speak thou and make it known to us: they see within with beams of light.

Indra, indeed, is found a seeker after spoil, spoil-seeker for his own allies.

4 So now must thy great deed be lauded as of old, when for the Aṅgirases thou openedst the stall, openedst, giving aid, the stall.

In the same manner for us here fight thou and be victorious:

To him who pours the juice give up the lawless man, the lawless who is wroth with us.

5 When with wise plan the Hero leads the people forth, they conquer in the ordered battle, seeking fame, press, eager, onward seeking fame.

To him in time of need they sing for life with offspring and with strength.

Their hymns with Indra find a welcome place of rest: the hymns go forward to the Gods.

6 Indra and Parvata, our champions in the fight, drive ye away each man who fain would war with us, drive him far from us with the bolt.

Welcome to him concealed afar shall he the lair that he hath found.

So may the Render rend our foes on every side, rend them, O Hero, everywhere.

HYMN CXXXIII. Indra.

1. WITH sacrifice I purge both earth and heaven: I burn up great she-fiends who serve not Indra,

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

HYMN CXXXIV. Vāyu.

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

HYMN CXXXV. Vāyu, Indra-Vāyu.

1. STREWN is the sacred grass; come Vāyu, to our feast, with team of thousands, come, Lord of the harnessed team, with
hundreds, Lord of harnessed steeds!
The drops divine are lifted up for thee, the God, to drink them first.
The juices rich in sweets have raised them for thy joy, have raised themselves to give thee strength.
2 Purified by the stones the Soma flows for thee, clothed with its lovely splendours, to the reservoir, flows clad in its resplendent
light.
For thee the Soma is poured forth, thy portioned share mid Gods and men.
Drive thou thy horses, Vāyu, come to us with love, come well-inclined and loving us.
3 Come thou with hundreds, come with thousands in thy team to this our solemn rite, to taste the sacred food, Vāyu, to taste the
offerings.
This is thy seasonable share, that comes co-radiant with the Sun.
Brought by attendant priests pure juice is offered up, Vāyu, pure juice is offered up.
4 The chariot with its team of horses bring you both, to guard us and to taste the well-appointed food, Vāyu, to taste the
offerings!
Drink of the pleasant-flavoured juice: the first draught is assigned to you.
O Vāyu, with your splendid bounty come ye both, Indra, with bounty come ye both.
5 May our songs bring you hither to our solemn rites: these drops of mighty vigour have they beautified, like a swift steed of

mighty strength.

Drink of them well-inclined to us, come hitherward to be our help.

Drink, Indra-Vāyu, of these Juices pressed with stones, Strength-givers! till they gladden you.

6 These Soma juices pressed for you in waters here, borne by attendant priests, are offered up to you: bright, Vāyu, are they offered up.

Swift through the strainer have they flowed, and here are shed for both of you,

Soma-drops, fain for you, over the wether's fleece, Somas over the wether's fleece.

7 O Vāyu, pass thou over all the slumberers, and where the press-stone rings enter ye both that house, yea, Indra, go ye both within.

The joyous Maiden is beheld, the butter flows. With richly laden team come to our solemn rite, yea, Indra, come ye to the rite.

8 Ride hither to the offering of the pleasant juice, the holy Fig-tree which victorious priests surround: victorious be they still for us.

At once the cows yield milk, the barley-meal is dressed. For thee,

O Vāyu, never shall the cows grow thin, never for thee shall they be dry.

9 These Bulls of thine, O Vāyu with the arm of strength, who swiftly fly within the current of thy stream, the Bulls increasing in their might,

Horseless, yet even through the waste swift-moving, whom no shout can stay,

Hard to be checked are they, like sunbeams, in their course. hard to be checked by both the hands.

HYMN CXXXVI. Mitra-Varuṇa.

1. BRING adoration ample and most excellent, hymn, offerings, to the watchful Twain, the bountiful, your sweetest to the bounteous Ones.

Sovrans adored with streams of oil and praised at every sacrifice.

Their high imperial might may nowhere be assailed, ne'er may their Godhead be assailed.

2 For the broad Sun was seen a path more widely laid, the path of holy law hath been maintained with rays, the eye with Bhaga's rays of light.

Firm-set in heaven is Mitra's home, and Aryaman's and Varuṇa's.

Thence they give forth great vital strength which merits praise, high power of life that men shall praise.

3 With Aditi the luminous, the celestial, upholder of the people, come ye day by day, ye who watch sleepless, day by day.

Resplendent might have ye obtained, Ādityas, Lords of liberal gifts.

Movers of men, mild both, are Mitra, Varuṇa, mover of men is Aryaman.

4 This Soma be most sweet to Mitra, Varuṇa: he in the drinking-feasts, shall have a share thereof, sharing, a God, among the Gods.

May all the Gods of one accord accept it joyfully to-day.

Therefore do ye, O Kings, accomplish what we ask, ye Righteous Ones, whate'er we ask.

5 Whoso, with worship serves Mitra and Varuṇa, him guard ye carefully, uninjured, from distress, guard from distress the liberal man.

Aryaman guards him well who acts uprightly following his law,

Who beautifies their service with his lauds, who makes it beautiful with songs of praise.

6 Worship will I profess to lofty Dyaus, to Heaven and Earth, to Mitra and to bounteous Varuṇa, the Bounteous, the Compassionate.

Praise Indra, praise thou Agni, praise Bhaga and heavenly Aryaman.

Long may we live and have attendant progeny, have progeny with Soma's help.

7 With the Gods' help, with Indra still beside us, may we be held self-splendid with the Maruts.

May Agni, Mitra, Varuṇa give us shelter this may we gain, we and our wealthy princes.

HYMN CXXXVII. Mitra-Varuṇa.

1. WITH stones have we pressed out: O come; these gladdening drops are blent with milk, these Soma-drops which gladden you. Come to us, Kings who reach to heaven, approach us, coming hitherward.

These milky drops are yours, Mitra and Varuṇa, bright Soma juices blent with milk.

2 Here are the droppings; come ye nigh the Soma-droppings blent with curd, juices expressed and blent with curd.

Now for the wakening of your Dawn together with the Sun-God's rays,

juice waits for Mitra and for Varuṇa to drink, fair juice for drink, for sacrifice.

3 As 'twere a radiant-coloured cow, they milk with stones the stalk for you, with stones they milk the Soma-plant.

May ye come nigh us, may ye turn hither to drink the Soma juice.

The men pressed out this juice, Mitra and Varuṇa, pressed out this Soma for your drink.

HYMN CXXXVIII. Pūṣan.

1. STRONG Pūṣan's majesty is lauded evermore, the glory of his lordly might is never faint, his song of praise is never faint. Seeking felicity I laud him nigh to help, the source, of bliss,

Who, Vigorous one, hath drawn to him the hearts of all, drawn them, the Vigorous One, the God.

2 Thee, then, O Pūṣan, like a swift one on his way, I urge with lauds that thou mayst make the foemen flee, drive, camel-like, our foes afar.

As I, a man, call thee, a God, giver of bliss, to be my Friend,

So make our loudly-chanted praises glorious, in battles make them glorious.

3 Thou, Pūṣan, in whose friendship they who sing forth praise enjoy advantage, even in wisdom, through thy grace, in wisdom even they are advanced.

So, after this most recent course, we come to thee with prayers for wealth.

Not stirred to anger, O Wide-Ruler, come to us, come thou to us in every fight.

4 Not stirred to anger, come, Free-giver, nigh to us, to take this gift of ours, thou who hast goats for steeds, Goat-borne! their gift who long for fame.

So, Wonder-Worker! may we turn thee hither with effectual lauds.

I slight thee not, O Pūṣan, thou Resplendent One: thy friendship may not be despised.

HYMN CXXXIX. Viśvedevas.

1. HEARD be our prayer! In thought I honour Agni first: now straightway we elect this heavenly company, Indra and Vāyu we elect.

For when our latest thought is raised and on Vivasvān centred well,

Then may our holy songs go forward on their way, our songs as 'twere unto the Gods.

2 As there ye, Mitra, Varuṇa, above the true have taken to yourselves the untrue with your mind, with wisdom's mental energy, So in the seats wherein ye dwell have we beheld the Golden One,

Not with our thoughts or spirit, but with these our eyes, yea, with the eyes that Soma gives.

3 Aśvins, the pious call you with their hymns of praise, sounding their loud song forth to you, these living men, to their oblations, living men.

All glories and all nourishment, Lords of all wealth! depend on you.

The fellies of your golden chariot scatter drops, Mighty Ones! of your golden car.

4 Well is it known, O Mighty Ones: ye open heaven; for you the chariot-steeds are yoked for morning rites, unswerving steeds for morning rites,

We set you on the chariot-seat, ye Mighty, on the golden car.

Ye seek mid-air as by a path that leads aright, as by a path that leads direct.

5 O Rich in Strength, through your great power vouchsafe us blessings day and night.

The offerings which we bring to you shall never fail, gifts brought by us shall never fail.

6 These Soma-drops, strong Indra! drink for heroes, poured, pressed out by pressing-stones, are welling forth for thee, for thee the drops are welling forth.

They shall make glad thy heart to give, to give wealth great and wonderful.

Thou who acceptest praise come glorified by hymns, come thou to us benevolent.

7 Quickly, O Agni, hear us: magnified by us thou shalt speck for us to the Gods adorable yea, to the Kings adorable:

When, O ye Deities, ye gave that Milch-cow to the Aṅgirases,

They milked her: Aryaman, joined with them, did the work: he knoweth her as well as I.

8 Ne'er may these manly deeds of yours for us grow old, never may your bright glories fall into decay, never before our time decay.

What deed of yours, new every age, wondrous, surpassing man, rings forth,

Whatever, Maruts! may be difficult to gain, grant us, whate'er is hard to gain.

9 Dadhyac of old, Aṅgiras, Priyamedha these, and Kaṇva, Atri, Manu knew my birth, yea, those of ancient days and Manu knew. Their long line stretcheth to the Gods, our birth-connexions are with them.

To these, for their high station, I bow down with song, to Indra, Agni, bow with song.

10 Let the Invoker bless: let offerers bring choice gifts; Br̥haspati the Friend doth sacrifice with Steers, Steers that have many an excellence.

Now with our ears we catch the sound of the press-stone that rings afar.

The very Strong hath gained the waters by himself, the strong gained many a resting-place.

11 O ye Eleven Gods whose home is heaven, O ye Eleven who make earth your dwelling,

Ye who with might, Eleven, live in waters, accept this sacrifice, O Gods, with pleasure.

HYMN CXL. Agni.

1. To splendid Agni seated by the altar, loving well his home, I bring the food as 'twere his place of birth.

I clothe the bright One with my hymn as with a robe, him with the car of light, bright-hued, dispelling gloom.

2 Child of a double birth he grasps at triple food; in the year's course what he hath swallowed grows anew.

He, by another's mouth and tongue a noble Bull, with other, as an elephant, consumes the trees.

3 The pair who dwell together, moving in the dark bestir themselves: both parents hasten to the babe,

Impetuous-tongued, destroying, springing swiftly forth, one to be watched and cherished, strengthener of his sire.

4 For man, thou Friend of men, these steeds of thine are yoked, impatient, lightly running, ploughing blackened lines,

Discordant-minded, fleet, gliding with easy speed, urged onward by the wind and rapid in their course.
5 Dispelling on their way the horror of black gloom, making a glorious show these flames of his fly forth,
When o'er the spacious tract he spreads himself abroad, and rushes panting on with thunder and with roar.
6 Amid brown plants he stoops as if adorning them, and rushes bellowing like a bull upon his wives.
Proving his might, he decks the glory of his form, and shakes his horns like one terrific, hard to stay.
7 Now covered, now displayed he grasps as one who knows his resting-place in those who know him well.
A second time they wax and gather Godlike power, and blending both together change their Parents' form.
8 The maidens with long, tresses hold him in embrace; dead, they rise up again to meet the Living One.
Releasing them from age with a loud roar he comes, filling them with new spirit, living, unsubdued.
9 Licking the mantle of the Mother, far and wide he wanders over fields with beasts that flee apace.
Strengthening all that walk, licking up all around, a blackened path, forsooth, he leaves where'er he goes.
10 O Agni, shine resplendent with our wealthy chiefs, like a loud-snorting bull, accustomed to the house.
Thou casting off thine infant wrappings blazest forth as though thou hadst put on a coat of mail for war.
11 May this our perfect prayer be dearer unto thee than an imperfect prayer although it please thee well.
With the pure brilliancy that radiates from thy form, mayest thou grant to us abundant store of wealth.
12 Grant to our chariot, to our house, O Agni, a boat with moving feet and constant oarage,
One that may further well our wealthy princes and all the folk, and be our certain refuge.
13 Welcome our laud with thine approval, Agni. May earth and heaven and freely flowing rivers
Yield us long life and food and corn and cattle, and may the red Dawns choose for us their choicest.

HYMN CXLI. Agni.

1. YEA, verily, the fair effulgence of the God for glory was established, since he sprang from strength.
When he inclines thereto successful is the hymn: the songs of sacrifice have brought him as they flow
2 Wonderful, rich in nourishment, he dwells in food; next, in the seven auspicious Mothers is his home.
Thirdly, that they might drain the treasures of the Bull, the maidens brought forth him for whom the ten provide.
3 What time from out the deep, from the Steer's wondrous form, the Chiefs who had the power produced him with their
strength;
When Mātariśvan rubbed forth him who lay concealed, for mixture of the sweet drink, in the days of old.
4 When from the Highest Father he is brought to us, amid the plants he rises hungry, wondrously.
As both together join to expedite his birth, most youthful he is born resplendent in his light.
5 Then also entered he the Mothers, and in them pure and uninjured he increased in magnitude.
As to the first he rose, the vigorous from of old, so now he runs among the younger lowest ones.
6 Therefore they choose him Herald at the morning rites, pressing to him as unto Bhaga, pouring gifts,
When, much-praised, by the power and will of Gods, he goes at all times to his mortal worshipper to drink.
7 What time the Holy One, wind-urged, hath risen up, serpent-like winding through the dry grass unrestrained,
Dust lies upon the way of him who burneth all, black-winged and pure of birth who follows sundry paths.
8 Like a swift chariot made by men who know their art, he with his red limbs lifts himself aloft to heaven.
Thy worshippers become by burning black of hue: their strength flies as before a hero's violence.
9 By thee, O Agni, Varuṇa who guards the Law, Mitra and Aryaman, the Bounteous, are made strong;
For, as the felly holds the spokes, thou with thy might pervading hast been born encompassing them round.
10 Agni, to him who toils and pours libations, thou, Most Youthful! sendest wealth and all the host of Gods.
Thee, therefore, even as Bhaga, will we set anew, young Child of Strength, most wealthy! in our battle-song.
11 Vouchsafe us riches turned to worthy ends, good luck abiding in the house, and strong capacity,
Wealth that directs both worlds as they were guiding-reins, and, very Wise, the Gods' assent in sacrifice.
12 May he, the Priest resplendent, joyful, hear us, he with the radiant car and rapid horses.
May Agni, ever wise, with best directions to bliss and highest happiness conduct us.
13 With hymns of might hath Agni now been lauded, advanced to height of universal kingship.
Now may these wealthy chiefs and we together spread forth as spreads the Sun above the rain-clouds.

HYMN CXLII. Āprīs.

1. KINDLED, bring, Agni, Gods to-day for him who lifts the ladle up.
Spin out the ancient thread for him who sheds, with gifts, the Soma juice.
2 Thou dealest forth, Tanūnapāt, sweet sacrifice enriched with oil,
Brought by a singer such as I who offers gifts and toils for thee.
3 He wondrous, sanctifying, bright, sprinkles the sacrifice with mead,
Thrice, Narāśamṣa from the heavens, a God mid Gods adorable.
4 Agni, besought, bring hitherward Indra the Friend, the Wonderful,
For this my hymn of praise, O sweet of tongue, is chanted forth to thee.
5 The ladle-holders strew trimmed grass at this well-ordered sacrifice;
A home for Indra is adorned, wide, fittest to receive the Gods.
6 Throw open be the Doors Divine, unfailing, that assist the rite,

High, purifying, much-desired, so that the Gods may enter in.

7 May Night and Morning, hymned with lauds, united, fair to look upon,

Strong Mothers of the sacrifice, seat them together on the grass.

8 May the two Priests Divine, the sage, the sweet-voiced lovers of the hymn,

Complete this sacrifice of ours, effectual, reaching heaven to-day.

9 Let Hotrā pure, set among Gods, amid the Maruts Bhāratī, Ilā, Sarasvatī, Mahī, rest on the grass, adorable.

10 May Tvaṣṭar send us genial dew abundant, wondrous, rich in gifts,

For increase and for growth of wealth, Tvaṣṭar our kinsman and our Friend.

11 Vanaspati, give forth, thyself, and call the Gods to sacrifice.

May Agni, God intelligent, speed our oblation to the Gods.

12 To Vāyu joined with Pūṣan, with the Maruts, and the host of Gods,

To Indra who inspires the hymn cry Glory! and present the gift.

13 Come hither to enjoy the gifts prepared with cry of Glory! Come,

O Indra, hear their calling; they invite thee to the sacrifice.

HYMN CXLIII. Agni.

1. To Agni I present a newer mightier hymn, I bring my words and song unto the Son of Strength,

Who, Offspring of the Waters, bearing precious things sits on the earth, in season, dear Invoking Priest.

2 Soon as he sprang to birth that Agni was shown forth to Mātariśvan in the highest firmament.

When he was kindled, through his power and majesty his fiery splendour made the heavens and earth to shine.

3 His flames that wax not old, beams fair to look upon of him whose face is lovely, shine with beauteous sheen.

The rays of Agni, him whose active force is light, through the nights glimmer sleepless, ageless, like the floods.

4 Send thou with hymns that Agni to his own abode, who rules, one Sovran Lord of wealth, like Varuṇa,

Him, All-possessor, whom the Bhṛgus with their might brought to earth's central point, the centre of the world.

5 He whom no force can stay, even as the Maruts' roar, like to a dart sent forth, even as the bolt from heaven,

Agni with sharpened jaws chews up and eats the trees, and conquers them as when the warrior smites his foes.

6 And will not Agni find enjoyment in our praise, will not the Vasu grant our wish with gifts of wealth?

Will not the Inspirer speed our prayers to gain their end? Him with the radiant glance I laud with this my song.

7 The kindler of the flame wins Agni as a Friend, promoter of the Law, whose face is bright with oil.

Inflamed and keen, resplendent in our gatherings, he lifts our hymn on high clad in his radiant hues.

8 Keep us incessantly with guards that cease not, Agni, with guards auspicious, very mighty.

With guards that never slumber, never heedless, never beguiled. O Helper, keep our children.

HYMN CXLIV. Agni.

1. THE Priest goes forth to sacrifice, with wondrous power sending aloft the hymn of glorious brilliancy.

He moves to meet the ladles turning to the right, which are the first to kiss the place where he abides.

2 To him sang forth the flowing streams of Holy Law, encompassed in the home and birth-place of the God.

He, when he dwelt extended in the waters' lap, absorbed those Godlike powers for which he is adored.

3 Seeking in course altern to reach the selfsame end the two copartners strive to win this beauteous form.

Like Bhaga must he be duly invoked by us, as he who drives the car holds fast the horse's reins.

4 He whom the two copartners with observance tend, the pair who dwell together in the same abode,

By night as in the day the grey one was born young, passing untouched by eld through many an age of man.

5 Him the ten fingers, the devotions, animate: we mortals call on him a God to give us help.

He speeds over the sloping surface of the land: new deeds hath he performed with those who gird him round.

6 For, Agni, like a herdsman, thou by thine own might rulest o'er all that is in heaven and on the earth;

And these two Mighty Ones, bright, golden closely joined, rolling them round are come unto thy sacred grass.

7 Agni, accept with joy, be glad in this our prayer, joy-giver, self-sustained, strong, born of Holy Law!

For fair to see art thou turning to every side, pleasant to look on as a dwelling filled with food.

HYMN CXLV. Agni.

1. Ask ye of him for he is come, he knoweth it; he, full of wisdom, is implored, is now implored.

With him are admonitions and with him commands: he is the Lord of Strength, the Lord of Power and Might.

2 They ask of him: not all learn by their questioning what he, the Sage, hath grasped, as 'twere, with his own mind.

Forgetting not the former nor the later word, he goeth on, not careless, in his mental power.

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

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

4 Whate'er he meets he grasps and then runs farther on, and straightway, newly born, creeps forward with his kin.

He stirs the wearied man to pleasure and great joy what time the longing gifts approach him as he comes.

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

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

HYMN CXLVI. Agni.

1. I LAUD the seven-rayed, the triple-headed, Agni all-perfect in his Parents' bosom,
Sunk in the lap of all that moves and moves not, him who hath filled all luminous realms of heaven.
2 As a great Steer he grew to these his Parents; sublime he stands, untouched by eld, far-reaching.
He plants his footsteps on the lofty ridges of the broad earth: his red flames lick the udder.
3 Coming together to their common youngling both Cows, fairshaped, spread forth in all directions,
Measuring out the paths that must be travelled, entrusting all desires to him the Mighty.
4 The prudent sages lead him to his dwelling, guarding with varied skill the Ever-Youthful.
Longing, they turned their eyes unto the River: to these the Sun of men was manifested.
5 Born noble in the regions, aim of all mens' eyes to be implored for life by great and small alike,
Far as the Wealthy One hath spread himself abroad, he is the Sire all-visible of this progeny.

HYMN CXLVII. Agni.

1. How, Agni, have the radiant ones, aspiring, endued thee with the vigour of the living,
So that on both sides fostering seed and offspring, the Gods may joy in Holy Law's fulfilment?
2 Mark this my speech, Divine One, thou, Most Youthful! offered to thee by him who gives most freely.
One hates thee, and another sings thy praises: I thine adorer laud thy form, O Agni.
3 Thy guardian rays, O Agni, when they saw him, preserved blind Māmateya from affliction.
Lord of all riches, he preserved the pious the foes who fain would harm them did no mischief.
4 The sinful man who worships not, O Agni, who, offering not, harms us with double-dealing,—
Be this in turn to him a heavy sentence: may he distress himself by his revilings.
5 Yea, when a mortal knowingly, O Victor, injures with double tongue a fellow-mortal,
From him, praised Agni! save thou him that lauds thee: bring us not into trouble and affliction.

HYMN CXLVIII. Agni.

1. WHAT Mātariśvan, piercing, formed by friction, Herald of all the Gods. in varied figure,
Is he whom they have set mid human houses, gay-hued as light and shining forth for beauty.
2 They shall not harm the man who brings thee praises: such as I am, Agni my help approves me.
All acts of mine shall they accept with pleasure, laudation from the singer who presents it.
3 Him in his constant seat men skilled in worship have taken and with praises have established.
As, harnessed to a chariot fleet-foot horses, at his command let bearers lead him forward.
4 Wondrous, full many a thing he chews and crunches: he shines amid the wood with spreading brightness.
Upon his glowing flames the wind blows daily, driving them like the keen shaft of an archer.
5 Him, whom while yet in embryo the hostile, both skilled and fain to harm, may never injure,
Men blind and sightless through his splendour hurt not: his never-failing lovers have preserved him.

HYMN CXLIX. Agni.

1. HITHER he hastens to give, Lord of great riches, King of the mighty, to the place of treasure.
The pressing-stones shall serve him speeding near us.
2 As Steer of men so Steer of earth and heaven by glory, he whose streams all life hath drunken,
Who hastening forward rests upon the altar.
3 He who hath lighted up the joyous castle, wise Courser like the Steed of cloudy heaven,
Bright like the Sun, with hundredfold existence.
4 He, doubly born, hath spread in his effulgence through the three luminous realms, through all the regions,
Best sacrificing Priest where waters gather.
5 Priest doubly born, he through his love of glory hath in his keeping all things worth the choosing,
The man who brings him gifts hath noble offspring.

HYMN CL. Agni.

1. AGNI, thy faithful servant I call upon thee with many a gift,
As in the keeping of the great inciting God;
2 Thou who ne'er movest thee to aid the indolent, the godless man,
Him who though wealthy never brings an offering.
3 Splendid, O Singer, is that man, mightiest of the great in heaven.
Agni, may we be foremost, we thy worshippers.

HYMN CLI. Mitra and Varuṇa

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

2 As these, like friends, have done this work for you, these prompt servants of Purumīlha Soma-offerer,
Give mental power to him who sings the sacred song, and hearken, Strong Ones, to the master of the house.
3 The folk have glorified your birth from Earth and Heaven, to be extolled, ye Strong Ones, for your mighty power.
Ye, when ye bring to singer and the rite, enjoy the sacrifice performed with holy praise and strength.
4 The people prospers, Asuras! whom ye dearly love: ye, Righteous Ones, proclaim aloud the Holy Law.
That efficacious power that comes from lofty heaven, ye bind unto the work, as to the pole an ox.
5 On this great earth ye send your treasure down with might: unstained by dust, the crowding kine are in the stalls.
Here in the neighbourhood they cry unto the Sun at morning and at evening, like swift birds of prey.
6 The flames with curling tresses serve your sacrifice, whereto ye sing the song, Mitra and Varuṇa.
Send down of your free will, prosper our holy songs: ye are sole Masters of the singer's hymn of praise.
7 Whoso with sacrifices toiling brings you gifts, and worships, sage and priest, fulfilling your desire,—
To him do ye draw nigh and taste his sacrifice. Come well-inclined to us unto our songs and prayer.
8 With sacrifices and with milk they deck you first, ye Righteous Ones, as if through stirrings of the mind.
To you they bring their hymns with their collected thought, while ye with earnest soul come to us gloriously.
9 Rich strength of life is yours: ye, Heroes, have obtained through your surpassing powers rich far-extending might.
Not the past days conjoined with nights, not rivers, not the Pañis have attained your Godhead and your wealth.

HYMN CLII. Mitra-Varuṇa.

1. THE robes which ye put on abound with fatness: uninterrupted courses are your counsels.
All falsehood, Mitra-Varuṇa! ye conquer, and closely cleave unto the Law Eternal.
2 This might of theirs hath no one comprehended. True is the crushing word the sage hath uttered,
The fearful four-edged bolt smites down the three-edged, and those who hate the Gods first fall and perish.
3 The Footless Maid precedeth footed creatures. Who marketh, Mitra-Varuṇa, this your doing?
The Babe Unborn supporteth this world's burthen, fulfilleth Law and overcometh falsehood.
4 We look on him the darling of the Maidens, always advancing, never falling downward,
Wearing inseparable, wide-spread raiment, Mitra's and Varuṇa's delightful glory.
5 Unbridled Courser, born but not of horses, neighing he flieth on with back uplifted.
The youthful love mystery thought-surpassing, praising in Mitra-Varuṇa, its glory.
6 May the milch-kine who favour Māmateya prosper in this world him who loves devotion.
May he, well skilled in rites, be food, and calling Aditi with his lips give us assistance.
7 Gods, Mitra-Varuṇa, with love and worship, let me make you delight in this oblation.
May our prayer be victorious in battles, may we have rain from heaven to make us prosper.

HYMN CLIII. Mitra-Varuṇa.

1. WE worship with our reverence and oblations you, Mitra Varuṇa, accordant, mighty,
So that with us, ye Twain whose backs are sprinkled with oil, the priests with oil and hymns support you.
2 Your praise is like a mighty power, an impulse: to you, Twain Gods, a well-formed hymn is offered,
As the priest decks yon, Strong Ones, in assemblies, and the prince fain to worship you for blessings.
3 O Mitra-Varuṇa, Aditi the Milch-cow streams for the rite, for folk who bring oblation,
When in the assembly he who worships moves you, like to a human priest, with gifts presented.
4 So may the kine and heavenly Waters pour you sweet drink in families that make you joyful.
Of this may he, the ancient House-Lord, give us. Enjoy, drink of the milk the cow provideth.

HYMN CLIV. Viṣṇu

1. I WILL declare the mighty deeds of Viṣṇu, of him who measured out the earthly regions,
Who propped the highest place of congregation, thrice setting down his footstep, widely striding.
2 For this his mighty deed is Viṣṇu lauded, like some wild beast, dread, prowling, mountain-roaming;
He within whose three wide-extended paces all living creatures have their habitation.
3 Let the hymn lift itself as strength to Viṣṇu, the Bull far-striding, dwelling on the mountains,
Him who alone with triple step hath measured this common dwelling-place, long, far extended.
4 Him whose three places that are filled with sweetness, imperishable, joy as it may list them,
Who verily alone upholds the threefold, the earth, the heaven, and all living creatures.
5 May I attain to that his well-loved mansion where men devoted to the Gods are happy.
For there springs, close akin to the Wide-Strider, the well of meath in Viṣṇu's highest footstep.
6 Fain would we go unto your dwelling-places where there are many-horned and nimble oxen,
For mightily, there, shineth down upon us the widely-striding Bull's sublimest mansion.

HYMN CLV. Viṣṇu-Indra.

1. To the great Hero, him who sets his mind thereon, and Viṣṇu, praise aloud in song your draught of juice,—
Gods ne'er beguiled, who borne as 'twere by noble steed, have stood upon the lofty ridges of the hills.

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

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

3 These offerings increase his mighty manly strength: he brings both Parents down to share the genial flow.

He lowers, though a son, the Father's highest name; the third is that which is high in the light of heaven.

4 We laud this manly power of him the Mighty One, preserver, inoffensive, bounteous and benign;

His who strode, widely pacing, with three steppings forth over the realms of earth for freedom and for life.

5 A mortal man, when he beholds two steps of him who looks upon the light, is restless with amaze.

But his third step doth no one venture to approach, no, nor the feathered birds of air who fly with wings.

6 He, like a rounded wheel, hath in swift motion set his ninety racing steeds together with the four.

Developed, vast in form, with those who sing forth praise, a youth, no more a child, he cometh to our call.

HYMN CLVI. Viṣṇu

1. FAR-SHINING, widely famed, going thy wonted way, fed with the oil, be helpful. Mitra-like, to us.

So, Viṣṇu, e'en the wise must swell thy song of praise, and he who hath oblations pay thee solemn rites.

2 He who brings gifts to him the Ancient and the Last, to Viṣṇu who ordains, together with his Spouse,

Who tells the lofty birth of him the Lofty One, shall verily surpass in glory e'en his peer.

3 Him have ye satisfied, singers, as well as ye know, primeval germ of Order even from his birth.

Ye, knowing e'en his name, have told it forth: may we, Viṣṇu, enjoy the grace of thee the Mighty One.

4 The Sovran Varuṇa and both the Aśvins wait on this the will of him who guides the Marut host.

Viṣṇu hath power supreme and might that finds the day, and with his Friend unbars the stable of the kine.

5 Even he the Heavenly One who came for fellowship, Viṣṇu to Indra, godly to the godlier,

Who Maker, throned in three worlds, helps the Āryan man, and gives the worshipper his share of Holy Law.

HYMN CLVII. Aśvins.

1. AGNI is wakened: Sūrya riseth from the earth. Mighty, resplendent Dawn hath shone with all her light.

The Aśvins have equipped their chariot for the course. God Savitar hath moved the folk in sundry ways.

2 When, Aśvins, ye equip your very mighty car, bedew, ye Twain, our power with honey and with oil.

To our devotion give victorious strength in war: may we win riches in the heroes' strife for spoil.

3 Nigh to us come the Aśvins' 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.

4 Bring hither nourishment for us, ye Aśvins Twain; sprinkle us with your whip that drops with honey-dew.

Prolong our days of life, wipe out our trespasses; destroy our foes, be our companions and our Friends.

5 Ye store the germ of life in female creatures, ye lay it up within all living beings.

Ye have sent forth, O Aśvins passing mighty, the fire, the sovrans of the wood, the waters,

6 Leeches are ye with medicines to heal us, and chariooteers are ye with skill in driving.

Ye Strong, give sway to him who brings oblation and with his heart pours out his gift before you.

HYMN CLVIII. Aśvins.

1. YE Vasus Twain, ye Rudras full of counsel, grant us, Strong Strengtheners, when ye stand beside us,
What wealth Aucathya craves of you, great Helpers when ye come forward with no niggard succour.

2 Who may give you aught, Vasus, for your favour, for what, at the Cow's place, ye grant through worship?

Wake for us understanding full of riches, come with a heart that will fulfil our longing.

3 As erst for Tugra's son your car, sea-crossing, strong, was equipped and set amid the waters,

So may I gain your shelter and protection as with winged course a hero seeks his army.

4 May this my praise preserve Ucathya's offspring: let not these Twain who fly with wings exhaust me.

Let not the wood ten times up-piled consume me, when fixed for you it bites the ground it stands on.

5 The most maternal streams, wherein the Dāsas cast me securely bound, have not devoured me.

When Traitana would cleave my head asunder, the Dāsa wounded his own breast and shoulders.

6 Dīrghatamas the son of Mamatā hath come to length of days in the tenth age of human kind.

He is the Brahman of the waters as they strive to reach their end and aim: their charioteer is he.

HYMN CLIX. Heaven and Earth.

1. I PRAISE with sacrifices mighty Heaven and Earth at festivals, the wise, the Strengtheners of Law.

Who, having Gods for progeny, conjoined with Gods, through wonder-working wisdom bring forth choicest boons.

2 With invocations, on the gracious Father's mind, and on the Mother's great inherent power I muse.

Prolific Parents, they have made the world of life, and for their brood all round wide immortality.

3 These Sons of yours well skilled in work, of wondrous power, brought forth to life the two great Mothers first of all.

To keep the truth of all that stands and all that moves, ye guard the station of your Son who knows no guile.

4 They with surpassing skill, most wise, have measured out the Twins united in their birth and in their home.

They, the resplendent Sages, weave within the sky, yea, in the depths of sea, a web for ever new.

5 This is to-day the goodliest gift of Savitar: this thought we have when now the God is furthering us.
On us with loving-kindness Heaven and Earth bestow riches and various wealth and treasure hundredfold!

HYMN CLX. Heaven and Earth.

1. THESE, Heaven and Earth, bestow prosperity on all, sustainers of the region, Holy Ones and wise,
Two Bowls of noble kind: between these Goddesses the God, the fulgent Sun, travels by fixed decree.
2 Widely-capacious Pair, mighty, that never fail, the Father and the Mother keep all creatures safe:
The two world-halves, the spirited, the beautiful, because the Father hath clothed them in goodly forms.
3 Son of these Parents, he the Priest with power to cleanse, Sage, sanctifies the worlds with his surpassing power.
Thereto for his bright milk he milked through all the days the party-coloured Cow and the prolific Bull.
4 Among the skilful Gods most skilled is he, who made the two world-halves which bring prosperity to all;
Who with great wisdom measured both the regions out, and stablished them with pillars that shall ne'er decay.
5 Extolled in song, O Heaven and Earth, bestow on us, ye mighty Pair, great glory and high lordly sway,
Whereby we may extend ourselves ever over the folk; and send us strength that shall deserve the praise of men.

HYMN CLXI. R̄bhus.

1 WHY hath the Best, why hath the Youngest come to us? Upon what embassy comes he? What have we said?
We have not blamed the chalice of illustrious birth. We, Brother Agni, praised the goodness of the wood.
2 The chalice that is single make ye into four: thus have the Gods commanded; therefore am I come.
If, O Sudhanvan's Children, ye will do this thing ye shall participate in sacrifice with Gods.
3 What to the envoy Agni in reply ye spake, A courser must be made, a chariot fashioned here,
A cow must be created, and the Twain made young. When we have done these things, Brother, we turn to you.
4 When thus, O R̄bhus, ye had done ye questioned thus, Whither went he who came to us a messenger?
Then Tvaṣṭar, when he viewed the four wrought chalices, concealed himself among the Consorts of the Gods.
5 As Tvaṣṭar thus had spoken, Let us slay these men who have reviled the chalice, drinking-cup of Gods,
They gave themselves new names when Soma juice was shed, and under these new names the Maiden welcomed them.
6 Indra hath yoked his Bays, the Aśvins' car is horsed, Br̄haspati hath brought the Cow of every hue.
Ye went as R̄bhus, Vibhvan, Vāja to the Gods, and skilled in war, obtained your share in sacrifice.
7 Ye by your wisdom brought a cow from out a hide; unto that ancient Pair ye gave again their youth.
Out of a horse, Sudhanvan's Sons, ye formed a horse: a chariot ye equipped, and went unto the Gods.
8 Drink ye this water, were the words ye spake to them; or drink ye this, the rinsing of the Muñja-grass.
If ye approve not even this, Sudhanvan's Sons, then at the third libation gladden ye yourselves.
9 Most excellent are waters, thus said one of you; most excellent is Agni, thus another said.
Another praised to many a one the lightning cloud. Then did ye shape the cups, speaking the words of truth.
10 One downward to the water drives the crippled cow, another trims the flesh brought on the carving-board.
One carries off the refuse at the set of sun. How did the Parents aid their children in their task!
11 On the high places ye have made the grass for man, and water in the valleys, by your skill, O Men.
R̄bhus, ye iterate not to-day that act of yours, your sleeping in the house of him whom naught can hide.
12 As, compassing them round, ye glided through the worlds, where had the venerable Parents their abode?
Ye laid a curse on him who raised his arm at you: to him who spake aloud to you ye spake again.
13 When ye had slept your fill, ye R̄bhus, thus ye asked, O thou whom naught may hide, who now hath wakened us?
The goat declared the hound to be your wakener. That day, in a full year, ye first unclosed our eyes.
14 The Maruts move in heaven, on earth this Agni; through the mid-firmament the Wind approaches.
Varuṇa comes in the sea's gathered waters, O Sons of Strength, desirous of your presence.

HYMN CLXII. The Horse.

1. SLIGHT us not Varuṇa, Aryaman, or Mitra, R̄bhukṣan, Indra, Āyu, or the Maruts,
When we declare amid the congregation the virtues of the strong Steed, God-descended.
2 What time they bear before the Courser, covered with trappings and with wealth, the grasped oblation,
The dappled goat goeth straightforward, bleating, to the place dear to Indra and to Pūṣan.
3 Dear to all Gods, this goat, the share of Pūṣan, is first led forward with the vigorous Courser,
While Tvaṣṭar sends him forward with the Charger, acceptable for sacrifice, to glory.
4 When thrice the men lead round the Steed, in order, who goeth to the Gods as meet oblation,
The goat precedeth him, the share of Pūṣan, and to the Gods the sacrifice announceth.
5 Invoker, ministering priest, atoner, fire-kindler Soma-presser, sage, reciter,
With this well ordered sacrifice, well finished, do ye fill full the channels of the rivers.
6 The hewers of the post and those who carry it, and those who carve the knob to deck the Horse's stake;
Those who prepare the cooking-vessels for the Steed,—may the approving help of these promote our work.
7 Forth, for the regions of the Gods, the Charger with his smooth back is come my prayer attends him.
In him rejoice the singers and the sages. A good friend have we won for the Gods' banquet.

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

9 What part of the Steed's flesh the fly hath eaten, or is left sticking to the post or hatchet,
Or to the slayer's hands and nails adhereth,—among the Gods, too, may all this be with thee.

10 Food undigested steaming from his belly, and any odour of raw flesh remaining,
This let the immolators set in order and dress the sacrifice with perfect cooking.

11 What from thy body which with fire is roasted, when thou art set upon the spit, distilleth,
Let not that lie on earth or grass neglected, but to the longing Gods let all be offered.

12 They who observing that the Horse is ready call out and say, the smell is good; remove it;
And, craving meat, await the distribution,—may their approving help promote labour.

13 The trial-fork of the flesh-cooking caldron, the vessels out of which the broth is sprinkled,
The warming-pots, the covers of the dishes, hooks, carving-boards,—all these attend the Charger.

14 The starting-place, his place of rest and rolling, the ropes wherewith the Charger's feet were fastened,
The water that he drank, the food he tasted,—among the Gods, too, may all these attend thee.

15 Let not the fire, smoke-scented, make thee crackle, nor glowing caldron smell and break to pieces.
Offered, beloved, approved, and consecrated,—such Charger do the Gods accept with favour.

16 The robe they spread upon the Horse to clothe him, the upper covering and the golden trappings,
The halters which restrain the Steed, the heel-ropes,—all these, as grateful to the Gods, they offer.

17 If one, when seated, with excessive urging hath with his heel or with his whip distressed thee,
All these thy woes, as with the oblations' ladle at sacrifices, with my prayer I banish.

18 The four-and-thirty ribs of the. Swift Charger, kin to the Gods, the slayer's hatchet pierces.
Cut ye with skill, so that the parts be flawless, and piece by piece declaring them dissect them.

19 Of Tvaṣṭar's Charger there is one dissector,—this is the custom-two there are who guide him.
Such of his limbs as I divide in order, these, amid the balls, in fire I offer.

20 Let not thy dear soul burn thee as thou comest, let not the hatchet linger in thy body.
Let not a greedy clumsy immolator, missing the joints, mangle thy limbs unduly.

21 No, here thou diest not, thou art not injured: by easy paths unto the Gods thou goest.
Both Bays, both spotted mares are now thy fellows, and to the ass's pole is yoked the Charger.

22 May this Steed bring us all-sustaining riches, wealth in good kine, good horses, manly offspring.
Freedom from sin may Aditi vouchsafe us: the Steed with our oblations gain us lordship!

HYMN CLXIII. The Horse.

1. WHAT time, first springing into life, thou neighedst, proceeding from the sea or upper waters,
Limbs of the deer hadst thou, and eagle pinions. O Steed, thy birth is nigh and must be lauded.

2 This Steed which Yama gave hath Trita harnessed, and him, the first of all, hath Indra mounted.
His bridle the Gandharva grasped. O Vasus, from out the Sun ye fashioned forth the Courier.

3 Yama art thou, O Horse; thou art Āditya; Trita art thou by secret operation.
Thou art divided thoroughly from Soma. They say thou hast three bonds in heaven
that hold thee.

4 Three bonds, they say, thou hast in heaven that bind thee, three in the waters,
three within the ocean.
To me thou seemest Varuṇa, O Courier, there where they say is thy sublimest birth-place.

5 Here-, Courier, are the places where they groomed thee, here are the traces of thy hoofs as winner.
Here have I seen the auspicious reins that guide thee, which those who guard the holy Law keep safely.

6 Thyselv from far I recognized in spirit,—a Bird that from below flew through the heaven.
I saw thy head still soaring, striving upward by paths unsoiled by dust, pleasant to travel.

7 Here I beheld thy form, matchless in glory, eager to win thee food at the Cow's station.
Whene'er a man brings thee to thine enjoyment, thou swallowest the plants most greedy eater.

8 After thee, Courier, come the car, the bridegroom, the kine come after, and the charm of maidens.
Full companies have followed for thy friendship: the pattern of thy vigour Gods have copied.

9 Horns made of gold hath he: his feet are iron: less fleet than he, though swift as thought, is Indra.
The Gods have come that they may taste the oblation of him who mounted, first of all, the Courier.

10 Symmetrical in flank, with rounded haunches, mettled like heroes, the Celestial Coursers
Put forth their strength, like swans in lengthened order, when they, the Steeds, have reached the heavenly causeway.

11 A body formed for flight hast thou, O Charger; swift as the wind in motion is thy spirit.
Thy horns are spread abroad in all directions: they move with restless beat in wildernesses.

12 The strong Steed hath come forward to the slaughter, pondering with a mind directed God-ward.
The goat who is his kin is led before him the sages and the singers follow after.

13 The Steed is come unto the noblest mansion, is come unto his Father and his Mother.
This day shall he approach the Gods, most welcome: then he declares good gifts to him who offers.

1 OF this benignant Priest, with eld grey-coloured, the brother midmost of the three is lightning.
 The third is he whose back with oil is sprinkled. Here I behold the Chief with seven male children.
 2 Seven to the one-wheeled chariot yoke the Courser; bearing seven names the single Courser draws it.
 Three-naved the wheel is, sound and undecaying, whereon are resting all these worlds of being.
 3 The seven who on the seven-wheeled car are mounted have horses, seven in tale, who draw them onward.
 Seven Sisters utter songs of praise together, in whom the names of the seven Cows are treasured.
 4 Who hath beheld him as he sprang to being, seen how the boneless One supports the bony?
 Where is the blood of earth, the life, the spirit? Who may approach the man who knows, to ask it?
 5 Unripe in mind, in spirit undiscerning, I ask of these the Gods' established places;
 For up above the yearling Calf the sages, to form a web, their own seven threads have woven.
 6 I ask, unknowing, those who know, the sages, as one all ignorant for sake of knowledge,
 What was that ONE who in the Unborn's image hath stablished and fixed firm these worlds' six regions.
 7 Let him who knoweth presently declare it, this lovely Bird's securely founded station.
 Forth from his head the Cows draw milk, and, wearing his vesture, with their foot have drunk the water.
 8 The Mother gave the Sire his share of Order: with thought, at first, she wedded him in spirit.
 She, the coy Dame, was filled with dew prolific: with adoration men approached to praise her.
 9 Yoked was the Mother to the boon Cow's car-pole: in the dank rows of cloud the Infant rested.
 Then the Calf lowed, and looked upon the Mother, the Cow who wears all shapes in three directions.
 10 Bearing three Mothers and three Fathers, single he stood erect: they never make him weary.
 There on the pitch of heaven they speak together in speech all-knowing but not all-impelling.
 11 Formed with twelve spokes, by length of time, unweakened, rolls round the heaven this wheel of during Order.
 Herein established, joined in pairs together, seven hundred Sons and twenty stand, O Agni.
 12 They call him in the farther half of heaven the Sire five-footed, of twelve forms, wealthy in watery store.
 These others say that he, God with far-seeing eyes, is mounted on the lower seven-wheeled, six-spoked car.
 13 Upon this five-spoked wheel revolving ever all living creatures rest and are dependent.
 Its axle, heavy-laden, is not heated: the nave from ancient time remains unbroken.
 14 The wheel revolves, unwasting, with its felly: ten draw it, yoked to the far-stretching car-pole.
 The Sun's eye moves encompassed by the region: on him dependent rest all living creatures.
 15 Of the co-born they call the seventh single-born; the six twin pairs are called Rṣis, Children of Gods.
 Their good gifts sought of men are ranged in order due, and various in their form move for the Lord who guides.
 16 They told me these were males, though truly females: he who hath eyes sees this, the blind discerns not.
 The son who is a sage hath comprehended: who knows this rightly is his father's father.
 17 Beneath the upper realm, above this lower, bearing her calf at foot the Cow hath risen.
 Witherward, to what place hath she departed? Where calves she? Not amid this herd of cattle.
 18 Who, that the father of this Calf discerneth beneath the upper realm, above the lower,
 Showing himself a sage, may here declare it? Whence hath the Godlike spirit had its rising?
 19 Those that come hitherward they call departing, those that depart they call directed hither.
 And what so ye have made, Indra and Soma, steeds bear as 'twere yoked to the region's car-pole.
 20 Two Birds with fair wings, knit with bonds of friendship, in the same sheltering tree have found a refuge.
 One of the twain eats the sweet Fig-tree's fruitage; the other eating not regardeth only.
 21 Where those fine Birds hymn ceaselessly their portion of life eternal, and the sacred synods,
 There is the Universe's mighty Keeper, who, wise, hath entered into me the simple.
 22 The, tree whereon the fine Birds eat the sweetness, where they all rest and procreate their offspring,—
 Upon its top they say the fig is luscious: none gaineth it who knoweth not the Father.
 23 How on the Gāyatrī the Gāyatrī was based, how from the Trīṣṭup they fashioned the Trīṣṭup forth,
 How on the Jagatī was based the Jagatī,—they who know this have won themselves immortal life.
 24 With Gāyatrī he measures out the praise-song, Sāma with praise-song, triplet with the Trīṣṭup.
 The triplet with the two or four-foot measure, and with the syllable they form seven metres.
 25 With Jagatī the flood in heaven he stablished, and saw the Sun in the Rathantara Sāman.
 Gāyatrī hath, they say, three brands for kindling: hence it excels in majesty and vigour.
 26 I invoke the milch-cow good for milking so that the milker, deft of hand, may drain her.
 May Savitar give goodliest stimulation. The caldron is made hot; I will proclaim it.
 27 She, lady of all treasure, is come hither yearning in spirit for her calf and lowing.
 May this cow yield her milk for both the Aśvins, and may she prosper to our high advantage.
 28 The cow hath lowed after her blinking youngling; she licks his forehead, as she lows, to form it.
 His mouth she fondly calls to her warm udder, and suckles him with milk while gently lowing.
 29 He also snorts, by whom encompassed round the Cow laws as she clings unto the shedder of the rain.
 She with her shrilling cries hath humbled mortal man, and, turned to lightning, hath stripped off her covering robe.
 30 That which hath breath and speed and life and motion lies firmly stablished in the midst of houses.
 Living, by offerings to the Dead he moveth Immortal One, the brother of the mortal.

31 I saw the Herdsman, him who never stumbles, approaching by his pathways and departing.
He, clothed with gathered and diffusive splendour, within the worlds continually travels.

32 He who hath made him cloth not comprehend him: from him who saw him surely is he hidden.
He, yet enveloped in his Mother's bosom, source of much life, hath sunk into destruction.

33 Dyaus is my Father, my begetter: kinship is here. This great earth is my kin and Mother.
Between the wide-spread world-halves is the birth-place: the Father laid the Daughter's germ within it.

34 I ask thee of the earth's extremest limit, where is the centre of the world, I ask thee.
I ask thee of the Stallion's seed prolific, I ask of highest heaven where Speech abideth.

35 This altar is the earth's extremest limit; this sacrifice of ours is the world's centre.
The Stallion's seed prolific is the Soma; this Brahman highest heaven where Speech abideth.

36 Seven germs unripened yet are heaven's prolific seed: their functions they maintain by Viṣṇu's ordinance.
Endued with wisdom through intelligence and thought, they compass us about present on every side.

37 What thing I truly am I know not clearly: mysterious, fettered in my mind I wander.
When the first-born of holy Law approached me, then of this speech I first obtain a portion.

38 Back, forward goes he, grasped by strength inherent, the Immortal born the brother of the mortal
Ceaseless they move in opposite directions: men mark the one, and fail to mark the other.

39 Upon what syllable of holy praise-song, as twere their highest heaven, the Gods repose them,—
Who knows not this, what will he do with praise-song? But they who know it well sit here assembled.

40 Fortunate mayst thou be with goodly pasture, and may we also be exceeding wealthy.
Feed on the grass, O Cow, at every season, and coming hitherward drink limpid water.

41 Forming the water-floods, the buffalo hath lowed, one-footed or two-footed or four-footed, she,
Who hath become eight-footed or hath got nine feet, the thousand-syllabled in the sublimest heaven.

42 From her descend in streams the seas of water; thereby the world's four regions have their being,
Thence flows the imperishable flood and thence the universe hath life.

43 I saw from far away the smoke of fuel with spires that rose on high o'er that beneath it.
The Mighty Men have dressed the spotted bullock. These were the customs in the days aforetime,

44 Three with long tresses show in ordered season. One of them sheareth when the year is ended.
One with his powers the universe regardeth: Of one, the sweep is seen, but his figure.

45 Speech hath been measured out in four divisions, the Brahmans who have understanding know them.
Three kept in close concealment cause no motion; of speech, men speak only the fourth division.

46 They call him Indra, Mitra, Varuna, Agni, and he is heavenly nobly-winged Garutmān.
To what is One, sages give many a title they call it Agni, Yama, Mātariśvan.

47 Dark the descent: the birds are golden-coloured; up to the heaven they fly robed in the waters.
Again descend they from the seat of Order, and all the earth is moistened with their fatness.

48 Twelve are the fellies, and the wheel is single; three are the naves. What man hath understood it?
Therein are set together spokes three hundred and sixty, which in nowise can be loosened.

49 That breast of thine exhaustless, spring of pleasure, wherewith thou feedest all things that are choicest,
Wealth-giver, treasure-finder, free bestower,—bring that, Sarasvatī, that we may drain it.

50 By means of sacrifice the Gods accomplished their sacrifice: these were the earliest ordinances.
These Mighty Ones attained the height of heaven, there where the Sādhyas, Gods of old, are dwelling.

51 Uniform, with the passing days, this water mounts and fails again.
The tempest-clouds give life to earth, and fires re-animate the heaven.

52 The Bird Celestial, vast with noble pinion, the lovely germ of plants, the germ of waters,
Him who delighteth us with rain in season, Sarasvān I invoke that he may help us.

HYMN CLXV. Indra. Maruts.

1. WITH what bright beauty are the Maruts jointly invested, peers in age, who dwell together?
From what place have they come? With what intention? Sing they their strength through love of wealth, these Heroes?

2 Whose prayers have they, the Youthful Ones, accepted? Who to his sacrifice hath turned the Maruts?
We will delay them on their journey sweeping—with what high spirit!—through the air like eagles.

3 Whence comest thou alone, thou who art mighty, Indra, Lord of the Brave? What is thy purpose?
Thou greetest us when meeting us the Bright Ones. Lord of Bay Steeds, say what thou hast against us.

4 Mine are devotions, hymns; sweet are libations. Strength stirs, and hurled forth is my bolt of thunder.
They call for me, their lauds are longing for me. These my Bay Steeds bear me to these oblations.

5 Therefore together with our strong companions, having adorned our bodies, now we harness,
Our spotted deer with might, for thou, O Indra, hast learnt and understood our Godlike nature.

6 Where was that nature then of yours, O Maruts, that ye charged me alone to slay the Dragon?
For I in truth am fierce and strong and mighty. I bent away from every foeman's weapons.

7 Yea, much hast thou achieved with us for comrades, with manly valour like thine own, thou Hero.
Much may we too achieve, O mightiest Indra, with our great power, we Maruts, when we will it.

8 Vṛtra I slew by mine own strength, O Maruts, having waxed mighty in mine indignation.

I with the thunder in my hand created for man these lucid softly flowing waters.

9 Nothing, O Maghavan, stands firm before thee; among the Gods not one is found thine equal.

None born or springing into life comes nigh thee. Do what thou hast to do, exceeding mighty?

10 Mine only be transcendent power, whatever I, daring in my spirit, may accomplish.

For I am known as terrible, O Maruts I, Indra, am the Lord of what I ruined.

11 Now, O ye Maruts, hath your praise rejoiced me, the glorious hymn which ye have made me, Heroes!

For me, for Indra, champion strong in battle, for me, yourselves, as lovers for a lover.

12 Here, truly, they send forth their sheen to meet me, wearing their blameless glory and their vigour.

When I have seen you, Maruts, in gay splendour, ye have delighted me, so now delight me.

13 Who here hath magnified you, O ye Maruts? speed forward, O ye lovers, to your lovers.

Ye Radiant Ones, assisting their devotions, of these my holy rites he ye regardful.

14 To this hath Mānya's wisdom brought us, so as to aid, as aids the poet him who worships.

Bring hither quick! On to the sage, ye Maruts! These prayers for you the singer hath recited.

15 May this your praise, may this your song, O Maruts, sung by the poet, Māna's son, Māndārya,

Bring offspring for ourselves with food to feed us. May we find strengthening food in full abundance!

HYMN CLXVI. Maruts.

1. Now let us publish, for the vigorous company the herald of the Strong One, their primeval might.

With fire upon your way, O Maruts loud of voice, with battle, Mighty Ones, achieve your deeds of strength.

2 Bringing the pleasant meath as 'twere their own dear son, they sport in sportive wise gay at their gatherings.

The Rudras come with succour to the worshipper; self-strong they fail not him who offers sacrifice.

3 To whomsoever, bringer of oblations, they immortal guardians, have given plenteous wealth,

For him, like loving friends, the Maruts bringing bliss bedew the regions round with milk abundantly.

4 Ye who with mighty powers have stirred the regions up, your coursers have sped forth directed by themselves.

All creatures of the earth, all dwellings are afraid, for brilliant is your coming with your spears advanced.

5 When they in dazzling rush have made the mountains roar, and shaken heaven's high back in their heroic strength,

Each sovran of the forest fears as ye drive near, aid the shrubs fly before you swift as whirling wheels.

6 Terrible Maruts, ye with ne'er-diminished host, with great benevolence fulfil our heart's desire.

Where'er your lightning bites armed with its gory teeth it crunches up the cattle like a well-aimed dart.

7 Givers of during gifts whose bounties never fail, free from ill-will, at sacrifices glorified,

They sing their song aloud that they may drink sweet juice: well do they know the Hero's first heroic deeds.

8 With castles hundredfold, O Maruts, guard ye well the man whom ye have loved from ruin and from sin,—

The man whom ye the fierce, the Mighty ones who roar, preserve from calumny by cherishing his seed.

9 O Maruts, in your cars are all things that are good: great powers are set as 'twere in rivalry therein.

Rings are upon your shoulders when ye journey forth: your axle turns together both the chariot wheels.

10 Held in your manly arms are many goodly things, gold chains are on your chests, and glistering ornaments,

Deer-skins are on their shoulders, on their fellies knives: they spread their glory out as birds spread out their wings.

11 Mighty in mightiness, pervading, passing strong, visible from afar as 'twere with stars of heaven,

Lovely with pleasant tongues, sweet singers with their mouths, the Maruts, joined with Indra, shout forth all around.

12 This is your majesty, ye Maruts nobly born, far as the sway of Aditi your bounty spreads.

Even Indra by desertion never disannuls the boon bestowed by you upon the pious man.

13 This is your kinship, Maruts, that, Immortals, ye were oft in olden time regardful of our call,

Having vouchsafed to man a hearing through this prayer, by wondrous deeds the Heroes have displayed their might.

14 That, O ye Maruts, we may long time flourish through your abundant riches, O swift movers,

And that our men may spread in the encampment, let me complete the rite with these oblations.

15 May this your laud, may this your song, O Maruts, sung by the poet, Māna's son, Māndārya,

Bring offspring for ourselves with food to feed us. May we find strengthening food in full abundance.

HYMN CLXVII. Indra. Maruts.

1. A THOUSAND are thy helps for us, O Indra: a thousand, Lord of Bays, thy choice refreshments.

Wealth of a thousand sorts hast thou to cheer us: may precious goods come nigh to us in thousands.

2 May the most sapient Maruts, with protection, with best boons brought from lofty heaven, approach us,

Now when their team of the most noble horses speeds even on the sea's extremest limit.

3 Close to them clings one moving in seclusion, like a man's wife, like a spear carried rearward,

Well grasped, bright, decked with gold there is Vāk also, like to a courtly, eloquent dame, among them.

4 Far off the brilliant, never-weary Maruts cling to the young Maid as a joint possession.

The fierce Gods drove not Rodasī before them, but wished for her to grow their friend and fellow.

5 When chose immortal Rodasī to follow—she with loose tresses and heroic spirit—

She climbed her servant's chariot, she like Sūrya with cloud-like motion and resplendent aspect.

6 Upon their car the young men set the Maiden wedded to glory, mighty in assemblies,

When your song, Maruts, rose, and, with oblation, the Soma-pourer sang his hymn in worship.

7 I will declare the greatness of these Maruts, their real greatness, worthy to be lauded,

How, with them, she though firm, strong-minded, haughty, travels to women happy in their fortune.

8 Mitra and Varuṇa they guard from censure: Aryaman too, discovers worthless sinners Firm things are overthrown that ne'er were shaken: he prospers, Maruts, who gives choice oblations.

9 None of us, Maruts, near or at a distance, hath ever reached the limit of your vigour.

They in courageous might still waxing boldly have compassed round their foemen like an ocean.

10 May we this day be dearest friends of Indra, and let us call on him in fight to-morrow.

So were we erst. New might attend us daily! So be with us! Ṛbhukṣan of the Heroes!

11 May this your laud, may this your song, O Maruts, sung by the poet, Māna's son, Māndārya,

Bring offspring for ourselves with. food to feed us. May we find strengthening food in full abundance.

HYMN CLXVIII. Maruts.

1. SWIFT gain is his who hath you near at every rite: ye welcome every song of him who serves the Gods.

So may I turn you hither with fair hymns of praise to give great succour for the weal of both the worlds.

2 Surrounding, as it were, self-born, self-powerful, they spring to life the shakers-down of food and light;

Like as the countess undulations of the floods, worthy of praise when near, like bullocks and like kine.

3 They who, like Somas with their well-grown stalks pressed out, imbibed within the heart, dwell there in friendly wise.

Upon their shoulders rests as 'twere a warrior's spear and in their hand they hold a dagger and a ring.

4 Self-yoked they have descended lightly from the sky. With your own lash, Immortals, urge yourselves to speed.

Unstained by dust the Maruts, mighty in their strength, have cast down e'en firm things, armed with their shining spears.

5 Who among you, O Maruts armed with lightning-spears, moveth you by himself, as with the tongue his jaws?

Ye rush from heaven's floor as though ye sought for food, on many errands like the Sun's diurnal Steed.

6 Say where, then, is this mighty region's farthest bound, where, Maruts, is the lowest depth that ye have reached,

When ye cast down like chaff the firmly stablished pile, and from the mountain send the glittering water-flood?

7 Your winning is with strength, dazzling, with heavenly light, with fruit mature, O Maruts, fall of plenteousness.

Auspicious is your gift like a free giver's meed, victorious, spreading far, as of immortal Gods.

8 The rivers roar before your chariot fellies when they are uttering the voice of rain-clouds.

The lightnings laugh upon the earth beneath them, what time the Maruts scatter forth their fatness.

9 Pr̄ṣni brought forth, to fight the mighty battle, the glittering army of the restless Maruts.

Nurtured together they begat the monster, and then looked round them for the food that strengthens.

10 May this your laud, may this your song O Maruts, sung by the poet Māna's son, Māndārya,

Bring offspring for ourselves with food to feed us. May we find strengthening food in full abundance.

HYMN CLXIX. Indra.

1. As, Indra, from great treason thou protectest, yea, from great treachery these who approach us,

So, marking well, Controller of the Maruts grant us their blessings, for they are thy dearest.

2 The various doings of all mortal people by thee are ordered, in thy wisdom, Indra.

The host of Maruts goeth forth exulting to win the light-bestowing spoil of battle.

3 That spear of thine sat firm for us, O Indra: the Maruts set their whole dread power in motion.

E'en Agni shines resplendent in the brush-wood: the viands hold him as floods hold an island.

4 Vouchsafe us now that opulence, O Indra, as guerdon won by mightiest donation.

May hymns that please thee cause the breast of Vāyu to swell as with the mead's refreshing sweetness.

5 With thee, O Indra, are most bounteous riches that further every one who lives uprightly.

Now may these Maruts show us loving-kindness, Gods who of old were ever prompt to help us.

6 Bring forth the Men who rain down boons, O Indra: exert thee in the great terrestrial region;

For their broad-chested speckled deer are standing like a King's armies on the field of battle.

7 Heard is the roar of the advancing Maruts, terrific, glittering, and swiftly moving,

Who with their rush o'erthrow as 'twere a sinner the mortal who would fight with those who love him

8 Give to the Mānas, Indra with Maruts, gifts universal, gifts of cattle foremost.

Thou, God, art praised with Gods who must be lauded. May we find strengthening food in full abundance.

HYMN CLXX. Indra. Maruts.

1. NAUGHT is to-day, to-morrow naught. Who comprehends the mystery?

We must address ourselves unto another's thought, and lost is then the hope we formed.

2 The Maruts are thy brothers. Why, O Indra, wouldst thou take our lives?

Agree with them in friendly wise, and do not slay us in the fight.

3 Agastya, brother, why dost thou neglect us, thou who art our friend?

We know the nature of thy mind. Verity thou wilt give us naught.

4 Let them prepare the altar, let them kindle fire in front: we two

Here will spread sacrifice for thee, that the Immortal may observe.

5 Thou, Lord of Wealth, art Master of all treasures, thou, Lord of friends, art thy friends' best supporter.
O Indra, speak thou kindly with the Maruts, and taste oblations in their proper season.

HYMN CLXXI. Maruts.

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

HYMN CLXXII. Maruts.

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

HYMN CLXXIII. Indra.

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

HYMN CLXXIV. Indra.

1. THOU art the King of all the Gods, O Indra: protect the men, O Asura, preserve us.
Thou Lord of Heroes, Maghavan, our saver, art faithful, very rich, the victory-giver.
2 Indra, thou humbledst tribes that spake with insult by breaking down seven autumn forts, their refuge.
Thou stirreddest, Blameless! billowy floods, and gavest his foe a prey to youthful Purukutsa.
3 With whom thou drivest troops whose lords are heroes, and bringest daylight now, much worshipped Indra,
With them guard lion-like wasting active Agni to dwell in our tilled fields and in our homestead.

4 They through the greatness of thy spear, O Indra, shall, to thy praise, rest in this earthly station.
To loose the floods, to seek, for kine, the battle, his Bays he mounted boldly seized the booty.
5 Indra, bear Kutsa, him in whom thou joyest: the dark-red horses of the Wind are docile.
Let the Sun roll his chariot wheel anear us, and let the Thunderer go to meet the foemen.
6 Thou Indra, Lord of Bays, made strong by impulse, hast slain the vexers of thy friends, who give not.
They who beheld the Friend beside the living were cast aside by thee as they rode onward.
7 Indra, the bard sang forth in inspiration: thou madest earth a covering for the Dāsa.
Maghavan made the three that gleam with moisture, and to his home brought Kuyavāc to slay him.
8 These thine old deeds new bards have sung, O Indra. Thou conqueredst, boundest many tribes for ever.
Like castles thou hast crushed the godless races, and bowed the godless scorner's deadly weapon.
9 A Stormer thou hast made the stormy waters flow down, O Indra, like the running rivers.
When o'er the flood thou broughtest them, O Hero, thou keptest Turvaśa and Yadu safely.
10 Indra, mayst thou be ours in all occasions, protector of the men, most gentle-hearted,
Giving us victory over all our rivals. May we find strengthening food in full abundance.

HYMN CLXXV. Indra.

1. GLAD thee: thy glory hath been quaffed, Lord of Bay Steeds, as 'twere the bowl's enlivening mead.
For thee the Strong there is strong drink, mighty, omnipotent to win.
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, urgést to speed the car of man.
Burn, like a vessel with the flame, the lawless Dasyu, Conqueror!
4 Empowered by thine own might, O Sage, thou stolest Sūrya's chariot wheel.
Thou barest Kutsa with the steeds of Wind to Śuṣṇa as his death.
5 Most mighty is thy rapturous joy, most splendid is thine active power,
Wherewith, foe-slaying, sending bliss, thou art supreme in gaining steeds.
6 As thou, O Indra, to the ancient singers wast ever joy, as water to the thirsty,
So unto thee I sing this invocation. May we find strengthening food in full abundance.

HYMN CLXXVI. Indra.

1. CHEER thee with draughts to win us bliss: Soma, pierce Indra in thy strength.
Thou stormest trembling in thy rage, and findest not a foeman nigh.
2 Make our songs penetrate to him who is the Only One of men;
For whom the sacred food is spread, as the steer ploughs the barley in.
3 Within whose hands deposited all the Five Peoples' treasures rest.
Mark thou the man who injures us and kill him like the heavenly bolt.
4 Slay everyone who pours no gift, who, hard to reach, delights thee not.
Bestow on us what wealth he hath: this even the worshipper awaits.
5 Thou helpest him the doubly strong whose hymns were sung unceasingly.
When Indra fought, O Soma, thou helpest the mighty in the fray.
6 As thou, O Indra, to the ancient singers wast ever joy, like water to the thirsty,
So unto thee I sing this invocation. May we find strengthening food in full abundance.

HYMN CLXXVII. Indra.

1. THE Bull of men, who cherishes all people, King of the Races, Indra, called of many,
Fame-loving, praised, hither to me with succour turn having yoked both vigorous Bay Horses!
2 Thy mighty Stallions, yoked by prayer, O Indra, thy. Coursers to thy mighty chariot harnessed,—
Ascend thou these, and borne by them come hither: with Soma juice outpoured, Indra, we call thee.
3 Ascend thy mighty car: the mighty Soma is poured for thee and sweets are sprinkled round us.
Come down to us-ward, Bull of human races, come, having harnessed them, with strong Bay Horses.
4 Here is God-reaching sacrifice, here the victim; here, Indra, are the prayers, here is the Soma.
Strewn is the sacred grass: come hither, Śakra; seat thee and drink: unyoke thy two Bay Coursers.
5 Come to us, Indra, come thou highly lauded to the devotions of the singer Māna.
Singing, may we find early through thy succour, may we find strengthening food in full abundance.

HYMN CLXXVIII. Indra.

1. IF, Indra, thou hast given that gracious hearing where with thou helpest those who sang thy praises.
Blast not the wish that would exalt us may I gain all from thee, and pay all man's devotions.
2 Let not the Sovran Indra disappoint us in what shall bring both Sisters to our dwelling.
To him have run the quickly flowing waters. May Indra come to us with life and friendship.

3 Victorious with the men, Hero in battles, Indra, who hears the singer's supplication,
Will bring his car nigh to the man who offers, if he himself upholds the songs that praise him.
4 Yea, Indra, with the men, through love of glory consumes the sacred food which friends have offered.
The ever-strengthening song of him who worships is sung in fight amid the clash of voices.
5 Aided by thee, O Maghavan, O Indra, may we subdue our foes who count them mighty.
Be our protector, strengthen and increase us. May we find strengthening food in full abundance.

HYMN CLXXIX. Rati.

(The following Hymn was originally only found in the Appendix, with certain lines translated in Latin)

The deified object of this omitted hymn is said to be Rati or Love, and its Ṛṣis or authors are Lopāmudrā, Agastya, and a disciple. Lopāmudrā is represented as inviting the caresses of her aged husband Agastya, and complaining of his coldness and neglect. Agastya responds in stanza 3, and in the second half of stanza 4 the disciple or the poet briefly tells the result of the dialogue. Stanza 5 is supposed to be spoken by the disciple who has overheard the conversation, but its connexion with the rest of the hymn is not very apparent. In stanza 6 'toiling with strong endeavour' is a paraphrase and not a translation of the original khanamānah khanītraiḥ (ligonibus fodiens) which Sāyaṇa explains by 'obtaining the desired result by means of lauds and sacrifices.'

M. Bergaigne is of opinion that the hymn has a mystical meaning, Agastya being identifiable with the celestial Soma whom Lopāmudrā, representing fervent Prayer, succeeds after long labour in drawing down from his secret dwelling place. See La Religion Vedique, ii. 394 f.

1 'Through many autumns have I toiled and laboured, at night and morn, through age-inducing dawns.
Old age impairs the beauty of our bodies. Let husbands still come near unto their spouses.
2 For even the men aforetime, law-fulfillers, who with the Gods declared eternal statutes,—
They have decided, but have not accomplished: so now let Wives come near unto their husbands.
3 Non inutilis est labor cui Dii favent: nos omnes aemulos et aemulas vincamus.
Superemus in hac centum artium pugna in qua duas partes convenientes utrinque commovemus.
4 Cupido me cepit illius tauri [viri] qui me despicit, utrum hinc utrum illinc ab aliqua parte nata sit.
Lopamudra taurum [maritum suum] ad se detrahit: insipiens illa sapientem anhelantem absorbet.
5 This Soma I address that is most near us, that which hath been imbibed within the spirit,
To pardon any sins we have committed. Verily mortal man is full of longings.
6 Agastya thus, toiling with strong endeavour, wishing for children, progeny and power,
Cherished—a sage of mighty strength—both classes, and with the Gods obtained his prayer's fulfilment.

By 'both classes' probably priests and princes, or institutors of sacrifices, are meant. M. Bergaigne understands the expression to mean the two forms or essences of Soma, the celestial and the terrestrial.

HYMN CLXXX. Aśvins.

1. LIGHTLY your coursers travel through the regions when round the sea of air your car is flying.
Your golden fellies scatter drops of moisture: drinking the sweetness ye attend the Mornings.
2 Ye as ye travel overtake the Courser who flies apart, the Friend of man, most holy.
The prayer is that the Sister may convey you, all praised, meath-drinkers! to support and strengthen.
3 Ye have deposited, matured within her, in the raw cow the first milk of the milch-cow,
Which the bright offerer, shining like a serpent mid trees, presents to you whose form is perfect.
4 Ye made the fierce heat to be full of sweetness for Atri at his wish, like streaming water.
Fire-offering thence is yours, O Aśvins, Heroes: your car-wheels speed to us like springs of honey.
5 Like Tugra's ancient son may I, ye Mighty, bring you to give your gifts with milk-oblations.
Your greatness compasseth Earth, Heaven, and Waters: decayed for you is sorrow's net, ye Holy.
6 When, Bounteous Ones, ye drive your yoked team downward, ye send, by your own natures, understanding.
Swift as the wind let the prince please and feast you: he, like a pious man, gains strength for increase.
7 For verily we truthful singers praise you the niggard trafficker is here excluded.
Now, even now do ye O blameless Aśvins, ye Mighty, guard the man whose God is near him.
8 You of a truth day after day, O Aśvins, that he might win the very plenteous torrent,
Agastya, famous among mortal heroes, roused with a thousand lauds like sounds of music.
9 When with the glory of your car ye travel, when we go speeding like the priest of mortals,
And give good horses to sacrificers, may we, Nāsatyas! gain our share of riches.
10 With songs of praise we call to-day, O Aśvins, that your new chariot, for our own well-being,
That circles heaven with never-injured fellies. May we find strengthening food in full abundance.

HYMN CLXXXI. Aśvins

1. WHAT, dearest Pair, is this in strength and riches that ye as Priests are bring from the waters?

This sacrifice is your glorification, ye who protect mankind and give them treasures.

2 May your pure steeds, rain-drinkers, bring you hither, swift as the tempest, your celestial coursers,
Rapid as thought, with fair backs, full of vigour, resplendent in their native light, O Aśvins.

3 Your car is like a torrent rushing downward: may it come nigh, broad-seated, for our welfare,—
Car holy, strong, that ever would be foremost, thought-swift, which ye, for whom we long, have mounted.
4 Here sprung to life, they both have sung together, with bodies free from stain, with signs that mark them;
One of you Prince of Sacrifice, the Victor, the other counts as Heaven's auspicious offspring.

5 May your car-seat, down-gliding, golden-coloured, according to your wish approach our dwellings.
Men shall feed full the bay steeds of the other, and, Aśvins they with roars shall stir the regions.

6 Forth comes your strong Bull like a cloud of autumn, sending abundant food of liquid sweetness.
Let them feed with the other's ways and vigour: the upper streams have come and do us service.

7 Your constant song hath been sent forth, Disposers! that flows threefold in mighty strength, O Aśvins.
Thus lauded, give the suppliant protection moving or resting hear mine invocation.

8 This song of bright contents for you is swelling in the men's hall where three-fold grass is ready.
Your strong rain-cloud, ye Mighty Ones, hath swollen, honouring men as 'twere with milk's outpouring.

9 The prudent worshipper, like Pūṣan, Aśvins! praises you as he praises Dawn and Agni,
When, singing with devotion, he invokes you. May we find strengthening food in full abundance.

HYMN CLXXXII. Aśvins.

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

2 Longed for, most Indra-like, mighty, most Marut-like, most wonderful in deed, car-borne, best charioteers,
Bring your full chariot hither heaped with liquid sweet: thereon, ye Aśvins, come to him who offers gifts.

3 What make ye there, ye Mighty? Wherefore linger ye with folk who, offering not, are held in high esteem?
Pass over them; make ye the niggard's life decay: give light unto the singer eloquent in praise.

4 Crunch up on. every side the dogs who bark at us: slay ye our foes, O Aśvins this ye understand.
Make wealthy every word of him who praises you: accept with favour, both Nāsatyas, this my laud.

5 Ye made for Tugra's son amid the water-floods that animated ship with wings to fly withal,
Whereon with God-devoted mind ye brought him forth, and fled with easy flight from out the mighty surge.

6 Four ships most welcome in the midst of ocean, urged by the Aśvins, save the son of Tugra,
Him who was cast down headlong in the waters, plunged in the thick inevitable darkness.

7 What tree was that which stood fixed in surrounding sea to which the son of Tugra supplicating clung?
Like twigs, of which some winged creature may take hold, ye, Aśvins, bore him off safely to your renown.

8 Welcome to you be this the hymn of praises uttered by Mānas, O Nāsatyas, Heroes,
From this our gathering where we offer Soma. May we find strengthening food in full abundance.

HYMN CLXXXIII. Aśvins.

1. MAKE ready that which passes thought in swiftness, that hath three wheels and triple seat, ye Mighty,
Whereon ye seek the dwelling of the pious, whereon, threefold, ye fly like birds with pinions.

2 Light rolls your easy chariot faring earthward, what time, for food, ye, full of wisdom, mount it.
May this song, wondrous fair, attend your glory: ye, as ye travel, wait on Dawn Heaven's Daughter.

3 Ascend your lightly rolling car, approaching the worshipper who turns him to his duties,—
Whereon ye come unto the house to quicken man and his offspring, O Nāsatyas, Heroes.

4 Let not the wolf, let not the she-wolf harm you. Forsake me not, nor pass me by or others.

Here stands your share, here is your hymn, ye Mighty: yours are these vessels, full of pleasant juices.

5 Gotama, Purumīlha, Atri bringing oblations all invoke you for protection.

Like one who goes straight to the point directed, ye Nāsatyas, to mine invocation.

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

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

HYMN CLXXXIV. Aśvins.

1. LET us invoke you both this day and after the priest is here with lauds when morn is breaking:
Nāsatyas, wheresoe'er ye be, Heaven's Children, for him who is more liberal than the godless.

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

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

3 Nāsatyas, Pūṣans, ye as Gods for glory arranged and set in order Sūrya's bridal.

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

4 Your grace be with us, ye who love sweet juices: further the hymn sung by the poet Māna,
When men are joyful in your glorious actions, to win heroic strength, ye Bounteous Givers.

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

Come to our house for us and for our children, rejoicing, O Nāsatyas, in Agastya.
6 We have passed o'er the limit of this darkness: our praise hath been bestowed on you, O Aśvins.
Come hitherward by paths which Gods have travelled. may we find strengthening food in full abundance.

HYMN CLXXXV. Heaven and Earth.

1. WHETHER of these is elder, whether later? How were they born? Who knoweth it, ye sages?
These of themselves support all things existing: as on a car the Day and Night roll onward.
2 The Twain uphold, though motionless and footless, a widespread offspring having feet and moving.
Like your own son upon his parents' bosom, protect us, Heaven and earth, from fearful danger.
3 I call for Aditi's unrivalled bounty, perfect, celestial, deathless, meet for worship.
Produce this, ye Twain Worlds, for him who lauds you. Protect us, Heaven and Earth, from fearful danger.
4 May we be close to both the Worlds who suffer no pain, Parents of Gods, who aid with favour,
Both mid the Gods, with Day and Night alternate. Protect us, Heaven and Earth, from fearful danger.
5 Faring together, young, with meeting limits, Twin Sisters lying in their Parents' bosom,
Kissing the centre of the world together. Protect us, Heaven and Earth, from fearful danger.
6 Duly I call the two wide seats, the mighty, the general Parents, with the God's protection.
Who, beautiful to look on, make the nectar. Protect us, Heaven and Earth, from fearful danger.
7 Wide, vast, and manifold, whose bounds are distant,—these, reverent, I address at this our worship,
The blessed Pair, victorious, all-sustaining. Protect us, Heaven and Earth, from fearful danger.
8 What sin we have at any time committed against the Gods, our friend, our house's chieftain,
Thereof may this our hymn be expiation. Protect us, Heaven and Earth, from fearful danger.
9 May both these Friends of man, who bless, preserve me, may they attend me with their help and favour.
Enrich the man more liberal than the godless. May we, ye Gods, be strong with food rejoicing.
10 Endowed with understanding, I have uttered this truth, for all to hear, to Earth and Heaven.
Be near us, keep us from reproach and trouble. Father and Mother, with your help preserve us.
11 Be this my prayer fulfilled, O Earth and Heaven, wherewith, Father and Mother, I address you.
Nearest of Gods be ye with your protection. May we find strengthening food in full abundance.

HYMN CLXXXVI. Viśvedevas.

1. LOVED of all men, may Savitar, through praises offered as sacred food, come to our synod,
That you too, through-our hymn, ye ever-youthful, may gladden, at your visit, all our people.
2 To us may all the Gods come trooped together, Aryaman, Mitra, Varuṇa concordant,
That all may be promoters of our welfare, and with great might preserve our strength from slackness.
3 Agni I sing, the guest you love most dearly: the Conqueror through our lauds is friendly-minded.
That he may be our Varuṇa rich in glory and send food like a prince praised by the godly.
4 To you I seek with reverence, Night and Morning, like a cow good to milk, with hope to conquer,
Preparing on a common day the praise. song with milk of various hues within this udder.
5 May the great Dragon of the Deep rejoice us: as one who nourishes her young comes Sindhu,
With whom we will incite the Child of Waters whom vigorous course swift as thought bring hither.
6 Moreover Tvaṣṭar also shall approach us, one-minded with the princes at his visit.
Hither shall come the Vṛtra-slayer Indra, Ruler of men, as strongest of the Heroes.
7 Him too our hymns delight, that yoke swift horses, like mother cows who lick their tender youngling.
To him our songs shall yield themselves like spouses, to him the most delightful of the Heroes.
8 So may the Maruts, armed with mighty weapons, rest here on heaven and earth with hearts in concord,
As Gods whose cars have dappled steeds like torrents, destroyers of the foe allies of Mitra.
9 They hasten on to happy termination their orders when they are made known by
glory.
As on a fair bright day the arrow flieh o'er all the barren soil their missiles sparkle.
10 Incline the Aśvins to show grace, and Pūṣan, for power and might have they, their own possession.
Friendly are Viṣṇu, Vāta, and Rbhukṣan so may I bring the Gods to make us happy.
11 This is my reverent thought of you, ye Holy; may it inspire you, make you dwell among us,—
Thought, toiling for the Gods and seeking treasure. May we find strengthening food in full abundance.

HYMN CLXXXVII. Praise of Food.

1. Now will I glorify Food that upholds great strength,
By whose invigorating power Trita rent Vṛtra limb from limb.
2 O pleasant Food, O Food of meath, thee have we chosen for our own,
So be our kind protector thou.
3 Come hitherward to us, O Food, auspicious with auspicious help,
Health-bringing, not unkind, a dear and guileless friend.

4 These juices which, O Food, are thine throughout the regions are diffused.
like winds they have their place in heaven.

5 These gifts of thine, O Food, O Food most sweet to taste,
These savours of thy juices work like creatures that have mighty necks.

6 In thee, O Food, is set the spirit of great Gods.

Under thy flag brave deeds were done he slew the Dragon with thy help.

7 If thou be gone unto the splendour of the clouds,

Even from thence, O Food of meath, prepared for our enjoyment, come.

8 Whatever morsel we consume from waters or from plants of earth, O Soma, wax thou fat thereby.

9 What Soma, we enjoy from thee in milky food or barley-brew, Vātāpi, grow thou fat thereby.

10 O Vegetable, Cake of meal, he wholesome, firm, and strengthening: Vātāpi, grow thou fat thereby.

11 O Food, from thee as such have we drawn forth with lauds, like cows, our sacrificial gifts,

From thee who banquetest with Gods, from thee who banquetest with us.

HYMN CLXXXVIII. Āprīs.

1. WINNER of thousands, kindled, thou shinest a God with Gods to-day.

Bear out oblations, envoy, Sage.

2 Child of Thyself the sacrifice is for the righteous blent with meath,
Presenting viands thousandfold.

3 Invoked and worthy of our praise bring Gods whose due is sacrifice:

Thou, Agni, givest countless gifts.

4 To seat a thousand Heroes they eastward have strewn the grass with might,
Whereon, Ādityas, ye shine forth.

5 The sovran all-imperial Doors, wide, good, many and manifold,
Have poured their streams of holy oil.

6 With gay adornment, fair to see, in glorious beauty shine they forth:

Let Night and Morning rest them here.

7 Let these two Sages first of all, heralds divine and eloquent,
Perform for us this sacrifice.

8 You I address, Sarasvatī, and Bhāratī, and Ilā, all:

Urge ye us on to glorious fame.

9 Tvaṣṭar the Lord hath made all forms and all the cattle of the field

Cause them to multiply for us.

10 Send to the Gods, Vanaspati, thyself, the sacrificial draught:

Let Agni make the oblations sweet.

11 Agni, preceder of the Gods, is honoured with the sacred song:

He glows at offerings blest with Hail!

HYMN CLXXXIX. Agni.

1. BY goodly paths lead us to riches, Agni, God who knowest every sacred duty.

Remove the sin that makes us stray and wander. most ample adoration will we bring thee.

2 Lead us anew to happiness, O Agni; lead us beyond all danger and affliction.

Be unto us a wide broad ample castle bless, prosper on their way our sons and offspring.

3 Far from us, Agni, put thou all diseases let them strike lauds that have no saving Agni.

God, make our home again to be a blessing, with all the Immortal Deities, O Holy.

4 Preserve us, Agni, with perpetual succour, resplendent in the dwelling which thou lovest.

O Conqueror, most youthful, let no danger touch him who praises thee to-day or after.

5 Give not us up a prey to sin, O Agni, the greedy enemy that brings us trouble;

Not to the fanged that bites, not to the toothless: give not us up, thou Conqueror, to the spoiler.

6 Such as thou art, born after Law, O Agni when lauded give protection to our bodies,

From whosoever would reproach or injure: for thou, God, rescuest from all oppression.

7 Thou, well discerning both these classes, comest to men at early morn, O holy Agni.

Be thou obedient unto man at evening, to be adorned, as keen, by eager suitors.

8 To him have we addressed our pious speeches, I, Māna's son, to him victorious Agni.

May we gain countless riches with the sages. May we find strengthening food in full abundance.

HYMN CXC. Br̥haspati.

1. GLORIFY thou Br̥haspati, the scatheless, who must be praised with hymns, sweet-tongued and mighty,
To whom as leader of the song, resplendent, worthy of lauds, both Gods and mortals listen.

2 On him wait songs according to the season even as a stream of pious men set moving.

Bṛhaspati—for he laid out the expanses—was, at the sacrifice, vast Mātariśvan.

3 The praise, the verse that offers adoration, may he bring forth, as the Sun sends his arms out,
He who gives daily light through this God's wisdom, strong as a dread wild beast, and inoffensive.

4 His song of praise pervades the earth and heaven: let the wise worshipper draw it, like a courser.

These of Bṛhaspati, like hunters' arrows, go to the skies that change their hue like serpents.

5 Those, God, who count thee as a worthless bullock, and, wealthy sinners, live on thee the Bounteous,—
On fools like these no blessing thou bestowest: Bṛhaspati, thou punishest the spiteful.

6 Like a fair path is he, where grass is pleasant, though hard to win, a Friend beloved most early.

Those who unharmed by enemies behold us, while they would make them bare, stood closely compassed.

7 He to whom songs of praise go forth like torrents, as rivers eddying under banks flow sea-ward—
Bṛhaspati the wise, the eager, closely looks upon both, the waters and the vessel.

8 So hath Bṛhaspati, great, strong and mighty, the God exceeding powerful, been brought hither.

May he thus lauded give us kine and horses. May we find strengthening food in full abundance.

HYMN CXCI. Water. Grass. Sun.

1. VENOMOUS, slightly venomous, or venomous aquatic worm,—

Both creatures, stinging, unobserved, with poison have infected me.

2 Coming, it kills the unobserved; it kills them as it goes away,

It kills them as it drives them off, and bruising bruises them to death.

3 Sara grass, Darbha, Kuśara, and Sairyā, Muñja, Vīraṇa,

Where all these creatures dwell unseen, with poison have infected me.

4 The cows had settled in their stalls, the beasts of prey had sought their lairs,

Extinguished were the lights of men, when things unseen infected me.

5 Or these, these reptiles, are observed, like lurking thieves at evening time.

Seers of all, themselves unseen: be therefore very vigilant.

6 Heaven is your Sire, your Mother Earth, Soma your Brother, Aditi

Your Sister: seeing all, unseen, keep still and dwell ye happily.

7 Biters of shoulder or of limb, with needle-stings, most venomous,

Unseen, whatever ye may be, vanish together and be gone.

8 Slayer of things unseen, the Sun, beheld of all, mounts, eastward, up,

Consuming all that are not seen, and evil spirits of the night.

9 There hath the Sun-God mounted up, who scorches much and everything.

Even the Āditya from the hills, all-seen, destroying things unseen.

10 I hang the poison in the Sun, a wine-skin in a vintner's house,

He will not die, nor shall we die: his path is far: he whom Bay Horses bear hath turned thee to sweet meath.

11 This little bird, so very small, hath swallowed all thy poison up.

She will not die, nor shall we die: his path is far: he whom Bay Horses bear hath turned thee to sweet meath.

12 The three-times-seven bright sparks of fire have swallowed up the poison's strength.

They will not die, nor shall we die: his path is far: he whom Bay Horses bear hath turned thee to sweet meath.

13 Of ninety rivers and of nine with power to stay the venom's course,—

The names of all I have secured: his path is far: he whom Bay Horses bear hath turned thee to sweet meath.

14 So have the peahens three-times-seven, so have the maiden Sisters Seven

Carried thy venom far away, as girls bear water in their jars.

15 The poison-insect is so small; I crush the creature with a stone.

I turn the poison hence away, departed unto distant lands.

16 Forth issuing from the mountain's side the poison-insect spake and said:

Scorpion, they venom is but weak.